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ANGIE'S DOG ORGY

by Janet McCoy

A PET
BOOK

CHAPTER ONE

It was almost one a.m. The dance floor was crowded, swollen with an erotic jostling of squirming loins and legs and asses. Angie had been dancing almost nonstop for the last two or three hours. She loved dancing - it made her feel so alive, so sexy. It was dancing that let her express all the latent urges and frustrations that smoldered beneath the surface of her seemingly calm and self-confident appearance. She let herself go on the dance floor as she did nowhere else, sensuously writhing her hips and buttocks in their flesh-hugging trousers with the rhythmic abandon of a well-trained belly dancer. In fact she had taken belly-dancing lessons for a few months. But, like so many of her fleeting fancies, that one had soon fallen by the wayside.

At last the hot, urgent number that had been throbbing on for the last fifteen or twenty minutes, hypnotizing the dancers in their own private fervor of rock ecstasy, came to an end. Though Angie knew that her forehead was beaded with a light film of sweat, that her throat was parched, that her exhausted limbs longed for a moment's break, she remained standing, waiting for the next number to start, airily oblivious to the entreating looks of her tired partner.

Angie and her date, Dave Wagner, had exchanged scarcely more than a handful of words since they'd entered the nightclub. And that was just fine with Angie. She had had little enthusiasm for Dave's advances so far, but the handsome real-estate agent had been persistent so, equally bored with the prospect of an evening at home in front of the TV, Angie had agreed to come dancing. When she was dancing, it didn't really matter who she was with. She could enjoy herself just grooving on the hard, insistent presence of the music, her head empty of anything but the beat, her body leading an existence all its own, flying with the band, turning on to their wavelength - and moving.

From time to time she emerged from her private world to note admiring glances from the men dancing nearby. Their admiration gave her a feeling of power, of confidence. She didn't need them. She was operating on a plane far away from them. But still she enjoyed the titillation of their heated glances on her full swaying tits that moved freely under the thin covering of her Indian cheesecloth blouse, on her rounded ass grinding sensuously inside her clinging, modishly long jeans. She had left her shoes under their table, and even her bare feet on the cool dance floor felt incredibly sensuous as her toes gripped the tiles in methodical response to the beat.

The band had struck up another number, only this time it was a slow mournful ballad, the first of the evening. Angie was disappointed and turned to return to their table, deciding that this was as good a time as any to enjoy a drink and a rest. But before she reached the edge of the dance floor, Dave had grabbed her hand and pulled her back towards him, enclosing her in a tight embrace and a slow waltz rhythm. Resignedly she acquiesced, burying her blonde head in her partner's shoulder and gradually letting herself drift with this more subtle call of the music.

Dave Wagner had been waiting all evening for his chance to lay hands on the ripe, sexy-looking body that had been grinding so tantalizingly, so teasingly before his rapt gaze for the last several hours.

Jeez, she's a hot one, he'd said to himself, barely able to keep his hands by his sides as he surveyed the rounded lushness of her full boobs under her blouse. Obviously she was wearing no bra, but her tits still stood up firm and luscious, almost begging to be squeezed and caressed. When she'd turned her back to him and wiggled that tight swelling ass right at him, he felt a responsive jerk in the crotch of his pants. This woman turned him on, and no mistake, but she seemed cool, distant. He figured it would take a little of the old psychology to get into her pants tonight.

And the first step had been to get her into a close embrace, dancing slowly and gently with her held tight in his arms. He felt she could learn to trust him this way, realize that he wasn't going to attack her the first minute he got near her.

That would come later, once he'd got her nicely mellowed with booze and seduced into the plush confines of his lavish bachelor pad.

Angie began to sing silently to herself along with the music, her body swaying in comfortable harmony with the big man who held her so strong and close.

Maybe this isn't going to be such a crummy evening after all, she thought dreamily. Maybe big boy here has more sensitivity than I thought. I figured he'd be the type to clutch first and wonder how I felt about it later... He's sure got some bod, too. If he's got a cock to match, it must really be a huge hunk of meat.

She ran her hands lightly over Dave's well-muscled back and shoulders, relishing the firm, hard feel of him through his silk shirt. The music was pulling its old tricks. Making her ravenously horny and high as a boozed-up slut.

"Hey, Angie, baby, what's the matter? Didn't you hear me?"

"Huh? Oh, I'm sorry, Dave. Lost in the music, I guess. What did you say?"

"I asked you how you'd like to sit down and have a nice quiet drink for a change. I don't know about you, but my tongue feels like a little patch of the Sahara."

"Yeah, I guess a drink sounds pretty good."

Angie's suspicions of Dave had given way to a dreamy compliance. She was getting into a good mood for the night ahead, and she was ready to come down from her solitary cloud. She edged in close beside Dave in the booth and downed her drink thirstily when it arrived. Delighted with the signs of success for the night's seduction, Dave quickly ordered refills.

"Looks like you were thirstier than you thought," Dave kidded her as his hand rode lightly up the inside of her thigh under the table. He noticed the dreamy unmistakable look in his date's eye and realized he could very likely do anything he wanted with her at this point. She was ready. Funny - he'd noticed a lot of chicks got like that when they were dancing.

The music must really get to them, he thought. All that squirming and gyrating around starts the old juices flowing in their pussies.

When their refills had arrived, he began to sip slowly at his bourbon, even as his free hand rose steadily towards the crotch of Angie's tight jeans. He felt her pussy wriggle slightly, encouraging his explorations, and Dave cursed the day women had ever started wearing pants. Sure made it hard for a guy to cop a free feel.

"This place is beginning to bore me."

Angie tossed her long blonde hair back from her eyes and turned to face her companion, her red lips glowing wet and full in the dim light, her eyes bright with passion.

"What say you and I get out of here and find someplace more comfortable to talk... and things?" She giggled kittenishly and snuggled her face into Wagner's neck for a moment before rising to leave.

Dave was a little slow to follow her, unaccustomed as he was to women who took the lead in seduction. The way he played the game, it was he who called the shots, he who decided when they should retire to his cozy little penthouse apartment. He wasn't entirely sure he enjoyed the reversal of roles. Took some of the fun out of it somehow.

"Well, are you coming or do I have to see myself home?" Angie was standing above him, hands on full hips, smile taunting. Gulping down the rest of his drink as well as what remained of hers, Dave rose a little unsteadily to his feet and followed the sultry blonde towards the exit.

Heads turned as Angie walked by, her asscheeks churning like they were at war with each other, her tits bouncing invitingly in front of her, her long legs moving in a slow and sensuous rhythm.

Dave felt his desire to fuck the shapely, obviously highly sexed woman returning as he realized there probably wasn't a man in the joint who wouldn't happily change places with him tonight. God, what a bod, he congratulated himself. You really know how to pick them, Wagner. And you're just the guy to show her what real cock is, too.

Surreptitiously he gave his prick a little pat through his pants as he passed through the doors into the cooler night air. Wagner was proud of his nine hard inches of dick and the way all the girls stared wide-eyed when they got a look at his tool.

Once she was out on the sidewalk, Angie turned to wait for him and saw him rub his hand lightly over his crotch. A coquettish gleam in her eye, she extended her own hand to trace the path Dave's had just taken. Reassured by the growing cock-bulge there, she rose on tiptoes to plant her lips firmly yet briefly on his.

"Mmm, feels good down there," she told him lewdly, her blue eyes penetrating his in the gleam of the streetlight.

Wagner nervously turned his head to left and right to make sure they were not being observed. The only person around was one of the club bouncers who'd come out for a quick break and a smoke, but he was looking in the other direction. Reassured, Dave took Angie by the arm and led her towards the parking lot and his car.

Angie had noted her date's nervousness after she copped a feel of his crotch, and she smiled up at him a little condescendingly as he took her arm. "What's the matter?" she taunted him. "Worried about your reputation?"

"There are just some things I think ought to be done in private, that's all," he told her tersely as he held the car door open for her.

"Jeez, that takes a lot of the fun out of life," Angie replied gaily before he'd closed her door. She was in a raw reckless mood, the product of a lot of dancing and a little liquor. Though she knew already she would never really like Dave Wagner, she admired his strong body and handsome features.

Angie was game for some wild fucking tonight. And the sooner they started the better.

Realizing she had probably wounded Dave's feelings a moment ago, she decided it would be a good idea to play the game his way for a little while, to get him back in the mood.

As they drove in silence along the beach highway, the radio filling the void of conversation with some after-midnight jazz, Angie slid over closer to the brooding man and laid a hand gently on his upper arm, snuggling her face against his shoulder.

"Mmmm, you're so nice and strong," she cooed in a deep lusty whisper, running her fingers appreciatively over his biceps and shoulder.

Though he had been rather perturbed by Angie's taunting remarks, Dave felt his anger abate in proportion to the soothing effect of her hand on his arm. True, she was a pretty wild woman, gutsier than the women he was used to, more shameless in a sense, but her touch at the moment was gentle and soothing.

Dave felt a hot ache in his balls that signaled his renewed desire to fuck her.

"Gee, the beach is so pretty tonight," Angie murmured, her soft breath grazing his ear as she spoke. "Why don't we go down and sift sand with our toes for a few minutes?"

Wagner agreed readily, pulling his Cadillac to an abrupt halt on the bluff overlooking the long moonlit strip of merging sand and surf. He was excited by the idea of a few minutes' necking on the beach. It would be a fitting prelude to champagne and seduction back at his apartment.

They left their shoes in the car and rolled up their pantlegs so they could walk through the shallows. The cool water felt soothing and refreshing after the long night's dancing.

Angie and Dave walked along hand in hand for a few moments, neither speaking, both momentarily overwhelmed by the easeful beauty of their environment.

Suddenly Angie released Dave's hand and turned to face him, both hands rising to the back of her head to raise her long, silky blonde locks and toss them sensuously back from her grasp. The action made her boobs rise invitingly towards her partner.

Almost involuntarily, Dave's hands rose to grasp one firm-fleshed jug in each hand and give them a hard excited squeeze. Just the feel of her tits, even through her blouse, made his cock jerk impatiently.

God, what fantastic knockers, he thought feverishly, just like new-picked, ripe, juicy melons. I can hardly wait to get her naked and moaning on that big waterbed of mine.

Angie had been watching the effects of her maneuver eagerly. The stimulating caresses of the slight sea breeze coupled with her own thoroughly aroused sensuality had given her an idea. She wanted to fuck right there on the beach, right in the surf. It was one of her erotic dreams, and she figured tonight was as good a time as any to realize it.

"Kiss me," she whispered huskily, her own mouth already reaching forward for Dave's.

Excited by her avid invitation, Dave enclosed the voluptuous blonde in his arms and planted his mouth down firmly on her full trembling lips. He was startled by the ardor with which her small searching tongue darted right up into his mouth, dueling tantalizingly with his own and searching out the farthest recesses of his throat.

She was thrusting her lush body invitingly against him, her belly grinding lewdly against his hardening prick, her boobs cushioning themselves generously against his chest. A low groan curdled hoarsely in her throat and then developed into a more vocal whimper as he reached down a hand to massage roughly at the round, churning globe of one ripe asscheek.

Jeez, I've never seen anything so hot, not even a cat in heat, Dave thought wonderingly to himself, as his mouth worked feverishly to keep up with hers. I'd better get her home quick before she makes me come in my pants.

It was only with difficulty that he managed to draw his mouth back from hers so he could speak.

"Jesus, honey, you're really something else," he said, his face contorting into a hungry leer as he stared into the lust-heavy eyes she directed so pleadingly towards his own. "What say you and I go back to my place where we can be more comfortable?"

Gently he began to lead her back towards the stairs that led to the top of the bluff and his car. His mind was already lost in erotic pictures of the fuck to come, and it took him a moment to realize that Angie was actually resisting his lead.

"Let's not go yet," she cooed, her lips again reaching for his, one hand grasping his hand and leading it to the warm swell of her cunt-mound. As her tongue stabbed hotly between his lips, one hand pulled down the zipper of her jeans while the other encouraged his fingers to enter the gap she'd opened for him.

Dave was ready to argue with the horny blonde, when his attention was arrested by the startling discovery that she wore no panties under her jeans.

Why, the little bitch, he thought excitedly, churning that ass in every direction all night and all the time she's naked under her pants. Looks like she's always cock-hungry. Well, she's come to the right man, if I can just get her off this fucking beach.

But Dave was now in less of a hurry as his finger explored the soft, sparse fur of her pussy-hair and wormed its way to the top of her gash and into moist contact with the already hardened nub of her clitoris. His fingertip prodded and circled the turgid bud frantically while his mouth melded hotly with hers. His finger was trying with difficulty to move down her puffy slit and reach her obviously seeping cunt-mouth, but her jeans were so tight that, even with the zipper open, it was difficult to make headway.

Angie realized at once what Dave's problem was and she wriggled her butt in broad lewd circles, helping the man work her pants far enough down so he could slip a finger up into her craving cunt-hole.

How she wanted to fuck! Frenziedly and intensely, right here at the edge of the tide. She wanted this spontaneous animal coupling like she hadn't wanted anything for a long time.

"AAAaagghhh!" she moaned suddenly as Dave's finger finally worked its way inside the tight mouth of her quivering cunt.

"Oh, yes! Yes, that's it," she crooned into his shoulder as she ground her twat down to meet the thrusting finger, her senses glittering with lust.

"Finger-fuck me, lover! Do it to me right here on the beach. I need it so bad, Davie."

Her hands roved caressingly over the big man's ass as she spread her legs a little wider and thrust her clitoris against the palm of his hand while her cunt-hole rhythmically swallowed and disgorged the maddening intrusion of his finger. She reached up to kiss him once again, her wet lips sucking hungrily on his tongue that jabbed out to meet her, in lewd simulation of the finger-fucking that was going on down below.

Angie felt uncontrollable waves of animal excitement wash over her horny body. Her need for his cock was building furiously, and she thought she might even be able to come once before she asked him to fuck her. She didn't think she could hold out that long, though.

Angie wanted something longer and harder and thicker than a finger up inside her juicing snatch. Her whole world had become that rousing sensation up inside her cunt and the skewering tongue ramming in and out between her lips.

Dave had almost forgotten his designs for the evening in the sheer eroticism of what was happening right now here on this lovely deserted beach. He was holding the wildest creature he had ever encountered, ramming his tongue down her throat and his finger up her pussy, and he was beginning to think she was going to go right out of her mind the way she was grinding and churning her cunt-mound up against his hand. He gripped her firmly around the shoulder to brace them both against her expected reaction to the second finger he shot up her hotly juicing cunt.

Angie's reaction to the second finger shoved up into her clasping twat was at least as intense as Dave had expected. She began humping over his hand more feverishly, rising on tiptoes just to shove her pussy down even harder onto the erect shaft of his cock-stiff finger.

"Oh, God, yes, yes!" she cried again and again, her head thrown back, her mouth abandoning Dave's lips as her whole being concentrated on the climax that was building deep in her belly.

"Do it, Dave! Shove your fingers up my cunt! God, my pussy feels so wonderful! Just another minute and I'm going to come..."

Angie's whole being froze as those wonderful fingers suddenly abandoned her cunt completely. Dave wrapped his arms around her and stood very still, his body rigid with alert intensity.

"My God! What did you stop for?" Angie wailed. "You bastard! I was just going to - Mmmmpphh..."

Her words were stifled by Dave's hand shoving her head roughly forward against his chest. She was held firmly and could not get free, much as she struggled against his restraining grasp. Frustrated in her struggles, she held still to catch her breath, and it was only then she heard voices fading down the beach.

"Christ, let's get out of here," Dave breathed through clenched teeth. "Those people must think we're some kind of Goddamned animals."

So roughly that she was not able to resist this time, Dave dragged Angie across the beach and up the stairs, his feverish energy not abating until they were safely inside the car and heading on up the highway.

Angie was unable to speak for some time. Her whole body was trembling with the violence of her frustrated orgasm coupled with her reaffirmed disgust for her nervous companion. At last she felt she'd calmed down enough to speak.

"Well, I've seen some chicken-shit maneuvers in my time, but that had to take the cake," she growled through tight lips, her gaze directed unswervingly at the road ahead.

"What was I supposed to do... give them a Goddamn encore? They must really have got an eyeful as it was."

"So damn what? They don't know us. We don't know them. They were probably looking for a deserted spot to do the same thing. Everybody fucks, you know. There's nothing weird or freaky about it. Men have been sticking their fingers up women's cunts since Day One. I'm sure our strollers didn't learn anything new tonight."

Dave turned towards Angie and stared hard at her set profile for a moment, his thoughts a mixture of confusion and disgust.

"You haven't got any idea of shame, have you, Angie?" he asked in a voice that was hard and flat. "You'd probably fuck a rhinoceros in Safeway at high noon without blinking an eyelash, wouldn't you?"

He paused a moment, and when no response was forthcoming, he goaded her: "Well, wouldn't you?"

She turned towards him at last. "A rhinoceros would undoubtedly be more interesting company than you are. You're so cooped up in your narrow little life you haven't got the imagination to try to do something a little different now and then. It obviously scares the piss out of you. You are a chicken-shit little coward, that's all, Mr. Wagner." She smiled sadistically in his direction. "And if you've got the address of that rhinoceros, I'd appreciate it if you'd pass it on."

Neither spoke for a good ten minutes. As he drove, Dave's contempt for the highly sexed young blonde began to flower into a kind of perverse passion. Despite the fact that he wanted nothing to do with her after tonight, he was turned on by the idea of taking her home and fucking her ears off,

then throwing her out when he was finished with her.

He figured that was just the sort of thing Angie deserved – and would probably really go for. He'd heard broads as raunchy as this one just loved to be pushed around. Well, he could handle it. She'd taken enough shots at his ego this evening to make him want to get some of his own back... with maybe a little extra for good measure.

Angie felt hurt and frustrated inside. Why didn't she ever come across anyone who enjoyed good imaginative sex the way she did? They were either Don Juans or sadists. There was no happy medium.

Jeez, I don't want to see another man for a month, she thought desperately. But the nagging itch in her cunt told her differently.

