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MOM'S LICKING PET

by Paul Gable



A PET
BOOK

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Chapter One

"No! Down Rex! Bad boy!"

Joyce Wilson slapped down at the large gray and white German Shepherd, backing up until her buttocks were pressed against the sink's edge. What on earth was wrong with that animal? He had been rubbing strangely against her leg while she was sitting at the table sipping coffee, licking her ankles, pawing at her thighs. Joyce had noticed that strange behavior growing worse during the past few weeks.

"Maybe he's hungry," she said to herself, brushing away several stray blonde hairs from her face and glancing at the wall clock. A shudder passed through her cunt, taking her breath away, forcing her to hold tightly onto the edge of that sink.

"Damn, damn!"

That awful, tingling itch! It was getting worse, intensified by this big dog! Oh, she should have listened to her good friend Ann Dennis and bought a gun for protection. That damned animal was more trouble than he was worth. First, he ate Joyce and her daughter Debbie out of house and home. Second, he kept chewing up things, grabbing hold of their panties or nylons and running around the house with them in his powerful jaws. Days later Joyce would find her underclothes torn to shreds or stuffed under the couch or living room coffee table. When she picked them up the woman felt a strange tremor race through her body, seeming to concentrate in her cunt. Why should she feel nervous, aroused when she touched that shredded piece of clothing?

For a while Joyce simply pushed such thoughts and questions out of her mind. She had more important things to do. After her husband Brad had died in that automobile accident four years ago, Joyce had had her hands full in raising Debbie. Thank God the insurance plus early pension took care of most of the expenses. But still there were bills a part-time job could not pay for.

"Stop it!"

Rex was lapping the soft spot behind her knee. Joyce closed her eyes, biting down her lower lip, fighting down the electric-like surges of lust spasming through her pussy. It was so hot, so wet, so mushy down there between her legs! Why was she breathing so hard? Her chest was tight while her mouth turned dry as cotton! As she moved away from the sink counter she gasped, feeling the sexy wet rub of her swollen cuntlips against one another. She stopped, sucking in another deep breath, trying to keep her balance. The dog was right behind her, snuffing at her legs, now actually raising the hem of her dress and sniffing up to her... no, it couldn't be happening! Things like that just didn't happen.. at least not to people like her!

"No!"

Joyce's voice broke as she wheeled around and backed up, slapping Rex right on the snout with her hand. The dog barked, shrank back, his tail dropped between his hindquarters. For a wild second Joyce thought he, was going to leap on top of her and tear out her throat. No, she had bought him as a large puppy, had trained him, loved and fed him. Surely the dog wouldn't turn on her, kill her in her own home.

Her slap seemed to cool down the Shepherd. He turned around, whimpering through his nose and trotted off to another part of the large house. Joyce sighed, feeling her muscles grow limp as the animal disappeared for the moment. She ran her icy fingers through her hair, glancing at the wall clock again. Seven-thirty! She had been home from her part-time job at UCLA's graduate library for

nearly an hour and she hadn't put dinner on. Debbie would be coming home soon from her volunteer work at the county hospital. Joyce smiled, wiping her forehead with the back of one hand and trying to ignore that concentrated burning itch still making itself felt between her shivering legs. Debbie had become the ideal daughter, helping her out at home, doing well in school, and now helping out in the hospital as a candy-striper. She smiled, glad she had sacrificed so many years to the raising of her daughter. And now... now she was standing in the kitchen, fully dressed, thinking about how lovely the animal's tongue had felt on her thighs!

Dear God, what was happening to her? She staggered to the doorway, holding onto the molding and breathing hard. It had been long? oh so long since a man touched her. During the time since her husband had been killed Joyce sacrificed her own pleasures for those of her daughter. And now she was paying the price for it.

Maybe if I shower, she thought, feeling a little better. The animal wasn't around. The slap she'd given Rex had cooled his ardor for the moment. Afterwards, she'd have to think seriously about giving the dog away. Surely she couldn't be expected to keep a German Shepherd that might try to mount her or her daughter at any second!

Mount! The thought of having that dog coupling with her, of having anything or anyone mounting her, made Joyce shiver with lust. Her pussy was ripe, dripping with juices, swollen at the seams. The hot furry bundle between her legs moved, actually moved like some live little animal as she walked through the darkened livingroom toward the stairs.

When she reached them Joyce stopped, curling her fingers tightly around the handrail and inhaling deeply. She had to stop this nonsense. Nothing was going to happen if she didn't encourage it. The dog couldn't rape her. That was just silly nonsense. And then the woman was aware of two bright eyes shining close to her. Rex was there, watching her, studying her as she swayed drunkenly against the stair handrail.

"Oh, no," she said with a shuddering sigh, closing her eyes and feeling her cunt burning as if someone had poured burning gasoline on it. A rush of wild thoughts spun through her mind. Her daughter wouldn't be home for some time. Who would know if she "slipped" a little and let the animal have his way?

"Oh, God!" she moaned.

How could she have even thought of something like that? This was becoming serious. Perhaps she should go see a doctor, have him prescribe... what? What could he give her, a good hot fuck? Fucking! Yes, that was what she needed, a good lay to take care of all those erotic dreams she'd been having lately.

The dog was swarming around her legs again. She felt his damp nose on her right calf. Then nothing, quickly followed by that awful nose halfway up her right thigh. Her cunt snapped shut like the shell of a clam, clamping down on thin air. Joyce shivered, feeling her clit tremble, pop up and vibrate like a tuning fork. Her flesh crawled while sweat broke out on her forehead and under her arms. She was aroused all right. There was no sense in denying the obvious. What she had to do was get out of there before this flirtation turned into something far 'more serious.

"Back, Rex, let me go!"

Joyce found the strength to start moving, climbing the stairs, panting almost as heavily as the German Shepherd. Oh, how her cuntlips rubbed sexily together as one leg stepped in 'front of the other. Her clit felt like a small burning jewel, glowing so brightly surely the dog could see it under

her flowing dress.

“STOP!” she commanded.

Joyce was at the top now. Down the long darkened hallway was her bedroom and the bath. Her bare feet sank comfortably into the thick piling. Yes, she managed to have a nice home for her and her daughter. And now it was being threatened by her sick perversion, this wild thing rising in her, responding to the dog’s arousal. She slapped downward again. But Rex was smart, remembering the blow he’d received minutes ago in the kitchen. He ducked back, his tail now sticking straight up in the air and wagging playfully back and forth. Why did the sound of his heavy breathing arouse her so? Why did his presence make her flesh crawl, make her cuntal walls knot up in sexual ties while juice trickled maddeningly through her cuntal thicket? Joyce felt the way she used to feel when Brad called her to bed, his thick-muscled arms draped over the sheets, that knowing smirk on his lips while his dick tented up the sheets between his legs. And now, now she was feeling something similar and with a damned dog!

“Oh God, no, no!” she cried.

She put both hands to her face, pressing the tips of her fingers against her forehead. She was sinking into depravity, feeling what even the lowest whore in Hollywood rarely felt. Gathering strength once more, the woman dropped her hands and started walking briskly down the corridor. Rex was behind her, finally moving between her swiftly moving legs and bumping the underside of her cuntal mound. Joyce gasped, turning and trying to kick at him. But the German Shepherd backed away again, swirling behind her easily. Suddenly the woman felt his hot breath on her inner thighs. It was so strange, making her feel giddy.

She fell against the wall, her right shoulder sliding down. No, she couldn’t fall to the floor. Then she would be vulnerable. That awful dog could do what he wanted then, fuck her like... oh, yes, fuck her like the bitch she was!

Desperately Joyce fought to keep herself upright, digging her nails in the soft plaster while straightening her knees. He was just a dog. Perhaps he was a little more playful than usual, but he was still only a dog. Perhaps he didn’t know what he was really doing. Perhaps this was all in her mind. She had to climb into the shower, turn on that icy water once more and direct the spray at her pussy. That would end any feelings of lust for a while.

“Rex, get... back!” she ordered.

The darkened hallway spun around like a tunnel in some ride. He pressed behind her, licking her now, lapping at the softness behind each knee. Oh, how good it felt to have something warm and wet touching her like that, sending rays of goodness flashing through her belly and into her pussy pit. Joyce folded her hands over her waist and pressed hard against her belly. She doubled over slightly, gasping for breath, feeling her nipples scratching deliciously against the stiff material of her bra. For another wild moment the woman thought of taking off her clothes, of lying down there in the dark corridor and letting Rex lick her. She’d heard of some women who did that. Were they any better than she? They were probably alone, frustrated, without men. They raised dogs to service them the way others hired gigolos to... ohhhh, what was she thinking of? That was horrible, sick! Of course she wouldn’t let Rex touch her that way.

A strange buzzing echoed in her ear as Joyce staggered down the hall, her hands stretched in front of her. She stumbled forward like a blind woman, the dog swirling between her legs, making walking difficult.

"Ohhhhhh, Rex!" she moaned.

It was so strange. The animal's nose was shoved hotly against her cuntal mound again. She could feel the nylon of her panties being shoved up between her puffy labes. It felt so delicious having that wet silky material rubbing against all the folds and hollows of her pussy. And behind it she could feel the softness of the dog's snout, feel his breath shuddering against her cut.

Why was she so weak? Her body was trembling as if someone had attached an electric wire to it. That wonderful swelling ball of sexual heat in her belly told her she was approaching orgasm. Could it be possible? What could she think of herself if she were to cum with the dog? How could she possibly look at herself in the mirror, knowing she had... done that awful, terrible thing?

"This is horrible!" she gasped, her words sounding lost in that large dark hallway.

She could smell herself now, actually smell her cunt as the juices flowed from her hot, hairy hole. The dog seemed to like that odor. She could feel him trembling against one leg, could hear his breathing catch, then become more shallow, more rapid as he licked deliciously at her pussy. Why should she stop him? They were alone. The house was dark.

"Unghhhhhhh!" she groaned.

This was all an unfortunate accident. He was a dog, an animal that couldn't help itself. How could she hate him, want to kill him?

"Bad doggie, bad... ughhhhhh..."

The animal's tongue lapped noisily, deliciously at her crotch. Joyce felt the damp nylon being stretched away from her cunt, felt the surface of the dog's hot tongue graze one exposed cuntlip. Gasping from the unreal tickle, Joyce shoved her hands down to cover the exposed membranes. Rex kept on, licking at her fingers, wetting down her trembling, whitened knuckles.

"No, no, you... you just can't..."

She turned back, raising one hand high in the air. Surely he would back down with the threat of another blow to the snout.

But instead the big German Shepherd just stood there, his glowing eyes staring up at her, his sides heaving in and out while his breath wheezed through his nostrils. In the dark Joyce could see his long, hot tongue hanging from one corner of his mouth. How she trembled, how she actually lusted after that... that wonderful animal!

Rex went right through her defenses. He was under her, pressing up, his paws scratching almost painfully at her legs. Joyce found herself backed into a corner, her legs pushed apart, her skirt rising up, up to her waist while the dog was leaning heavily against her. There was a sudden, scalding pressure as his powerful tongue peeled her cuntlips apart. That touch almost brought the gasping woman to her knees! The animal was growling low in his throat, his eyes glittering like glowing coals. One wet lick rubbed over her clit. Joyce's knees shook, threatened to bend completely while the woman bit blood from her bottom lip. What was she letting happen? Had she lost her mind completely? It was a dog, a god-damned dog! Nothing seemed real any more. She thought once again of those women who let dogs lick them off. She had heard vulgar jokes about that sort of thing, something men made up to degrade the image of women.

Rex pressed harder. She felt her buttocks press tightly against the wall. There was nowhere for her

to run. She was in the supposed safety of her own home. And yet there was no way the terrified, confused woman could get this animal off her.

"Oh, stop, stop... ", she pleaded.

If only she could get to the bathroom, her bedroom, somewhere where she could close the door and lock in behind her. But her body refused to respond to her will. Instead Joyce remained propped up against the wall, her head rolling from side to side while the dog was bracing his forepaws against her chest, then sliding back down and sticking his nose up her skirt and mouthing her pussy.

"Please..."

It was silly. Why should she think the dog could understand her cries, her pleas. She felt her asscheeks rubbing from side to side against the wall. Oh, she was actually encouraging the dog to lick her, increasing the friction by moving her thighs. Somehow she managed to get the strength to raise her hand another time. She pushed herself forward, staggered awkwardly toward the bathroom. Again she felt his body bump hers, felt his tongue lapping at her ankles. It was becoming so hard for her to breathe!

Somehow she managed to get to her bedroom, holding onto the door, then swinging in.

Before Joyce managed to shut the door Rex bounded in, scampering around her ankles once more.

The woman held her hands to her head again, sobbing, trying to figure out a way she could escape this terrible animal.

"No, no!" she protested.

She backed away, the backs of her legs hitting the bed. Toppling backward, her hands flung to either side, Joyce landed squarely on her ass and back on the large king-sized bed. Rex was on top of her in a second, his snout pushing up her hem, his legs braced between her widely splayed thighs.

Why should she try to fight it any more? He would only keep pursuing her until she had to throw him out of the house. It was dark, they were alone. The only sounds in the big house now were her heavy breathing and the German Shepherd's steady cunt lapping.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" she moaned.

Now that she had abandoned herself to the licking, Joyce found her ass moving from side to side over the woolly cover. Her fingers clawed at the bedspread, her arms still stretched out crucifixion style from her body. Yes, it was wonderful, one wet surface rubbing against another. She couldn't be expected just to lie there without feeling anything. She was human, a woman who hadn't had any kind of sexual stimulation for nearly four years. And now that wonderful snout was shoved up tight against her cunt. Even if it was a dog's mouth it still felt soooo good. For a moment, Joyce had the distinct impression she was losing her mind.

The dog backed up, his tongue moving along her inner thighs, making the flesh there flash hot and cold alternately. Joyce was rubbing her legs against the cover, rolling her head from side to side, trying to suck in enough air to feed her writhing body.

"Yessss!" she hissed.

Rex was trying to reach her drenched panties. His tongue stretched, brushed over the narrow band

of nylon protecting her pussy from his touch. Ohhh, it was wonderful, wonderful! Unbelievably she moved down on the bed, shoving her thighs forward. The dog saw her sudden surrender and went crazy. He whimpered, moving the long tip of his nose from side to side. It was like being fucked... well, almost! Joyce's eyes widened, her nostrils flared as that snout pressed against her inner cuntlips, forcing them wide apart. Joyce heard another barking in the distance. Dogs! She was surrounded by dogs! There was no escape, nowhere to run to except into that set of paws now pinning her down against her own bed!

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## Chapter Two

"Horrible! Awful! Get away!"

But Joyce didn't really mean it. The dog opened his mouth wide and pressed his fangs into the flesh of her left inner thigh. He wasn't biting. He was only showing her he was boss, that he could manipulate her any way he chose. It was awful realizing that this animal could almost think the way a man does. She shivered, sucking in a ragged breath. Rex let go for a second, then bit higher on her thigh. Her nerve ends were overstimulated, over-loaded with the rush of feelings assailing her body.

What did it matter anyway? Why was she so concerned with her damned pride? What did pride have to do with this? She was horny, a horny woman who hadn't had a man touch her for four years. And now this animal was going to take care of that horrible burning itch driving her half mad! Spreading her thighs for Rex, she sobbed, rolled to her side on the bed. The sloppy nylon twisted, pulled into a small rope that fell to the side and exposed her swollen labes.

"Ohhh...ughhhh..." she groaned. Rex barked with excitement. He lunged at the glistening tender surfaces that had been peeled open. Joyce didn't try to fight him now. The animal was too strong, was trying to overpower her now. He gouged his claws against her thighs, plunging his long nose up and down against the slick folds of her cunt. She could see that her own juice was wetting the fur around his mouth. His black nostrils glistened with her heat. Joyce threw her head from side to side, feeling her long blonde hair stick to her dampened cheeks and forehead. That wonderful rush of sexuality was going through her cunt once more. The woman tightened her rump, prancing it wildly over the bed, then letting the muscles relax as she breathed heavily and unevenly.

"Fuck, fuck... "she chanted.

No, she didn't want the dog to do that! No, she didn't think she could handle a doggie fuck. She kept her legs straight, spread for the animal, but the knees remained stiff as he kept on licking. She pointed her toes out, fanning them until they cramped. That wild, hot tickle was becoming worse, turning into an excruciating ache. She was building steadily toward an orgasm. And yet Joyce couldn't quite grasp the meaning of it all. What was this about? Why was she turning onto this filthy dog, to this... oh, God, to this German Shepherd?

"Good, soooo good... " she panted, as she pushed one hand down to see how wet she was. When Joyce moved her fingertips to the edge of her swollen cuntal mound she could feel Rex's tongue lapping her knuckles, making her fingers shake again.

The young woman backed up, swinging her legs over the animal's proud head until her feet touched the carpeted floor. Standing up, bracing herself against the wall, Joyce reached down and pulled her jersey over her head. She felt the slight tug the garment made against her tits and shivered. Everything touching her now aroused her. Reaching back she fumbled for her bra strap, then sighed as she felt the elastic bands loosen around her shoulders. In a moment her thunderous thirty-eight-

inch tits swung free, the hard nipples twitching with excitement.

In another moment her skirt was gone, a heap of crumpled, spit-stained material on the floor. Climbing back onto the bed, Joyce lay with her legs widely spread apart, her head propped up on one fluffy pillow. This was wild, awful, perverted! Never in her life had she thought of doing something like this. Even now it seemed unreal, like one of those awful erotic dreams she'd been having. Now in the dark she was making one of those dreams come true.

How she burned down there between her legs! The dog was back on top of her in a second, lapping her cunt. Then he started growling, angered by the barrier her panties now presented him. He grew bolder, wrenching his head as if he'd captured another animal. She felt his sharp teeth nip at her panties, tearing them from her body. It was the last shred of clothing to go from her body, the last shred of pride she had left. Now the woman was open to him, completely exposed to whatever he wanted to do.

"Ugnhhhhhh!"

The white panty-silk hung in shreds at her ass and over her belly. Joyce could now feel the velvet wetness of her pussy exposed, could feel the inner surfaces of her cunt rubbing together as she wormed on the bed. Rex had his paws on her thighs now, his powerful head dropped into her cuntal thicket while his shoulders jutted out. In the dark his body resembled something straight from hell. He was whining, wiggling his strong body back and forth as he serviced her on the bed.