At last Angie began to realize that they were passing through her neighborhood. Did this bastard still think she was going home with him after all that? Not Goddamn likely!

"Take me home, Dave," she commanded. "You missed my turnoff back there."

Dave's erotic thoughts had mellowed his earlier anger. "What the hell, Angie. Can't we be friends? It was a misunderstanding, and I know you feel bad 'cause you didn't get to come, but I guarantee I'll make it up to you ten times over." He leered invitingly in her direction.

"Forget it," Angie replied in a voice that was firm and hard. "I like men, not boys, so we've obviously got nothing in common. I want to go home."

His anger reignited, Dave brought the big Cadillac to a screeching halt. "I've got a good mind to fuck your ass off right here! Might teach you something about manners, bitch!"

"Manners are only important to people who haven't got the guts to act the way they feel. And as to teaching me a lesson about anything, you ought to know the sheriff's department patrols this route regularly. Aren't you afraid they'd catch you at it and see your cock?"

Dave had had enough. "Get out of this car before I rearrange your face, slut."

Angie suddenly felt nervous. She didn't relish walking the streets alone at three in the morning. "Aren't you going to be gentleman enough to drive me?"

"Get out," he repeated, and this time Angie was convinced she'd better not try the big man's patience any further. She opened the door and got out of the car.

As soon as the door was shut, the Cadillac sped off, showering the young blonde in a cloud of dust. Bending forward to brush herself off, Angie noticed her fly was still open. Quickly she zipped it up, and then looked dubiously around her.

The road was deserted.

It was a good twelve blocks to her apartment, and she decided that, rather than chance it, she'd stop by her friend Sally's house and ask to sleep on her couch for the night. The house was less than two blocks away, and Sally was her best friend. She wouldn't mind.

Fatigue now replacing her horniness, Angie began trudging resignedly towards the house, watching the ground for bits of broken glass or sharp rocks. Her shoes were still in Dave Wagner's car.

CHAPTER TWO

Sally wasn't home. Angie had been ringing on first the front and then the back doorbell for the past five minutes, but the only response she'd got was the frenzied barking of Sally's dog, Saxon, who was playing the part of watchdog with tireless zeal. Angie could hear him clawing at the other side of the back door as she stood, defeated, trying to summon up the courage to continue on home. She was on the verge of tears.

She was about to give up and head back out onto the street when a thought struck her. Once when she had come back from the movies with Sally, her friend had rummaged under one of the planters on the back patio and come up with the key. On impulse, hoping against hope, Angie slid her fingers in under the wrought-iron planter, feeling about... until she found it. Giggling to herself with relief, she unlocked the back door and eased herself in, appeasing the big German shepherd by calling his name and reaching out to pat his large head.

"Easy, Saxon. Hi, boy. You remember old Angie, don't you? Sure, you do. We're good friends. That's right, boy."

She giggled aloud as the big animal jumped up on her and began to cover her face in eager dog-kisses.

"Whoa, whoa, boy! Enough's enough already. I can't breathe."

When she'd recovered from her fit of giggles, she slipped back outside to replace the key, then locked herself carefully into the house. The dog stood eagerly by the door watching her, his tail wagging like a metronome, his head tilted in anticipation of what she would do next.

Angie couldn't help smiling at the lovable animal's playful excitement.

"You've been lonely, haven't you, boy? Did mean old Sally go out and leave her handsome baby all by himself?"

She sat on a kitchen chair, and Saxon immediately sat in front of her so she could pet him.

"I can't imagine why Sally would want to go out with some guy when she's got a lovable brute like you at home for company. Why, you're the next best thing to a rhinoceros!"

She laughed aloud, remembering Dave Wagner's taunting comment that she would fuck a rhinoceros if she got the chance. She had, in fact, little doubt that she would not fuck a rhinoceros, but a handsome beauty like Saxon here might be something else again.

Angie's face became serious as she recalled how horny she was and how she'd been literally robbed of her orgasm by that creep of a salesman. She supposed she'd have to settle for her own fingers up her cunt again, but... she had heard rumors about girls backing their dogs. Was it possible? Could any woman really stoop to letting herself be screwed by an animal?

"Don't be dumb, Angie," she chided herself aloud. "I think the horniness is making you lose your marbles."

But a germ of the idea remained, and her face clouded slightly with the vague haze of building lust.

“Well, may as well go off to my lonely bed,” she announced as she rose to her feet. “I doubt if we can expect your mistress home at this hour, Saxon old buddy. So I guess it’s just you and me for the night. I don’t suppose Sally would mind if I slept on her bed.”

She headed straight for the bedroom, the dog trotting close at her heels. The big double bed looked inviting, with its neatly arrayed cover of purple satin and a plush pile of blue, green and gold pillows. The colors were reflected startlingly in a large mirror inlaid in the ceiling directly over the bed.

“When it comes to her bedroom, Sally lives like Cleopatra, doesn’t she, Saxon? Imagine wanting to watch yourself getting screwed. What a lewd lady my dear friend is!”

Angie felt a little ripple of salacious arousal run up her thigh as she imagined her lovely dark-haired girlfriend being fucked furiously on the bed while she watched herself and her lover in the mirror overhead. Feeling the fire in her cunt flaring once again, she shook her head impatiently and yawned a slow exaggerated yawn, arms reaching high over her head.

“Well, Saxon, I guess I’ll sack out. It’s been one of those evenings, boy.”

Undressing was a simple affair. She drew her blouse up over her head and stepped out of her jeans - and she was naked. Angie preferred not to wear underwear. She liked the sensual feel of her rougher outer clothes directly against her skin.

She tossed her clothes over the back of a chair and turned to face the dog, surprised to find him appraising the full length of her lushly molded body like any male confronted by a naked female. She was strangely tempted to cover her cunt-mound and her nipples with her hands, so penetrating was the animal’s stare.

Amused to find herself actually blushing, Angie laughed aloud to ease the unnatural tension that had seized her and headed back to the living room and Sally’s well-stocked bar.

“I think a nightcap would hit the spot, Saxon,” she told the dog, who was again following at her heels. “Only way I’ll ever get to sleep tonight,” she muttered desperately, and bent forward to inspect the liquor bottles.

As she reached for the vermouth, a cold, wet, exciting contact at her momentarily exposed gash almost made her drop the bottle. Turning around quickly, she found the dog was staring up at her with something like a smile on his handsome face. Guiltily she realized he must have been attracted by the odor of her earlier excitement and had naturally sought to investigate in the manner of all dogs - with his nose.

Angie felt herself trembling as she set the bottle on top of the bar and reached carefully for the rye, this time making sure that her butt would not protrude invitingly in Saxon’s direction. She mixed herself a Manhattan and headed back to the bedroom, sipping the drink in an effort to steady the trembling in her knees.

Even that fleeting contact of nose on cunt had felt incredibly good, reminding Angie even more acutely this time of the unsated need simmering in her empty snatch. She was going to have to quench the fire before she went to sleep, but first she needed a drink.

The dog’s constant presence at her side was beginning to unnerve her, and she realized she was going to have to loosen her inhibitions before she could bring herself to touch her own pussy in front of him. True, he was only a dumb animal, but there was something about him, as though he actually felt her need to get laid and was concerned about it... As though he knew that she needed a big, stiff

cock, and was slightly amused by her bewildered frustration.

Angie lay back against the pillows and sipped steadily at her drink, enjoying the almost immediate soothing effect of the alcohol. She suddenly felt good about being here in her friend's apartment with the dog Saxon instead of back at her lonely apartment or, particularly, off somewhere screwing that asshole Wagner.

She felt a renewed affection for the big dog sitting patiently at the foot of the bed, his massive head resting on the bedspread as his eyes locked to hers.

"Come on, Saxon. Come up and sit beside me, boy. Old Angie's lonely again. Just seem to strike out with people, but you like me, don't you, Saxon?"

For answer, the German shepherd leaped enthusiastically onto the bed and clambered over the naked blonde, lapping hungrily at her face until she again collapsed in giggles.

"Oh, Saxon! Oh, oh, ooooh-eeeeee! Stop it, boy. You're killing me!"

To escape the big dog's ardent caresses, she rolled partway onto her side away from him, her head buried in her hands, her arms clutched to her sides.

Enthused by this new game, Saxon crouched playfully on his front paws, his rear end wagging tirelessly in the air as he tried to nose his way in under the protective armor of Angie's clenched arms. His nose bored in at her side until it made sudden titillating contact with the sensitive surface of one partially concealed tit.

"Oh, Saxon!" Angie gasped, her cunt suddenly aquiver with the reviving heat of her earlier frustrated excitement. Almost without her willing it, her arms fell away from her chest and she rolled onto her back to give the dog easier access to her sensitive boobs. She gripped the dog's head to encourage him to pay more attention to her swelling jugs.

But Saxon needed no encouragement. As though he knew precisely what was expected of him, the German shepherd ran his long pink tongue wetly over first one lust-sensitized tit and then the other, the rough surface of his tongue driving Angie's nipples to hard, alert erection.

"That's it, boy! Yes... oh, yes, lick my tits like that, Saxon! It feels wonderful."

Angie's eyes had been closed for the last few moments, but they suddenly flew open as the animal's tongue made one particularly titillating swipe over her aching tit-peaks.

It was then that she caught first lewd sight of her own quivering nakedness splayed out wantonly beneath the massive working head of the German shepherd. Their image in the mirror overhead reminded Angie abruptly of the forbiddenness of this erotic play with an animal, even as her nerve endings responded more and more openly to the moist attentions at her boobs, crying for more of the maddening tonguing.

Seized with sudden shame even as her tits continued to respond to the avid licking, as her ass ground lewdly down into the satin spread, she reached over to the bedside table for what was left of her Manhattan and downed it greedily in one long swallow. The somewhat dizzying effect of the alcohol dulled her conscience for the moment, so she felt freer to concentrate on the wonderful sensations being drawn from her full quivering jugs by Saxon's strangely talented tongue.

Angie wanted more... more of the dog's wonderful licking... She wanted to feel that marvelous

tongue all over her naked, horny body.

“That’s right, Saxon. Yeah, that’s the way, boy! You know I almost think I could come just from your doing this if you kept at it long enough.”

Angie reached up to grab the pillows over her head, using them for support as she twisted and tossed her ripe sensitized body beneath the tirelessly licking dog.

“Oh, God! Oh, yes... it’s beautiful! I’ve never felt so good! Saxon baby, you’re the greatest!”

This time, in response to the writhing female’s voice, Saxon raised his head from her boobs to again lap her face with a friendly frantic kiss. There was a difference now, though. Instead of giggling and turning her head away, Angie extended her own tongue in wanton response to the dog’s caress, meeting his tongue in a depraved kiss.

“Oh, what a beautiful tongue!” she moaned abandonedly between kisses as she thrust her tits up to rub against the dog’s thick soft fur, reaching a leg over momentarily so she could rub her cunt against Saxon’s strong flanks. She clutched frenziedly at the pillows surrounding her head, sucking and lapping at the dog’s tongue in a heated parody of healthy human passion.

As her pussy began to respond to the feel of the soft doggie fur rubbing against it, Angie suddenly knew exactly what she wanted. Her cunt simply could not bear to be neglected any longer. She had to feel that wonderful, long rough tongue working over her sensitive gash, satisfying the frustration that had been burning in her cunt for hours now.

She gripped Saxon firmly on either side of the head and guided him down to the pink moist slit that now lay in quivering anticipation of his attentions.

“Lick my pussy for me, Saxon. Be a good doggie. Your Angie needs it so bad. She needs someone to make her snatch feel good.”

She was surprised by how quickly the dog got the idea of what she wanted, though she imagined her cunt had to be hot enough to be sending out some strong scent-signals of its own.

The dog’s tongue lapped over her belly, probing excitingly into the little depression of her navel before it began to nuzzle at the sparse blonde hairs of her beaver. Holding her breath, she forced the dog’s head down that little extra distance until his nose made wet, startling contact with the pert, moist nub of her clitoris, surprising it into quick erection.

“Oh, Saxon, that’s where I need it, boy! Lick my pussy, honey. Lick it for Angie.”

Excited by her own wanton arousal, she hunched her pussy-mound upward slightly to encourage the shepherd to probe deeper into her moist, pink split.

“Oh, Goddddd!”

At last the long rough dog-tongue was sliding excitingly over the waiting flaps of her trembling cunt-lips, driving the frustrated blonde to new heights of horny abandon.

“Jeez, it feels so fucking good! I don’t believe how good your tongue feels! Lick my cunt, Saxon!”

Her whole body aquiver with lust, Angie looked down at the dark animal head burrowing into her pussy-crack, then up at the overhead mirror, where she surveyed the bestial scene with glassy eyes.

Her hair, all subtle shades of white and soft gold, was splayed carelessly over the colorful pillows. Her face was soft and full with the compelling abandon of total lust. Her tits seemed swollen and heavy with their unnatural lovemaking. Her belly... how it quivered and swayed and seemed to plead for more of the big dog muzzle that was buried so obscenely between her shapely thighs.

Feeling her depraved excitement grow, Angie spread her legs even farther apart so her cunt was totally and defenselessly splayed before the greedily lapping dog. Saxon's whole long powerful body was snuggled comfortably between her trembling long, milk-white legs.

"We make a beautiful couple," she told her canine lover as she contemplated the contrast between her own white skin and the dog's furry dark presence between her lewdly spread legs. Even as she watched their perverted coupling in the mirror overhead, Angie could feel the arousal growing in her moistly responding pussy. Her clitoris palpitated repeatedly from the effects of the stimulating tongue. Her cunt flowered wide-open to the energetic dog-lapping.

Angie was riding high on the wings of a perverse sensuality that she had never known before, but that she knew instinctively she had been seeking all along. She was experiencing an excitement and a sense of deep satisfaction that had been totally missing from all the fucking and sucking she'd had over the past months and years. Now at last, at the age of twenty-five, she knew what it was to be totally turned on to sex, to hold nothing back, to play no games - to simply give all she had to the intense sensations of that very moment.

"Oh, Saxon, you're beautiful. Lick my cunt, boy! Do you know that Angie's never felt this good? Not in her whole life!"

Her own wanton confession fired the woman's need even as she watched the long, pink, talented animal-tongue dart eagerly again and again over the trembling surface of her moistly glistening pussy-lips. She was achieving a perverse satisfaction from the bizarre knowledge that she was being made love to just as she had always wanted - and by a dog!

It had taken a dog to arouse her totally. Already she knew that she was going to come tonight as she had never come before.

Her hotly gyrating crotch jerked powerfully as she felt the dog's tongue prod and catch suddenly at the tight little pucker of her asshole. Momentarily attracted to that nestled sphincter, Saxon lapped his tongue again and again over her puckered shitter.

Angie had never experienced anything like this before, and she found even this weird contact strangely titillating. Her dog-lover was already teaching her new tricks, new possibilities of sensuality in the perverse stimulation of her asshole. She ground her buttcheeks down in little circles against the hard-working animal-tongue.

"Oh, yes, lick my asshole, darling! It feels so good! Everything you do to me feels good, Saxon!"

The totally aroused blonde began to mewl and moan incoherently as she closed her eyes and let her crotch hunch in tempo to the dog-tongue lapping at her puffy gash. Her knees fell slackly apart so she was getting maximum exposure to Saxon's clever tonguing, and she began to do something she hadn't done for a good twenty-three years.

She stuck one thumb in her mouth and began sucking hungrily while her lust-dazed brain concentrated fully on the good feeling in her cunt and asshole.

Angie was so far gone now she realized anything this strong animal could do to her would only feel

good. She was so horny, so drunk on sex she was completely open, completely ready for whatever Saxon might choose to do to her.

The sense of her own weakness, her own total helplessness brought Angie to a higher pitch of excitement. She knew it would only be moments now until she was flooded by the warm, wild waves of her release.

Angie's butt began to churn more and more furiously down into the bed as the dog's tongue ran maddeningly up and down the full length of her open pussy-slit, from her taut little clitoris, over the quivering entrance to her cunt, over the puckered circle of her asshole. The pace had achieved a measured rhythm of its own that was hypnotizing Angie with its erotic spell, driving the arousal from the smoldering depths of her belly out to each and every palpating nerve ending.

"That's it, Saxon! That's it! Just lick my cunt a little longer, baby, and I'm going to - AAAHHHGGG!!" Angie came with a fury. She reached down to grab the fur on Saxon's head and grind his tongue and nose more tightly into her quivering pussy as wave after warm wave of release washed over her entire body. She felt herself floating and then opening wide to the sensations as her clitoris finally relaxed and her cunt was momentarily freed of its nagging need.

She lay back once again against the pillows and looked up at the lewd pair that was she and the German shepherd. As though sensing that the woman's need had come to an end for the moment, Saxon had rested his muzzle on Angie's crotch and was looking up at her with big, brown warm eyes.

Angie looked at the dog through the valley between her tits and once again she was struck by the extraordinary sensitivity and intelligence that seemed to shine there.

"You really are an extraordinary creature, you know?" Angie told the dog in a low, fond voice. "The only problem now is going to be - how do I steal you away from your mistress?"

"Well, you can forget that right now. He stays with me."

It was Sally! She was standing in the bedroom doorway, a faint look of amusement on her face.

"Did I interrupt something?" she asked casually as she moved towards the bed.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

"Sally!"

Angie's voice betrayed horrified shock as she realized her girlfriend must have seen her urging the dog to lap her cunt. She had to be thinking she had a pervert for a friend - a woman that made love to a dog, and talked to him as though he were a human lover.

"Wow, you sure scared me for a while there," Sally remarked as she sat next to the blonde on the bed.

"I'm sorry, Sally, really I am!" Angie blurted out, her brain afire with confused guilt and anxiety. Had she lost her best friend?

"I had a fight with my date and he wouldn't drive me home, so I came here and you weren't home

and just Saxon and I were alone together. And I felt so lonely and so frustrated. Oh, damn men! It's all that Dave Wagner's fault! If it weren't for him, neither you nor I would know what a pervert I am."

Momentary anger gave way to tears as the contrite woman buried her face in her hands and began to sob. Angie was surprised to feel a soothing hand rubbing her shoulder and then down over a tit. Could it be that Sally was going to forgive her the awful thing she'd done?