"God, yes, yes!" she screamed.

Joyce was shouting, clawing at the bed, feeling herself rocketing up, up into the heavens. She was giving in quickly to the animal and her baser instincts. Yes, yes, she was opening her cunt up to him, letting her knees fall apart. The dog was going wild, knowing now she wouldn't be fighting him any more. His tongue slopped over the tender inner flesh of her thighs. Each lick he gave over her thighs and pussy brought lovely, wonderful moans from her throat. Her knees raised up a little more. She heard her cuntlips unstick and peel back.

Rex lapped at them. He nuzzled his black snout between her cuntlips. In a flash Joyce knew the dog was tasting her. Smell and taste were an animal's most sensitive senses. Gently his long pink tongue sucked around her inner cuntlips, petted her clit. Joyce shuddered with a wild fever. It was unreal. She was making it with a dog, fucking around with an animal when all these years she was so careful not to encourage men to touch her! What a lousy little hypocrite she had been!

The dog was now resting on his belly between her thighs. She could feel that wonderful tongue lapping again and again over her cunt, could feel his hot breath blowing through her tight pussy curls.

"Ughhhhhhooooo!" she howled.

Joyce didn't dare think of what was happening to her... not really. Of course she realized the animal was touching her, breathing on her, licking her. Of course she knew what she was doing. But still the blonde managed to blot out the horror of the situation. The hunger of her body was forcing all moral thoughts that might have haunted her out of her mind. Now the only thing that seemed real was the aching pleasure between her legs and from the dog's tongue. She was possessed by the desire, this feeling. Her hands reached down to her flat belly, searching for the dog's pointed nose. She felt with her fingers at the steamy mess between her thighs. Oh, it felt so good having the dog's tongue loving her. The way he licked at her palms and fingers made her gasp with delight.

Joyce moved her ass up, giving the dog more of her cunt to nibble at. He sensed her growing excitement and whimpered through his nose. Now he was licking the rounded bottom of her asscheeks, laving it with spit. He lapped back into the split of her buttocks, back to the tiny tight knot of her shitter. She felt so wet all over. The insides of her thighs, her butt, her cunt were all covered with hot spit. When Joyce managed to shove herself up on her elbows, the shock of what was happening hit her full force.

The woman tried to fight up through the red haze that had settled over her brain. She tried once again to shove the dog away from her.

"No, bad boy, bad doggie. Come on Rex, leave me alone. Oh, please.

But nothing could deter the powerful animal from his object. Joyce's arms trembled, her finger curled once again back behind his furry pointed ears. She humped her back, pressing her swollen cunt up against his muzzle. That pink tongue drove up and down her crack. It felt so good, so shamelessly good. Her clit burned from the steady lapping friction. The places between her toes and fingers tickled. She fanned her fingers out along the animal's neck, raising her feet from the groaning bed. Slowly, panting more heavily than ever, Joyce inched her knees back until they were against her big tits. She let them sag apart, the knees finally touching the wrinkled bedspread. Every tiny hollow of her pussy was peeled back now, every inch of her snatch surrendered to the sex-hungry dog.

Was there no decency, no shred of pride left in her? No, no, nothing! Nothing except a wild thirst for a cum was left in the panting woman. Joyce gasped and babbled as Rex nuzzled her, soaking her cunt with his spittle. She brought her feet together at the sides of his big head, rubbing him with her toes.

It was too late for her to stop. Wild emotions flew through her head. Lights started popping in front of her. Joyce knew what all this meant. She was close to cumming, close to blowing apart on the bed. And it was all because of an animal, her damned dog bringing her off. Oh, if her daughter could see her now...! And yet somehow the thought of her shocked face brought a smirk to her lips. Yes, she would be surprised, surprised to see her wonderful mother fucking a dog, spreading herself wide open to a wild animal!

The woman worked her ass around in frantic circles. She was crying through her nose, sounding more like a dog than Rex.

"Fuck, fuck-!" she yelled.

For a brief minute, Joyce wondered if the neighbors could hear her. What on earth would they think was going on in that house? She giggled, her laughter turning into a groan when the dog touched her clit once more. Rex's licking now seemed to be everywhere at once. The more she moved, the more pleasure he seemed to bring to her. If only she could have that sensation of being fucked, of having something hard and thick and long reaming out her cunthole. But that was out of the question.

Whatever her feelings, whatever her lusts, Joyce could never bring herself to have a dog's cock inside her. It was just too much, too much for her to think about at this point.

"Ugnhhhoooooo!" she screamed.

She was close, dangerously close. Joyce tilted her cuntal hole up, felt the dog's tongue rimming her, petting her clit so tenderly that she felt she was going to go through the ceiling.

She was shivering, feeling as if she had some horrible kind of fever. Her cuntal walls spasmed. She could feel her clit quivering, feel the big muscles in her ass cramping. She kicked her feet high. Rex slowed down his rubbing friction, tilting his head and staring at her.

"No, don't stop!" she breathed.

The dog sensed her tension and nuzzled again between her wet cuntlips. She felt the membranes fill with blood. If a man's dick were in her she would be milking it now. The thought hurried her to her cum. She pitched on the bed, bucking her ass against the dog's parted jaws. His teeth were cutting her slightly. That acute sensation brought a groan from her throat. Oh, she couldn't take this much longer. The headboard banged against the plaster, cracking it as Joyce whirled and bucked her way into climax.

"Unnnghhhhooonoooo!" she howled like a bitch.

The world seemed to crash into her cunt as Joyce yelped and jerked, her legs kicking up and out, then scissoring down tightly around the big dog's neck. Whipping her legs against the bed, hugging Rex's body, she felt that mad, keen throbbing pleasure finally boil over. Again and again her pussy clamped shut, trying to tr

ap his licking tongue. Rex was fast, snarling into her pussy, drilling his tongue into her hot hairy hole, then pulling it out before those sensitive muscles snapped shut.

Again and again her pussy contracted. The final throbbing hurt drove her half mad with pleasure. She could hear the slick clicking sounds of the dog's furry mouth on her cunt. It sucked and clicked with each movement she made.

And she couldn't stop moving! It was wonderful, wild. Her moans, her crazed squirming seemed to set the animal off into a wilder fury. He made a strange noise-a kind of whining growl that made her open her knees even wider. She wriggled her ass over the coverlet, feeling the smooth material tickling the sensitive flesh surrounding her asshole. Oh, how she was juicing herself, wetting down the dog's snout and her inner thighs.

And as her lust peaked the dog opened his jaws, taking her cuntal mound between his fangs. Shaking her gently, his teeth pressing into her soft flesh, Rex kept his dark-brown eyes fastened on her, watching the woman pitch and yowl on the bed. He shook her gently, those sharp white fangs pressing deliciously into her cumming flesh. He swathed his tongue back and forth, drawing more pleasure from the woman's hot tight pussy.

Somehow she managed to squirm off the bed, kick the dog away and stagger to the bedroom door. Her cunt was still cramping down on thin air. Her legs were so shaky while the room spun dizzily around and around. She'd cum with a dog! She'd reached orgasm because a dog touched her... there!

Behind her she could hear Rex yelping. Was he wanting her to stay to help him cum? Did he want her to touch her, to spread her legs again so he could mount her and drive that bony cock into her? She gasped, one hand pressed to the bottom of her throat as she staggered down the narrow hallway to the bathroom. She heard the bed groaning and knew the German Shepherd had jumped off and was pursuing her.

In a second she found herself in the bathroom, the door locked behind her. Leaning against the sink, Joyce curled her fingers around the cold porcelain edge. She breathed in huge lungfuls of air, hardly able to stand. Looking at her lust-swollen face in the mirror she could feel the animal's spittle

dribbling down her legs. Oh, God, God, she couldn't blame the dog... not really. The poor thing hadn't done anything wrong. He had natural urges and was satisfying them, something more than she had been doing.

"I can't go on like this... I just can't," Joyce said to herself, resting her forehead against the mirror. Oh, how nice and cool that glass surface felt against her burning flesh! She was gasping, her feet slipping on the tiles. Catching herself before she started sobbing into her hands. What if Rex started making strange moves while Debbie was around. Wouldn't her daughter become suspicious, put two and two together and discover that her mother had been busy fucking dogs?

The thought almost made her laugh. She'd become the butt of every obscene joke in the neighborhood, her daughter running into corners to hide from the shame. No, no, she couldn't let that happen.

Joyce couldn't think straight. She needed a drink. Yes, a drink would help. Lately she'd been having one or two too many, perhaps. But then she'd been under terrible pressure... what with her suppressed sexuality and all. Her fingers trembling on the doorknob, the woman opened the door and stepped out into the hall. No, Rex wasn't there. Feeling herself calming down somewhat Joyce, tiptoed down the hall and peeked into her bedroom. Rex was gone! She grabbed the silken robe that hung behind her door, slipped it over her shoulders and tied the belt tightly around her waist. When she descended the stairs and walked into the kitchen she saw Rex sitting in a corner, half curled up, licking himself. He was lapping at that strange, odd, red doggie cock of his. Joyce shuddered, hurriedly poured some vodka from one of the several bottles standing next to the refrigerator, then left and walked into the livingroom.

He's got to leave me alone, she thought to herself, wondering if she should call the pound or something. No, Debbie was crazy about the animal and she'd ask too many questions Joyce wouldn't be able to answer adequately.

Leaning against the sofa the woman gulped down the strong liquor. Her thighs still had the that warm glow Rex had given her with his hungry mouth. She didn't know any more what was right and wrong. Of course the neighbors and her daughter would brand her as a pervert. But the sky hadn't fallen in, lightning hadn't shot in through her window, slicing her and the dog in two. And it had felt so good, so damned good!

She shivered, putting the cold glass to her lips and taking another sip of vodka. Rex had come into the living room and stood in the doorway looking affectionately at her. It had been less than fifteen minutes since... since that animal had touched her. Already, however, she was wanting to feel that tongue touching her once again, feel that furry muzzle brushing over her slick cuntlips. She closed her eyes, pressing her arms against her sides, feeling her body sway back and forth. Yes, yes, she was becoming sexually aroused about this animal, by his wonderful tongue, by that probing, snuffing snout! Of course she was treading on the thin ice of insanity. People just didn't go around letting dogs...

Joyce moved around the sofa and sat down, keeping her knees pressed tightly together. Rex was in front of her, his forepaws together, his head erect while his pointed ears stood up straight. He seemed to be waiting for something, for a command, some sign of weakness on her part perhaps. Joyce giggled, taking another large gulp of vodka. She was already starting to feel a little giddy. She'd have to watch herself! Debbie would be coming home soon. She couldn't find her like this!

"You can't do this again," Joyce whispered, peering over the drink glass at the animal. Rex knew she was talking to him and whimpered, leaning his head forward, wagging his bushy tail from side to

side over the carpeting.

Joyce could still smell her own muskey, sexy cunt. She wanted to whine as Rex whined, feeling her sexual tension building again. She finished her drink and lay her head back, Joyce smiled, feeling her breathing quicken. All she had to do was sit there, not move a muscle while the animal finished her off. She moved to give him some of her cuntmeat, then thought better of it.

"No!" she said firmly, getting up and moving back to the kitchen for another drink. It would be hard fighting off the animal from now on.

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Chapter Three

"What's in here, Doctor?"

Debbie felt her heart quicken as they stepped into the large basement storage room. It was late. She shouldn't be down here alone with this young third-year resident. And yet he had told her he needed help in bringing up some supplies for emergency room. After all, she was a volunteer helper at the hospital, helping Out where she could. And Doctor Ray Tiffany was so handsome he made her heart skip beats whenever he looked at her.

"Damned light. The switch's supposed to be on the wall somewhere here," he said, fumbling along as they stepped into the large underground room. There was a dampness that made the girl's flesh crawl. Rubbing her fingers briskly over her bare arms Debbie stood nervously in the center of the room. There was the musky smell of rotting card-board and that pungent aroma of antiseptic that permeated all rooms of the old county hospital. She saw the shape of Doctor Tiffany move about through the darkness, one hand of his trailing along the wall, searching for the lightswitch. What had he wanted down here? Something about bandages. She hadn't paid that much attention to his request when he came up to the nursing station where she worked and asked her to help him. The nurses gave her a wink smiling as she left with the young stud and headed toward the elevators.

Of course Debbie never had anything other than work on her mind. She just thought the young man was dreamy, a kind of stud a girl's dreams were made of.

"Just wait a sec."

Debbie saw Ray approaching her after moving around aimlessly for a while. Turning halfway around, the young girl saw several old hospital beds pushed against one wall, stacks of boxes on either side. The good doctor passed her by, walked to the door, then closed it. Immediately she was engulfed by the darkness.

"Oh, what are you doing?" she asked.

Debbie felt her flesh crawl. What was going on? She could hardly see.

"Debbie."

The way he pronounced her name had a terrific effect on her body. She felt her belly tighten, her nipples stiffen, poking hard against her bra. The young teenager sucked in a deep breath, feeling a strange itchy tingle start between her legs. The young woman could feel her hot, sensitive plump cuntlips starting to swell with blood, one folding over the other while her clit popped up from its surrounding slick flesh. It was wrong, wrong to feel like this. Her mother had told her so.

"Doctor... maybe... we'd better... go upstairs," she said, her voice coming in low pants.

Ray said nothing. She could hear his breathing. It was as heavy, as rapid as hers. Her scalp crinkled. For a moment Debbie wanted to run for the door, to beat the wood with her fists and scream for help. But what would that accomplish? Ray hadn't done anything to her... yet. And besides, no one would hear her screams, while anything like that would probably provoke Dr. Tiffany to do something terrible to her.

"I've been watchin' you, Debbie," he began, his voice lower than before.

"Oh?"

A thrill flashed through her cunt, intensifying the hot, mushy feelings between her legs.

"You're nice, real nice. Better than some of those women upstairs who don't know how to take care of patients," Ray continued, moving closer to her.

Debbie backed slightly towards the beds, realizing in a few minutes what she was doing. Bed! The thought of her wriggling on the mattress with Ray squirming on top of her raced through her confused mind. Oh, what a delicious fantasy, something to think about when she was alone in her bed at night. But certainly it was something to avoid here! What if they were caught? Oh, she could imagine the scandal, what her mother would say if...

"You've got a good heart, a fine personality in dealing with people. Why don't you use it when you deal with me, Debbie?"

Her body was doing such funny things. The tips of her boobs were so hard they felt as if they were about to come right through her bra! Her cunt was moving as if it had a life of its own. Its full, elastic lips curled and trembled while her clit popped to the surface. She whirled around, saw the beds behind her, then turned back to the approaching resident. No, no, he couldn't be thinking about... fucking her! No man had even touched her there! Her mother had told her that fucking was something strange and wonderful that men and women did after they were married! Ray stopped talking for a moment, standing some ten feet in front of her. He might as well have been pawing her body. Debbie could hardly breathe! She put one hand to her chest, feeling her heart beating so hard she was sure Dr. Tiffany could hear it!

"Please, don't we have to get back upstairs?" she almost cried.

"They won't be expecting us for some time. I told them we'd be sorting out the different bandages down here. I've got a beeper if they need me," he said, patting one side of his firm body.

His white coat shone in the dark. She could feel his eyes flashing all over her body even though she could barely see him. She remembered how big he was, how his massive chest, his muscular arms all reminded her of the build of a weightlifter. He didn't look like a doctor-at least not the kind she'd always seen on t.v. or in the hospitals. Her pussy spasmed when she thought about the man in front of her and some of the erotic dreams she'd had about him lately. Thank God it was dark. He couldn't see her cheeks flushing red hot as she thought about him.

"And I think you want to stay down here with me anyway, right?"

He stretched out a hand, grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her toward the beds. Debbie followed him silently, her heart racing, her mind so confused she couldn't think straight. he was so strong, so overpowering! There was little she could do except follow him like some zombie.

"Sit down, Debbie. Let's just talk."

She felt her firm young ass sink into the soft mattress. A little light from an overhead window illuminated the area around them. For several seconds, the blonde teen refused to look at Ray, feeling as if her heart were going to tear through her ribcage. Then she finally had the courage to turn around, darting a look between his legs. The dim light showed his loose-fitting trousers tenting up, actually showing the outline of a very hard and thick and long cock! That arousal was for her!

Debbie squirmed on the bed, her cunt so hot, so wet! She moved a little away from the young doctor, unsure of what she should do. He hadn't locked the door... or so she thought. She could race for freedom, scream for help. But that was silly. Ray wasn't going to rape her.. at least not yet.

He saw her looking at his cock.

"Like what you see?" he asked, dropping one hand to his lap and letting his fingers play teasingly over the throbbing protrusion.

Debbie felt as if someone had found out some dirty little secret of hers. She dropped her eyes, feeling her cheeks burn.

"Come on, honey, come on. It's not gonna hurt you. I've tapped half the nurses in this hospital and they say I'm the best there is around," Ray said, laying one hand on her lap.

"No, what do you think I am?" she blurted, tears filling her eyes. She slid away from him, both hands crossed protectively over her chest.

"I thought that was pretty well solved when you agreed to come down here with me," he quipped, leaning back and smirking at her.

She could feel his easy confidence sweeping over her like a wave. The girl choked, realizing that when she left the nursing station she had already branded herself as a whore! No wonder the others were smirking at her. They knew Dr. Tiffany's reputation and could well imagine what was on his mind with that perky little candy striper.

"Let me out of here!"

Ray said nothing. Debbie was at the far end of the bed, her fingers curling around the metal frame. Once more she looked down, silent when she saw him unzip his pants and pull out that powerful shaft!

"Come on, honey, come on over here and touch it. That's what you've wanted to do for a long time, isn't it? I've seen you peekin' out at me, wanting to talk," Ray said, his voice thickening, growing shaky.

He grabbed her with the hand that had been squeezing his dick.

"No!"

Debbie could feel the slippery coating of cock juice on his palm as his hand closed over hers.

"No, don't do that!" she shouted. "Leave me alone. Let me go or-"

"Or what? There's nobody down here. I've used this place a hundred times for... for fucking around, honey. And you're gonna love it when I slip this mother into you," he whispered.

Debbie could feel his hot breath against her throat. Her body was trembling, her heart was racing while her cunt was hot and slippery.

"I see you watchin' the other guys' dicks, see you starin' at my crotch," he went on, squeezing her fingers more tightly.

"Oh, no, no, you're lying!" she whispered, her face pinching up with the pain of his grip.

"Now you're gonna get what you've been wantin' all this time. Come on, put your hand on my dick, baby. Put your hand on there and squeeze," he demanded, pulling her closer toward him.

"No! Leave me alone. Please, please..." she begged, struggling against his grip. Sweat broke out all over her body, making her uniform cling uncomfortably to her flesh. Thoughts of her home and her mother flashed through her mind. Joyce had told her over and over again that she'd throw her out of the house if she caught her running around with a man. Debbie had been a good girl since that talk, keeping her nose buried in books, studying hard for college and making excellent grades, being a model citizen, avoiding boys like the plague while fantasizing about them like mad in bed. And now the king of her fantasies, this wonderful man was making advances toward her!

Slowly he pulled her hand toward his throbbing cockhead.

"No, don't, please, please..." she whimpered in a tiny voice.

Her pussy was growing hotter and wetter. Her tits were driving her crazy. In her nipples the itchy ache became worse as he forced her hand closer and closer toward that big fat shaft.

"Touch it, rub it up real good," he breathed.

"Oh, oh!" Debbie couldn't believe this was happening to her. In an hour or so she was going home, home to her innocent little bed where she'd think about the boys at school, about the doctors at the hospital.

"You know you want it, Debbie. You want every fat inch of it. You want that big, hard slippery cock in your mouth. You wanna lick it off and get my fuck juice down your throat, right?"

Oh, his words were so dirty, so foul, so exciting!

"No, stop talking like that!" she cried, wincing under the pressure of his tightening grip.

"You want my dick up your ass, shovin' down hard, spreading your buns apart while my balls pump their load into you, right?"

"No, stop!"

Debbie was ready to stop fighting him. His voice, those terrible, wonderful words were having their effect on the trembling girl. The outside world was fading away as an aspect of reality. Her mother, her home, even the nurses upstairs who were undoubtedly gossiping about what was going on here in the hospital basement disappeared. All that was left was her hot young pussy and that hard dick poking straight up from his trousers.

"Please..."

"Please what, fuck you?"

"Don't... don't put words in my mouth!" she begged, shrinking away from him while he still had her hand trapped.

"That's not what I wanna stuff in your mouth. Girls like you like to lick dick, you know? And man, I dig a chick who gives good head," Ray said, smoothing the other hand over her face.

Debbie shuddered at the thought of wrapping her lips around that long, hard thing. The nervous teen had heard some of the girls in the john at school talking about sucking guys off. It was a good way, they thought, of taking care of him without worrying about getting knocked up. She had to admit they were right there. But why let a guy get that far anyway?

"You like cock. You might not have had it ever, but you like it. I saw that right from the first day you walked onto the floor. You couldn't keep your fuckin' eyes off me and some of the others. Shit, if I hadn't made this move you would've probably tried something yourself."

"That's not true!"

Debbie felt her body melting. There was a lush hotness radiating out from her belly down to her fat, swollen cuntlips. The only thing that was hard seemed to be her tits and clit. They were so sensitive they felt as if they were going to explode.

He drew her hand over to the hot, fleshy head. She felt the hard tip brush against her palm, then over her fingertips. She was touching a man there, actually touching a man's dick.

"Feel good? Feel the way you always thought it would?" he asked in a tight voice.

Debbie felt him forcing her fingers to wrap around his rod. It was so strange feeling that hot, rubbery thing throbbing against her palm. Hot streams of fuck oil dribbled down from his head, wetting her fingers. His breathing quickened the moment she started moving her hand.

"That's it, baby, pump it up, pump it up and down, get it goin' real good," Ray said breathlessly.

He was leaning back slightly, his grip on her hand loosening. He knew the girl was becoming more and more interested in his dick. She was fighting herself. But the battle was a lost one. When she greedily squeezed that hunk of meat, her hand jacking up and down and pulling the flexible outer covering over the steely inner core Ray knew he had her where he wanted her.

But Debbie was thinking more about her own reactions than what Ray was doing. He didn't have to force her to stay there any more. She was sitting there on the bed of her free will, her fingers tightly gripping that thing, moving up and down, actually jerking him off. She could feel his balls still nestled in his trousers whenever her hand slipped down to his hairy cockroot. It was then the young resident moaned, spreading his legs farther apart to give the girl more room.

"No, no, it's... wrong!" She let go, jerking her hand away, getting up from the bed and stumbling to the door. It was vile, filthy to be doing something like this. She rubbed her cum-slicked palms on her uniform, reaching the door. Her fingers gripped the knob and turned. Locked! Oh, God, he had locked her inside!

"Open it! Please open it, I don't want to be here any more!"

Her voice sounded so small, so insignificant in that large dark room. Ray was still leaning back on his elbows on the bed, his long hard dick jerking against his flat belly. She knew he was staring at her, wanting her.

"You're not going to leave this room until you. fuck me," he said simply.

The words were like lightning! Turning back, the young girl clenched her fingers into two tight fists and pounded wildly at the door. She heard Ray scrambling up from the bed, heard his shoes shuffling over the dirty tiled floor. In an instant he was on top of her, his powerful arms dragging her away from freedom.

"You're a damned silly bitch," he said a little worriedly, nervous that someone might have heard her.

"No, help! Help!"

He wheeled her around, holding her steady by the shoulders with one hand while he raised another over his head. Without saying a word he brought that hand down in a broad arc, the palm and spread fingers catching her cheek hard.

"Ughhhhhh!"

No one had ever touched her like this, not even her mother! The force of that blow made her head snap to the left, her hair splashing over her face. Debbie screamed, her cry cut short when she saw him poised for another blow. Sobbing, feeling her legs trembling the young blonde teen choked down that cry of terror.

"Cut out this crap and get back to bed," he snarled, dragging her away from the door.

Debbie whimpered like a kicked puppy, pulling back futilely against the young stud. She knew there was no help coming from her. He was going to have his way no matter what she did.

"You're stupid, Debbie. And I'm going to teach you a lesson. You're going to listen to every guy from now on... no back talk. Now... suck my cock," he said, throwing her roughly onto the large old hospital bed. She skittered halfway across, finally winding up on her ass with her back pressed against the wall. Brushing away the hair from her eyes she stared up at that long thick dick bobbing in front of her face. Oh, God, this was just the beginning!

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## **Chapter Four**

"Stop it! You're.. ohhh, you're tearing my dress!" Debbie cried out, clutching at her uniform.

Ray was holding onto her shoulder, one hand tearing at the top of her dress. He had her trapped on the bed, one knee pressing down hard on her left thigh, her back shoved hard against the wall. Several times he'd threatened to slap her again if she screamed.

"You're gonna suck this cock, understand? And you're gonna tell me just how much you like it."

Debbie smelled the odor of his crotch as he slid forward. He was shoving her back, sliding the other knee on her right thigh while pushing her head down, Debbie was feeling panicked, her hands jerking up and the palms pressing against Ray's belly. She was breathing more heavily, more irregularly as the hot furry bundle between her legs started pulsing as hard as the resident's cock. He was so strong, so overpowering! There was little she could do but surrender.

"Oh, no, no, please don't make me..."

She couldn't finish the sentence. He had her pinned flat on the bed now, his knees hurting her

thighs. He was stroking his dick slowly. Debbie could hear the slick clicking of his fingers as they slid over the cockhead, then moved down to the fat base, making his balls swing forward. She swallowed hard, her eyes wide, her nostrils flaring.

Ray didn't care if he hurt her or not. He moved up quickly, both knees pressing down hard on her upper arms. She couldn't move an inch. Even her legs seemed paralyzed as the young resident loomed over her like a great mountain. The male odor of his crotch triggered something strange inside her body. The girl could feel the slippery hot tissues of her pussy clutch into knots. Instinctively she spread her legs, rubbing them back and forth over the cold plastic-covered mattress.

"Ohhhh, yeah, that's it, baby, that's it, turn on like all those other cunts do upstairs. Yeahhh, you ain't gonna get hurt."

Ray sounded like some kind of maniac, not the kind handsome doctor she'd idolized upstairs on the floors. But what she was feeling now wasn't exactly that schoolgirl puppy-love crush that had made her heart beat so quickly upstairs. She was feeling sexual arousal, pure and simple. When he gripped his dick tightly around the shaft's center and bent it down toward her opened mouth the girl knew what she had to do. He wasn't about to move until she took that awful thing between her lips. Moaning softly, opening her mouth, she readied herself for the attack.

"Just take it easy and don't do anything stupid like biting, honey," Ray said, his voice trembling as he reached down and wrapped the fingers of one hand around the back of her head.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Debbie saw the dickhead advancing until she knew she could touch it with the tip of her tongue. Then it was touching her lower lip, sliding greasily back and forth, then moving to her upper lips. Smacking her lips the girl could taste something terribly salty and bleachy. It made her want to swallow.

"Yeah, you want it bad," Ray fantasized out loud, his body trembling. "Then take it!"

With that the young resident shoved about three inches of his eight-inch cock into her mouth. Debbie gulped, coughed, inhaled air sharply through her nose while wiggling her ass desperately on the bed. It was enough to make her want to vomit. And yet something else was happening to her. She tentatively moved her tongue around the ridged underside of his rod, concentrating particularly on the scar where his foreskin had been cut away.

Ray's body trembled, his fingers fanning out and working against the back of her head. Her jaw started to hurt from staying open so wide and so long. But she knew Ray wasn't about to terminate his actions. He loved filling her mouth with his big cock. She could taste the thick oily cock juice that bubbled freely from his cockhead and onto her tongue. The slick, salty taste made her swallow again.

Ray slipped another few inches into her mouth. Now the dickhead was brushing against her back molars, touching her tonsils. Debbie groaned, this time more because of the pain caused by his knees pressing against her upper arms than from fear.

"Ohhhhhh baby, gimme that head!" Ray moaned as he twisted his hips back and forth, making his cock revolve around in her mouth. Debbie could feel her cheeks puffing out every time he hunched down, shoving his cock almost against the back of her throat. And he was going to shove more dickmeat into her mouth! Surely she'd choke on his cock!

"Lick it! Man, tongue that cock, baby, suck it!" he growled.



Debbie tried to do everything he was whispering, moving her tongue rapidly back and forth over the underside of his dick, sucking so hard she felt dizzy. And all the while, the young intern was pumping his fat cunt splitter faster and harder into her mouth. She could feel his balls swinging against her chin, feel the wiry cockhairs tickling the insides of her nostrils when he started pistoning most of his cockmeat into her.

Ray threw all eight inches into her mouth. Debbie thought she was going to strangle! It was as if someone had shoved a large apple down her throat! The girl gagged, clawed desperately at the plastic mattress, beat her legs against the bed while Ray kept his dick lodged hard and deep in her throat.

"Dig it? Dig havin' all that meat inside you, Debbie?"

She grunted, feeling spittle and cum rubbing down the sides of her face. Her hair fanned out behind her while Ray kept twisting his hips, moving his cock around in her throat. Debbie was clawing for her life, feeling the room fading away from her as the oxygen supply to her lungs diminished. Choked by a dick! His hands held her against his crotch while he hunched his meat into her.

Then slowly, reluctantly, Ray let her go. Debbie felt the bulge sliding away from her throat, moving down down until only the fat head was lodged between her lips. She sighed with

relief, gulping in air. In a few moments she sucked and tongued the throbbing dick in gratitude, her tongue lashing over it. licking, teasing, coiling, curling.

"Man, oh man, that was good." He pulled his cock all the way out, sliding it over her face.

Debbie felt the long dick move over her eyes, across her nose, then slide back and forth over her lips. All the while, his balls dragged over her chin and that cunt-clenching aroma washed over her like an exotic perfume. He kept telling her how he was going to fuck her, how he was going to pop her cherry if she really had one. All through the monologue Debbie kept quiet. She didn't want to say or do anything that would antagonize him. She could still feel the sting of his fingers hitting her face.

"Let's go for it, baby. Let's make it, make these fuckin' walls shake."

Ray was on top of her, his hands sliding behind her shoulders, the fingers searching for the zipper. Debbie raised her head a bit, making it easier for him to undress her.

"Ohhh, nice, nice," he said, peeling the half-torn uniform off her shoulders, then sliding it down over her slim, boyish hips, finally trailing over her toes. She lay there almost naked except for her juice-stained panties and her bra. Ray was back to her in a moment after tossing her volunteer candy-striped uniform to the floor. She shivered, the cold of the damp basement room adding to her nervousness and fear of what was to happen. He kept breathing and sighing heavily, trailing his fingertips over her milk-white flesh. Debbie could feel her flesh crawling, could feel her half-inch-long nipples hardening, pressing up against the cups of her bra again.

"Nice, nice tits," he sighed.

Ray rolled her half over, his fingers fumbling with the bra strap. In an instant it came undone, Debbie feeling the heavy weight of her tits as they flopped down.

"Oh, man, feel those tits," Ray whispered, tossing the halter to the floor then sliding back up to her.

Debbie worked her ass against the plastic mattress, her cunt catching fire as his big hands kneaded

her tits like two large mounds of dough.

"Beautiful tits, big tits," he whispered, his eyes big, focused on her large, jiggling mounds.

Debbie looked at the large man hovering over her. His cock was still straight out, glistening with her spit and his pre-cum, his pants shoved down to his knees while his shirt was now opened. Somewhere along the line he had discarded his white hospital cloak. How would it feel, she wondered, having that hunk of man squirming on top of her, pinning her to the bed, piledriving his dick into her cunt while he held her down with those big, thick-muscled arms? The thought raced again and again through the girl's head as he caught the ends of her boobs between his thumbs and forefingers and started squeezing.

"OHhhhhhh!" Debbie cried out sharply, throwing her head back and jerking it from side to side.

He increased the pinching tension, rolling the nipples around like two tiny peas. The girl thought she was going to piss. Her legs shot out, then snapped together, rubbing against one another as Ray pinched harder.

"Shut up!" he snarled, looking over his shoulder nervously when Debbie let out a particularly sharp cry.

"I... I can't help it!" she stammered, tears in her eyes.

"You'd better, stupid little..."

He didn't finish the sentence, but Debbie had an idea what he was going to call her. How strange! Ray seemed to swing from gentleness to brutality without a moment's warning.

"UGnhhhh!" Debbie moaned again when he clamped down hard on her nipples. She threw her head back again, arching her body between the grip of his thighs. Her tits jiggled, raised up high, begging to be rubbed and felt.

"That's it, baby, get it on," Ray hissed, feeling her twist between his legs. He kept increasing the pressure on her nipples, squeezing them cruelly while watching her face become pinched and red from the pain.

Debbie thought he was going to tear them off. She kept pleading for him to stop, to ease up. But all her pleas did was to increase the pain. The hard, pulsating nipples were being crushed like berries under his fingers. Her entire body seemed to vibrate with pain as Ray kept hurting her.

"UNghhhooooo!" she pleaded, snapping her body from side to side.

"Yeah, yeah," Ray said, pulling back and sliding down until he was kneeling between her ankles.

Debbie shivered. She felt his fingers sliding up and down her inner thighs, his breath becoming more and more shallow and irregular. In spite of the pain he'd caused her, she felt all the nerve endings in her pussy vibrate, almost stretching down, down toward the advancing fingertips. Undulating her legs, she wallowed her shoulders against the mattress, waiting for him to touch her... there, to finally fuck her!

"Pull your legs up," he said, dropping his head a little.

Debbie didn't dare refuse an order. She raised them, giving him room to pull the panties off her

sweet young ass. She felt them sliding over her sweaty flesh, clinging at times to wet patches on her skin, but steadily sliding off. In an instant she was free! She stretched her legs wide, throwing them into the air. Ray shoved his head between her silky thighs before she had a chance to say anything. In a second she felt the unbelievable rush of sensations that follow when a woman has her cunt being eaten out.

"Ohhhhhh... what are... are you doing?" she screamed.

Ray growled something, his words lost in the moist red cuntmeat.

"Ahhhhhh...!" Debbie moaned as she felt his mouth close over her cunt. It was wild, maddening, delicious! None of her girlfriends had said much about this. Usually they turned red and changed the topic as soon as someone mentioned eating cunt. The blonde teen assumed it was something people just didn't do... at least not normal people. But yet, oh, it felt so good having his mouth clamped down onto her cunt, feeling that tongue squiggle into her hot little hole. She moved her butt back and forth, wiggling it like a tail, enticing the young resident to lick back farther, farther until her pussy had swallowed up all his tongue.

If fucking was this wonderful she couldn't understand why people like her mother condemned it. Of course, she worried about getting pregnant. But other than that nothing else seemed to be wrong.

"Like it, baby? Like havin' your cunt sucked?" Ray asked.

He raised his head from her cuntal thicket, staring at her as he picked out several loose strands of pussy hairs from between his front teeth.

"Yes, oh...yes!"

He dropped his head back into her crotch, taking the cunt inside his mouth. She felt his teeth sinking into her fleshy labes, his tongue spearing all the way into her sucking hole.

Bright lights popped behind her eyes, lights she'd never seen before. He was sucking on her like some leech, eating her cunt wildly until Debbie was trembling and moaning like a whore in heat. She twisted her ass up to his face. Her legs slowly closed over his head, trapping him tightly against her cunt. She felt his rough tongue sanding over the throbbing little bud of a clit. She felt so hot, so tight, so wild! God help her, she felt as if she were about to cum right in his mouth!

"Baby, hot shit, baby," Ray commented, pulling his head out from between her shivering legs. He didn't want her cumming right now, climaxing while he had his eight-inch dork throbbing outside her pussy.

"Touch it, baby, come on, touch it, wiggle that ass around, stick my dick into you," Ray whispered, tonguing her ear.