"Don't feel bad, Angie honey. I didn't see anything that shocked me. I was just afraid for a minute there that I had prowlers. What a relief to see it was only you and Saxon making out."

Sally laughed an easy comfortable laugh, one that conveyed no malice or mockery, as Angie hesitantly removed her hands from her face and looked up at her lovely friend.

"You mean... you mean you aren't mad at me?"

Sally beamed and squeezed Angie's boob affectionately.

"Why should I be mad at you, honey? I do the same thing myself... and a heck of a lot more. You thought Saxon's tongue felt good, you ought to try his cock."

That did it. Angie forgot to be self-conscious as she pulled herself up to a sitting position and looked the other woman straight in the eye.

"You mean to tell me, Sally McLucas, that you've been fucking your dog?"

Sally didn't bat an eyelash. "Yup." Her face wore a mischievous grin.

"And you didn't even tell your best friend?" Angie was beginning to see the humor of the situation herself.

"Little did I know my best friend would discover my pet's talents all by herself. And then try to steal him away from right under my very nose."

It was Angie who started to giggle first, and soon both girls were writhing on the bed, hugging each other and struggling against convulsions of laughter. Excited by the commotion, Saxon began to bark and wag his tail as he tripped over one and the other of them, licking a face here, an arm there, a tit there. The girls pulled the dog down between them and hugged him affectionately.

"He really is a wonderful dog, Sally. And I promise not to steal him away if you promise to let me have visitors' rights."

"A deal."

"Deal." The girls playfully shook hands over Saxon's furry body.

When she had calmed down, Angie began to reconsider the startling confession her girlfriend had just made.

Sally actually lets her dog fuck her! How could she?

Yet even as her moral senses bristled, Angie felt a new quiver of excitement in her cunt as she began to toy with the idea of what it would be like to have an animal cock up inside her horny twat. Saxon's tongue had certainly felt unbelievably good - like nothing she had known before. Maybe his cock

would also offer fantastic delights to her craving pussy.

As her mind investigated the possibilities, the tingling in her cunt reminded Angie that, although she had experienced an orgasm, she was still horny. She still needed and wanted something long and hard up inside her snatch. She needed to get fucked.

But, no, it was crazy to even think about letting a dog screw her! Sally was here now. She'd had her jollies for the night.

Sally watched as her friend became lost in thought. Though she wasn't sure, Sally had a pretty good idea she knew what the other woman was thinking. She herself had been incredibly aroused by the sight of her lovely friend writhing in ecstasy on the bed while her dog licked her pussy. She had been standing in the doorway for a good ten minutes before she had revealed her presence. Now, she wanted to get her jollies, too. She decided to take the chance that Angie might still be aroused enough to agree to the obscene plan taking form in her mind.

Careful not to disturb her friend or Saxon, Sally rose from the bed and began removing her clothes. She was aware of Angie's gaze on her as she raised her floor-length dress high over her head to reveal her tall, elegantly sculpted body in all its tanned nakedness. She felt titillated by the sudden rush of cooler air on her skin, and by the knowledge that her lovely friend was assessing her body with unabashed admiration.

"You're really beautiful, Sally. Funny - in all the time I've known you, I've never once seen you naked. I always thought you were lovely, but I didn't know just how lovely."

Angie's gaze remained riveted on Sally's body as the darker woman stretched out beside her, on the opposite side now from where Saxon was lying. This time the two women were stretched out naked against one another: Angie a pale, lush natural blonde; Sally a tall, dusky-skinned brunette.

Sally reached a sun-browned arm out over Angie's pale torso and began kneading a tit, reaching forward to give the nipple a quick nip with her teeth and then plant a long slow, wet kiss over the whole areola. At last she raised her head and looked dreamily at her friend.

"You know, I've dreamed a lot about being naked like this with you. You're beautiful, Angie, and your skin tastes so warm and milky, better than an ice-cream cone." She scrunched up her nose in a wicked little grin before again lowering her mouth to her friend's boob.

Though somewhat startled by this new revelation - that her friend also liked to make love to other girls - Angie couldn't feel shocked. Sally's mouth felt so gentle yet at the same time so arousing on her tit that any misgivings she might otherwise have had vanished with the erotic little circles of stimulation that were running from her boobs all the way down to her heating pussy.

"Does that feel good, darling?" Sally murmured as she ran her hands in busy little circles over her friend's tits and belly and down onto her thighs. "I'm so glad that Saxon helped us find each other."

"So am I," Angie replied before she'd had time to think. Well, wasn't she glad? Tonight had been the most interesting sensual experience of her life and she had the feeling there was more to come.

She looked up into the mirror overhead and watched the other girl, who was now kneeling beside her, as she ran her hands so gently, so lovingly over every inch of her exposed body. Filled with a sudden curious blend of passion and affection, Angie sat up and moved her mouth in search of Sally's full, sensual lips.

Their lips met ever so fleetingly at first, just the slightest brush of soft on soft, then, as though of one accord their arms went around each other's shoulders and they were stretched out full-length on the bed, Sally on top, their tongues circling and tantalizing one another with a furious hunger.

As though she'd been doing it all her life, Angie's right hand slid down in search of Sally's tit and squeezed and stroked the rounded flesh feverishly as her tongue continued to invade the taller woman's mouth. She could feel Sally changing position slightly, too, to give freer play to her hand.

"Oh, Sally!" Angie suddenly moaned into the moist cavern of the other woman's mouth. Sally had driven a finger far up into the needing recesses of her tight, wet pussy!

Although she hadn't been expecting the penetration, Angie almost at once felt her cunt-hole dilate to receive the finger, welcoming the lustful rhythm it established there. Angie began churning her crotch to indicate her appreciative acceptance of the invading finger, driving her cunt down onto its stiff shaft with hungry abandon.

Angie was even hotter than Sally had dared hope, and the darker woman was already confident that her plan would work. All it would take now was a little psychology, combined with a fair dose of finger-fucking.

She looked over her friend's shoulder for a moment to smile at the big German shepherd who was lying obediently outstretched on the bedspread, waiting for his mistress's invitation to join in. Your turn next, boy, she thought lewdly to herself as her finger continued to pump in and out of her friend's hungry cunt.

"Mmmm, your pussy's so wet, Angie. You're really excited. I wish I had something bigger to put up there for you. To make you feel good."

"It feels awfully good, Sally," Angie replied, her head tossing from side to side in response to the diddling, her ass churning feverishly down into the bedspread.

"I know, honey, but admit it, wouldn't a big old cock feel even better?"

"I guess so." Angie began thrusting her cunt-mound more demandingly up against the palm of Sally's hand. "I need to get fucked, Sally. I'm so horny for a hard cock I can't stand it."

"I know, baby, I know. Why don't you let Saxon fuck you, Angie honey? I guarantee, it'll be the most amazing thing you ever experienced in your whole life."

For a moment, Angie's body went rigid, but slowly it resumed its writhing response to the finger still drumming persuasively into her craving snatch.

God, could I really fuck a dog? Am I really as depraved as Dave Wagner said I was? she thought.

But Sally had done it. And Sally was the most beautiful person she knew. The hell with Dave Wagner! Sally knew best. Sally wouldn't show her anything that was bad for her.

Sally could sense the moral struggle being waged in her friend's mind, as Angie's body went from stiff unresponsiveness to writhing abandon. She realized intuitively that the blonde had decided to trust her, and she was pleased. She was very fond of Angie, and was excited about the prospect of their actually being able to share this whole new side of their lives. She'd trained Saxon long ago to lick her twat and fuck away her frustrations, but she'd always felt a little lonely afterward, good company as the dog was. How much nicer it would be to share this sensual experience with a dear

and lovely friend.

“Will you try it, Angie baby?” Sally coaxed, even as she eased the smaller girl over onto her belly and then up onto her hands and knees.

“I’m kind of scared, Sally,” Angie confessed through the haze of a still stronger lust.

“Don’t you worry about a thing, darling. I’ll take care of it. Oooooohh, look what a lovely hard-on Saxon has for you already! Mmmmm, think of how good it’s going to make your pussy feel.”

Catching the spirit of Sally’s obvious arousal, Angie looked back over her shoulder to where the big German shepherd was getting to his feet. Her mouth fell open in unabashed shock as she caught sight of the long, tapered, red cock protruding from its furry sheath between Saxon’s legs. Never had she imagined a dog would have such an impressive-sized cock. Though she was trembling in fear and apprehension, not for a moment did it occur to her to abandon her position on all fours and call a halt to the obscene proceedings.

Sally saw her friend staring at Saxon’s turgid prick and smiled reassuringly. “Look how excited poor Saxon got licking your pussy and watching us make love. Don’t you think the poor darling deserves some attention, too?”

“It’s so big, Sally,” Angie moaned, crawling forward on the bed a little as though to escape the fate that she was already inviting, despite herself.

“That’s part of what makes it so good, Angie. Mmmm, his cock feels so hard and wet.”

Angie watched in rapt fascination as her friend grasped the red shaft of the dog’s prick and pumped it a few times with her fingers.

“Okay, Saxon, you know what to do next, boy. Look, Angie’s waiting for you.”

Sally helped the dog mount the blonde’s lewdly proffered buttocks. Angie jerked in automatic fear as she felt the furry paws clasp her firm, sensitive flesh. She looked back over her head at the reflection in the mirror, and her eyes clouded with perverse lust as she drank in the picture of her own lushly developed nakedness kneeling before the eagerly approaching loins of the German shepherd. Caught in the lusty grip of her desire, she began to hump her ass back a little, in wanton search of the thick animal prick she knew hung beneath those hairy loins. As Saxon moved in closer to her ass on his back legs, she felt his cock rub excitingly against the twin moons of her buttocks, and then slip into the cleft between her legs, grazing over the excitement-swollen flanges of her pussy and the taut little nub of her clitoris. He missed her cunt-hole completely, and both Angie and Saxon began to maneuver feverishly to get the dog-prick inside her oozing gash.

Sally was excited by her friend’s obvious perverse arousal, and she knelt beside the unnatural couple, her head lowered so she could watch the tapered dog-cock seek out Angie’s moist, waiting snatch.

“Isn’t it exciting, darling?” she murmured in a throaty, lust-distorted voice. “He’s going to get his cock in your pussy any minute. It’s going to feel so good.”

She reached over to grab one of Angie’s dangling tits and squeezed it cruelly, knowing how this little bit of pain would help her friend become even more frantic in her need for the invasion of the canine cock.

Saxon thrust his loins forward several times, each time disappointed in his attempts to impale the blonde woman's waiting cunt-hole, each time feeling his turgid prick sliding harmlessly over the wet, sparse-haired valley of her pussy. Then at last the dog's cock-tip caught, and he thrust forward roughly to make good the penetration.

"AAAarrgghhh!" Angie wailed, inching forward on the bed to escape the wrenching pain of the dog's prick lodged partially in her tight asshole. "It's no good, Sally," she moaned when the cock had again slithered harmlessly over her tremulous cuntal slit. "He just can't seem to get his cock in."

"Needs a little help is all," Sally replied in a tone of hushed expectancy.

Realizing that the lewd pair were going to need some help if they were ever to fuck, she reached under the impatient animal's loins and grasped his cock firmly, guiding it in towards the flaring opening of Angie's moistly aroused cunt.

"Oohhhh!" Angie moaned, responding at once to the insistent pressure at the mouth of her snatch, excited by the hard promise of imminent fulfillment.

"Oh, yes, that's the way! Oh, I want it, I want his cock!"

Saxon needed only this small amount of help from Sally to help him locate this human female's cunt. Now that he felt the spongy yielding before the hard tip of his tapered prick, he needed no further help. With the inbred knowledge of his kind, he thrust forcefully forward, ramming his rigid moist shaft as far up into the squirming blonde's cunt as it would go.

"AAARRGGHHH!" Angie screamed in a mixture of pain at the dog's abrupt entry to her craving cunt and a kind of desperate, flaring need. Even as Saxon's cock continued to strain at the still-clenched walls of her cunt, Angie began to encourage the beast with tentative little undulations of her upturned asscheeks.

"Oh, Saxon, Saxon! Fuck me, boy!"

Again the animal needed no encouragement, for he at once moved into a primitive, quick fucking rhythm. His slick, pointed cock rammed far up into Angie's dilating cunt on every instroke, then pulled out almost all the way to its very tip on the outstroke, battering the woman's raised butt as he thrust forward once again.

Lying with her head resting on the bedspread, Sally excitedly watched the thick red dog-cock bury itself far up in her girlfriend's welcoming cunt.

"Doesn't his prick feel good, darling?" she half groaned, thrusting a finger up into her moistening twat-tunnel as she watched. "Didn't I tell you getting fucked by Saxon would be the most marvelous thing you've ever known?"

"Oh, yes, Sally, yes!" Angie replied in a voice that was thick with lust, her excitement-hazed eyes looking back over her shoulder in blind search of her friend.

The desire-shaken blonde was thrusting her rounded ass furiously back against the dog's relentless instrokes, dimly aware of her tits dangling wildly beneath her as she hunched to keep up with Saxon's rapid fuck-strokes.

Her cunt responding to her own memories of how good Saxon's cock felt up inside, and to her finger drubbing wantonly up into her warm, wet sheath, Sally watched the juices-slickened dog-prick slide



easily and smoothly in and out of her friend's craving cunt. The pink, swollen flaps of Angie's pussy gave the impression of a mouth greedily swallowing the long, red piece of meat being fed it again and again.

Obsessed with her vivid erotic fantasies, Sally rose on hands and knees near the obscenely coupled pair and began to ram two fingers far up into her seething fuck-hole, her eyes never leaving the red dog-cock as it rhythmically invaded the soft pink cunt-mouth.

"You really like getting fucked by Saxon, don't you, Angie baby?" Sally asked lewdly, her mouth falling slackly open once the words had escaped her lips, as she again became totally mesmerized by the rhythm of the canine cock fucking her friend's willing pussy.

"Oh, yes, I like it! I like Saxon's big cock!" Angie cried as her butt continued to thrust back and forth in a furious fuck-rhythm.

"Mmmmmm, I love to see you so excited," Sally groaned, her fingers still penetrating her snatch in time to the dog's fuck-strokes, her belly crying out for more satisfaction, for a new kind of titillation. Almost as though in a dream, Sally was seized by a new obscene plan.

Rising up onto her knees, Sally maneuvered herself forward on the bed until she was directly in front of her girlfriend's face.

Angie was so wrapped up in her own lustful abandon that she did not at first recognize this new presence before her, but gradually she became aware that she was staring directly at Sally's hair-shrouded pussy. The thick patch of dark crinkly beaver was mere inches from her nose. So near that Angie thought she could glimpse little beads of cunt-juice on the wiry strands. She had never really looked at a woman's pussy before, and she found herself strangely attracted by the hair-covered mystery of that warm, wet snatch.

"Lick my pussy for me, Angie. Please. I need it so bad!"

Sally scarcely dared hope that her friend would go down on her, but she felt if ever there was a time when Angie would be free of inhibitions, this was it. To give the smaller girl a better idea of what she wanted, Sally reached lewdly down and parted her pussy-lips slightly, exposing to view the moist pink split inside and the pert little clit that stood at the top of her drooling gash.

Despite the perverted fact that she was getting fucked by a dog, Angie still managed to feel a moment's shock at what her girlfriend was suggesting. Lick another woman's pussy? Could she really do such a thing?

Angie immediately became ashamed of her own selfishness as she reminded herself of who was asking her for this favor. It was beautiful Sally, her best friend, the woman who had arranged for her to get the most exciting fuck of her life, tonight on Sally's own bed, by Sally's own dog. How could she say no to anything dear Sally wanted or needed?

Impulsively, Angie reached out her tongue and lapped tentatively at the glistening nub of Sally's clit. It felt slick and hard, yet at the same time soft, and Angie found herself newly titillated by this strange erotic experience. Becoming bolder as her excitement increased in time to Saxon's relentless humping into her juicing cunt, she thrust her tongue more and more abandonedly into the open pink gash before her, circling the pert head of Sally's clitoris with wanton zeal. She was excited to feel the firm grip of the dark girl's hands in her hair as Sally responded wholeheartedly to the cunt-licking.

“Yes, that’s the way, Angie! Oh, darling, you’re eating my twat so beautifully! You’re making my clit feel so good, Angie!”

The brunette threw her head back in ecstasy, and as she did so, her eye was distracted by movement in the mirror overhead. Looking up, she watched the white flanks of her girlfriend’s buttcheeks rhythmically part as the long red shaft of her pet German shepherd’s cock fucked into her cunt. At the other end of the gyrating blonde’s pinioned body, Sally herself was thrusting her snatch into her friend’s face, kneeling lustfully before her, her hands wound fitfully in Angie’s long blonde hair. Sally smiled, or rather, leered at herself in the mirror before turning her attention back to the wonderful mouth lapping and sucking at her cunt.

Angie was finding that she actually enjoyed burying her face in another woman’s pussy. Sally’s overflowing cunt-juice tasted oddly appetizing, and the blonde licked greedily along the crack of her best friend’s pussy for more of the tart, salty taste. From time to time her tongue would concentrate solely on the pert little bud of Sally’s clit, but then it would penetrate deeper as Sally thrust her crotch forward and upward to allow her eager tongue better access. Angie even managed to thrust her tongue a few times up into the hot moist cavity of Sally’s cunt-hole, each time drawing an enthusiastic response from her wantonly aroused girlfriend.

“Oh, Angie, you eat cunt beautifully, darling! Don’t tell me you’ve never done it before. I can’t believe it!”

But Sally did realize that it was likely just the natural feel of one woman for what would make another woman happy. There seemed to be an odd communion of sorts between women that told them exactly what the other was needing and when.

“Oh, Angie, you’re driving me crazy, darling! I don’t know how much of this I can take!”