Debbie groaned, smelling her cunt on his chin and lips. She was uncontrollably hot now, not realizing what was going on in her body. All this was wonderfully strange and new to her. She felt abandoned, lost in some new world. All she could do was listen to what Ray told her to do. Panting Debbie reached down and clutched his dick, trying to draw it up between her legs. Her ass wiggled down as she positioned herself for a hard fuck. Her tits, cunt and ass were all throbbing with tension, excitement. She could feel the fat, juicy lips of her cunt spring wide open, then snap shut on thin air. Yes, she was more than ready for her first fuck. Her hand worked up and down on his cockshaft.

"Virgin? Man, if you are, you're the hottest cherry I've been with," Ray commented wryly.

"Please..."

"Please, what?" Ray asked, staring down at her, knowing the kind of game she was playing. "Please give it to you? You want my dick in your cunt the way you wanted it in your mouth?"

Debbie couldn't answer a question like that he was making her feel so cheap, so whorish. She had never had anyone talk to her like that! How exciting it was!

"Want my dick shovin' into you, spreading your pussy open, splitting you in two while my balls drag over your snatch?"

The words made her shiver. She closed her eyes, mentally picturing how her wet tight cunt must look now, trembling with wild excitement as that eight-inch prong brushed over the cuntal curls. In a moment the fat dribbling head would be touching them, spreading the lips apart, sliding over the quivering folds and hollows of her pussy, lubricated by her own juices and his pre-cum.

"No, no, no!" she cried, tossing her head from side to side with every untruthful denial.

"You want me to stick it to you, right? You want to feel it inside, right?"

"No, no!"

But her actions spoke louder than her words. Debbie still had her legs raised, her knees pointing outward, her feet high in the air. She was primed, ready for her first big fuck.

"Take it, damn it. You're gonna get it whether you want it or not!" he growled.

Debbie stopped moving her ass and lay quietly on the bed. Her thighs were slicked down with her hot juices, some of them having run into her asshole. She kept her eyes closed and her legs spread. Remembering his last command she kept her ass flat against the plastic hospital bed mattress. The air itself seemed to hum with excitement while her heart pounded crazy in her chest. Then it happened! She could feel the head sliding through her pussy curls, touching the little sex trigger at the top of her cuntslit, then moving down until it was centered over her slot. With a hunch and grunt Ray shoved the fat head into her hole.

Debbie kept her body still. But her head tossed from side to side as she felt her body being forced open by his hard dick.

"Ohhh, you're... you're..."

"Fucking, baby, fucking. That's what we're doing and gonna be doin' for the next hour if I have my way."

Debbie shivered, hoping in her heart of hearts he was right!

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Chapter Five

Debbie had never felt anything like this before in her life! How good, how exciting it was being fucked! Her girlfriends were right, her mother wrong. Fucking was good, wonderful, exciting! The young teen felt that dick sinking into her flesh, pushing at her cuntal walls, burying itself in the hot

bubbly juice of her pussy. She could hear it gurgling its way in, slicked down by her cuntal oil, getting ready to ram down hard and long.

"Ohhh, good cunt," Ray breathed as he kept shoving his dick in.

Debbie was struggling now, fear overlapping her pleasure. Thoughts of having her cherry popped, of losing her innocence now rushed in. She drew her hands up, shoving them once more against the big man's belly, trying to push him away. Ray didn't care what she did any more. He was concentrating on the feelings racing through his cockhead, feelings making his dick throb crazily, making his balls tighten up hard against his cookroot.

"Oh, don't don't... don't fuck me. I've never done this before. It's gonna hurt. I'm gonna bleed... it's ohhh, don't.. she sobbed.

"Shut up, I'm a doctor. If somethin' goes wrong I'll take care of it," Ray snarled, putting his hands on her shoulders and pinning them to the cold mattress as he screwed his dick deeper into her.

Debbie cried out again, kicking her heels against his kidneys. He was spreading her apart, splitting her in two as if she were a piece of bread.

Ray didn't care if the whole hospital heard the two of them now. He was trenching out her hole, sinking his cock a little deeper in with forward fucking thrust. Lust oil gurgled out of her cunthole, spilling down her thighs and on to the cold plastic mattress cover. Both of them could hear her ass squeaking across the wet surface as Ray fucked harder.

Debbie threw her head back, shouting for help, begging God and this animal on top of her for relief. But none come. Ray only shouted at her to stop, slapping her once for trying to call for help, then resuming his fucking into her snug, tightly packed cunt.

Debbie thought the pain was nearly overwhelming now. The pleasure had faded the moment his dickhead brushed against her cherry. She tensed, straightening her legs. But still Ray drilled his dick into her slit, making all her nerves vibrate. She could feel the strange pain and pleasure all the way through her body. He was shoving down harder now, tearing back the snug inner muscles. For a second Debbie thought she was going to faint. That would be wonderful. But unconsciousness never came. Instead she hovered just above the level of fainting, feeling every sensation Ray threw at her.

As he sawed his cock back and forth she realized suddenly that she was helping him. Yes, her hips were moving back and forth in a counter rhythm, her belly bucking rapidly up and down, meeting his in-and-out thrusting. Slowly, gradually, her pussy was spreading open, accommodating his fat, long cock.

There was still her cherry to pop. Thinking about that thin membrane frightened her again. Her pussy nerve vibrated while her cuntal muscles tightened, trying to force out that hard hot intruder once more.

"Hey, baby, loosen up. I gotta take care of that cherry for you. I felt it! Man, I wouldn't have believed somebody nice and fine like you was still cherry. But you gotta give it up, baby. Gotta give it up to me. I want that cherry, baby. I want it bad," Ray crooned.

Debbie was still tense in spite of all the dirty words Ray threw at her. Her eyes widened and tremors erupted all through her cunt and belly. But still the thought of having her cherry popped by this animal frightened her.

Her buttocks closed against the intrusion in her cunt. Once or twice Debbie actually tried rolling away, kicking free of the dick splitting her cunt in two. But of course Ray's grip was far too strong and firm for her to shake free of it.

He was going to do it, going to burst her cherry! She felt his thighs tensing, felt his legs shoved up hard against her upturned buttocks. The girl shouted something, then snapped her head back, closing her eyes, waiting for the stabbing pain.

It came down on her like a bolt from the blue. Shards of agony splintered through her cunt, feeling like millions of rusty daggers knifing her cut and belly. The young girl arched her back, snapping her head from side to side. She beat her clenched fists hard against Ray's side, kicking at him, screaming in pain through her teeth as the awful thing tore through the tiny membrane and sank into her hot juicy hole.

The room swirled around her in brilliant colors. How wild, how delicious it all was! Even the pain brought some sort of excitement with it. Yes, she was now a woman, a real woman. The days of her childhood were irrevocably behind her now. Whatever lay in store for her she would have to meet it as a woman!

Debbie lay quietly for several minutes, catching her breath. How odd it was having that hard, long thing throbbing inside her, pressing against her slick cuntal walls. Oh, how good it was feeling so full, so satisfied. Satisfied? No, not yet. She was on simmer now, ready to boil at the slightest movement. Slowly the pain melted into something much stronger, greater, something that demanded relief.

"Now, baby, now I'm gonna fuck you real good. You're gonna go nuts when I get through with you," Ray said, his face screwed up in a mask of determination.

Debbie trembled.

He drew back his dick, seeming to take all her cunt with it. Then slowly, carefully, moving his hips back and forth, he pushed his dick in. He was closer and closer to the base. Their bodies were almost touching. His body hair tickled over Debbie's flesh. Sweat dripped off his forehead and splashed onto her face. The girl was going wild, wriggling under him, loving the sensation of being impaled like some insect on a needle.

Debbie felt his eight-inch rod throbbing in her cunt. With each forward jerk of the hard-pole her cuntal walls squeezed tightly around it. It held the fat rod tightly, milking it. As Ray's body settled between her legs she felt her clit being crushed.

"Oh, do it. Oh, God, fuck, fuck, fuck!" she cried.

"Man, I told you I'd have you beggin' for it, didn't I?"

He was growling, shoving his ass up high, getting his cock ready for the downstroke.

"Now you can take it. Get that stuff, baby, get that hot meat!"

Ray tensed, then shoved down hard, his cock traveling like a red-hot poker through a tub of butter.

Debbie felt him throwing his meat into her with the skill of a pro. Her pussy boiled hot under his constant, wonderful attack. Her cunt was being rubbed up quickly to climax. No, she couldn't take much more of this. Yes, it was going to explode under her, blow her to pieces.

Debbie was moaning, feeling herself so stuffed with meat. Her belly swelled with dick. Her ass quivered with sensation as if someone were fucking her in the shitter. She felt his dick tighten into an iron weapon. She knew instinctively that tightness, that wild jerking against her cuntal walls signaled the end of his control. In a few more strokes he would be dumping his load of spunk into her.

She could already see the cum jetting out of his dickhead, flooding into her body.

"Don't... oh God, no, not yet, not yet!"

"What's the matter, baby, you wanna feel my dick all night? Shit, I got rounds to make. I can't keep you down here 'til morning."

This was one time when he wished he could keep a woman in the basement storeroom all night. He'd never had a virgin this hot and willing and curious before. Anything he did, told her, suggested, she did unquestioningly.

He slowed down.

"You close?"

Debbie wasn't exactly sure of what he was talking. But if it had something to do with that crazy burning itch between her legs and answer was yes.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she panted, curling her fingers and dragging them across his shoulders. The blonde teen wasn't interested in shoving him away any longer. What was the use? Her cherry was busted, her honor compromised. All that was left her now was pleasure. She was determined to get as much of that as she could right now.

Ray rammed his dick faster and faster into her pussy, getting his balls so full of cum they ached. He started moaning as he felt his jizz bubbling up.

"Gonna make it, baby, gonna dump that load right into you... NOW!"

The last word sent shivers of delight rushing up and down the girl's spine. She felt for the first time in her life stream after stream of hot cum shooting deep into her tender young cunt. He jerked all over her, holding her tightly, his dick cemented to her pussy by his cum.

Debbie's eyes were wide, her face a mask of wonder and tension. She felt his load jetting out and burning its way through her cunt. His cockhead squeezed tight, sending out thick hot wads of cum.

"Huhhhhr! Huhhhhr!" the girl screamed.

Debbie felt her cunt and ass squeeze tight, clutching along the eight inches of his dick. Then her body exploded, blowing apart like a bomb.

Debbie didn't know what had happened to her during that wonderful minute of madness. A white-hot core of joy slipped over her mind and body, her clit vibrating like mad while more and more jizz seeped into her hole. The cum seemed to be triggering more mind-blasting spasms. She felt the hot liquid seeping out of her pussy, oozing down into her butt-crack, mixing with the cum and sweat. Her ass squeaked on the plastic as Ray jerked and moaned on top of her.

Finally it was over. After exploding the young teen collapsed on the bed, her legs sliding off the

resident's pile-driving hips. She felt penetrated, violated, wonderful! Catching her breath she booked up at the ceiling, feeling the weight of the resident pressing sexily against her lithe body.

It was over. Now she had to worry about her reputation, the smirking nurses upstairs, her mother.

"Good fucking, baby. Good head, good everything," he murmured.

"We... ugh... we have to go," she said, feeling guilty.

"Come on, Debbie. Come on, you candy-stripers can go all night. That's what the other guys say. You people come in here just to fuck with the residents and interns, right?" he smirked.

"No, no, that isn't true!" Debbie felt cheap, degraded. How dare he say something like that, especially after the way he saw she acted under his body

"Well, it doesn't matter much. I got my share of your cunt... tapped it first. You wanna come to a party in about two days? We're havin' one... me and some of the guys from orthopedics."

"No!"

How dare he invite her to a party after having treated her like this, saying those awful things about her. She was no whore, no slut!

"Come on, honey," he said, trailing his finger up and down her cunt.

"I... no," she said, sliding out from under him. She staggered around the darkened room, bending down, searching for her clothes. Debbie dressed hurriedly, not daring to look at Ray. He was still on the mattress, playing with his dick, watching her as she nervously slipped on her panties and bra, wishing she could shower somewhere before going home.

"Here," he said, kicking the torn uniform across the floor just as she'd stepped into her panties.

Debbie stared at the ruined dress.

"I'd go home right after this, baby. You come walking past the nurses' station in that and they won't stop talking for days," Ray advised as the blonde teen slipped on her uniform.

Debbie checked out the bodice and saw he was right. There was no way. she could cover up what had happened to her dress. She held it together as best she could, sitting on the edge of the bed while slipping on her shoes.

"And you remember, you want that ass cooled off, you know who you can come to," Ray said, smoothing his hands over her butt.

Debbie stiffened, reaching back, slapping away the offending hand. He was treating her like a bag of used goods, something to use, to laugh at. Oh, how she wished she could hit him good and hard. But that would only make matters worse. She'd have to quit the hospital, go find some work elsewhere. She'd tell her mother something, some story. Joyce would believe her.

"Oh, leave me alone," she whispered, hitting him again when he tried to pull her back down onto the bed. The girl rushed from his arms, reaching the door, trying to pull it open. Locked! of course!

"Here," Ray said, bending over and fishing the key from his trousers. He threw it across the floor. A whore! He was treating her like some used whore! The terrible word echoed in her head again and

again as she nervously fitted the key in the lock, turned it, and escaped into the brightly lit basement corridor. No, she wouldn't go upstairs and face those mocking smiles right now. There would be plenty of time for that tomorrow if she decided to return.

Bushing the hair from her eyes, holding the right side of her dress together with one hand the girl scurried up the rear stairs and out into the starlit night. The night air felt so good, so cool and refreshing to her now!

Debbie glanced back over her shoulders at the eight-story county hospital, the windows brightly lit. She shuddered, folding her arms tightly in front of her, turning and walking as quickly as she could home. It was still relatively early. Her mother would be up. Of course she could never tell Joyce what had happened to her. But at least she would have someone to talk to, to sort out some problems racing round and round in her mind.

The young teen walked half in a daze the mile between the hospital and her home, reaching the backyard some forty minutes later.

The house was quiet, the upstairs bedroom lights on. Her mother mustn't be feeling well. Debbie sighed. Well, it was just as well. Perhaps she would have broken down, started sobbing for no apparent reason. Maybe she would have blurted out the whole sordid story. How great that would be! She could just see her mother marching to the hospital demanding satisfaction, dragging her ruined daughter behind her. All those mocking stares, those laughing eyes as Joyce confronted the cocky doctor who had "raped" her daughter. No, perhaps it was best her mother was upstairs right now. Tomorrow morning would be soon enough to confront her. Dinner was probably sitting wrapped by the microwave, ready to be heated. Joyce always did that when Debbie came home late from the hospital and she didn't want to cook.

Opening the door to the backyard Debbie noticed something moving near the bushes. At first she thought it was an intruder she'd surprised. That was all she needed... this time to be really raped. Then peering through the darkness the girl realized it was Rex standing near the kitchen door staring back at her.

"Oh, it's you, boy! she said happily, dropping to her knees and stretching out her hands.

The dog rushed over to her, lapping her face, nearly knocking her over on her ass.

"Ohhh, Rex, you're the only thing left that's not hurting me," she whispered in the animal's ear. The young teen laughed, throwing back her head as she felt the sandy rough tongue lap over her throat. How good it felt to run her fingers through the long silky fur! Maybe she'd stay out here with Rex, stay out and watch the stars and think about what had happened to her this evening.

"Rex!"

The big German Shepherd had moved forward, shoving the girl back on her ass. In an instant he was between her legs, lapping at her thighs, moving up to her buttocks.

"What... what?" Debbie stammered, not really understanding what was happening to her. Then she realized the dog must have smelled Ray's cum, her cunt juice that still stained the crotch panel of her panties. Wriggling backward Debbie tried turning around, slapping one hand at the approaching animal.

"No, stop it! Stop..."

The girl covered her mouth with one hand. She couldn't be shouting, crawfishing like this with the animal in hot pursuit. How could she explain something like this to her mother or the neighbors?

"Ohhhhh," the young teen groaned.

Debbie jerked so hard from surprise that she wound up on her side in the dew-damp grass. The animal was on her in a flash, his strong legs bumping the insides of her legs. This was awful, worse than the incident with Ray in the hospital. God help her, she was being attacked sexually by her own pet!

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## Chapter Six

It was wrong, just... awful. The dog was doing about the same thing to her Ray had. A dog was eating her cunt!

Again she clapped her hands to her mouth, fighting back the desire to shout for help. It was terrible, too terrible for the neighbors to see!

"STOP!" she whispered between clenched teeth.

Debbie slapped downward at the big animal. But Rex had learned from having attacked her mother. He ducked quickly, darting back to his hot objective. He was whining, shoving aside the juice-soaked narrow band of nylon protecting her pussy. His tongue quickly divided her still-swollen slit, puffy from the fucking Ray had given her. The young blonde teen gasped from the friction as he dug deep enough to rake her cut.

Debbie tried forcing her knees together, tried pushing the animal away. But the lapping and licking at her snatch were too strong. Her torn uniform was already hiked up to her waist, knotted into a rope, exposing her long white thighs and legs. The animal had slipped his snout under one leg band, twisted his head and sunk his teeth into the wet soppy material. He was pulling it off, actually stripping her in the garden!

"This is awful... I can't.. ughhhh... believe it!" she gasped.

Debbie felt her panties sliding down, down past her knees, down to her ankles. She lay there on the grass, propping up her body on her elbows, staring down at the hunkering dog stripping her.

"Rex, what's gotten into you... ohhh..."

Now she remembered him nosing her and her mother earlier. Lots of animals nosed around like that. It was just a fact of life everybody took for granted and didn't question. If she'd know it would end like this Debbie would have insisted her mother throw the dog out! How could she ever look at herself in the mirror knowing she'd... she'd done something this terrible, this perverted?

No, no, she couldn't shout, couldn't wake up the neighbors. She had to keep her shame, her growing pleasure to herself. What was so awful was that

with each passing second Rex's sloppy mouth was bringing back the hot, excitingly tight feeling she'd felt earlier with Ray's mouth, his tongue. It was that racing, rushing heat that was so much like chills in a way. His muzzle was so hot, his tongue so silky and smooth against her cuntlips.

Somehow Debbie pushed the dog back. She was on her hands and knees now, feeling the weight of her tits against her upper chest. In a flash the girl realized she was crawling around like an animal, exposing her naked bare ass to the dog behind her. The panties held her ankles together, twisting her legs up. Debbie gasped, trying to reach down and pull those soaked, bitten shorts up. Oh, why hadn't she gone in the front way? There was no reason to avoid her mother. Joyce was upstairs reading, probably, or watching the tube. There was no time to change her decision now. The dog jumped.

Debbie felt the strong forelegs hit her back. In a second he was on top of her, the warm underside of his body pumping her back and ass. Something terribly hot and slick and sharp was gouging at her cunt. The horror of what had almost happened brought her weakly to her feet.

"No, no, this isn't happening. Oh, God, it's some awful dream," Debbie whispered.

She could hardly breathe! Her chest was tightening, her mouth becoming dry just as it had when Ray was eating her out and fucking her. No, no, she couldn't mix the images of Rex and Ray together. That was what sick people did. She had to calm herself down, reach the house, get away from this crazy dog before he made her do something terrible, perverted, sick.

"Get... away..." Debbie staggered through the small dark garden. The house loomed up ahead. But the girl felt as if she were moving in a dream. Her legs felt so heavy, her movements so sluggish. And behind her breathed that huge animal, graceful, predatory, sex-hungry for her cunt!

"No!"

Rex was at her heels now. He nipped at her. The biting wasn't really hard. He was trying to catch her ankle, bring her back down so he could mount her once more. Debbie was frantic. Rex was a big dog. She and her mother had purchased him for that very reason. And now he was overpowering her. She felt him licking her naked right thigh again, bumping his black snout between her running legs. Ahead she saw the giant ash tree she used to swing on. Running, breathing with wheezing sounds through her nose, the girl reached the tall tree, hooking her arms tightly over. She scraped her feet against the roots bulging atop the ground. Oh, if only she could stay here, cling to the tree until the animal tired of his sick pursuit she'd be all right.

"Get away! Go inside, go anywhere, but get away!" she panted.

But Rex was persistent. The animal swarmed excitedly under her flailing legs. She tried kicking at him and missed. The animal moved quickly around, then slipped his muzzle up the inside of one thigh. Debbie nearly died. She felt it going deep into her cunt like some furry dildo. Her head snapped back, a particularly strong spasm shooting through her cunt. No, no, she couldn't give in like this, give in to her own wild, exciting feelings. This was a dog. A dog!

The girl hid her face in the tree, feeling the scratchy bark tickle her cheeks and arms. That sudden penetration of her cunt brought a fiery shiver that spread fast over her flesh. Weakly the girl tried to climb higher. She dug her nails into the soft bark, squeezing her knees against the tree trunk. Inch by inch she moved upward toward the first string of low-hanging branches. Rex wouldn't follow her up here. He'd grow tired of the chase and run about the neighborhood looking for another hot bitch of his own species. Yes, perhaps she and her mother should get a bitch German Shepherd, something he could fuck besides her.

"Get away!"

Debbie was halfway up the trunk to her destination. The animal was whining, scampering around the

tree, trying to leap up to her. She was so weak! The girl could hardly keep herself on the tree. When Rex barked, trying to jump up a second time the girl slipped, feeling herself pitching through the dark night air. She fell heavily with a thud to the ground.

“Ugnhhhh!” Debbie choked, trying to get air back in her lungs. Her back hurt slightly from the fall. Rex was making funny noises as he plowed her cuntlips open, feasting on the hot juice flowing from her slot again. There was nothing she could do now. The girl was simply too weak to shove him away. Yes, yes, it felt good, shamelessly good! It was so crazy, so damned wild and yet so wonderfully exciting! How could anything like this happen? Ohhh, the wonderful tickle between her legs was becoming that excruciating ache that had throbbed there when Ray toyed with her.

Her cries of protest were growing weaker and weaker. She couldn’t even convince herself that she wanted the animal off her. He was bringing her so many wonderful feelings, making her gasp with wild delight. Twice this evening she’d had sexual experiences. The thought made Debbie giggle hysterically. Only this afternoon she was a little virgin, afraid to so much as stare too long at a man. And now she was laying on the grass of her mother’s garden, prancing her ass frantically around in tight little circles while her pet German Shepherd was licking at her violated cunt!

Debbie touched his ears. They felt so perky, so furry! His long muzzle attack brought another series of shuddering groans from her mouth. She was finally getting back her breath. But she felt so weak, so damned weak from all this sex play.

“No... Rex.” Her voice was only a hoarse whisper. Rex didn’t make the slightest move that showed he was about to obey her. He knew better, knew that she really wanted him to lick her harder. Debbie finally closed her thighs, clamping the dog’s big paws between them. But Rex growled and snapped his jaws down on her flesh. She felt his fangs going deeper as he rolled up his brown eyes and watched her reaction. She couldn’t believe this show of intelligence.

“Unreal... this is... unreal...”

Debbie felt this surely had to be a dream. If the sky had opened up and lightning struck her she wouldn’t have been surprised. Everything around her was whirling around now. Nothing seemed real.

When the pain became too sharp the girl finally opened her body to him again. He gave a small yip of triumph and wriggled his furry snout back into her cunt. The rough wetness of the short fur surrounding his black nose excited her clit. The dog couldn’t know what that little nub of flesh was... he just couldn’t. But the way he was paying attention to it, the way he was petting it made the girl suspect Rex had done something like this before!

His tongue drove around and around the small sex spindle, driving her out of her mind. After another second or two Debbie lost the will to try and tuck her ass under and away from him. She lay on the cool damp grass, her arms spread out from her body. She pushed her legs apart as Rex rested on his belly between her knees and feasted.

Debbie thought of her mother, of the neighbors who might have heard her cries and moans in spite of the efforts to keep quiet. What if someone were watching now, seeing her spread apart like that, encouraging the animal to eat her out!

“Oh, God, God...”

It seemed a twisted, out of focus thing.. this, her mother, what the neighbors would say. All her thoughts were so jumbled together by this wild animal licking her pussy hotter and hotter. Cutting



through everything, her senses and her thoughts, was the hungry animal between her spit-slicked thighs. She raised her knees slightly, feeling almost like a dog herself. She couldn't talk anymore. The only thing Debbie could do was moan and bark like the bitch she was.

The sounds of Rex's snout stroking her steamy cunt were more than enough. In a second the girl realized that she'd grabbed at the grass, pulling it from the lawn in fistfuls. Rex seemed to be getting wilder by the second. Without any warning he started licking up her belly, trying to get at her tits.

"No, no!"

She wasn't about to let herself be stripped here, her uniform torn, shredded by this beast. What terrible force made her stay on her back? Why couldn't she bring herself just to jump up and get away, move from this terrible animal attacking her? She could rush into the house, slam and lock the door behind her before he could touch her again.

But she still lay on her back, spreading herself open to him as if he were her lover. Yes, yes, his tongue felt so soothing, so comforting to her pussy. She wanted it licking and lapping at her, taking care of that horrible itch that was driving her half mad.

Debbie's eyes widened when she felt that same rushing sensation soar through her cunt, making her nipples twitch, bleaching her mind of all thought except the overwhelming one of orgasm. She was cumming. Yes, it was awful, but she was cumming, feeling that familiar rush of feeling attacking her clit.

The girl wasn't aware her hips were moving until the prickling sharp grass tickled her asshole. Rex was at her feet now, licking her ankles. It was the pungent aroma of sweat on her flesh that made him like that. What else could explain it? She looked heavy-lidded down at him, then let her head fall back onto the ground. Then he was swathing his tongue at her knees, her thighs, and finally at last eating her naked little cunt. Debbie pressed herself up to him, opening her legs until she felt the big muscles in her ass cramping with tension. She was giving him all of her pussy now... every hidden hollow and fold. She had accepted him as her lover and was now making every effort to please him.

She was close, dangerously close. For a second Debbie wondered how she would be able to look at herself in the mirror after this. How could she talk to her friends, her mother knowing full well she'd taken on a dog! But that thought flashed out of her mind the instant she peaked, the moment her cunt flashed burning hot and the first orgasmic spasm punched through her pussy.

Debbie brought both hands up to her mouth, jamming her knuckles in to keep the sounds from arousing her mother and the neighbors. When she came, the dog's licking was far too rough. The sharp edge of joy cut through her like a rusty saw. The girl spasmed, convulsed inward around her cunt and rolled around in a wild fever that hurt as much as felt good.

"No, no!" Debbie cried, trying to kick the animal away from her.

The Rex wasn't about to be shoved off. The girl felt him gouging and lapping, driving his nose into her cuntal mouth. Debbie was curled into a fetal position. But Rex didn't care. She cried and held onto his furry back, knowing there was no escape until he was sated. She scratched him hard, digging her nails into his coat. The dog writhed his narrow ass back and forth. What was he trying to do? His paws were set widely apart on the lawn.

Rex was trying to keep her cuntlips open. Debbie bucked backward, rolled squirming on the lawn as she was tortured her with spasms almost too strong to stand. She didn't know what the hot flecks were that hit her thighs and made stringy lines up one side of her body. Then in an instant she

realized Rex was rubbing his sheath against her calf and knee. He was humping forward-with rapid movements. Each time he did, the red spear between his hindquarters sprayed doggie cum onto her.

"Ohhhhh!" Debbie babbled, feeling sick to her stomach. She jerked away, finally finding the strength and will to kick free of the shooting dog. She leaned against the tree, finding more strength to make it to the house. Rex whimpered and tried to lick himself where his hot jizz had shot from. He wheeled around in circles, bobbing his head up and down, then falling down and curling up to lick his balls.

Debbie was staggering, both hands to her chest, trying to sort out what had happened. It was still too much like a dream for her to comprehend. No one, not even her best friend could learn of this.

"Have to get to bed... have to..."

She made it to the rear door, letting herself in through the kitchen and closing it behind. Rex was still sitting by the tree looking confused. Debbie tried to smile, tried to see something funny in what had happened. But nothing could come over her mind except the wild gloom covering her. She had made it with a dog, a damned dog! The freest whore in Hollywood probably wouldn't have done for money what she did for free just seconds ago. The damp, clinging feeling her cum-stained dress against her sides told the story. Gagging, the young girl staggered to the kitchen table, holding onto it for support.

"No, no, I can't... can't think about it... right now."

He was just a horny dog. Wasn't that a simple enough explanation for what happened? For him, yes. Of course she couldn't blame him for taking advantage of her. But what was her excuse? How could she justify what she did, kicking her legs high in the air and letting him fuck her with his tongue like that? There was no excuse for her.

Debbie was tired. So much had happened this evening, and it was only ten o'clock. She saw dinner by the microwave. Joyce had prepared it ahead of time for her as she'd suspected. Ordinarily she would have been famished. But right now Debbie wasn't particularly hungry. Thank God the school vacation was three weeks long. She'd have plenty of time to compose herself, to possibly learn to laugh to herself about what happened out there. In the morning things would be different. In the morning she'd be able to look the animal in the eye and not shiver.

Debbie yawned, stretching her arms above her head. Limping slightly from her fall from the tree, she made her way up the stairs. Reaching the top she saw light fanning out from under the door of her mother's room.

"I'm going to bed, mother. I'm tired," she said as she passed by, holding her torn, grass-stained uniform tightly to her tits. She couldn't go into the room like this. It looked as if she'd been raped by the entire Turkish army.

"All right, dear. I'll see you in the morning," Joyce's voice said softly through the door.

Debbie sighed, brushing her hair from her eyes. She staggered into the bedroom, closing the door and falling across her bed. She felt everything spinning around her. No, she was even too tired to shower and change. She'd sleep like this in the dirty uniform and dream of Ray, of Rex, of all the overpowering feelings that had raced through her young, inexperienced body today.

Inexperienced? Debbie had to laugh. No, she had more than enough experience today with both the doctor and the dog fucking her. After a while, thinking of all the excitement of the day, sleep finally

came.

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Chapter Seven

During the last few months Joyce had felt a tension between her and her daughter. At first the woman thought it was just the time of life Debbie was going through. She was confused and uncertain as were most teenagers. The woman remembered her own difficulties with her mother and simply let things pass. But lately the tension between them had grown worse. Last night was the first time Debbie had spoken to her without that sharp, cutting edge she usually had in her voice.

Joyce had wanted to speak to her about this. But the incident with Rex had dampened her determination. If her daughter had found out what she'd done with the animal she would have died of shame and embarrassment.

This morning she stood in the kitchen, looking out the window at Rex who was running around in the backyard. She was glad she'd thrown him out of the house. God only knows what awful things she would have been doing if she kept him in. And if her daughter had heard something going on in her bedroom...

Joyce composed herself as she heard her daughter coming down the stairs.

"Good morning, dear."

The young girl mumbled something, picking up her fork and scraping it listlessly across her plate. It had been a restless night for her. She knew dreaming about Ray... that wonderful intern with his hands roaming all over her body, his mouth sucking her nipples, his cock snaking through her cunthairs and plowing open her pussy. Yes, she could feel his body pressing down against hers, his tongue drilling into her mouth while his cock peeled back her cuntlips and gurgled into the hairy wet hole.

And then suddenly the scene shifted. Suddenly she was back in the garden, struggling for breath while Rex was on top of her, nuzzling his snout against her pulsing cunt.

Debbie had awakened several times during the night, her mouth dry as cotton, her heart beating wildly. She finally tore off her uniform, trying to think of some excuse she'd give the following day to the hospital for getting a new one. Tiptoeing down the hall, she showered, hoping the fresh water would wash away her dreams.

But nothing of the sort happened. When she finally did get back to sleep she dreamed once more of Ray and his dick, of how it felt grinding against her clit while his hairy legs pinned hers down. And that moment of climax! The young girl wondered if she'd climaxed again in her dream! Possibly. She'd awakened exhausted from her sleep as if she'd fucked all night.

And again in between her dreams of Ray were dreams of Rex... of his furry muzzle, of the way his cum felt as it splattered against her sides and arms. Now as she sat behind the breakfast table she could sense her mother wanted to have a "talk" with her. Good God, that was all she needed!

"How are things at the hospital, Debbie?" Joyce asked, pouring juice from the jar.

Debbie flushed red. Of course her mother couldn't possibly know about her and the doctor. But still the idea of the question shot through her like lightning.

"Fine," she mumbled.

"You know," Joyce said, biting her lip, "I've worried about you... you know, all the stories they have about doctors and nurses."

This was starting out stupidly. She didn't know how to finish it. How could she talk to her daughter when she was feeling so guilty, so ashamed?

"Mother!"

Debbie felt panic. If her mother kept on talking this way she'd find out what happened last night. Above everything else, she wanted to stay working at the hospital, to see Ray, to fuck with him again. If her mother found out what had happened she'd be forbidden to go there again.

"What I mean is--"

"What you mean is you want to know if they go to bed together a lot, right?"

Debbie shot her mother a daring look of defiance across the table. The best defense was a good offense. She saw Joyce wince at the words then lower her eyes.

"I... I don't want to know that. I just want you to be.. careful, that's all," Joyce said, feeling her hands trembling.

"I'm not going to do anything, mother, you don't have to worry about that," Debbie said, surprised at how easy it was to lie.

She finished her breakfast, gulping down her milk, then excusing herself. She was going to go down to the high school and run around the track a bit to "get going" for the day. There were many patients at the hospital now and she had to feel up for her job.

Joyce didn't say anything, glad her daughter had found something worth-while to do with her vacation time. At least she wasn't hanging around street corners trying to pick up men.

Men! The thought of them, of their cocks, stirred up the woman's excitement once more. This was awful, terrible! How could she go on this way, thinking about dicks, thinking about that awful dog running around in the yard right now?

Joyce cupped her head in her hands. The shame from last night stayed. Could she go on without letting the dog touch her? Joyce was familiar with that tickle tightening the muscles of her loins. She stood up, straightening the gown hanging limply from her shoulders. All she had to do was open the door, let the animal in through the rear door. Debbie wouldn't be home for hours. She knew that.

Joyce felt she was going crazy. The woman was aware of her nakedness under the gown. Thinking about that Joyce was starting to excite herself, looking out the window, seeing Rex dozing under the big ash tree near the kitchen door.

"Don't... don't do it," she whispered to herself, moving her fingers up and down over her tits. She closed her eyes, feeling the hot rush of sexual feelings through her cunt. No, no, she couldn't let herself sink to that low level again.

"Oh, oh, it's morning.. morning and I'm so.. soo horny!"

Joyce moaned, pushing herself away from the sink counter, closing her eyes and concentrating on

the awful pulsing itch between her legs. Yes, she couldn't keep her hands away from it. Her legs were growing so weak, so rubbery while her heart pounded as if it would tear through her ribcage. It was awful, terrible!

The woman glanced at the kitchen wall clock. No, Debbie would be at the track for at least two hours-running, showering, probably talking to some of her friends. It was risky, terribly dangerous. What if her daughter were to come home and...

The hell with it. The hell with everything, Joyce thought as another spasm nearly brought her to her knees. The silk dressing gown clung to her body, caressing her full, round, heavy-hanging tits. Joyce could feel that hot, heavy feeling weighing down her body, the sensation that let her know she was ready for a good hot fucking.

Daring to risk everything, the blonde woman sucked in a deep breath, gathered her gown around her and opened the kitchen door.

The squeak aroused the big animal. Rex raised his head, pricked up his ears and sniffed at the air as he saw the screen door open. Joyce was standing slightly behind it, one hand on the molding, the other tightly holding her belly. She was fighting with herself, still worried her daughter might come in at any second. If she should hear suspicious moans from the bedroom...

Rex rose, stretched his hindlegs and trotted into the kitchen. Immediately he went to his bowl, saw it empty, then turned his head and gazed slant-eyed up at the trembling woman.

"No, not food, not now," she whispered, feeling so shamed in front of this damned animal. "I just can't... can't resist it."

Her words steadied her nerves. Just saying it returned some of her pride, made her realize she could admit she wasn't above something like... like doing this thing with Rex.

There couldn't be any silent conversations with herself, with God. She shook her head, shook away everything in her mind. All that was left was the hungry throbbing of her warm cunt. She could already feel the delicate tissues flooding with juice, spreading, tickling her clit. Biting down hard on her lower lip, Joyce hurried into the big front room, hearing the German Shepherd padding behind her.

"Up here," she said, standing at the foot of the stairs.