Angie was thoroughly possessed by the lewd image she and the dog and Sally must be making, locked in their obscene threesome. She imagined the picture of the dog fucking hard and relentlessly up into her grasping cunt while at the same time she concentrated on the maddening rhythm of that long, hard prick invading her belly, and the incredible sensations it shot through her whole sensually receptive body. It was driving her to the brink of explosion. Her body felt like a rag doll being buffeted between her girlfriend’s cunt and the dog’s cock. Every nerve was afire with the building titillation of this three-way fuck-scene.

Angie felt the dog beginning to fuck slightly faster, and realized that he was probably about to come. The realization brought her over the top. She’d been fucked within an inch of her life by a German shepherd and now the dog was going to come in her cunt. She was totally depraved and she loved it. She wanted it, she wanted that animal sperm inside her belly. And she ground her ass backward more desperately in response to that jackhammering dog-cock.

“Oh, Sally, I’m coming! I’m coming!” she cried into her friend’s pussy, her tongue lashing out in a last desperate frenzy as she felt her orgasm overtake her with full fury.

It was as though her cunt were opening to receive the whole world, the way it was so incredibly sensitive to every movement of the dog’s cock shooting hot jizz up into her welcoming twat. Her body was soaring with the force and power of a rocket ship and nothing could bring her down, not until she floated back in her own good time.

Sally watched the urgent humping of her pet’s loins and realized the German shepherd was coming, and that Angie was getting off, too. The knowledge excited her incredibly and she could feel her own climax being wrenched from her clitoris by Angie’s persistent tonguing.

“Oh, God yes! Me, too! You’re making me come, Angie baby! COOMMIINNGG!!”

Sally grasped her friend’s hair more fiercely and ground her cunt against Angie’s face until she had worked out the last dynamic flicker of her orgasm. Then she collapsed onto the pillows and stroked her friend’s hair gently, reveling in the sweet afterglow of her climax.

Angie planted a wet, affectionate kiss on her friend’s clit, then rested her head lazily in the juncture of Sally’s thighs and let her mind drift. All she could think about was how grateful she was to this woman and this dog. They had brought her a kind of fulfillment she had never known. She realized that from this moment on they would be very important to her happiness. She needed more of this kind of sexual satisfaction. She couldn’t bear the thought of going back to her old kind of frustration. With one hand caressing her friend’s tits and the other patting Saxon’s head, she knew the first complete peace of her life.

There was total quiet in the room for several minutes, broken only by soft breathing and the distant ticking of a clock. At last Sally reached over and turned off the light, arranging herself comfortably alongside her friend, the dog snuggled at their feet.

“I’m glad we found each other, Angie,” Sally whispered.

“Me, too.”

“I think we should be family from now on, just the three of us.”

Happy and satisfied, the two women fell asleep wrapped in each other’s arms. Already the slow light of dawn was penetrating the room where the threesome slept peacefully.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Sally McLucas unlocked the front door and entered her living room, followed by a handsome, strongly built male of about thirty. She wandered about the room, switching on lights and drawing the drapes, all the time moving her well-shaped ass with an exaggerated wiggle that was coldly calculated to catch and hold the attention of her companion. Saxon had come bounding into the room at the first sound of key turning in lock, and Sally now took the big dog by the collar and led him gently but firmly from the room.

“I’m glad to see you, too, big fella,” she told the excited dog. “But I’m going to need a little privacy. It’s the garage for you tonight, boy. Come on, there’s a good fella.”

Then, just as she was about to leave the room with the dog, she turned back to her date, who was still standing by the front door.

“Why don’t you fix us a drink, Frank, while I’m showing my best friend to his quarters? You’ll find everything you need under the bar, I think. I’ll have whatever you’re having.”

With a last mischievous, suggestive grin, she turned and left the room. Moments later the distant sound of barking was audible as Saxon set up a healthy protest to his unaccustomed exile from the center of activity. Sally returned to the living room.

“It sounds like he’s being tortured, doesn’t it, Frank?” she remarked as she settled herself comfortably on a stool in front of the bar. “Really I’m not as mean as you must think. The garage is

very comfortable. I use it as a guest room in fact. I guess I have to face the fact that I have a very spoiled pet on my hands. He normally gets anything he wants around here.”

“Anything?” Frank asked, one eyebrow rising in a quizzical grin as he leered suggestively at his pretty hostess.

Sally grinned back, a taunting gleam in her own eyes. “Yes, anything. Nothing is too good for my Saxon.”

She appraised the tall blond male who was so carefully preparing martinis, and felt an excited little quiver in her cunt. It had been over a month now since she’d fucked a man - ever since Angie had moved in with her.

Although nothing had been said openly, Sally had assumed from Angie’s very negative attitude toward men lately that she would be angry if Sally went out with one. So the sensual brunette had been doing her utmost to be content with Angie and Saxon for her sexual fulfillment. But although she found their company very stimulating, she continued to miss men.

Tonight had been her first deviation from the straight and narrow. When Angie had told her she was going out for dinner and a movie, Sally had automatically drifted over to Lew’s Bar, and just as automatically got involved in conversation and flirtation with this good-looking stranger. Although she’d had no premeditated goal in mind, she knew Frank was hot for screwing, and his handsome face and well-muscled physique were creating a hot surge of liquid excitement in her horny pussy.

She reached for the martini Frank handed her and took a long, slow sip, her dark eyes staring over the rim of her glass into Frank’s clear blue eyes.

“How do you like it, baby?” he asked, moving closer to Sally and slipping his arms around her shoulders as he spoke.

“It’s delicious,” she murmured as she reached around Frank to set her glass on the bar. “I’ll take it however you like to dish it out,” she continued lewdly, her hands reaching up to grasp Frank’s head on either side and draw his lips down to hers.

Her tongue probed greedily up into the welcoming chasm of his mouth, meeting his own tongue and circling and sparring with it in obscene mutual titillation. She captured his tongue with her lips as it darted into her mouth and sucked suggestively on it, in wanton simulation of the fucking rhythm her moistening cunt craved so avidly.

After several moments, their lips parted and both gasped hungrily for air, then Sally began to plant moist, nipping kisses along Frank’s cheeks and jawline and down over his neck. At last, her tongue darted excitedly into his ear and her teeth bit his earlobe in uninhibited sensual challenge.

“Jeez, you’re really hot for a lay, aren’t you, baby?” Frank said, his voice betraying a mixture of lust and wonder. “I’m sure as hell glad I decided to stop by Lew’s tonight.”

“So am I,” Sally breathed into his ear, her butt wriggling back enticingly to meet his hands as they roved down over her back and smooth, swelling asscheeks.

Sally was wearing only a low-cut black cocktail dress and high, high platform heels that, combined with her natural height, made her almost as tall as Frank. It was easy for the big man to reach down past the hem of her short skirt and wriggle his hand up to stroke her shapely thigh.

At first his head scarcely believed what his hands were feeling. This girl was actually wearing a garter-belt and nylon stockings, something he hadn't come across since his college days, before the revolutionary discovery of pantyhose, what Frank Archer considered a horny man's worst enemy. Playfully he pulled on a garter strap and let it snap back against her skin.

"I didn't know girls wore this kind of thing any more," he commented, drawing his head back slightly to look into her eyes. He was startled and excited by the look of raw lust burning there.

"I only wear them for special occasions," Sally told him. "When I want to feel especially sexy. There's something rather delightfully wicked about them somehow, isn't there?"

It was true that Sally liked to wear garter and panties when she was feeling particularly horny, and was going out with the clear intention of getting laid. She had put them on tonight without really thinking about it, without really letting her conscious self in on the secret of what she intended to do. Though she loved Angie dearly, there was something perversely delicious about deceiving her like this - by dressing herself up like a common whore and going out and ensnaring the first man she came across. The thought titillated her, and she rubbed her crotch impatiently up against Frank's thigh to remind him exactly of what it was she needed and expected from him.

Burying his head in the attractive brunette's neck, Frank let his fingers climb higher up along her leg until they had passed the hem of her stockings and were grazing over the soft, sensitive inner expanse of her lushly molded thighs.

"Mmmm," Sally sighed appreciatively, her hands stroking encouragingly through his thick blond hair and down along his neck. "Oh, that feels good, Frank. I want you to take your shirt off," she told him. "You've got such a strong body, I bet it's going to feel just wonderful. I want to feel it. Can I?" she asked in a little-girl pout.

"Sure, baby, anything you want," he told her, tugging impatiently at his shirt and jacket, helping her remove them and throw them carelessly onto a chair. "But fair's fair," he said as he stood before her naked from the waist up. "If you get to see me naked, then I deserve equal satisfaction, right?"

"Of course, Frank," Sally agreed, her voice thick with excitement.

She was finding it incredibly titillating to be seducing a total stranger like this, to be having her way with this gorgeous hunk of man, preparing to use him for her own pleasure. She felt incredibly sexy and daring, more lewdly aroused than she had been in weeks.

Sally wanted to play the game her way, and she could see that Frank was ready for anything, provided he got his in the end. And she hadn't the slightest intention of cheating him - or herself - out of that. She wanted to fuck this blond hulk like she hadn't wanted to do anything in a long time. But first, she wanted to have a little fun.

"Why don't you sit yourself down here and be comfortable?" she told him, pushing him gently down into a white leather bean bag chair, so his legs were sprawled along the carpet, and he was looking right up at her panty-covered pussy under her skirt.

"I'm going to put on a little show for you, okay?"

She went over to the stereo and put on an album of bawdy bump and grind music and began a lewd little dance in the middle of the living-room carpet, churning her hips in an obscene, exaggerated grind as she raised her dress slowly and tantalizingly up over her garter-striated thighs, her panty-protected pussy, her firm tanned belly, her lush tits in their lacy black brassiere. She took the dress

off and threw it carelessly down on top of Frank's jacket. Then she turned her back to him, mesmerizing the man with the fluid motion of her shapely hips and butt.

"Whoeeee! Take it all off, baby!" her guest enthused, warming up to this provocative situation of having a beautiful woman, a near stranger, doing a wild, abandoned strip-tease for him.

The sight of her well-developed body in its obscene costume was creating a definite stirring in his cock. He absently ran a hand down over the growing prick-bulge to soothe its impatience. He didn't take his eyes off Sally's tantalizing near-nakedness, so keen was he to see what she would do next.

Sally could feel pussy-juice moistening the crotchband of her panties as she became more and more excited by her own wanton performance before this foxy-looking stranger. As she churned her ass lasciviously back in Frank's direction, she slowly undid the fastener of her brassiere and eased it down off her arms, swinging the flimsy garment around over her head as she turned to face her audience of one, then tossing it to him. Frank grabbed the bra and crushed it excitedly in his hands, then threw it aside as he leaned forward to inspect the round, firm perfection of her tanned jugs.

"Man, I haven't seen a set of tits like that in I don't know how long!" he gloated. "Baby, you're really built."

"Why, thank you, sir," she drawled in a little-girl voice, caressing her boobs tenderly in her hands, tickling the nipples into erection right before his eyes.

She bent down in front of him, her knockers dangling provocatively before his face. Instinctively, he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her closer to him, sucking on first one and then the other ripe little nipple until both glistened with rosy hardness.

"Oh, that feels good, darling!" Sally exulted, her head thrown back in wanton ecstasy as she reveled in the tantalizing sensations charging through every nerve ending from the eager tonguing of her excited nipples.

At last, mustering all her strength, Sally braced herself firmly against Frank's shoulders and pushed herself back to her feet, leaving both herself and her audience seething with horniness.

Frank was tempted to throw this gorgeous, hot-blooded broad down onto the floor and put the prick to her right then and there, but his curiosity got the better of him. He wanted to see what she would do next. Besides, he knew he'd get his rocks off eventually. He was going to relax and enjoy the show in the meantime.

Once again undulating in perfect rhythm to the music, Sally slipped a finger into each side of her panties and began to ease them down over the firm, sculpted contours of her hips. Watching with rapt attention, Frank could first see a few wiry hairs peeking out over the top, then the whole black vee of her beaver was exposed to him.

Sally turned her back to him again and bent forward, so the round globes of her buttocks were staring right at him as she eased her panties down over her legs and stepped out of them. His breath caught in his throat as he surveyed the molded smoothness of her ass, crisscrossed by the trappings of her garter.

"Jesus, what an ass!" he moaned, wriggling uncomfortably in his chair, rubbing his hand more energetically this time over the rock-hard cock-bulge in his trousers.

Sally turned and rose to face her audience, her smooth tanned body looking haughty and

magnificent, even in her lewd costume of black garter and stockings and platform heels. She looked like some she-devil, tits large and thrusting, hips full and firm in their obscene black belt, thick pussy bush centered provocatively between two garter straps.

Obsessed with the desire to fuck this hot-assed bitch, Frank looked up at her voluptuous face, and realized that tonight was going to be one hell of a night. He had found himself a broad who really loved cock. And one who would clearly do anything for her own and her partner's satisfaction.

Much to Frank's delight, it appeared that Sally did not intend to remove any more of her skimpy costume. She continued to sway and grind provocatively before him for several minutes, then she approached his chair once again and fell to her knees between his legs.

Her hands groped at the zipper of his pants, while his own hands fondled her inviting, full thrusting jugs. With an expert sense of strategy, her hands found his turgid cock and pulled it out of his fly. Frank watched her stare hungrily at his rod for a moment, as her hand began to stroke gently, ever so gently along its throbbing length.

Then, without warning, her head dropped to his lap and her mouth closed over the bulb-shaped head of his prick, sucking from the dilated cum-slit the slight drop of moisture that glistened there. She sucked and lapped eagerly at his fuck-stick, running her tongue around and around its mushroom head and then closing her mouth over it once more and sliding her lips all the way down his cock-shaft until Frank felt sure the tip of his tool must be grazing her tonsils.

"Jeez!" the big man groaned through gritted teeth, his hands gripping the white leather of the chair as he resisted the almost overwhelming urge to come, to shoot his load of sticky white sperm right down this sexy brunette's greedy little throat.

Frank fought the urge, determined to save his hard-on for Sally's tight-looking pussy. He watched with seasoned lust as her ass writhed provocatively behind her while she sucked his dick, her whole being obviously turning on to her wanton activities - first her sexy strip-tease and now her hungry need to suck his cock.

"Oh, baby, you're really turning me on! Jesus Christ, I've never met anybody who could suck cock like you do!"

Sally was totally preoccupied with lust. She could feel her pussy-juice seeping moistly onto her naked thighs as she sucked hungrily at the lovely thick cock that stood up so hard and firm and ready to fuck her. She loved the slick filling feel of his rod in her mouth, but there was something she knew she'd love better. She wanted to feel the big tool jammed up inside her waiting cunt.

She looked longingly at the prick that glistened lewdly with her own saliva as she raised her head from Frank's lap.

"God, I've got to have your cock in me now!" she told her companion, her whole face a writhing picture of need as she crawled up onto the chair, straddling the man's hips and poising her wet, ready cunt directly over his upthrust prick.

Angie had felt the need to be alone this evening. Much as she loved being with Sally and Saxon, she thought it would be fun for a change to treat herself to a good meal somewhere and then see a movie. Just to reacquaint herself with herself. The last few weeks had been one long, hectic bout of sensuality, involving just the three of them, and it had undoubtedly been the most beautiful, totally

fulfilling experience of Angie's life. But except for trips to and from work, she hadn't been alone once. And tonight was to be the night.

But once she'd relaxed with a delicious bottle of wine and a filling meal, Angie began to feel the old familiar sensations down in her belly. She was turned on.

The hell with a movie, she thought. I think I'll go home and see what Sally and Saxon are up to.

She felt a happy glow inside as she drove home. The pretty blonde had never before in her life known what it was to have a real loving home to "go home" to. It was a fine feeling, one she hadn't the slightest intention of jeopardizing. As far as she was concerned, it would be just her and Sally and Saxon living happily ever after.

Sure beats lonely nights in front of the TV, finger-fucking and dating assholes, Angie told herself with a smug grin as she pulled up in front of the house.

She saw the lights burning behind the drapes in the living room and felt immediately comforted by the assurance that Sally was home. She felt sure, though, that she could hear a dog barking somewhere not too far away, and she was positive it was Saxon. That was strange. Why wouldn't Saxon be with Sally?

Feeling suddenly apprehensive, Angie decided to go around to the back door and sneak into the living room. That way, if there was any trouble, she'd know about it before whoever was in the living room knew she was home. And if everything was all right, it would be a nice surprise for Sally.

Angie let herself quietly through the back door. She was sure now that Saxon was locked in the garage, and she could feel her heart thumping with fear as she tiptoed to the living room.

She froze in her tracks as sight and sound greeted her simultaneously.

"Oooohhh!" Sally moaned wantonly, throwing back her head and closing her eyes as she lowered her throbbing cunt down onto Frank's upthrust cock. Just the pressure of the swollen knob at her quaking cunt-mouth was enough to drive her mad with excitement. Already her twat was so wet and open that it wasn't difficult for her to take the first few inches of dick right up inside. Then she reveled in the delicious feeling of fulfillment as she lowered her cunt down all the way onto his hard cock-shaft, her pussy-walls dilating to receive Frank's entire long prick. She groaned in pleasure as she stuffed herself with cock.

"Oh, Frank! Oh, you've got a beautiful dick, honey. It feels so good up inside my pussy!"

Keeping her eyes closed in order to better appreciate the fantastic feelings in her cunt, Sally braced herself against Frank's chest and began to hump her hips up and down over the big man's swollen dong.

Angie had to stuff her fist into her mouth to keep herself from crying aloud. How could Sally do such a thing to her? They were lovers, still practically on their honeymoon, and she'd brought home this pick-up and was fucking him right on the chair in the living room!

Angie's anger and hurt only increased as she drank in the obvious relish with which Sally was fucking, as though she hadn't come in a month of Sundays.

I'm not enough for her. I didn't satisfy her, Angie thought, beset by confused emotions of guilt and shame and anger. She's nothing but a whore! She's incapable of fidelity!

Disgusted as she was by the scene of animal lust before her, Angie could not tear herself away from the titillating spectacle. There was her girlfriend, dressed only in garters, stockings and high heels, pumping her cunt hungrily up and down over the thick, glistening shaft of the blond stranger's prick. Angie couldn't suppress a little surge of vicarious excitement as she watched Sally's beautiful face contort with cock-hungry lust.