But Rex had sat down, his dark-red pointed cock trembling in his sheath. Was he playing with her, actually flirting? The thought unnerved her. Joyce sat on the floor, letting her gown fall open. Her knees were parted slightly. The hot dampness of her cunt opened to the dog's mouth if he wanted it. Oh, it was awful! She glanced nervously over her right shoulder, thinking she heard someone approaching her house. No, it was just her imagination. Once more the woman turned her attention to the sitting dog, feeling shame and lust whirl about in her mind.

"Here, here. " Her voice was so low, trembling.

Rex didn't seem to be interested in her at first. She was being refused by a dog! It had to be the putdown of all ages. She was flaunting herself shamelessly in front of him and being turned down. Embarrassed, humiliated, the woman pushed one finger into her soppy cunt and moved it around, sliding it out and hanging it in front of the dog's nose.

What had turned him off? What was she doing wrong? Joyce felt her heart pounding like mad in her

chest. Little did she know Rex had had her daughter the night before and was somewhat tired from the effort. Still his ears pricked up again, his nose quivered when the odor of her aroused cunt wafted into his nostrils.

"Upstairs, boy, upstairs," she whispered breathlessly, feeling her knees wobble as she gathered the gown once more around her waist and slowly mounted the steps. Rex followed, his nose nuzzling the hem of her gown, a low throaty growl starting up again.

Joyce tried to steady herself, tried to tell herself that nothing was wrong in this. She had left all morality behind her. Let her daughter worry about things like that. She'd make sure Debbie never fell into this trap, never found herself so isolated that she had to turn to animals for affection.

Yes, she was a bitch. And she no longer cared. She breathed Rex's name as she opened the bedroom door and slipped inside. The dog followed, stopping by the rumpled bed as Joyce made sure the door was locked. Turning, she flung her gown open, dropping it to the floor, raising both hands and cupping her tits. She hefted them slightly away from her body, rubbing her fingers over the nipples. Yes, they were good and hard. They were ready for licking, for tending to by the large dog in front of her. Joyce moved to the window, standing to one side as she reached up and drew down the shades. Outside people were going about their early morning business. Inside Joyce was about to go onto hers.

"Here, boy, here," she whispered, sliding her naked ass onto the bed and scooting up until her back rested against the headboard.

Rex by this time was fully interested in her. He jumped onto the groaning bed, moving up, his tail tucked between his hindquarters. Joyce sucked a ragged breath in at the first touch of his tongue. She was quivering with anticipation, eager to have him bury his muzzle in her cunt, eat her out like the bitch in heat she was.

"Yes, eat, eat..."

Reaching down the woman petted the animal's muscular haunches as he licked up to her navel. It was wonderful, marvelous to feel him doing that to her. He was licking her all over, greasing down her naked body with his tongue and spit. The tickling rub was excruciating. Several times her flesh rippled with excitement. Joyce started moving her hips against the mattress. The bed started to squeak and groan with her fucking movements.

"Oh, oh, OH!" She gasped and cried out, parting her thighs and rubbing her fingers over her steamy cunt. She could feel her juices wetting down her fingers, slicking her palms. The dog jumped forward and moved to her pussy, eating her with a soft muted growling. It was heaven! Why on earth had she worried so much about it? Why had she thought the world would end when she let the animal into her room. All those silly fears evaporated under the flush of her pussy. Joyce threw back her head, let out an abandoned laugh, loving the sensation of her long blonde hair sweeping over her shoulderblades. She was alone in this big house, terribly alone with this loving animal. It was something that cared, something that wanted her.

His nose moved up and down through her slit, forcing the small inner lips apart, stretching the mouth of her cunt. It was what she'd been wanting all morning. Good lord, it had only been a matter of hours since she'd had sex with that dog! A dog! And still she had ached for him. Her foot tapped nervously under the kitchen table even when she was trying to communicate with her daughter. The woman moaned loudly, writhing her shoulders on the wrinkled sheets. No, she hadn't slept all that well the night before, twisting, tossing, thinking about the dog's loving tongue, his furry, wonderful

snout. She petted the animal with both feet while he lapped and wet her cunt with his spit. It was doggie spit!

Rex had touched a particularly sensitive spot. It sent her ass prancing high in the air, her legs kicking out, her head snapping from side to side. Oh, how good, how deliciously good it was having that animal there, lapping like crazy, licking her off. She didn't care about the spit, about the fact that wild wet friction between her legs was caused by an animal. It was taking care of her, loving her the way no one had in such a very long time.

Rex growled and let his teeth nip along the puffed outer edges of her cuntlips. He was doing it again, that favorite trick of his. He knew how to play with her, rolling those big brown eyes up and watching her twist and writhe on the bed, knowing when to touch her clit, when to back away. It was uncanny! How could a dog know that? How could he possibly know that touching her there would.. ohhhhhhh, would bring out the wildness in her mind?

She humped her back, pressing her cuntal mound up harder for him to eat. His fangs dug along the silken flesh. She watched his neck hairs bristling with the wildness both of them felt. Again and again she kicked her legs out, rocking her body from side to side, hearing the headboard bang hard against the wall. Twice she rolled her eyes back, expecting to see cracks in the wall. The bed squeaked and groaned from the double weight of the two of them.

"Oh, damn... damn... damn..."

Her head was spinning around like a whirlwind. She clawed at the dog's furry neck, biting her lips, wondering if she had the courage to slide her fingers back, back along the thinning hair of his underbelly to his... his prong! yes, that red knobby thing

she'd seen earlier when he lapped her pussy. It was so funny looking-not at all like a man's. She wondered briefly what something like that would feel like in her cunt. How would it feel sliding in and out, all those funny little knobs bumping up and down, tickling all the sensitive spots in her pussy?

She was so close... so very close! Joyce threw her head back, the cords and veins sticking out from her neck. Joyce was jerking and twisting like the bitch she was, her hair splashing over her shoulders and face while her ass danced on the bed. Flames of incredible delight licked along her inner thighs.

"Oh God!" Joyce wondered if the neighbors heard her as she cried and squealed. "Ohhhh No, no, NO!"

Her body was responding fast to the sloppy friction against her bubbly cuntal slit. Thank God Rex knew when his biting became dangerous. He liked to hold her cuntal mound between his powerful jaws and shake it gently. Joyce held her breath at times like those, clawing at the animal, raising her ass off the bed.

Her hair splashed across her face as she tossed under the growling animal's mouth. Rex pawed at her thighs as if he wanted more, as if he wanted to bury his maw in her pussy all the way.

"Ohhhh..."

The dog was licking her everywhere now. He was whining through his nose, slopping his tongue over her tits, her belly, her face, her snatch. That tongue! It had actually entered her body, forced the swollen cuntmeat wide enough for him to suck out more juice. He rolled and licked around the

sensitive ring of cuntal muscles. Joyce felt them convulse and tighten around Rex's snout each time he plunged deep. Oh, it was so like the feeling of being fucked!

Joyce pranced her ass around in circles. Then she bobbed it up and down, sweat breaking out and making her flesh glisten with perspiration. When he raked his tongue across her clit again the woman cried out and hugged his head. She tilted her ass one way and then the other, raising her right leg back as far as she could go, opening new folds and hollows to the hungry animal., Rex dug at her thighs again with both paws, then burrowed his black nose into the seething mass that was her cunt.

"Th... there, Rex, there..."

He was giving it to her, doing it, fucking her with his tongue. If she closed her eyes and thought real hard Joyce could almost pretend a man was fucking her, driving a long rod into her.

Joyce couldn't speak any more. She felt herself teetering on the brink of madness. She was cumming, cumming fast. Though she wanted the animal to slow down, and though she wanted to pull her cunt away, her will power was weakened by that hot spitty friction against her fuckslot. She writhed and grunted with the ecstatic tickle that built to incredible intensity.

It was as if someone had poured burning gasoline on her cunt. She petted his neck, letting out gasping little sobs while she closed her thighs to the animal. Rex whined and nosed around her, trying to rub his doggie cock against her. The woman kept clear of that thing for a while, then let him hunch against her. She felt hot streaks suddenly spurt out. Dogs did it so fast! They didn't seem to want to prolong the act at all. Now he was in the corner licking herself.

Joyce wiped herself off and threw her gown over her shoulders. There was less guilt this time, perhaps even less the next. The next? She wondered about that, thinking she needed a drink of vodka before Debbie came home. Padding downstairs she reached the kitchen, found the bottle and poured. Well, she wouldn't have any more erotic dreams, she thought gulping the clear liquor down.

Now they were all coming true... right in her own bedroom!

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## **Chapter Eight**

Debbie didn't go to the school track as she told her mother. Instead the young teen turned right at the corner and ran as fast as her legs could take her to the hospital. Ray was on duty today. She wanted to see him, to tease him, maybe even...

The girl giggled as she slipped into the emergency entrance at the rear of the large white brick building. Sneaking down one of the back corridors Debbie rubbed her flesh with both hands, feeling excitement crawling all over her flesh. She thought about their fucking the night before, of how good he felt tapping her cunt, drilling his dick in and out of her young cunt. There had been that pain. But oh how good the sensations were before and after! She stopped at the bank of elevators, a flash of memory rushing through her mind. Of course there was Rex and that incident out in the garden. Debbie had awakened thinking no more clearly about what happened than when it first happened. How could she come to terms with herself on that? How could she understand why she'd opened herself to that animal, let him touch her that way, then actually let him spray his filthy doggie cum on her?

The young teen shivered, shaking her head, trying to shake away the awful thoughts circling around



inside. She'd think about it later. Right now Debbie wanted to see Ray, to talk to him, to entice him into... well, perhaps that basement storeroom again.

For the next twenty minutes Debbie roamed the hospital looking for the young resident. She didn't dare ask any of the nurses. They all probably suspected something was going on between the two of them and she didn't want to add gasoline to the fire. There would be enough of that to contend with anyway tonight when she came on duty at three.

Finally breaking down Debbie asked a young nurses' aid if she'd seen Ray and was given directions to the storeroom. Of course! A flash of brilliant jealousy and disappointment went through like a bolt of lightning. He was fucking someone else. He was a sex machine, constantly fucking whenever he wasn't on rounds or in surgery. He must have plugged every nurse and volunteer in the hospital by now and was on his second time around!

Debbie wanted to cry and at the same time wanted to see who it was he was fucking. She crept back down the main corridor, then slipped down a back stairway to the basement. It was quiet downstairs, as quiet as it always was. She peeked from the doorway down both ends of the hall, found it deserted, then slipped quickly out into the corridor. In a second she was by the door to the storeroom. Debbie felt her breath growing short, her chest growing tight as she curled her fingers around the knob and turned.

Half expecting to find the door locked the girl found to her surprise that it was open. Carefully she opened the door and peered in.

"So I don't think we can operate on the Jones woman. Her fever's too high and the infection rate on her chart shows..."

Ray was talking to another doctor, one leg propped up on a carton of something or other. The other doctor had his back to her. At first Ray didn't notice Debbie's presence. Then his eyes raised and opened wide, his thick sensual lips curling into a smile.

"There she is."

Debbie swallowed hard, feeling like a fool. She had interrupted an informal staff conference, thinking she would find Ray with another woman. Now the other doctor turned around and was studying her carefully, scratching his thick black beard and moustache.

"I... I didn't know... I mean, I would've..."

She started backing away. But then Ray signaled her to stop.

"Hey, is she the one... the one you got yesterday?" the second resident asked, his eyes brightening as he studied the trembling girl.

Debbie felt she should leave and began backing out. But Ray moved quickly behind her, slamming the door shut, fishing the key from his trouser pocket and locking it. She felt real fear this time. Fucking around with Ray was one thing, but with two of them... She backed up until her back was pressed against the door.

"Didn't you tell me she gave pretty good head in here?" he asked Ray, putting his foot down and rubbing his dick through his pants.

"Yeah, real good. We can talk about the patients later. They're not going to run away. This is one

hell of a surprise, chick. Jack over there and I were getting bored today, and then you pop in. We must be prayin' to the right gods."

"No virgin sacrifices, though. Aren't too many of them around any more, especially here at the hospital," Jack said, chuckling as he unzipped his pants and pulled the long shaft of his cock free.

Debbie was startled. They were going to fuck her, both of them! There wasn't any consideration for her, no question as to whether she wanted it or not. The two men simply decided she was the next victim, like it or not.

"Well, this one was. I got her cherry... nice, hot and tight. Not too messy, either. But man, she's still tight and wet, just like it was still there, I bet," Ray said, unzipping his trousers and pulling out his dick.

The girl's eyes shifted from one dick to the other. A hot flash rushed through her body. Her clit pushed to the top of her cunt while her pussylips started swelling. Her eyes widened, her nostrils flaring as those two dicks grew harder, longer, redder.

"She the kind who tries to pretend she's not excited and all the time her cunt's hot? Man, I had one of those when I was back in med school. She could've taken on fifteen guys and still be ready for more."

"Yeah, Deb's like that... hot to trot, ready to drop into the sack soon as you click your fingers," Ray said.

"You think she's good for two?" Jack asked as he started working down his trousers. Like Ray he had already slipped off his white hospital cloak.

"She's ready, all right. She's eyeing your dick? You're hot for strange cockmeat, aren't you, chick? You want some dick up your cunt, don't you? You just want a good, hard fucking. That's why you came here today ahead of your shift. Man, she was so hungry for my dick she came here early to find me. And now your pussy's gonna gobble up two cocks. You're gonna get your money's worth today, Debbie."

The two of them unbuttoned their shirts, then slipped off their shoes, socks and trousers, all the while telling her how she was going to like having two men fucking her.

"I..." Debbie couldn't speak. She stared at their naked bodies. One look between Ray's spread legs was enough to learn the truth. His dangling, hairy balls were tightening against his dickroot. That made her hot enough to take him on and anyone else in the room. Before she could say anything Jack cut in.

"Come on, Debbie... that's your name, isn't it? Come on, I want to hear you beg me not to fuck you. It really turns me on when a girl does that. Look at my cock. See how big it is? Almost as big as Ray's there. You're gonna feel it when I screw this mother into your hole. Shit, she's gonna be begging me for more by the time I get through with her if she's as hot as you told me."

"She's gonna give me some head first. Then you can fuck her," Ray growled.

"Hear that, Debbie? We're gonna pull a nice one on you. One cock's gonna be in your mouth and one in that hot little twat of yours. Does that get your pussy all hot and greasy?"

"Fuck, yeah, that gets her hot. Can't you see the way she's standing there, starin' at our dicks?"

Christ, she wants to get down on her knees right now and start sucking away."

Debbie wasn't afraid... at least, not too much. She had seen Jack around the hospital, admired him, but not as much as Ray. He was about the same height as the young resident, a little heavier, but certainly as darkly handsome. Right now she was torn between pounding the door for help-which she knew would do no good-or following the wishes of her body. Ray and Jack were right. Her cunt was hot and juicy, ready for the cocks she saw on the two studs walking toward her now.

"Come on, let me hear you beg. I heard you were beggin' Ray over here a long time, wanting to get away, then strugglin' to get more of his cock up your cunt. That right?" Jack asked, pushing his face forward.

"No, no, that isn't true!"

Her face was reddening with shame and excitement. Ray had been talking about her after all, spreading rumors about her body, about the way she fucked! The young girl was horrified, and yet at the same time terribly aroused by the sight of these two naked studs cornering her in this basement storeroom. There was no escape, no way she could get help.

"Please don't. Please don't do that to me. Not both of you. Oh no, Ray, don't let him touch me... no, I don't... I can't..."

Debbie bolted from the door, running to the right of both men.

"Stop her, Jack. She's gonna tear the place up," Ray shouted.

The second resident reached the girl before she could get very far. His legs and arms spread wide apart, his dick hanging out toward her, its thick head bobbing up and down.

"Come on," he whispered, curling his fingers invitingly toward him. "You wanna come here, don't you? You wanna slide onto my dick, feel how different it is, right? You're the kind of girl who wants to see all the cocks in the world, to try 'em out."

"That's horrible. That's not true at all. I just... oh, what's the use?" Debbie moaned, turning as if she were going to run away.

Her body exploded into heat as she felt Ray catch her in his arms and pull her hard into his naked body. She could feel the hard cockstalk pushing into her ass. As he held her she felt him pumping slowly into her, sliding his cock into her plump asscheeks as if he were trying to get into her shitter. The thought of being fucked there, of having some hot, hard cock screwing into her asshole terrified her.

"Let's see how hot you are," Jack whispered stepping closer to her.

Debbie saw his arm flash out and down. Then there was a tugging on her skirt. Before she knew what was happening she felt his hand rubbing over her thighs, heading for her cunt.

The girl closed her eyes, throwing her head back and rubbing it against Ray's chest. Chilly flashes of heat rushed up and down her thighs, weakening her legs terribly.

"Christ, I can't tell if she's scared or hot," Jack commented.

"She's hot. I can feel it, man. Scared women don't rub their butts against your cock."

"Please don't... don't..." Debbie begged, clenching her knees together.

"Christ, she's got one hell of a grip!" Jack commented as the young teen snapped her legs together tightly, trapping the resident's hand between her knees and cunt.

"Yeah, wait till you start fuckin' her. You're gonna go crazy," Ray said breathlessly, rubbing his cock up and down more quickly now. He could feel his cum bubbling up, racing through his dick, packing down in his fat dickhead. He enjoyed playing around with Debbie. But the thought of having two of them fucking this hot little near-virgin was driving him wild. He thought about the two of them screwing her and nearly popped off on her clothes.

"Feel me checking you out, baby? Feel my hand?" Jack asked, moving his fingers up, up toward her juicing, hot little cunt.

"No, no, don't," Debbie moaned again as she felt his finger inch up toward her cunt. Her body was burning with his touch. And the sensation of Ray's arms holding her steady from behind drove her wild. The feel of a cock pressing into her ass made her shove back into him.

"Hey, she's pushing away from your hand. gonna make me cum all over her ass."

Instantly Debbie reversed directions so she as hunching onto Jack's hand.

"Not bad. I think we've got something going here. She shoving onto my hand now tryin' get away from your cock. That's just what I'm gonna give her now... a long hard finger up her pussy. Ever been finger fucked before? Bet that's about the only thing you haven't done," Jack commented.