Sure didn't take her long, Angie thought bitterly. I turn my back for a couple of hours and she's humping away with some perfect stranger right in our house.

"Oooooohhh, Frankie baby! You've got such a beautiful prick, honey! My cunt feels like it's on fire!"

Sally's words came out a little unevenly, for she was short of breath from her vigorous humping over the big man's cock. She could feel the first signs of explosion lurking in the pit of her belly, and she began a continuous wail as she fucked her cunt more and more furiously on the hard prick.

"Oh, keep fucking like that, Sally honey!" Frank groaned, his head sunk back against the smooth leather of the chair, his hips thrusting up against the undulating cunt pulsating so demandingly over him. He'd never experienced a fuck like this in his entire life!

All thought was swept from the big man's mind as he felt Sally's hips step up their taunting pace over his juice-slickened cock. Frank realized the sexy bitch was right on the brink of a come. A moment later, she told him so.

"Oh, God, Frank! I'm coming! Coommiinnngg!!"

Sally thrust her ass furiously up and down over that filling cock-shaft for several moments before finally collapsing forward on his chest like a spent rag doll. She felt him shooting his sperm far up into her welcoming cunt, but she hadn't another iota of energy left to move with him. He grabbed her shoulders hard and pumped up into her snatch like a riveting machine gone wild, and then he was still.

"Christ, you're unbelievable, doll!" Frank groaned as he worked out the last drops of his load. "It's going to take me a few minutes..."

"Well, if this isn't the sweetest fucking display I've seen in my lifetime, I don't know what is," Angie interrupted, venom dripping from her voice.

Sally found a reserve of energy she didn't know was in her and leapt to her feet in front of her obscenely sprawled lover.

"Angie! What... how... Angie, please don't be angry, honey! This doesn't mean I don't love..." Hot tears sprang to the lovely brunette's eyes.

"I know. I know," Angie replied sarcastically, the coldness of her voice masking the confused hubbub of emotions inside her. "This doesn't mean you don't love me at least as much as you love any old pick-up in town. I bet I'm right near the top of your list of 'favorite fucks I have known'."

Overwhelmed by a horrible need to give way to tears, she set up her old escape mechanism of replacing self-pity with rage.

"You disgust me," she told the trembling Sally, getting a sadistic pleasure out of the obvious pain she was inflicting with her words.

"Hey, what is this?" Frank asked Sally at last. "Don't tell me you're a fucking lesbian, honey!" The taunting edge in his voice threw Angie into a more intense rage.

"You keep your fucking mouth shut, creep!" she told the handsome blond, giving him a murderous look. "When we need shit-ass comments from you, I'll ask for them."

Frank suddenly found himself subdued into a surly silence.

"Angie, please understand!" Sally wailed, the tears streaming down her face now. "I love you. This was only a lark. You like to go to movies by yourself, so I like to fuck good-looking guys occasionally. It doesn't mean a thing!"

Angie almost felt herself relenting. She decided she had better leave before she let her heart rule her head.

"I don't know, Sally. I thought being with you would be different from being with some guy. Now I don't know. I'll have to think about it. I'm going to go away for a while. Maybe I'll come back; maybe I won't."

With that, a renegade tear hovering on the brim of one lash, Angie turned and fled the room.

"Angie!" Sally called after her friend, but she knew it was useless. She would simply have to wait and hope the other woman could learn to understand her little weaknesses. She knew she could never learn to be good always. It just wasn't in her.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going," Frank muttered as he rose to his feet and began to rummage for his clothes.

Sally walked over to where he was standing and drew one of his hands to her dripping cunt.

"What's your hurry?" she asked, still struggling with one wrist to wipe the tears from her eyes. "I'm going to be needing some company tonight, and I don't want to have to go back to that awful bar."

"Why, baby," he said with a scornful little grin, "you are really something else. Sure, I'll stay. A piece of ass like you doesn't come along every day." Then he jammed one finger almost cruelly up into her seeping cunt-hole, a smile of grim satisfaction contorting his features as he watched her face again light up with lust.

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## **CHAPTER FIVE**

The first thing Angie did when she left the house and the ugly scene with Sally behind her was drive to the nearest liquor store and pick up a bottle of gin and a six-pack of tonic. She then drove until she was a couple of hours out of town, found herself a motel and drank herself into a drunken stupor. She knew it was the only way she would ever sleep that night, and it worked... at least until about four in the morning when she woke up with a headache and a heartache to match.

Her recent relationship with Sally was as close as Angie had let another human being come to her in many years. She had learned early to mistrust her own emotions and the intentions of others. At last she had felt she'd met someone who really cared about her and the relationship they shared. Now she realized she'd been smacked in the face again. Sally was just as shallow as everyone else. The only thing she was interested in was her own petty pleasure. She had never cared about Angie.

The unhappy blonde checked out of the motel and got into her car, heading east on the highway once again without any specific course or destination in mind. For a couple of hours she could think of nothing but how Sally had looked humping up and down over that stranger's prick, her face beautiful in her wild, lustful preoccupation with her own pleasure.

How could she do it to me? How could she do it to me? Angie asked herself over and over again. And the best answer she could come up with was: she didn't care. She never cared about me.

Lost as she was in the fantasies of her grief, Angie was still aware enough somewhere in the back of her mind to realize that her answer was not good enough. Thinking back to the good times the three of them had shared recently, she knew Sally was not actress enough to pretend that kind of intense emotion over so long a period. She had cared. After all, they had been close friends for a long time before becoming lovers. It wasn't as though Sally had struck up the sexual relationship just to use her. It had come as a natural evolution of a close and warm friendship.

So why had she hurt Angie like that then? There must be an aspect to Sally's character that she simply hadn't had a chance to investigate yet. Maybe she just couldn't give up men. Maybe she just wasn't getting enough sexual gratification from her involvement with Saxon and herself.

From time to time Angie let the tears roll down her cheeks unchecked as she drove into the approaching dawn, her mind numb, her body rigid with tension and fear. Should she leave Sally? Could she bear to live without that closeness and wild sex again now that she had had a chance to experience it? But on the other hand, could she let herself be treated so brutally, so heartlessly? It had been years since Angie had really let herself cry. But this morning the tears flowed hot and heavy, the full brunt of years of pent-up emotions breaking loose all at once.

It was full daylight now, and Angie began to feel more cheerful despite herself. She found her mind wandering from the horror aspects of what she had seen last night to the erotic aspects.

Angie had almost forgotten what men's cocks were like, so long now had she been used to a steady diet of dog-cock. The stranger's prick had looked very thick and very long and very hard as it pumped wetly in and out of Sally's slick, welcoming cunt.

Angie began to feel a little tingle of moisture down between her own legs as she pictured the rhythmic fucking on the chair, Sally's pretty little pussy sliding up and down, up and down over the man's hard, ready, spearlike cock. Almost as though in a daze, Angie let her hand slip down to her crotch and begin to prod at the hem of her shorts, seeking out her puffy gash.

"Oh, Angie, for Pete's sake, stop it!" she told herself sharply as she forcibly drew her hand back to the steering wheel. "Can't you take anything seriously?" she chided her sensual self even as she broke into a little grin.

She was beginning to see the humor of the whole situation. Of herself pretending such grief and despair, yet at the same time trying to cool down the incredible tingling in her wet, horny cunt. She was beginning to feel stronger inside, less shattered by Sally's betrayal. She realized that if she could still feel horny at a time like this, all was not lost.

The beautiful sunny day was doing wonders for Angie's disposition, as well as the heady freedom of driving down the highway with no particular place to go right in the middle of the week. She had never run off from her responsibilities like this before, and she was enjoying the rush of excitement that was now pumping through her veins. Anything could happen. And she was ready for anything. Sure, her job would probably be gone when she got back, but she could always get another. Today she wasn't going to worry about anything. Just go where the feeling took her, and do what the

feeling demanded. And the first thing she was going to do was stop for some breakfast. She was starving.

Angie stopped at a pleasant-looking family restaurant and ordered scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee. As she waited for her order to arrive, she noticed a handsome-looking young man with shoulder-length, sun-bleached hair sitting at the counter drinking a cup of coffee. He was dressed in jeans and faded denim shirt, and a small knapsack rested against the base of the counter under him.

A hitchhiker, Angie thought immediately. She watched the youth attentively for several moments, actually wondering what it would be like to fuck him. It surprised her when she noticed what she was doing. She hadn't looked at a man with any kind of sexual intent in weeks. In fact, she was sure she had had enough of them to last a lifetime.

When her breakfast arrived, Angie began to eat hungrily, forgetting for the moment all about the rather soulful-looking youth on the barstool. She drank the last of her coffee and stood up, ready to leave, when the young man from the counter walked over and stood directly in front of her.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said. "I hope you don't mind my asking, but I'm trying to get to Arizona and I've been stuck at this junction since eleven o'clock last night. Would you happen to be going my way?"

Angie hesitated for a moment, feeling automatically on the defensive. But after thinking it over for a moment, she realized there was no good reason why she shouldn't give this boy a lift. After all, she was headed east, why not go right on into Arizona? It would be fun to have the company, and this looked like a very nice boy, one she knew instinctively she could trust.

"Sure, I'm going to Arizona. And I've got plenty of room." She smiled at the youth, and he smiled back. Angie was charmed by how disarmingly naive and almost pretty he looked when he smiled. She was definitely going to enjoy the company.

"There's one problem," he said sheepishly.

"Oh?" Angie was immediately alert for any signs of a con game.

"Yeah. I've got a dog tied up outside." His face twisted ruefully. "I think he may be one reason why I haven't been able to get a ride."

"Why? Is he vicious?"

"Heck no! Jethro wouldn't hurt a fly, not unless it was trying to hurt him, that is. But he's kind of big. Do you want to come out and have a look at him?"

"Sure, why not."

Angie paid her bill and followed the youth around the side of the restaurant to where a very large, gold-colored dog was prancing excitedly as he watched the approach of his young master.

"Why, he's beautiful!" Angie enthused. "What kind of dog is he?"

"He's part Saint Bernard and part golden lab."

He looked apprehensively at Angie as she stroked the animal's flanks and big head. The dawn of a smile broke out on his face.



"Does this mean we get the ride?" he asked. "Jethro's really good in a car. He lies down and stays down until I tell him otherwise."

Angie laughed as the big animal reached up to lick her face while she bent down to pat his head. The old familiar excitement that reminded her at once of Saxon raced through her loins, and she saw a sudden lewd image of herself kneeling before the huge dog while he fucked relentlessly up into her wetly clinging cunt.

Afraid the boy might notice she was blushing, Angie straightened up and turned towards her car, beckoning casually for the two hitchhikers to follow.

"Lots of room," she said, and went ahead to unlock her car.

Angie and the boy talked companionably for half an hour while they drove steadily through the early-morning sunshine. The boy, who introduced himself as Tim Bailey, was a college student heading to Arizona to spend a couple of weeks with an older brother. Angie found him far more interesting to talk to than the older men she'd been dating. He actually seemed to have something in his head besides money and getting laid.

"Mind if I light up a joint?" he asked.

Angie didn't mind at all. In fact she figured a few tokes might be exactly what she needed right now. She sucked long and deep on the slender cigarette each time it was passed back to her. Within minutes she found her attention lapsing, so that she almost hit an oncoming car as she let her front end wander over the center line.

"I don't think I'm used enough to dope to be driving under the influence," she told her companion sheepishly. "Mind if we pull over for a little while? I'd like to have a closer look at the countryside anyway."

"Hey, I'd like that. I'm in no hurry anyway, now that I've got a ride."

Angie found a country road that led into a grove of trees about a thousand yards off the highway. They got out of the car and Angie got an old picnic blanket out of the trunk so they'd have something to sit on. The dog nosed about among the trees, checking out the new terrain while the two humans talked. Every now and then he'd check back in for a pat and a lick before venturing back out into the unknown.

As she and Tim talked, Angie found her mind wandering mysteriously from the subject of conversation to the idea of being fucked by that big friendly dog. She could feel that the crotch of her shorts was actually wet with pussy-juice. Her horniness and the boy's uncanny openness made her feel less inhibited than usual. That, and the dope. She had become bored with mere conversation. They were alone in this lovely wood, and she was ripe to take advantage of the situation and the day and her mood.

"I'd like to suck your cock," Angie found herself saying aloud.

"Far-out," the boy answered, his face mellowing into a peaceful grin. "Well, if you'd like it, I'd sure like it," he told her.

Without batting an eyelash, he opened his fly and pulled out his cock, long and thick, but still soft in his hand.

Watching the boy open his pants, Angie took off her own shirt and shorts so she was naked, her nipples hardening delightfully in response to the slight, warm breeze in the wood. Her own wanton nudity outside in broad daylight heightened her drug-induced horniness, and she knelt forward on all fours to reach for Tim's cock and squeeze it fondly between her fingers. It really was a very nice cock, she thought lewdly. It had been a long time, but she remembered now how much she liked the smooth, fleshy feel of a prick as it began to harden in her hand.

"Why don't you just lie down on the blanket, darling?" Angie suggested. "Relax, and let me make you feel good... I love the feel of your prick, Tim. See, already it's getting nice and hard for me."

Her words stopped there as she lowered her mouth over the boy's body and closed her lips softly over the flaring head of his rapidly swelling cock. She thrust her ass lewdly into the air behind her as she began to nip and tease at the tip of the turgid prick in her mouth. Her asscheeks were poised high in the air as though in obscene invitation to another lover, and in fact Angie in her stoned mind was hoping the dog might take an interest in the ripe aroma of her excited cunt and come fuck her.

Tim began to moan softly from time to time as Angie lowered her mouth all the way down over his rigid cock, encasing its entire pulsing length in the warm wet hollow of her cheeks. She established a smooth, slow rhythm over the upthrust tool, following the movement of her mouth with the stroking of her clasped hand around the fleshy cock-shaft.

Up and down her blonde head worked over the still-clothed boy, who lay smiling in blissful agony, watching the lovely naked older woman eagerly suck his pulsating rod.

"Jeez, Angie, you're really a beautiful chick," he told her even as his hips continued to squirm in response to the maddening attentions of her mouth on his prick. "Your mouth's like liquid honey on my prick. I've never known a girl who could suck cock like you do."

Angie was pleased by the boy's appreciative words and by the gentle, matter-of-fact manner in which he spoke them. She realized that he wanted her to handle things the way she wanted to handle them.

And right now she wanted to handle this lovely hard cock of Tim's, to suck it like it had never gotten sucked before. Her mouth worked hungrily up and down the gleaming, purple-veined cock, while her hand jacked rhythmically on the shaft. She tried to imagine what the blow-job felt like to the boy, and her horniness increased. Soon she was totally engrossed in sucking the boy off there in the sunlit wood, oblivious to anything but one hard fleshy cock, when suddenly she felt a cold wet presence at her asshole.

It was Jethro's nose!

Without losing her cock-sucking rhythm, she waited in breathless anticipation of what the big dog might do. She waved her butt encouragingly in his face, thrusting her buns farther upward so the dog would find her wet, seeping slit in his explorations.

"Aaaagghh!" she moaned around the fleshy tool in her mouth as the dog's tongue lashed out to lap roughly over her whole slit and the knot of her asshole.

Jethro had been distracted from his play by the strange coupling that was taking place on the blanket, and when he went over to investigate, he was immediately attracted by the earthy scent emanating from the woman's aroused cunt. He did as his instincts commanded under the circumstances - took a sniff and then a lick. He liked the taste and began to lick greedily at Angie's parted pussy-slit, thrusting his head in between her thighs to get full access to her drooling twat.

Angie parted her legs as far as she could to give the animal full access to her hotly quivering cunt. She found the liquid pressure of the dog's tongue on her cunt-lips thoroughly arousing, so much so that she almost forgot to keep her head working up and down over Tim's stiff prick. Saliva ran wetly from her mouth as she sucked like a woman demented at his glistening cock-shaft, feeling its tip grazing her tonsils as her mouth engorged the whole pulsing rod.

The young hitchhiker could scarcely believe the incredibly sensual threesome he and his dog had suddenly become involved in. Such a short time ago, it seemed, all he'd been worried about was getting to his brother's place. Now here he was lying on a blanket in the woods with a beautiful naked woman kneeling over him, sucking his prick while his dog licked at her cunt.

Tim's first instinct when he'd seen Jethro heading for the woman's ass was to shoo him off, but he'd been thoroughly surprised, and aroused, to find that the woman actually seemed to want the dog to pay attention to her ass and cunt. She was wiggling her buttocks back and forth in search of more of the animal tonguing, mewling all the while around his cock while she sucked and slavered, bringing him to an amazing peak of sexual arousal. Nothing in Tim's hitherto rather bland sex life could even begin to measure up to what was happening to him this morning. He had never before been so thoroughly excited.

"Ughhh!" the boy grunted, pumping his hips more energetically up into Angie's mouth in abandoned appreciation of her talented cock-tonguing.

Angie felt she had never been so depraved in her entire life. Here she was in the great outdoors, less than a mile from a main highway, sucking on a total stranger's prick while his dog lapped at her cunt! The pain and agony she had experienced short hours ago were now totally forgotten, forsaken in the rush to answer the call of more compelling emotions, to revel in the wanton participation in orgiastic pleasures of the flesh.

Angie felt her pleasure would be complete if only the dog would fuck her, would jam her cunt full with what she imagined must be his truly huge prick. A dog that size had to be hung like a small horse! She thought perhaps he might be in need of a little encouragement, that he had undoubtedly never fucked a human before. Raising her head for a moment from the youth's cock, she turned to the dog and patted her own ass as she spoke.

"Come on, boy. Up, up. Come on, that's a good boy."

The big dog seemed a little confused at first by the woman's words and gestures, but he abandoned his licking of her cunt to look at her and try to fathom what was expected of him.

Inspired by the woman's aromatic cunt-juice, he began mounting her ass, like he did with female dogs. The handsome mongrel rose to his feet and raised his front paws onto Angie's back, at the same time thrusting forward frantically with his hips.