Debbie pumped her ass back and forward as if she were trying to get away from them. With each movement she let Jack slide his hand a little closer to her cunt. The juice was running so thick from her hot hole it was coating her hair and starting to seep down her legs.

"Christ, I just ran into something real wet and slippery," Jack said. "I think it's pussy juice. Shit, if you've got it coming out of you this bad you're more than ready for a hot fucking."

"What's the matter, Debbie. You want me that bad? Couldn't you sleep last night? Bet she was tossing and turning, dreaming about my dick, wanting me to come over to her home in the middle of the night and fuck her in her own bed, right? Maybe I'll do that some night, sneak over and fuck you," Ray said, bending his head forward and flicking his tongue into one waxy canal.

The girl moaned, throwing her head back once more. How could he read her mind? Yes, she would love it, would love laying there stark naked, burning with arousal and anticipation, waiting for the scurrying sound of his feet climbing up the trellis to her room. She would like to see his shape looming in the window, see his legs curl in, feel him slide into bed next to her, his arms gather her up, his cock start to plow through her pussy... and all this happening in the safety and comfort of her bedroom! It almost made her laugh right there.

Then the girl groaned loudly, feeling Jack's fingers sliding up and down her pussy. He was feeling her off, his fingers greedily milking her puffed cuntlips together. The slick clicking of his wet fingers rubbing against each other sent chills rushing up and down her spine. Debbie worked her legs against one another, thinking she was going to die from the growing excitement pounding in her chest.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she moaned again.

Debbie felt Jack's fingers slipping in and out of her hot pussy. The feel of two of them gliding past her fat lips was enough to make her beg for their cocks. Instead she wiggled around as if she were trying to get away.

"She's hot enough to fry us up. Shit, she's going to burn me up with her little pussy," Jack said, moving his hand up until his knuckles brushed the burning sex spindle throbbing between her legs.

"Good hot pussy... nice slick cunt. Man, she's gonna go crazy when we get through with her. You can have her mouth. But I've gotta tap that pussy. Christ, I haven't had anything this hot and tight since I was a kid," Jack exclaimed, sticking another finger into her snatch.

Debbie felt him pull out, felt his fingers eventually press under her nose. The aroma of her hot pussy blew into her nose. She took a deep breath, stiffened, then tried to break away.

Oh, Lord, was she that hot? No wonder the boys were turning on, braying like jackasses in heat! With that smell she was so hot she wanted to get down on her knees and swing on the first cock available. Oh, how strangely life moved! Only a few days ago she was modest, shy, not even daring to ask the good doctor for the time. And now she was struggling against him, feeling his dick pressing up against her ass while his buddy was fingering her cunt, telling her how he was going to fuck her!

"Hey, maybe she'd rather smell my dick," Jack said, dropping one hand down to his groin, swirling his fingers over the fat dribbling head, then moving them back up to her nose.

The rich odor shot up her nose. She groaned, twisting like a maniac.

"She's hot, man. Let's get her down and fuck before she cools off," Ray said, moving with the girl toward that now-familiar hospital bed. Debbie saw it looming in front of her and struggled less frantically. As they shoved her down the young woman grunted and moaned, ready for the first double fuck of her life!

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Chapter Nine

"Let's get her out of those clothes," Jack grunted.

Debbie struggled weakly, feeling her hands tugged up over her head while Ray pulled the red jersey off. She was wearing no bra today, something she'd hoped to entice Ray with. It was working all too well. The men laughed, hands pawing her tits, pinching her nipples as she moved her ass sensuously on the plastic mattress cover.

Jack was behind her, pulling her skirt down over her ass. In an instant she felt her naked hips slipping across Jack's cock.

"Shit, she wants to fuck now. She's liked some goddamned bitch mutt," the young resident commented.

Dog! Again she thought of Rex, of that terrible night in the garden when he tried to fuck her! She could feel the animal's haunches pressing against her legs. No, no, Debbie drove those terrible thoughts out of her head once more. She couldn't be thinking of that horrid animal and these men in the same thought. It would mix her all up.

She shifted slightly, letting Jack's cockhead work between her smooth soft thighs and inch in toward her cunt. When he started twisting and grinding behind her she wiggled back. Suddenly she felt his cock working its way through, pushing up toward her slippery cuntlips.

They had stripped her naked, forced her onto the bed on her knees. Jack was on top of her, draped over her, trying to fuck her... doggie style! One hand was behind the back of her neck shoving her down while his knees pressed up against the soft backs of her legs.

It was impossible. She couldn't get away even if she wanted to. The girl groaned loudly, stiffening, jerking as the big rod pushed in with a sloppy gurgle.

Jack threw his head back, hunching more of his meat into her.

"Man, she's... ughhhhhh... somethin' else. Fuckin' her doggie style's great! Jesus Christ, you were right. She can't get enough of it!"

Debbie was sobbing and moaning now, drawing her legs together, trying to milk out as much sensation she could from the invading dick.

"Can't hold back... shit, she's so hot I'm gonna lose my load," Jack moaned.

Debbie heard this and went crazy. She couldn't let him shoot off now. She wasn't ready. She groaned, drawing her thighs even more tightly together, milking his dick, then trying to force herself to stay still.

As she felt his cock sliding deeper and deeper into her cunt she fell forward, supporting herself on her hands and knees as she hit the bed. As soon as she was bent completely over she felt Jack shove his hairy groin hard up against her ass and pull into her hard and tight. Her cunt felt his cockhead slide in on a film of oil and begin to jerk rapidly in and out.

He was going to cum. He was going too fast, about to blow his wad at any second. From the way he was hunching the girl instinctively knew he was only a few strokes from climax.

"Go for it, man. I'll force-fuck her after you shoot," Ray said, scrambling around the front and sliding onto the bed.

Reaching down he curled his fingers around Debbie's long hair, jerking her head up and forcing her mouth open. The young girl knew what he wanted and opened her jaws wide. She could smell his groin, smell his hot cock as it bobbed over her nose and lips. He groaned, hunched down, the thrust forward. In an instant he was piledriving his dick into her mouth, his balls slapping up against her chin. Oh, it was heaven... a delicious, forbidden heaven for Debbie! She was being fucked by one stud while having her mouth reamed out by another. She swallowed hard, tasting that salty, bleachy cum as it oozed from Ray's piss-slit.

"Now... oh man, gonna...shoot!" Jack was hitting her buttocks hard with his groin now, his wiry cockhairs tickling the sensitive flesh around her asshole and pussy. The girl jerked and twisted, cried, tore her finger-nails at the mattress as the young men fucked her cunt and mouth.

Jack let out another groan, then shoved his throbbing rod up as far Debbie as he could get it. His hard nuts cut loose suddenly, pumping thick creamy knots of jizz into her cunt.

Jack threw himself over the groaning girl, pinching her hanging, jiggling tits, going insane with lust while pumping his dick in and out of her cum-filled hole. Ray hunched his dick into her mouth then

held it there, fanning out his fingers along the sides of her head, feeling his balls growing tight, hot. No, he wasn't going to blow his load that quickly. Jack may have been that hot, but Ray felt he could hold back.

"Too much. I haven't fucked doggie style shit, since I don't know when. This one I could fuck standing straight up in a hammock, though," Jack said breathlessly, rubbing his fingers over Debbie's smooth buns.

The girl groaned, feeling his slackening cock pull out of her tight, hot hole. The sweet, heavy smell of fucking hung around them like a pungent perfume. Jack had pulled out of her and slid back while Ray took over, pulling his cock from her mouth and twisting her around until the blonde teen was resting on her back.

She threw her arms around his neck as he settled between her legs. How good it felt to have her nipples rubbing against his hairy chest. She could feel his cock pushing up against her body just a few inches above her cum-filled pussy.

Debbie couldn't believe the sensations rushing through her now. She had sucked off one doctor, fucked another, and was back to fucking with the first. Oh, God, God, she was nothing but a low-life slut!

"She's not so shy now," Ray said, shoving his mouth down onto hers.

Debbie thought someone had set off a million fireworks overhead. She opened her mouth and pushed back with her tongue, spearing it into his throat, feeling his teeth grinding against hers. His cockhead was jabbing for her cunt. She could feel it coasting through her curly hair, pushing up, up toward her hot juicy slit. More juice bubbled out of the hole, slicking down her thighs, wetting down Ray's balls.

She groaned into a spit-slicked kiss. He was fucking her now, his dickhead acting as a wedge and pushing apart her tightened cuntlips. Debbie groaned again. The thickness and hardness of Ray's cock thrilled her pussy walls. His flesh shoved against hers, fucking her, reaming her out, getting her hot enough to hunch back.

"Want me to stop, Debbie? Want me to pull it out?" Ray teased.

"Noooooooo!"

She clung to him, hanging onto the big man like a drowning kitten. No, he couldn't leave her this way, hanging in mid-air, getting off as quickly as his friend without working her up to climax.

"What do you want me to do, then? Want my dick in you? Want me to fuck you good and hard, just like I did last night?" Ray asked, pulling his cock out and feeling the young teen squirming desperately under him.

"Yes, fuck me!" she cried, throwing her head back and feeling his dick sliding back into her. "Oh, God, fuck me, fuck me hard! Make me cum! Shit, make me CUM!"

Debbie didn't know what she was saying. She was spinning out of control, feeling her body explode with wild sensations.

"Then take it. Maybe if you get lucky, Jack's dick'll get good and hard and we can both fuck you," he growled, shoving his rod in.

““Oh, yes, yes,” she panted, her eyes closing while her body shivered with delight.

Ray’s tight-skinned meat slid in on a film of Jack’s cum mixed with Debbie’s pussy juice. His pre-cum was running thick, oozing from the slit, coating his shaft, oiling down his shaft.

The young resident pushed his hairy ass up, then drove it down, piledriving his cock into the girl’s sucking hole.

Debbie was yelping like an animal, kicking both legs high in the air, feeling incredibly free, wicked. Ray was steaming in and out of her hole so fast Jack and Debbie thought he was going to pop off in a second.

“Hold off, man. You don’t wanna blow your load now, do you?”

“Shit, I forgot just how good this little slut was,” Ray panted, forcing his body to stop its instinctive pumping movements. He shivered, holding tightly onto the girl’s slender shoulders.

Debbie thought she was going to die from excitement. Even when he wasn’t moving his hips she could feel his cock throbbing inside, beating against her cuntal walls, stimulating her hard little clit. Gasping for air the young blonde teen clawed at his back. Then she realized Jack was climbing onto the bed. He was behind- her. She could smell his pussy-soaked cock near her face. He had stretched out so his dick was even with her mouth.

“Yeah, baby, maybe you could get it nice and hard for me again. Ray says you give good head. I’d like that, like to have a pair of tight wet lips suckin’ down on my cock,” Jack said, rubbing his fingers up and down his rod.

“Oh, I don’t... I don’t know... Debbie sobbed, feeling herself growing hotter when she thought of having Jack’s dick sliding down her throat.

“Take it, baby. Get it in you,” Ray said, drawing his dick out like a big sword, then pistoning it in with one long stroke after another.

“More! More! Oh, give it to me!” she begged frantically as she felt her cunt fill up with juice and her clit draw close to climax.

“You want this mother in your mouth?” Jack asked, sliding closer and pushing his limp cock between her lips. “Come on, don’t be bashful. I’ve seen what your goddamned mouth can do. Come on, suck me off.”

Debbie swallowed, tasting his cum wash over her tongue. The salty jizz seemed to melt down her throat, making her frantically hunch up to Ray’s savage thrusts. Her cunt was burning hot, cooking in cum and pussy oil. Her mouth tightened on Jack’s cock. As she sucked on him she felt him gradually get longer, harder, thicker. She grunted with satisfaction, holding Ray t

ightly to her, holding him down while he shoved his dick into her cunt.

“Shit, this kid’s somethin’ else. She’s going nuts, givin’ you head while she’s crazy fucking me. Shit, where the hell have you been, baby?” Ray gasped.

“Oh, oh, ohhhhhh!” the young girl muttered as Jack’s cock rammed down her throat. The fat spongy head was hitting her tonsils, trying to jam its way all the way down. Meanwhile Ray’s strokes got longer and harder. Jack was trying to cram his dick all the way down her throat while Ray was

driving his eight inches up to the hilt, spreading her pussy to the tearing point.

Ray was close, letting out a long low shudder. He closed his eyes, trying to fight down the chilly heat rushing through his cockhead. Shit, the girl was good. He felt her cuntal muscles cramping down, nearly cutting the circulation off in his ramming dick. He'd never known a girl who could do that! She was actually working her slick cuntal walls against his ramming dick, milking them, sending them higher and higher toward climax!

"Fuck!"

This time it was Jack, fighting down the urge to shoot. The girl was good, too good for him. Even though he'd cum only a few minutes before he was good and ready to fire in her mouth!

"Ugnhhhhh!"

Debbie felt tremors starting down deep in her body, shooting up to her clit. She was about to get off!

"Ohhhhh!" She moaned, gripping Ray's back tighter and shoving her head down fast onto Jack's cock.

"Give it to her," Jack grunted as he started shoving his dick down her throat.

Debbie felt Ray start his action. His hips shoved down hard and fast. His dick careened into her cunt like a torpedo. As her cuntal spasms became stronger and her clit vibrated like a tuning fork, Debbie moaned and grunted. She tried to get both men to cum with her. Oh, how good that would be, all three of them cumming and jerking together!

"Shit!" Ray shouted.

Suddenly the girl felt Jack's cock start throbbing deep inside her throat! Shoving her head down tight she got it trapped in her mouth as she felt his cum spurt out. It was washing over her teeth, spattering against her tonsils, oozing down her throat. The young teen had to swallow hard to keep from choking on the stuff.

"Yeah, oh, yeah, baby," Jack moaned, slowly feeding his dick into her mouth. He watched the foamy white jizz bubbling around her lips, oozing down, mixed with her spit, slicking her chin and cheeks.

Debbie then felt Ray's dick vibrating like crazy in her snatch. Yes, yes, he was about to cum, about to shoot along with his buddy.

His nuts exploded with the fury of an atomic bomb. The young resident pitched forward nearly falling into his friend.

"Hey, man, take it easy. You're gonna make me pull outta this bitch. I haven't finished cummin' yet," Jack warned.

"Shit, she's too much! Too goddamned much! And I just fucked her yesterday!" Ray exclaimed, surprised he came that hard and fast with a girl he already knew.

Debbie couldn't talk. She still had a mouthful of cock and cum. But she was moving her hips in a language both men understood. She raised her buttocks off the large hospital bed, twisting her hips from side to side, clawing at Ray's body while she still sucked and drank in all that delicious, thick creamy cum. She could feel more and more hot jizz scalding her cuntal walls, firing into her sucking

hole while she teetered on the brink of climax.

And then it happened. Debbie felt her hot, sore, stretched pussy explode. It was like a white-hot flash shooting all through her cunt and asshole. Her orgasm came on so strong she nearly passed out.

Jack pulled out his dick, afraid the young teen might start chewing on it inadvertently.

"Go for it, baby, come on, cut it loose, cut it loose!" Ray encouraged, still feeling his rod throbbing and pulsing in her hot little hole.

Debbie couldn't tell up from down any longer. She was bouncing her ass frantically on the bed, clawing at the resident's broad shoulders, then weakly dropping her hands to the bed, tearing at the plastic mattress covering. The world whirled around her head, then crashed into her cunt as spasm after spasm exploded between her legs.

Her clit throbbed and beat until the girl thought it was going to come loose. Her sheath gripped onto Ray's dick, milking it, cramping down on it, drawing the long, thick shooting cock in as far as it could.

"Man, baby, you got one hell of a cunt. Work it out, Debbie, come on, work it out. Get on that dick and suck Out all that good hot cum," Ray whispered, dropping on top of her and flicking his tongue into one ear canal.

Debbie didn't know for how long she lay like that, her pussy clasp the resident's dick hard, shuddering whenever he moved his thick-muscled hips from side to side. Finally the wild spasming was over. Finally she lay exhausted, sweat coating her body. She heard the two men breathing regularly and shivered.

"Real fine, baby, real fine," Jack said, tracing his fingertips along her forehead.

"Hell, she's somethin' else. You're gonna be around here for a long time if I've gotta hire you onto staff," Ray said, thrusting his softening dick in and out of her squishy hole several more times.

Debbie felt her pussy tremble, then finally relax, slackening with relief as a deliciously warm glow spread over her body. All those erotic dreams that had been torturing her before would never return. Of that she was sure. These two men were going to take care of that. Her pussy would never be sore from sexual frustration again—at least not as long as these two horny residents were around to ser-vice it.

"We'd better get going. Nobody knows you're here, right?" Ray asked, pulling his dick out of her pussy and rubbing the head over her inner thighs.

"No, I sneaked in," Debbie said, smiling coyly, biting her lower lip.

"That's my girl. Come on, get dressed. Jack and I've got some time off in a couple of days. Maybe we can go on a picnic or something. but we can't pick you up here. They're talking about us enough now," Ray said.

"My place. I'll give you the address," Debbie said, her heart beating like crazy. A picnic in the country with those two! Oh, would they have any time to eat... food, that is?

"Okay, Saturday morning it is," Jack said, slipping off the bed and fumbling for his trousers.

Debbie smiled, rubbing her fingers over her upper arms. Oh, it would be a wonderful picnic, and she was going to be the main course!

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## Chapter Ten

Two days! Both women in the house had been on edge. Debbie was hanging around all the time, feeling a little guilty about her sexual relationship with both young residents. Joyce tried to communicate with her daughter, all the time feeling the itchy tingle between her legs growing worse and worse! Rex lay in the livingroom, at times sniffing at the older woman's legs. It was frightening to watch him looking at her, wondering if he were going to do something that would tip her daughter off as to what had been going on in the house.

Sometime Friday evening Debbie mentioned that she was going on a hospital picnic. Some of the people would be picking her up early Saturday morning. Joyce was glad. Her daughter hadn't been all that popular at school. She had some friends, but not nearly as many as Joyce had hoped. At least this would give her a chance to meet more people a little older and mature than she.