Angie was almost mad with excitement. She'd caught a glimpse of the dog's thick glistening prick before he rose up behind her, and she immediately began to quiver with fear that was heavily tinged with pure ravenous sexual hunger. Confident that the dog had the idea now of what was expected of him, she went back to her task of sucking and caressing Tim's rock-hard cock, which was lurching heavily as though in search of that wonderful mouth that had momentarily deserted it.

Tim had been almost unable to believe his ears when he heard the woman coax the dog to mount her. He realized this strange beautiful woman actually seemed to be trying to get his dog to fuck her! He'd heard or read the old thing about women fucking animals, but he'd never seriously believed it. Now here he was getting an incredible blow-job from a gorgeous blonde that was

obviously into screwing dogs!

Angie was groaning with excitement as she felt the big animal humping up against her crotch, searching with his prick for her waiting cunt. She realized after a few moments of hit and miss activity that the dog was going to need some help. For assistance, she raised her eyes pleadingly to the boy's watching face, trying to convey to him, without raising her mouth from his cock, just what it was she needed from him.

Tim's mouth hung open in awe as he watched the sexy blonde work over his inflated tool while the big dog struggled to impale her from behind. For long moments he was unable to take his eyes from her full pink lips that locked so hotly around his pulsing cock-shaft, nibbling and sucking ever-increasing sparks of excitement from the very depths of his aroused balls.

At last he noticed the woman was staring at him with a look of incredible pleading in her lovely blue eyes. He couldn't figure out what it was all about at first, but suddenly it dawned on him. She wanted him to help the dog get his prick in... To coach his dog in his first attempt at fucking a human female!

Carefully, so as not to disturb her lips' hold on his throbbing prick, he maneuvered his body around until his shoulder was almost brushing against his dog's rear leg. He reached timidly for the slick red girth of Jethro's cock and guided the turgid rod in between her ass-crack towards the wet, waiting mouth of her cunt. He poked the tip of the dog's cock against the yielding pussy-flesh until the dog himself sensed that he had at last found the right place and lunged forward with compulsive strength.

"Aaaaarrgghhh!" Angie moaned around the filling girth of Tim's prick. It hurt terribly, much more than Saxon's cock ever had. Her sensual apprehension suddenly turned to real fear as she realized nothing was going to stop the animal from ramming his huge cock all the way up into her tight, defenseless cunt. She suddenly pulled her head up from Tim's dick.

"No, no, Tim! Stop him! It's too much! I can't take his cock!"

But already the big dog had sensed his victory and was thrusting back and forth with powerful strokes that were forcing his giant dick farther and farther up into the reluctantly yielding recesses of her cunt. His cock was hard and thick and powerful, and the strength of each instroke forced her head down so her mouth was again closed over the upthrust staff of Tim's dick. Mechanically, she began to suck the dick rod, resigning herself to the fearful fate she had cut out for herself, victim to the relentless fucking of a dog with a prick almost twice the size of her dear familiar Saxon's.

Tim had heard the woman's cry for help, but he sensed that it was only half-hearted, that the pleas for mercy would soon turn into mewls of pleasure. He was mesmerized by the sight of his pet's thick red cock disappearing far up between the flowering pink lips of Angie's pussy, and then reappearing momentarily only to plow once again all the way up into the woman's hungry cunt.

It looked more like her snatch was struggling to swallow the entire rigid dog-cock rather than fight it off, so wetly was it opening and closing around the animal's stroking dong. There was no way he was going to turn off the circus now. He wanted to see the show right through to the end. Watch this nympho woman that was sucking his cock turn into a raving banshee as she learned to respond to his dog's relentless fucking.

Gradually, ever so gradually, Angie's resignation to her newfound pain turned into a hungry acceptance of a new, deeper, more intense thrill. She was actually taking that massive dog's cock all the way up into her dilating pussy! The rampaging thickness was coaxing her sensitive nerve-

endings into building appreciation of the pitiless fucking she was taking up her vulnerable cunt. It was feeling good. It was feeling damned good. Angle had never been fucked like this in her life and she knew it.

As she once again sucked eagerly on Tim's rubbery cock, she reminded herself lewdly of how it had actually taken a chance meeting with a hitchhiker and his beautiful big pet to coax her into the incredible orgiastic pleasure she was now enjoying. She was riding high on a peak of wanton abandon that even surpassed anything she had known with Saxon and Sally, and for a moment she felt a little pang of guilt that she was experiencing a more intense passion with strangers. But then her memory reminded her of the scene she had interrupted last night and she knew an even more furious excitement.

She was getting her own back. She, too, could pick up someone and make them show her body wilder and more intense erotic experiences than she had known at home. She could get fucked, too. She smiled a little around the cock driving into her face as she tried to imagine what Sally would think if she could see her now: kneeling naked in the woods, sucking a college boy's cock while his dog fucked her cunt with the force and speed of an oncoming freight train.

"Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh!" Angie mewled around Tim's prick as her entire body drank in the incredible stimulation of the animal-humping she was getting from behind. She was beginning to feel weak and a little tired but still Jethro fucked on and on, his powerful body rutting with the intensity of a jackhammer, forcing her to almost unbearable summits of sensual pleasure.

Bravely, Angie continued to suck and lave Tim's swollen tool, though her strength was fading, though she was like a heroin addict who was floating off somewhere in a private pleasurable fantasy world, driven there by the intensity of the most thorough, rousing fuck she had ever known in her entire promiscuous young life.

"Jeez, baby, I don't know how much longer I can hold on!" Tim groaned between clenched teeth. Watching this wild woman suck his cock while she got thoroughly turned on to his pet's hard-fucking prick was driving him to the peak with furious intensity. That and the fact that Angie's cock-sucking maneuvers were becoming more and more abandoned as she was driven farther and farther toward the brink of distraction by Jethro's tireless dog-cock.

Tim knew he was going to come within moments, and he realized instinctively it was going to be the most memorable orgasm of his life. He began to pump his loins more energetically at the woman's face, rushing to meet the explosion threatened to break at any moment.

Angie could tell by Tim's erotic squirmings that he was struggling on the brink of climax. At the same time she could feel the dog's prick growing larger inside her clutching cunt as the animal, too, struggled to fulfill the promise of release.

The idea of having both her mouth and cunt filled by thick white male sperm, half-animal, half-human, drove Angie over the brink of excitement, and she writhed and gyrated her ass furiously, coaxing the dog to come in her twat even as she clenched with her hand and sucked tighter with her mouth at Tim's twitching cock.

Tim was the first to go. Angie could feel the hot jets of salty jizz shooting far into the back of her throat, and she swallowed them hungrily while the dog thrust his cock energetically far up into her wet pussy to unload his own salty ration of spunk. The knowledge that it was finally happening - that she was being filled to the peak of her lustful capacity - triggered Angie's own climax.

"Mmmmmm, aaaannhhhhh!" she moaned around the spurting rod in her mouth as her nerve endings

seemed to explode with the intense force of a thousand tiny firecrackers. She was over the top. She and her two strange new companions were climaxing together here in the woods on this lovely warm summer's day. It was crazy. It was sexy. She loved it. She loved it!

The three orgiastic revelers lay in a confused heap of fur and flesh for some time before Tim finally struggled to his feet and pulled up the zipper of his jeans. Jethro leaped up and joined him, snuggling against the boy's leg affectionately. Tim reached down and stroked the animal.

"Hi, fella. Have a good time? We sure learned a few things about the birds and the bees today, didn't we?"

Hearing Tim's words, Angie giggled and rolled over onto her back to look up at her two handsome lovers. "Hey, does that make me a teacher?" she asked coquettishly. "Maybe I've discovered a new vocation."

"You're the best damned teacher I ever met," Tim complimented her, giving her a friendly hug as she rose to her feet.

The boy and his dog played fetch-it with a big stick for a few minutes while Angie dressed and put the blanket back in the car. She still felt vaguely stoned, but it was hard to tell how much of that was the result of the marijuana and how much of her fabulous orgasm. She felt totally rejuvenated, freed of the burden of last night's sorrow and anger.

"Hey, you guys ready to leave?" she called at last.

"Ready when you are." Tim and Jethro sauntered back to the car, both looking extremely smug and well taken care of. "Hey, Angie," Tim suggested as he got back in the car, "why don't you come along to my brother Sid's place with me? He wrote me that he has orgies and stuff like that going at his ranch. You might be interested, and I'm sure he'd be glad to meet you."

Angie was a little shocked at first, and then laughed at her own silly prudishness. A girl who could pick up a boy and his dog and fuck them both certainly had nothing to fear from a mere orgy. Besides, it was a new opportunity, something different. Who knew what might happen?

"Sure, why not?" She shrugged her shoulders. "You know, I think it's time I met more of my own kind of people."

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CHAPTER SIX

Sharon Moore was bored. Here she was stuck out on a dusty ranch in the middle of nowhere with nothing to do but decorate the pavement around her host's pool.

When she'd received the invitation from the studio P.R. man to spend a couple of weeks at the Arizona hideaway of Sid Bailey, one of Hollywood's top TV producers, Sharon had been sure this was her big chance to make it in show business.

She'd thought the invitation to Bailey's spread meant he wanted to fuck her. And that might mean a starring role in a TV show, maybe even her own series. Sugar-plum fairies had been dancing in her head for the five days before she arrived up here. But in the last four, she'd done nothing but eat, look pretty and sleep-alone.

What the hell kind of way was this to get ahead anyway? The teenager chided herself as she looked vaguely out an upstairs window at the long dusty road that led to the luxurious ranchhouse. She watched a big Buick pull into the drive. A woman was behind the wheel, but she waited in the car while a hippie-looking young boy and a huge golden dog approached the house. For lack of anything better to do, Sharon decided to go downstairs and find out who the newcomers were.

Bailey himself was standing in the front foyer with an arm around the boy and a hand on the big dog's head. He noticed Sharon coming down the stairs and called her over.

"Hey, Sharon honey, I want you to meet my baby brother, Tim. Him and Jethro here are going to be spending a couple of weeks with us. They'll be here for the big party coming up."

Sharon felt much warmer toward the young hippie once she realized just who he was. This might be a back door into Sid's affections. Besides, Tim was kind of cute. She shone her warmest smile in the boy's direction, but he seemed far too wrapped up in something he wanted to tell his brother to pay much attention to the young starlet. Sharon fumed inwardly, while still glowing on the surface.

"Hey, Sid," Tim addressed his brother, "speaking of your parties, I've got someone outside I'd like you to meet. A really foxy-looking chick."

"Well, sure, Tim, any little girl of yours is a friend of mine. Just friends, though... strictly," he teased the handsome youth. Sid was very fond of his only sibling, who was almost fifteen years younger than himself.

"Hey, it's nothing like that, Sid. I just met her this morning. She gave me a ride here. But the interesting part is..." Tim looked anxiously at Sharon, then decided to go ahead - "she likes to fuck dogs, Sid. I thought she might be good at your parties. She seems to be in the market for new kicks. And, wow! She sucks cock like..."

Sid's eyes lit up at this titillating bit of information. "Hey, far-out, look at this, Sharon," he enthused fondly. "My little brother's really growing up. So much dynamite sex-appeal the girls can't keep their mouths off his cock." He turned back to Tim. "Sounds like an interesting addition to the party. Let's go have a look at her, little brother." The two brothers walked out to the car arm in arm.

Sharon watched them from the front door. One would never have suspected they were brothers. Tim was so tall and slender and blond, while Sid, though not much over thirty, was short and stocky with a receding hairline. Sharon knew he was reputed to work up to twenty hours a day. He was a big success, but he worked like a beaver for everything he got. That helped explain why he looked closer to forty than thirty.

The watching actress' attention was diverted to the car, where a striking blonde was now standing by the front fender. Sure doesn't look like a weirdo, Sharon thought, scanning the newcomer's long shapely legs and full outthrust tits, feeling instantly jealous, though she herself was a very attractive woman in her own right - with an impressive mane of shocking red hair and a curvaceous body that was a knockout in the minuscule bikini she was wearing. She experienced a further pang of bitter jealousy as she watched the producer give the pretty blonde a welcoming hug.

So she fucks dogs, Sharon thought acidly. Big deal! Maybe that's old Sid Bailey's thing. He doesn't like fucking women - he'd rather watch them get it on with an animal. Disgusting!

Affecting an offended haughtiness that would have been magnificently effective if there had been anyone there to watch, she walked through the house and out to the pool, where five or six tanned, pretty-looking men and women were lounging comfortably, soaking up the sun.

"We've got a new guest out front," Sharon announced grandly.

"Oh, yeah? Who is it?" a rather vacuous-looking young man asked eagerly.

"I'm not sure, but her credentials seem to be that she fucks dogs."

Sharon stretched herself out on a chaise lounge and closed her eyes, feigning sleep, satisfied that her little piece of gossip had had its intended effect.

Sharon got up early the next morning, contrary to her usual habit of sleeping until about eleven, then coming down to a lazy brunch. She was restless and frustrated. Little seemed to be going on at the house. Everyone was apparently waiting for the big party Saturday night.

Walking aimlessly out into the yard, the redhead's thoughts wandered to the pretty blonde newcomer. Angie, her name was. Sharon had to admit she seemed like a nice woman, someone she instinctively felt she would like to know better. But she was offended by the idea that such an apparently sane woman should actually enjoy getting fucked by dogs. The very idea gave Sharon a bad taste in her mouth, for despite her veneer of sophistication, she was actually fairly naive sexually. Although she was willing to sleep with a man for the sake of her career, she was normally very cagey with the opposite sex. She would lead them on, but often beg off when it got right down to the question: to fuck or not to fuck. In fact, overt sexuality made her downright nervous.

Sharon had wandered all the way down to the barn, which was actually a large artist's studio. Although Sharon's interest in art was slight, she decided to go in and have a look around, for something to do. As she approached the big double doors, she noticed they were already open a crack. Someone else had obviously had the same idea as her this morning. Listening carefully, Sharon could hear a strange moaning sound coming from inside, and instinctively she crept up to the doors on tiptoe and peeked inside.

The sight that greeted her made the redhead's eyes open wide with shock. Angie was kneeling on the wooden floor, stark naked, with Tim's dog mounted up behind her, furiously fucking into her softly yielding cunt!

Sharon's first instinct was to turn and run as far away from the degrading spectacle as her legs would carry her. Her second, deeper instinct was to remain hidden and watch, to find out what it was really like for a woman to get screwed by a dog.

What worried the young redhead, though, was that someone might come along and catch her in the embarrassing position of watching someone else's perversion. She couldn't bear to have anyone think she was a voyeur! Looking around, she spotted the ladder that led up to the loft.

Quietly, Sharon climbed up and entered the cozy little sleeping quarters high over the studio below. Creeping to the edge of the carpeted floor on hands and knees, Sharon looked down at Angie and the dog Jethro fucking, totally oblivious to their unseen audience.

Sharon had heard Sid mention that he had hired Angie to train Tim's dog for parties, but she'd thought the man was kidding. Now it seemed that he had been quite serious - either that or else Angie just didn't have the self-control to stay away from the dog, even on the first day of her stay at a new place.

Forsaking speculation on why it was happening, Sharon decided to concentrate on how. From her

high vantage point, Angie's asscheeks appeared white and round, their flawless perfection marred by the bestial caress of the humping dog's front paws. He certainly is a big animal, Sharon thought as she strained to catch a glimpse of the slick red dog-cock that pumped so energetically in and out of the moaning blonde's cunt.

"Oh, yes, Jethro! Oh, yes, darling, you've really got the hang of it now!" Sharon heard Angie mewl into the watchful silence of the empty barn.

Despite herself the watching teenager felt a little pang of lust shoot through her neglected cunt as her sensual self responded to the animal cries of the other woman. It was horrible, what was happening, she reminded herself, but still her frustrated body responded with treacherous enthusiasm to the exciting fuck going on below.

Sharon could feel the moisture building up in the crotchband of her panties. Telling herself that she was just going to check to see how it felt, she quietly slipped down her panties and shorts, letting them fall to her knees, baring her rounded ass to the silent witness of the loft.

Gingerly she slipped a finger down over the tangled patch of her pussy hair and touched the tiny nub of her clitoris. The reaction was instantaneous, and it was all the young starlet could do to keep from crying aloud as her entire nervous system seemed to respond to the touch of her finger on her steadily hardening clitoris. Guiltily, Sharon looked around to make sure no one could see her. Then, feeling more secure, she turned her gaze back to the exciting fuck-show below, tracing her finger round and round the hard tip of her clit in time to Jethro's fuck-strokes up into the kneeling blonde's pussy.

It felt good, really good, Sharon had to admit, despite lingering pangs of shame at participating in such a lewd act - watching another woman get screwed by a dog while she herself pulled down her pants and started finger-fucking her twat. God, it was incredibly depraved, but it felt so good!

Resolving not to think about the moral aspects of what she was doing, Sharon let her finger slip farther back along, the hair-fringed slit of her cunt-mound until she encountered the soft little mouth to her wetly aroused pussy. The finger paused a moment, then, biting her lower lip, Sharon shoved the finger far up into the yielding recesses of her warm, moist cunt-hole. At once the redhead established a rhythmic fucking tempo into her own aching snatch to match the humping rhythm already established by the big dog. Now it was as though she herself were being fucked by that big beast, kneeling on the floor offering the animal full freedom of her hot cunt.

"Oh, God, Jethro baby, fuck me! Fuck me, boy!" Angie cried in a voice distorted by wanton lust and rampaging need.

Sharon suspected the older woman might well be on the brink of orgasm, and the obscene thought of having a dog come in her cunt drove the sexually innocent redhead to new heights of excitement, making her send a second finger up into her flaring cunt. She, too, wanted to moan aloud with lewd arousal, but she didn't dare utter a sound, biting her lip instead to keep her voice from betraying her.

Sharon was churning her tanned ass furiously as her fingers fucked rhythmically in and out of her aroused pussy. She tried to move her legs farther apart to give her fingers better access, but found that the panties and shorts around her knees hampered her movement. Impatiently she raised one leg and shook it free so her clothes hung limply on one knee. Then she spread her knees lewdly apart and shoved her fingers hungrily up into her wetly juicing cunt.

Suddenly Sharon was startled to feel a hand on her naked ass. At the same time another hand

clamped down on her mouth. The girl experienced a shudder of horror. She tried to turn her head around to discover who was behind her, but the hand held her firmly. In a moment, though, she heard a voice she recognized. It was Sid Bailey.

“Hold on, baby. Just keep on watching like you were doing before, there’s a good girl. That’s it.”

The older man could feel the tension in the girl’s body relaxing as she again fixed her gaze on the fuck still in progress below.

“I’m not going to hurt you, honey. I just thought I might stick my prick up into that hot little pussy of yours. I’m sure it’ll feel one hell of a lot better than a couple of fingers.”

Though Sid’s voice was a low whisper, Sharon could make out every horrifying word he said. Oh, God, he’s going to fuck me now! she thought desperately, visions of a glorious career floating out the loft window. This wasn’t how she wanted it to be. She’d had visions of dinner and champagne, a sophisticated seduction, sweet words whispered in her ear, promises of a spectacular career. Now here she was about to be fucked from behind in a loft while she was forced to watch a woman fucking a dog. It was just too humiliating.

Hot tears began to flow down the redhead’s cheeks, as the full realization of what her incautious lust had led her to hit home. She gave up her struggles entirely, and looked reluctantly down at the woman and the dog, who were still fucking with a tireless zeal that once again struck Sharon as being grotesque and disgusting, rather than sexy and titillating.

Sharon lunged forward slightly as she felt the first dull pressure of Sid Bailey’s cock at the helplessly exposed entrance to her cunt. She decided there was nothing she could do but let Bailey fuck her. Maybe, she reasoned, this sort of situation was the only thing that turned Bailey on. Maybe he would appreciate her more if she went along with his lewd scheme. After all, what choice did she have? she thought with a slight grimace of pain as his cock pushed more urgently at her pussy-lips.

“Mmmpphh!” she grunted aloud, but Sid quickly clamped his hand over her mouth to keep her from startling the lewdly fucking pair below.

“Feel good, baby?” he asked as he shoved his cock another inch up into her spontaneously resisting twat. He knew her snatch was wet and should be ready, but she was obviously so tense she was never going to relax and let both of them enjoy a screw unless he could get her back in the mood she had been in before he arrived.

“Look at that, Sharon honey,” he instructed the reluctant redhead. “Boy, that girl sure does love that dog-cock, doesn’t she? Can you imagine what a big slippery red dick like that must feel like up inside?”

As he spoke, he moved his hips in teasing little circles, insinuating his cock-tip slowly but surely up into the girl’s gradually relaxing cunt-mouth.

Sid Bailey had been out for his usual early-morning stroll when he’d noticed Sharon’s strange behavior outside the barn. He’d followed her up the ladder and been thoroughly delighted by the picture that greeted him when he got to the top. Her round little ass waving in the air while she diddled her pussy with her fingers had turned him on like he hadn’t been turned on in weeks, and he’d immediately pulled out his cock and orchestrated his own lewd participation in this early-morning sexual encounter. He knew Angie was fucking his brother’s dog down below. He’d told her the barn would be a good place to practice with the dog, but he hadn’t anticipated his own part in this orgiastic situation. He’d been planning to save the goodies for Saturday night’s party. But why

not get a little free fuck, now that he was in the mood? It excited him more now to feel that Sharon was actually responding to his unexpected penetration.

Despite her humiliation at her compromised position, the young redhead could indeed feel treacherous little tendrils of lust gaining control over her body. She was beginning to enjoy the satisfying stroking of Sid's blunt cock up into her hotly craving snatch, and she again focused her attention on Angie and the dog down below, wondering what it must feel like to be in Angie's position. Then she realized that she actually was in Angie's position, except she was being fucked by a man instead of a dog.

Almost instinctively, Sharon's lushly molded asscheeks began to churn and wriggle in uninhibited appreciation of the screwing that had now established a smooth, even rhythm in her tightly gripping little cunt. Sharon could tell that Sid's cock wasn't very big, because it didn't hurt at all. She often felt pain when she fucked - it seemed her twat was pretty tight. But Sid's cock was just right. It gave her nothing but good vibrations.

Sid could feel the redhead's body vibrating in hot response to his cock's steady fuck-motion. He closed his eyes and concentrated for a moment on the smooth, liquid feel of her tight young pussy, that fit his cock as snugly as a kid glove.

Man, what a cunt! Sid congratulated himself, surprised that he hadn't detected the potential in this little piece of ass before. But then Sid had trouble getting into sex a lot of the time. He was too nervous, too busy making deals. His thing was normally to throw a big orgy bash and turn on to watching other people making it. Today was the first time he'd actually fucked a woman in a month, and it was feeling damned good. So good he figured he was going to blow his load soon.

"Like honey, just like honey," he whispered loud enough for the kneeling redhead to hear, his mind awl with visions of fucking this up-tight little chick into new life while she turned on to the dog-fucking down below. Man, what a way to start the day!

All reservations about participating fully in this obscene little scenario had fled Sharon's mind now as she avidly thrust her hips back to meet the steady thrusting of the TV producer's filling cock. She watched the pointed red tip of the dog's enormous prick disappear with stunning regularity up into the receptive darkness of Angie's cunt. She began to feel lewd little stirrings in her own belly that told her perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to get fucked by a dog. After all, fucking felt good. It felt sooooo good!

For a moment the sensually aroused teenager closed her eyes and concentrated on the exciting little tingles shooting out from her hotly responding cunt. She felt the storm building deep, deep in her belly.

Oh, yes, I want to come! I want to come so bad! she told herself, driving her cunt back more and more energetically to meet Sid's furious humping.

"Oh, God, I'm coming!" she heard the older man moan, and Sharon felt her own heart sink with the bitter realization that she was not going to get to come, that he had made it before her.

Sid's weight as he collapsed forward in the energyless afterglow of orgasm forced Sharon to lie down flat on her belly. Chin resting on her hands, she watched enviously for a few moments as the big golden dog continued to fuck into the kneeling, crooning woman below. There was little doubt that Angie was going to get her orgasm... and soon.

"Was it good, baby? How did you like it?" she heard Sid ask in a strained whisper.

She bit her lower lip for a moment to hold back the fury of her frustration. At last she was able to speak. "Oh, yes, Mr. Bailey," she replied demurely, turning around as best she could to give the producer the benefit of her big green, innocent-looking eyes. "It was just wonderful... but I was so embarrassed, Mr. Bailey. I just didn't know what you'd think of me..."

"Don't you worry about what I think of you, baby," he told her as he knelt back on his heels and pulled up his fly. "I think you're prime cut, sweetheart."

For another moment it was an effort for Sharon to swallow her pride. "Thank you, sir," she said at last. "I'm glad you like me."

"Sure, I like you, kid. Now what say you and me go back to the house and get a little breakfast? Leave the lion-tamer alone to do her work in peace," he added as they both listened to Angie's mewls still floating through the stillness of the barn.

Sharon giggled, then pulled on her panties and shorts and followed her host down the ladder. Angie's satisfied moans had faded from her attention now, her frustration forgotten in the renewed hope that her career might right at this very moment be in the making. She thanked her lucky stars that she decided to get up early this morning.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Angie was doing one of her favorite things - she was dancing. The Saturday-night party had begun slowly at about two or three in the afternoon when the first guests who weren't already staying at the ranch had begun to arrive and congregate around the pool for gossip and sun. It was now nearly eight, and she and Tim were grooving together to the raucous sounds of a very heavy rock group that Bailey had hired for the entire weekend.

This was undoubtedly the most sumptuous party Angie had ever been to. Out on the patio were long tables decorated with huge ornate ice sculptures and endless trays of crab, shrimp, lobster, oysters, and salmon. Pretty young waitresses in Playboy-bunny-type costumes pranced around with bottles of superb French champagne, seeing that no glass stayed empty for more than a moment. Angie was enjoying the champagne and the music and the powerful joint she and Tim had shared a short while ago behind an ivy-shrouded pillar in the garden.

Most of the people present were not Tim's, or Angie's, type. They were very sleek and modishly dressed, with personalities that came across like chipped ice. But they were pretty, and Angie was enjoying the novelty of dancing among such beautiful people, grooving on the stoned high that was floated around in her head. She felt daring and sexy, and she was enjoying dancing with Tim. He could really go, and it was a challenge to try to keep up with her youthful partner.

Angie realized that this party was supposed to be an orgy, but she hadn't seen any sign of it so far, other than the odd familiar pat on the ass between members of the same, or opposite sex. She herself had been giving Jethro lots of training in how to fuck and lick cunt, and she suspected that Sid Bailey planned to use the animal tonight, though she had no idea when or how.

Strange cat, she thought as she watched her host wandering among his guests, chatting and hugging and kissing, dressed in a floor-length toga of crushed purple velvet. She quickly forgot about Sid as Tim grabbed her and led her in a complicated dancing maneuver across the floor, laughing and jostling other couples. After another ten minutes or so, the band came to a halt and Sid Bailey mounted the stage and raised his arms majestically for his guests' attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "If you have gorged on our seafood, I think it is time for your dessert. May I present..." he turned dramatically to his left and extended an arm toward the adjoining room - "Miss Dessert of 1975!"

Angie was captivated and mystified by what Bailey might be planning, but she giggled along with the rest of the guests as all looked expectantly towards the French doors that opened slowly. Into the room, moving with the regal majesty of a queen, came a beautifully made-up young woman that Angie recognized at once as Sharon Moore, the starlet.

Sharon's thick red hair hung in carefully curled ringlets to her shoulders. Her eyes were heavily decorated with mascara and a lustrous green eyeshadow. Her cheeks were very pink and her lips were red. She wore a tightly closed floor-length robe of shimmery silver-threaded cream. Her look and bearing was regal, yet demure.

Despite herself, Angie found something totally captivating and quite titillating about the rather garish appearance of the lovely young woman. She had almost forgotten Bailey's presence when he walked up to the girl and took her grandly by the hand, obviously intending to lead her back through the French doors.

Bailey turned to his guests and said, "If you will follow, please, ladies and gentlemen..."

By now the news that something was happening had lured all the guests onto the dance area, and they eagerly filed out after Bailey through corridors and across courtyards until they came to a large room that was starkly, totally white. In the middle of the room was a white-covered dais that was raised only about a foot off the floor.

Bailey helped Sharon remove her robe, and the rather nervous redhead stood before the crowd dressed only in one large shiny rhinestone that was inset in her navel. Bailey helped the young starlet lie down on the dais, where she lay rigid, her eyes staring fixedly at the ceiling.

Bailey addressed the assembly of curious guests. "Ladies and gentlemen, this young woman has volunteered to be our main course tonight. First, though, she must be dressed for the occasion. Henri..." He gestured towards a small dark man dressed in a chef's uniform who had entered the room after everyone else.

"It's up to you now, Henri," Bailey said and stepped back a little to give the man room to work.

The man called Henri pulled from a satchel several tubes of decorator icing and began to work on the naked beauty who lay lush and nervous beneath him. Apparently oblivious to the sexual qualities of his subject, Henri worked calmly and expertly, creating pink rosebuds around the fringe of Sharon's thick red pussy hair, drawing curlicues around the full rounded outline of her tits, making a multicolored sunburst of her navel and belly. Even the lobe of each ear was cleared of ringlets to make room for an icing earring.

Angie was so wrapped up in what was happening in the center of the room that for a moment she did not realize the other guests were quietly removing their clothes while Henri worked. A couple of bunny waitresses were working unobtrusively gathering up clothes and clearing them from the room.

Angie looked anxiously at Tim, and saw that the youth, too, was now naked, so, not wanting to be conspicuous, Angie took off her clothes. Only Sid Bailey and the chef were still dressed when the last of the clothes had been removed from the room. In another moment, Henri had finished his task, and he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Bailey stood over Sharon and gestured down to her. "She is ready," was all he said.

The guests encircled the obviously apprehensive woman, either too shy or too polite to want to take first turn at removing the colorfully arrayed pattern that covered the girl's skin. At last a man and a woman on either side of her dropped to each tit and began licking at the rosebuds that topped her pertly upthrust nipples.

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Sharon had been a mass of nerves ever since Sid summoned her into the music room. She felt horribly vulnerable now, lying here on the dais, decorated with icing like some weird Kewpie doll. She was beginning to wonder if her anything-for-my-career policy was really worth it.

When Bailey had offered the chance to be the center of attention at his Saturday-night orgy, Sharon had accepted at once, without giving any serious consideration to what it might all come down to in the end. She wanted Sid Bailey to like her and remember her, that was all she knew. She wanted her name to be on the tip of his tongue next time he was looking for a good-looking young redhead for a leading part in one of his TV shows.

But as Saturday had worn on, Sharon's nerve had gradually given out. Now as the man and woman began licking her shamelessly exposed tits, she seriously wondered just what a well-brought-up young farm girl was doing in an incredible, perverse situation like this.

Sharon closed her eyes so as not to have to face the leering stares of the guests who had clustered around to drink in her lewdly arrayed body and to watch their fellows nibble at her appetizing decoration.

Closing her eyes, however, only helped her concentrate more fully on the avid licking that was titillating her pertly upthrust little nipples into taut, excited hardness. The tongues felt awfully good, Sharon realized, as they swirled and lapped at her sensitive nipples, then traced exciting wet little patterns out over the lush, rounded surfaces of her jugs.

Despite herself, the voluptuous redhead began to churn her shapely body slightly in unconscious response to the insistent titillation at her tits. There was a silence of indrawn breath in the stark white room as the guests realized that the real party had begun, that their iced offering was beginning to respond to her preposterous orgiastic situation, vulnerable prey to the attentive eyes, tongues, genitals and what-not of some thirty-odd horny people.

Angie herself was beginning to feel very excited by the sight of this gorgeous young teenager lying naked and defenseless on the dais, responding seemingly in spite of herself to the greedy lickings of her expertly tit-lapping tormentors.

Angie felt a warm surge of compassion for the pretty redhead, who seemed so haughty, but who, Angie suspected, was just a scared kid trying to make her lonely way in the world. She liked the girl, and at the moment she also lusted after her. She suddenly realized that it had been a solid week since she'd enjoyed making love with Sally, and she knew that, despite Jethro's wonderful fucking, she missed the special joys of lesbian love.

So the sensual blonde was quite ready to play along when Sid Bailey came up behind her and whispered in her ear: "Why don't you lick her pussy, Angie honey? Don't you like rosebuds, mmm? Good for you."

Angie turned around and looked at her host's stoned excited grin, and felt an automatic little surge

of perverted lust. Yes, she thought, it'd be fun to go down on another woman in front of all these people. It was the kind of turn-on she'd never dreamed of acting out for real, but the exotic, fantasy-world atmosphere in the room made her feel ready for anything.

Carefully, Angie arranged herself between the redhead's long shapely legs, spreading them far apart to give herself room to work. Then she bent forward, nibbling hungrily at the delicate little rosebuds that framed the wiry bush of Sharon's fire-engine-red beaver.

Gradually, ever so gradually, as her wanton excitement increased and her taste for sweet icing paled, Angie worked her tongue farther down through the tangled wiry muff to where the saucy little bud of Sharon's pink clit poked through the protective patch of pussy fur. Angie was becoming thoroughly turned on by what she was doing now, and she thrust her tongue out swiftly and hungrily to search out the moist, blood-engorged tip of the redhead's clitoris.

"Mmmmm!" Angie moaned as her mouth closed over Sharon's vulnerably exposed clitoral nub.

"Mmmmm!" Sharon responded despite herself as she felt a tongue work down to her sensitive pussy-furrow and stab deliciously at her passion-trigger. She felt a sudden desire to know just who was dealing such gentle, liquid pleasure to her exposed clitoris, and she raised her head slightly to look down over her icing-dabbled belly, between the two heads that labored over her tits, to recognize the pretty blonde Angie whom she'd watched fuck a dog the other morning.

Sharon felt a quick surge of affection for the lovely visitor, realizing that it made her feel more secure somehow to know that the experienced blonde was helping her through this difficult situation, was treating her defenseless cunt so gently and so well.

"That's nice, Angie," she murmured softly, then let her head fall back on the dais, closing her eyes to once again let the pure brunt of sensation rove over her sensitively aroused nerve-endings. She was beginning to feel less inhibited now. This was perhaps going to turn out to be fun after all. And she felt that she had a friend on her side now, which was a comforting feeling to the often lonely young girl.

Angie heard the pretty redhead compliment her on her muff-diving, and the idea that the girl actually knew who was licking her clit and had taken the trouble to let her know that she enjoyed what Angie was doing to her, made the sensuous blonde work even more eagerly to bring increasing liquid pleasure to the pretty little pussy before her.

Anxious now to put on a memorable show for her silent audience, and to please her lovely victim, Angie put total effort into swirling her tongue moistly around and around the hard button of Sharon's clit, worrying the little nub with taunting liquid strokes. In time she let her tongue move farther down between the hair-fringed flanges of Sharon's wetly glistening gash. She drew back a moment to drink in the vulnerable beauty of Sharon's moist pink cunt-flesh, then sank her head far in between the starlet's legs and shoved her tongue as far as it would go up into the dilating mouth of her obviously craving snatch.

"Oh, God!" Sharon moaned aloud, beginning to lose her earlier sense of shame and humiliation in the erotic onslaught of her many lovers' delightful tonguing. It was Angie's tongue shooting up into her hungry cunt, though, that helped the now squirming redhead cast off her last self-doubts and begin to respond to her lewdly depraved situation wholeheartedly.

"Ooooh, ahhh!" she mewled between parched lips that she ran her tongue wetly over to soothe, even as she felt another mouth beginning to nibble at her sunburst navel. No sooner had Sharon's tongue ceased moistening her lips than another pair of lips closed over her own and locked with her in a

lustful soul-kiss.