Besides the woman had an ulterior motive. Every night she lay alone in her bed, feeling her cunt burn like a glowing jewel. Oh, how she tried to get herself off, fingering her pussy, thinking of her husband, thinking of the dog. But even though she came in a whirlwind of fire there was still that bit of dissatisfaction, something in her cunt that needed another thing, another person to take care of it. Her dreams continued, stronger than ever up to Saturday morning.

"Where are you going?" Joyce asked, pouring her coffee, then settling behind the kitchen table and sipping it.

"Oh, just down to Griffith Park, near the observatory. I guess some of them weren't very imaginative in picking out a place," Debbie said, sipping her milk.

Joyce stared at her daughter. She was so young, and yet older than she in many ways. The girl wiped the milk moustache off her upper lip. It was times like these the woman wanted to wrap her arms around her daughter and protect her. But Debbie would have pushed her away. She was a big girl now, almost a woman. And perhaps... perhaps, more of a woman than she realized. Joyce put down her coffee, raising one eyebrow, studying her daughter carefully. Had she... had she been with a man? Oh, it was so useless, so stupid to ask that question even to herself. So what if she had? Hadn't her mother slept with a dog, carried on with an animal? Who was she to point some accusing finger. At least Debbie-if she had fucked-had kept within her own species!

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"You get it mom, will you? I've gotta go upstairs for a second," Debbie said breathlessly, pushing away the chair and rushing out of the kitchen.

Joyce sighed, gathered the dressing gown tightly around her waist and shuffled out of the kitchen after her daughter. On the way she kicked Rex lightly on the chin when he tried lifting the hem of her gown with his long snout.

"Yes?" Joyce stood in the doorway, one hand on the molding. In front of her she saw a tall handsome, thickly built man dressed in white t-shirt and white tennis shorts. His darkly tanned flesh stood out handsomely against that kind of clothing. She felt a little tremor pass through her pussy as she backed away and invited him in.

"I'm Ray Tiffany... Doctor Ray Tiffany," he said, noticing Joyce's discomfort.

Oh, yes, from the hospital. The picnic. Well, I'm sure you're going to have a beautiful day for it," Joyce said.

She was unsettled, feeling so nervous, silly and awkward in front of this young man. His dark eyes were so sexy, so penetrating. She could swear he was mentally undressing her, mocking her, purposely putting her off her guard to.. to what? Was she going mad? Was she going to start thinking that every man looking at her wanted to... to fuck her?

"Please, sit down," Joyce said, gathering what will she had about her. Her cunt continued to flutter as she felt her ass settle into the sofa cushion. Ray was sitting opposite her on the edge of a large stuffed chair, his legs spread widely apart, his hands on either knee. Joyce noticed a big roll of cockmeat pressing hard against his tight-fitting tennis shorts. Was he wearing jockeys? Was he naked under those briefs? And if he was, what was she doing letting her only daughter out on a picnic with this man?

"And... where are you going?" Joyce asked slyly, sitting back and folding her hands in her lap.

"Oh, not too far from here. Out near Monrovia," Ray said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"That's strange. I thought-"

Joyce's comment was interrupted by the sound of Debbie skipping down the stairs.

"Debbie I... isn't that a little... revealing?" Joyce criticized, staring at her daughter. The young girl was wearing a thin halter top that exposed the full heaviness of her large tits. Around her hips was a pair of tight-fitting Levi cutoff shorts. The older woman swallowed hard. Of course she knew now what was going on. Her daughter was going to go out and fuck this young man. They were going on a picnic of their own. She could put a stop to it now. She could throw herself in front of the door, stretch her arms out and forbid Debbie to take another step. Instead she backed away, kissed her daughter lightly on the forehead, and told them both to have a good time.'

"Oh, Mrs. Wilson, a friend of mine was to come here and meet us. He got tied up in surgery and I didn't have enough time to leave him a note. Tell him we're on our way and we'll meet him with the others," Jack said at the front door.

Joyce felt another chill rush through her body. Was Debbie taking on two men? No, that was ridiculous! Perhaps there was another couple involved. Perhaps there was going to be just a simple picnic and she was reading all sorts of filthy things into it.

Joyce closed the door, holding her head in both hands. This had to stop. She had to stop thinking about sex, about fucking, about...

The big German Shepherd had barely waited for the door to slam and lock. In a second the animal was up to her, licking her ankles, whining, shaking with lust.

"No, no, I can't... I won't..."

Joyce stood in the middle of the big livingroom, listening to the silence of the big house, warding off the rush of powerful feelings tearing through her pussy. No, no, she couldn't let herself sink that low. She had just kissed her daughter good-bye, sent her off to God only know what, and now she was contemplating doing it again with the pet?

"Ohhhhh, I... I can't..."

She felt tears welling up behind her tightly shut eyes. The woman clenched her fingers into two tight fists, pressing them hard against her trembling thighs. No, no, she couldn't sink that low.

"I.. can't... help myself," Joyce finally whispered out loud, thinking the ceiling would crash in. But not to her surprise nothing happened. There was no lightning, no thunder, no rushing of the wind. Outside she could hear children playing, a few dogs barking, women gossiping loudly on the walk. Life was going on just as usual. Well, she was going to fuck the dog... just as usual.

"Come on, Rex, come on," Joyce said, gathering her gown tightly around her waist and rushing up the stairs. She felt her heart pounding when she reached the top, her flesh glowing with a strange excitement. It was the same kind of feeling of forbidden excitement she felt every time she made it with this dog.

The hallway seemed to sway in front of her as she made it to the bedroom. Yes, she knew before that she was going to fuck with Rex. She hadn't made the bed. The sheets and bedspread were still thrown back, the pillow crumpled and resting against the headboard. No shame, no regrets, no guilt. Everything was thrown out the window as Joyce untied her belt, let the gown fall open, then slip off her narrow shoulders.

"Here, Rex... please... come here," Joyce said.

She was on her back on the bed. Rex was sitting by the door, his head tilted to one side. He was teasing her, actually teasing her! She was laying there, pleading with him, feeling ashamed of that begging. She was asking a dog to jump up between her thighs and do to her what she needed to be done. She'd even rubbed her cunt provocatively.

But still the big dog did nothing. Joyce was trembling as she got up and hurried across the room. She knelt by the animal and started petting his thick fur. As always he moved his head and whimpered. Oh, no, no, it couldn't just be affection this time. She needed something more than what a goddamned cat could give her. Joyce swallowed nervously, feeling the first pangs of disappointment tear at her.

"Be a good dog. Get up on the bed," Joyce whispered.

She stretched one hand over and patted the mattress, feeling her face flushed beet red. She was horribly embarrassed at what had happened to her. Her entire life had changed so radically during the past few days. Where once she had been resigned to waiting for those awful erotic dreams she now had to go after it. Once every two weeks wasn't enough. And it wasn't enough either to dream about orgasm, or lay alone at night in the bed and finger her pussy

No, none of that could take care of the burning itch between her legs now. She had to have another thing with her, another person, or this... dog!

"Rex, here... up here, Rex!"

Rex lazily crossed to the bed and bounded up. Then he sat on his haunches with his tongue hanging out, looking at her with a slightly tilted head.

Joyce scrambled back onto the bed, resting to one side, petting his sides. She was burning up with lust. She knew part of the reason was that young resident from the hospital. Her own interest in him had shocked her. She was thinking of making a play for her daughter's friend, although he was

certainly too old for someone like Debbie to be dating. Dating? Of course, this was supposed to be a hospital picnic. Her mind whirled about in confusion.

To see him standing there in the livingroom wearing those revealing, wonderful clothes made her heart skip beats. His muscles, his tan, that promising bulge between his legs all caught her interest.

Her hand slipped under the animal's powerful chest. She was going to touch him, touch him to arouse him. Gingerly she felt back along the thinning fur until she had found the bulge of his cocksheath. No, no, she couldn't do it. She jerked her hand away, wondering what she was letting herself sink to.

But even that grazing touch had brought about a change in Rex's behavior. He whimpered, his body trembling. Turning his head he licked at her arm. Glancing down the woman could see that a tiny point of red had peeked out of the sheath. She reached out and started to massage him. Her daughter was gone to a picnic and probably wouldn't be back until late this afternoon. There was no one expected... oh, yes, that other resident. Well, she could shout down the information to him. Ohhh, why did it matter anyway? She needed release from the terrible pressure between her legs. She and the dog... oh, it would be wonderful, beautiful!

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Chapter Eleven

"Good dog!"

Joyce was gasping, feeling strange chilly flashes shoot up and down her thighs while her nipples poked out and twitched. She could feel his cock sliding out from his sheath. Trembling, she reached down and pulled at the loose skin in a way she thought would excite him. She was right. The big animal whined, then lapped at her wrists, moving his tongue back and licking himself. The woman let go, trembling, shivering with lust, with revulsion at herself. She was actually toying with an animal, something she did rarely with her own husband when they were together! She and Brad... yes, they had had one hell of a marriage-both in and out of bed. And it was all to end... like this!

Rex was nosing her thigh, then dragging his tongue up along her throbbing cuntal mound. The outer pussylips peeled back as blood filled them. It was wonderful. Joyce was already forgetting it was an animal who was licking her. She always forgot quickly. It was the hunger, the excitement that made her forget.

She pulled her cuntlips far apart with her fingers so the hot, slick tongue could touch every inch of it. She'd finally managed to excite him. And yet, even though he was doing what she wanted, she felt something was missing. Oh, why couldn't it be harder? Joyce took the dog's head and pulled him against her. Her juicy cuntlips clicked around his nose. But now she found she was doing more than just opening herself to Rex; Her own fingers were straying into her cuntal slit. She plowed the slippery folds apart and let her nails cut into the softness.

"Ohhh!" Joyce gasped. Her head was spinning. The dog was starting to edge his teeth against the hollows of her thighs. Then he licked against her cunt again and she shivered. Arching her back up from the bed, the woman pushed two fingers into her cunt and searched around. Yes, yes, she needed something strong and hard and long exciting her pussy. But what, what could she have, what could she find?

The thought that there was no man around to help her brought a whimpery gasp from her throat. Roughly she grabbed the fur around Rex's neck and pulled the animal's snout into the seeping cuntal

pit. Something to fill herself with! Fingers weren't any good now. She was beyond that. She needed something that went beyond simple licking, touching.

"Oh Rex... Harder!"

The animal had become interested in her seeping cunt at last. He was concentrating his lapping there. Each time he pushed his tongue down into the steamy cuntal folds Joyce tried hard to imagine a cock. Yes, a real cock, a man's cock, a dick something like the one she imagined hung down from that doctor's groin! It was unfair, terribly unfair her inexperienced daughter should land something like that while her mother lay naked and writhing on a bed, serviced by her pet dog!

The animal was growling, gouging roughly around the puffed edges of her pussy. His back started humping as his instincts took over and started guiding him. Joyce sucked in a ragged breath.

"Oh, God, God forgive me," she whispered to herself, raising herself up from the crumpled pillow. Tucking one knee under the other Joyce rolled over, finding herself on her hands and knees. The weight of her tits pulling at her chest excited her. She felt her nipples grazing the wrinkled topsheet, felt her chest tightening while her nostrils flared with excitement. She was a bitch, a bitch about to be mounted by her master, a dog!

She was spreading her thighs, her legs pushing out, her cunt burning, dribbling juices. The tickle was wild, excruciating.

Paws scratched at her asscheeks. Then she felt his furry belly slide over her buttocks, felt his forelegs wrap tightly around her sides while his hindquarters pressed up against the backs of her knees. No, she couldn't think too hard about what was happening. Just think of cunt, cunt and cock, cunt and cock!

She moved her shapely ass up and down, dipping it, raising it, then angling it out for the big dog. Something brushed her crack, something hot and slick. Yes, she was moving on the fringe of something terrible. But oh, she needed a fuck, needed...

Joyce felt a little of it, felt the red bony barb penetrate her cunt. No, no, she couldn't go through with it. There were limits even she had to respect. She was crawling forward, swatting at the confused, whining animal. She tossed him over on his side and off her body. She had come so close, so damned close to degrading herself! Panicked and burning with desire Joyce grabbed her dressing gown off the floor and threw it around her shoulders. Her tits rose and fell on her chest as she stood staring at the animal. A warm trickle of her cuntal juice ran down the insides of her thighs, making her frustration that much more intense.

Rushing out of the room she started for the bathroom when Joyce heard a loud pounding on the door. That other doctor! Oh, and she was going to answer the door like this? The bell rang, jangling her frazzled nerves. She gathered the gown around her, rushed to the end of the hall and checked the mirror. Her face was still flushed with lust. But surely he wasn't going to stay, going to notice her. Slowly descending the stairs, Joyce managed to regain control of herself when she reached the bottom. Through the curtains she could make out the shape of a large built man.

"Yes?"

God, he was almost a carbon copy of the first! Tall, thickly built, black hair, his dark eyes sparkled with merriment, sexuality! Joyce felt her nipples poke out and was aware he was staring at them through the flimsy material of her gown. A rush of powerful feelings, already aroused by the dog, tore through her cunt.

"Is Debbie here?" the man asked.

"Uh, no, I... that is, she and your friend... you are the doctor, right?" Joyce felt a little out of sync. "They left... already."

It was so hard talking. She heard Rex barking in the background.

"Do you mind if I come in. I just want to phone the hospital. Then I'll be on my way," he said.

"Of course," Joyce answered, backing away. How she blushed as he brushed by her. When he turned and stared back at her, Joyce found herself returning his gaze. They were looking at one another too long. The minute passed the bounds of simple casual propriety. Joyce knew every passing second was making the situation heavier with tension. It was then she realized her breathing had become labored.

"The phone?"

The words didn't make sense to her. Her cunt was burning so badly, aroused by the other doctor, then the dog, now this man. She didn't know him, didn't even know his name! And there she was, about to open shamelessly to him if he so much as raised one eyebrow!

"By the way, I'm Jack," he said, extending one hand.

"Joyce... uh, Mrs. Joyce Wilson," she said, taking it.

Oh, why had she done that? The touch of that man's hand made her weak. Had he smelled her hot cunt. Joyce felt she couldn't get her breath. She put one hand to her chest and closed her eyes.

"You okay? I'm a doctor. Here, let me help you," he said, supporting her by the shoulders. Oh, his hands were so hot and strong. She knew what was happening, how this would probably end, and yet couldn't stop it she would be fucking her daughter's friend. What a laugh! She would have laughed out loud if arousal weren't choking her half to death!

They were sitting down, Jack next to her with a smile on his face.

"The phone?" she asked, her eyes riveted to his.

He didn't answer. Oh, this had gone too far.

"What are you doing?"

He dropped his head to her neck, kissing her there, sliding his tongue down to her throat. Joyce giggled. She knew she had to be going crazy, or becoming a nymphomaniac.

"No, this can't happen. I don't know you. You're my daughter's friend. You... you're a complete stranger. I... I can't..."

But Joyce couldn't check her own movements. He was opening her gown, letting the silk cling to her stiff nipples. She felt him sliding a hand under the silk, grazing his fingers over her panting belly. She was trembling now, her ass squirming on the sofa, her thighs spreading for his touch. When his right forefinger slid into her flooding crack, she groaned loudly, throwing back her head, letting the young resident kiss her mouth, sliding his tongue then down her throat to her tits where he sucked on one nipple, then the other. Like mother, like daughter, Jack thought to himself, sure he wasn't going to be joining his friend his afternoon.

"I want you, but not here," Jack said, pulling away.

"I can't walk, just can't..." Joyce said weakly.

Scooping her up in his arms, Jack moved up the stairs, directed by Joyce. She was woozy, remembering only glimpses of what happened next. He was stripping in her bedroom, that wonderful sound of a man's trousers sliding down hairy legs filling her ears. Soon he was on top of her, that long thing she'd spotted a few seconds ago pressing against her cuntal slit. It was as if someone had touched a burning poker to her clit. She trembled, thought she would cum, felt herself racked by terrible spasms as Jack dry fucked her.

For a second the woman worried about Rex. But he wasn't there. He had tired of her, trotted off somewhere in the house. Besides, what did she need an animal for now? She had this wonderful man on top of her!

"Ohhh, what are you doing to me?"

He was rolling her over until she was like a bitch to be mounted, in the same position she'd been in moments earlier when Rex was sliding onto her ass.

"I like it this way, baby, like it..."

Joyce shivered, images of the dog slipping into her mind as Jack knelt behind her, working his fingers along the insides of her thighs. He was playing with her pussy, scraping the insides of the walls with his fingernails. Ohhh, how she was flooding sexual butter. She was burning down there and her tits ached for another touch. As if reading her mind Jack looped one hand around her belly and fingered her hanging tits, ending by pinching her nipples. She growled, bobbing her ass back and forth.

"Ohhhhhh fuck, fuck!" she moaned.

Jack raised his eyebrows, not believing he'd found a mother/daughter act.

She felt his cock drive along the seepy velvet lining of her cunt. His dick was so huge, so... wonderful! Shards of delight flashed through her mind and body as the woman tossed her head back and forth. She owed this man nothing. She didn't even know him. And yet they were giving one another maximum body pleasure.

"Ohhhh, it's going so deeeeeeeep!"

"Baby, baby, this is better than any fuckin' picnic," Jack commented, holding tightly onto her while he drilled the rest of his cock into her sucking, cramping cunt.

Joyce had to agree. As her pussy clutched into knots of excitement, she could hear the dog scratching and whining at the door. No more. No more of that. Now he was going to be odd man out. Fucking. A man was fucking her, a friend of Debbie's. Well, her daughter would just have to find another friend!

He fucked deep again, the only thing touching her being his cock and fingers. He had them hooked around her hipbones. Joyce wriggled in his grasp, feeling herself whirling around in a vortex of lust.

"Fuck, fuck!" she cried, tossing her head from side to side.

How strange this was all ending! First nothing but dreams, then the dog, and now... now this wonderful stranger. Nothing would ever be the same. She was free now, free of all her hangups, of all feelings that stifled her sexuality. There was this man and there would be others. Debbie would just have to accept the fact that he

her mother would date. And why not? She had given her life to raising her daughter. And now it was her turn to live!

"Ohhhhhhh, fuck me!" she cried, wriggling her ass frantically.

"All afternoon, baby, all afternoon," Jack crooned as he skewered her cunt one more time, juice and cum bubbling down her trembling white thighs.