The redhead was now losing count of how many mouths were tonguing her turned-on body. All she knew was that she had never felt so alive, so totally responsive to the limitless pleasures of the flesh. Reveling in her newfound sensual freedom, she wrapped her hands in two of her lovers' hair and helped their mouths search out her responding nerve-endings by exerting gentle pressure, forcing them down into her. As her hands moved, her hips began a more abandoned up-thrusting motion to meet Angie's tonguing up her drooling cunt.

Angie was thoroughly delighted by her new friend's quickening response to this unreal erotic situation they'd all now become thoroughly engrossed in. She could feel a hand from somewhere on her own ass as she worked attentively between Sharon's hot, wet cunt-lips, shooting her tongue as far as it would go into the slick hole of the starlet's craving pussy, churning her own butt back to meet the hand that was stroking over it so demandingly.

The blonde realized suddenly that she was ready for anything tonight, that she would welcome anything that anyone wanted to do to her. She was being turned on by this amazing orgy as she'd never been turned on before, and that was going some, she realized with a little smirk of smug satisfaction. She hunched her hips more and more wantonly, hoping that someone might take the hint that her steadily moistening cunt could do with a little caressing.

Suddenly, though, much to her disappointment, she felt a hand pushing her aside from her snug position between Sharon's legs. She looked up impatiently to see that it was Sid Bailey who was pushing her, and that at his side stood Jethro, the big golden half-breed mongrel, her lover of the last few days.

"Let's let old Jethro have a go at some cunt-lapping, shall we, Angie?" Sid whispered in her ear. "Why don't you show the dog where to look for the goodies, eh?"

The pretty blonde was a little sorry to have to stop tonguing the redhead's musky-tasting cunt, but she was newly aroused by the titillating idea of helping the less experienced woman savor the pleasures of dog-tongue.

She positioned Jethro between Sharon's legs, and led his nose to the hair-bordered slit before him. The dog needed little encouragement, once his senses had detected the aroma of hot, seeping cunt-juice. At once his long pink tongue darted out to lick wetly up the whole length of Sharon's open, puffy gash.

"Aaaaagghhh!" the pinioned redhead moaned as she responded to the lapping at her craving pussy-furrow. She'd been disappointed when she realized Angie's tongue was deserting her twat, but had felt confident that it would be replaced by another. Now she was curious to find out just who could have such a long and oddly rough tongue.

Suddenly the light dawned as her ears registered an eager little yelp of excitement that was definitely not human. The dog! They'd brought in the dog to lap at her unprotected pussy!

"No, no, not that!" she moaned in protest as she tried in vain to wriggle away from the suddenly intolerable situation. It hadn't occurred to her that the dog would be brought into the act, but now she realized that Bailey had probably been planning this lewd little episode all along. Now here she was being humiliated in front of some of the biggest names on the coast, lying pinned down by numerous lapping bodies while a huge dog licked at her cunt! God, she'd never live it down!

Opening her eyes in mute entreaty, unable to speak because of a new pair of lips that had melded



wetly with hers, she looked about her in search of an understanding face that might realize her humiliation and help her get out of there. But all she saw were dazed-looking faces, heavy with lust, and bodies strangely co-mingled, lapping and groping at one another while they watched the exciting spectacle before them. Obviously everyone was incredibly turned on by the idea of watching her get licked by a dog, and only too eager to watch the further progress of her continuing degradation.

Suddenly a familiar face loomed over her, a face that looked kind and understanding, sensitive. She realized vaguely that it was Sid's brother Tim and dared to hope that this might be the ticket to her salvation. The handsome youth gently pushed aside the woman who had been kissing Sharon's lips and moved in closer. Sharon smiled up at the boy, entreating him to do something for her.

Tim did something for her, but it was not in the least what Sharon had been looking for. He thrust his rigidly erect cock between her full, parted lips and began a slow pumping motion far into the back of her throat. Overwhelmed with despair, the starlet began sucking his prick with mechanical resignation, only too aware that that big dog was still licking wetly up and down the defenseless slit of her naked pussy.

Totally inexperienced in anything quite so uninhibited as a group orgy, Tim had watched a little hesitantly from the sidelines for a while as men and women all around him gradually became involved in the writhing pile of lust that had grown on the white carpeted floor. At last, he'd begun to feel comfortable in his excitingly promiscuous environment, and had turned on to watching Angie licking and prodding at the redhead's widespread cunt-furrow. More and more he'd warmed up to the idea of finding a place for himself in the confused morass of flesh, and he'd seized upon an idea when the dog was brought in. It was just like the other morning in the woods with Angie! Jeez, it had felt good to have a woman suck his cock while she got fucked by a dog!

Tim decided it would be fun to help initiate this brazen young starlet into the same situation. His cock had been almost painful, it was so hard, and it now felt incredibly arousing to saw it in and out of this pretty young stranger's red ovaled mouth. He looked down at her face and was surprised at the vulnerable beauty he read there.

When he'd first met this girl, he'd written her off as just another of the ambitious young groupies who gathered around his brother by the carload. Now, though, he realized that this girl was younger and more innocent than he'd thought. She actually seemed to be a little frightened at what was happening to her. She was licking and sucking his cock with the absentminded fervor of a nervous baby listening to a thunderstorm. He suddenly felt incredibly tender toward this lost young creature, and he ran his hand soothingly through her mass of red ringlets as his cock continued to pump rhythmically up between her lips.

"It feels really good, baby," he said in a half-whisper that curiously mingled lust and tenderness. "I want you to dig it, too. You're really beautiful, you know that?"

The stoned Tim was becoming thoroughly engrossed in his own private fantasy of sawing his cock into the pinioned face of this lovely young starlet, of making love to a near stranger in this rather animalistic way, yet still really caring for her. Of feeling this intense rush of excitement at sharing something really unusual and really special with a beautiful woman he might never see again, yet he was sure he would never forget.

A few tears had rushed to Sharon's eyes as Tim's words registered on her sense-distorted brain. Once again she felt she was making contact with someone special, someone she could really care about. Angie might have deserted her cunt to a... dog, but Tim was still here. And Tim was a

beautiful boy...

She began to suck the youth's cock with an aroused eagerness that signaled her subtle reentry into the momentarily abandoned world of pure lust. So the dog was licking her cunt. That didn't really matter. It wasn't bad, like she'd thought at first. Everyone here was tied together in a strange kind of sensual bond, and whatever they did together was strictly for the stark witness of this room. She understood now. She was in fantasyland, and tomorrow when she woke up, it would all be over, but for the moment every erotic dream she'd ever cared to dream could be hers.

Angie was kneeling excitedly by Jethro's side, stroking the friendly brute as he licked his long wet tongue hungrily over the exposed expanse of Sharon's rosy gash. She realized the young redhead had been horrified at first by what was happening to her, and Angie considered it a natural enough reaction to a new and somewhat forbidden experience.

She was excited now, though, to watch the subtle little wiggles of the other woman's hips as she gradually began to respond to Jethro's dynamite dog-tongue. Angie herself felt cunt-juice seeping wetly from her own neglected snatch, and she absently began to run a hand over her belly and down into the silky-soft curls of her blonde beaver. She envied Sharon her experience with Jethro's tongue and began to feel she might try to steal the dog away for a few minutes to satisfy the maddening lust nibbling at her own craving cunt.

Angie tickled gently at the rigid nub of her own clitoris as she gazed at the confused assembly of heads licking and tonguing Sharon's tits and belly. When she spotted Tim sawing his cock smoothly and rhythmically between the other woman's eagerly pursed lips, she felt a slight pang of jealousy. It was exciting, though, to watch another woman, one whose cunt she herself had been licking, making love to two of her own favorite males.

Once again Angie found herself experiencing a desire for the handsome Tim, of considering what it would be like to again let herself be fucked by a human male.

Her fingers moving relentlessly around the blood-swollen head of her own clitoris, Angie stared through lust-dazed eyes as Tim's thick hard young cock sawed evenly in and out of Sharon's welcoming lips. Angie watched with rapt attention as the younger woman darted her tongue out from time to time to tease at the heavy vein that ran down the underside of Tim's prick. Then the blonde's eyes wandered down over the well-coiffed heads that worried Sharon's tits and dabbled enticingly at her belly, which was now licked clean of icing. Even the rhinestone had disappeared, and Angie couldn't help wondering with a giggle if someone had eaten that, too.

Her gaze carried on down to where Jethro's big gold head labored tirelessly between the redhead's eagerly splayed thighs. With vicarious lust Angie shoved a finger far up into her itching cunt-hole as she watched the dog's gifted tongue lapping the other girl's gash.

"Oooohhh!" Sharon moaned around the thick, hard-driving cock in her mouth as her entire being again became thoroughly consumed by lust. She felt like queen of the world as her tits, belly, and cunt all responded to the tender caresses of various strangers' hands and mouths.

The young girl felt she was actually losing a lot of her old inhibitions, and she was glad now that Sid Bailey had chosen her to be the center of attention tonight. Whether it got her a starring role or not, Sharon Moore had never known such sensual awakening in her entire young life. Now she realized there were some things at least as, if not more, important than landing a major role. She looked forward with eager anticipation to sampling more new thrills.

Angie looked around her at the variously coupled groups in the large, plush room, and realized that

many of the guests had abandoned their vigil at Sharon's side to become involved in mini-orgies of their own. She could see Sid Bailey, over in a corner, still wearing his toga but now drawn up over his hips as a voluptuous young starlet sucked and teased at his hard stubby dick. As she watched, though, Bailey seemed to lose interest in the girl's cock-sucking endeavors and he rose to his feet and strolled over to the eagerly laboring group still clustered around Sharon. He watched for a moment, apparently excited by what he saw, then he smiled over at Angie and walked down to where the promiscuous blonde was kneeling with a finger shoved far up into her pussy.

"Having a good time, Angie?" he asked facetiously. Then, turning to Sharon and her admirers, he said in a loud voice, "I think it's time for the main event, don't you?"

When the others looked up to see what he meant, he gestured for them to turn Sharon over while he pulled the dog back from her glistening wet cunt.

"Get her up on hands and knees," he ordered, then indicated to Angie that she should help the dog mount the inexperienced young redhead.

Pulling her slick finger a little abashedly from her cunt-hole, Angie moved forward on her knees and patted the redhead's upturned asscheeks. "Come on, Jethro," she cooed to the waiting dog. "Up, boy, up."

Sharon had become immediately apprehensive when she'd felt her body being pried apart from its comfortable sensual involvement and now poised on hands and knees like a bitch dog. She realized through a smoky haze of lust-dimmed confusion that this was it. Bailey was going to have the dog fuck her.

She felt a shiver of half-fear, half-excitement as she felt the big animal's paws clutch her hips, but was immediately soothed to feel Tim's cock reentering her mouth and reestablishing its steady in-out stroking motion. Well, she'd decided she wanted to experience more of this new sensuality and she was going to get it now. She was going to be fucked by a dog, right here in a well-lighted room full of people. An involuntary shudder of revulsion took possession of her whole vulnerably poised young body, and she broke away from Tim's cock long enough to speak.

"Angie!" the victimized redhead cried, automatically feeling a need to know that the experienced older woman was there, that she would help her handle this perverse encounter.

"Sssshhhh, don't worry, darling," the blonde soothed the timid girl, immediately sympathizing with her fear and confusion, remembering how apprehensive she herself had felt the first time Sally encouraged her to fuck Saxon. And that time there had been just the three of them alone. She hadn't been expected to perform in a whole roomful of jaded strangers.

Though she felt pity for Sharon's plight, at the same time Angie felt an incredible tingle of excitement as she guided Jethro's slick red cock towards the vulnerable target of Sharon's upturned cunt-mouth.

"I'm here, Sharon. I'll help you. I promise Jethro's cock will feel better than anything you've ever known."

Sharon's uncontrollable trembling abated somewhat as the older woman's soothing words registered on her lust-distorted mind. Again she sucked dutifully on Tim's cock, and her blow-job took on a new, more abandoned intensity as she felt the dog's cock-tip prodding at her drooling gash. She could feel Angie's arm brushing against her thigh as she guided the dick up into the place against her cunt-mouth. She even felt a perverse little thrill now that she was actually going to let a dog fuck her.

“Arrrgggghhhhh!” the redhead moaned suddenly, trying to pull her mouth away from Tim’s tireless cock but unable to escape his relentless skewering.

Jethro’s hard, tapered prick had rammed several inches right up into her convulsively clutching pussy, and the pressure of his huge cock up inside her tight hole made the young redhead feel like her cunt was being torn in two.

Sharon tried to wriggle her butt forward, away from the dog’s jabbing prick, away from the pain that was soaring so excruciatingly through her tense body. She felt hot tears come to her eyes as unseen hands held her in place, forced her to take more of the brutal dog-cock. Even Tim was holding her hair firmly, forcing her to keep sucking his throbbing rod while her body ached for freedom, unable to feel anything but raw pain and humiliation.

Reality now struck home with a thud, now that the pleasure had given way to this horrible pain. Here she was kneeling on the floor in this weird man’s house, being forced to fuck a dog while uncounted pairs of eyes watched her and turned on to her heartless degradation. Even Angie had betrayed her. She’d said getting screwed by Jethro would feel good, better than anything she’d ever known before. The truth was that she’d never in her life felt such terrible pain.

Angie was kneeling forward on her own hands and knees to get a better view of Jethro’s well-developed cock ramming its way up into the grunting starlet’s unyielding cunt-hole. Angie realized it must be hurting Sharon quite a lot at the moment, but she knew the pain would fade, would give way to unspeakable pleasure. In the meantime she was getting uncontrollably excited by the sight of the dog’s slick red prick pummeling the defenseless younger woman’s upturned twat with such unrelenting vigor.

Even as she continued her preoccupation with the tantalizing scene going on before her, Angie felt a pair of hands grasping her own asscheeks and a firm pressure up against the moist mouth of her own craving cunt. She realized one of the other men at the party was about to fuck her, and she found herself eager to feel a long, thick human cock drubbing her hungry pussy while she watched Jethro screw the protesting Sharon.

“Uuuuhhhh!” she moaned in animal appreciation as the blood-swollen tool invaded her snatch, sliding smoothly up into her steadily dilating cunt-hole with each, tentative short stroke until it was buried balls deep in her quim.

“Oh, yes! Fuck me, whoever you are!” she found herself saying, and was for a moment slightly shocked at her own wanton words, sounding like a common whore to whom the identity of her lovers means nothing. But the stranger’s prick felt wonderful, and the very impersonal nature of her participation in this weird orgiastic drama was indeed half the excitement.

Sharon heard Angie’s lusty mewl through the confused daze of her own pain and degradation, and the sound brought her senses back to thoughts of pleasure, reminding her that what was happening to her was not intended to be punishment. To be screwed hard and thoroughly was few women’s idea of being put on the rack. She realized with vague surprise that Jethro’s cock working its way in and out of her steadily expanding cunt-canal was actually beginning to feel good. Amazingly good, in fact.

Reassured by the knowledge that Angie’s prediction of indescribable pleasure was actually coming true, she began to make a few timid undulations of her hips back towards the tirelessly humping animal, testing the best way to get most advantage of his hard-thrusting prick.

Sharon realized that she had never been this filled up before in her life. Always before she could get

herself to the point where she was enjoying the benefits of a thick dick, she had let herself be stymied by the pain, and had begged off. But now that she had been forced to put up with the first few minutes of pain, she found that she could take all the cock Jethro was dishing out with relative ease. And she liked it. In fact she loved it.

“Oh, yes, darling, fuck me! Fuck me, you beautiful big dog!”

She had finally broken away from Tim’s cock long enough to declare her lust. Then, making a few taunting licks at the swollen mushroom head of the youth’s prick, she opened her mouth wide to swallow the entire blood-engorged dong with eager hunger.

So good, so good! she thought dementedly to herself, first drinking in the titillating effects of that hard, relentless cock skewering up into her quivering cunt, then concentrating on the lovely dick impaling her willing mouth. Sharon Moore was convinced she had just arrived in heaven.

Tim Bailey was finding his part in the lusty scenario even more arousing than the three-way orgy with Angie and Jethro in the woods. This time it was a rather innocent young woman his own age who was sucking his dick and taking his dog’s hard prick up in her pussy, not a seasoned veteran of cock-sucking and dog-fucking.

Tim was thoroughly excited by watching the progress of the lovely redhead’s conversion to total sensuality, wildly stimulated by her fumbling lapping and sucking at his steadily bloating prick. Gazing around him, Tim was further stimulated by the sight of a whole roomful of people engrossed in a weird daisy-chain of fucking and sucking and kissing and hugging.

The youth looked over to where his brother was standing, jacking off and watching Sharon squirming wantonly under the thrusting pricks of man and beast. Tim felt a surge of affection for the older man, who, he realized, was forced into this wild search for pleasure by his own rather limited sexual responses.

Angie was flying high on a peak of total sensual bliss. She realized it had been unrealistic of her to try to shut herself off from one perfectly normal and thoroughly satisfying sexual outlet. To banish men from her life had been a mistake. She saw that now. All she had to do was find swingers, the kind of guys who could enjoy sex - all kinds of sex - for its own sake. Like she did.

For a moment Angie closed her eyes tight and reveled in the tingling sensations soaring through her entire lustful being. That prick fucking so tirelessly up between her welcoming pussy-lips felt like nothing she had known in some time. His stroke was more rhythmic, more sensitive to her own responses than a dog could ever be, and she delighted in the cock’s thick, filling energy.

For a moment, it even ceased movement altogether. Angie thought she would go mad with anticipation as her eyes again flew open to watch the dog-cock fucking furiously into Sharon’s defenseless snatch, while every fiber of her being waited for that anonymous dick in her own pussy to resume its awesome thrusting.

At last the stranger’s cock again drove far up into her greedy pussy-sheath and Angie thrust her head up with sheer happiness, smiling broadly as she again quivered to the tune of a fine fierce fucking.

“Oh, put the prick to me, baby! You fuck me so good!” she cried wantonly.

Sharon was now beyond logic. She didn’t see herself as the sacrificial victim of this entire evening’s lewd entertainment, kneeling on a raised dais in the middle of an eerie white room fucking a dog and

sucking a man's cock, and, from time to time, feeling identityless hands running over her back and round, upthrust buttocks. She was the high priestess of lust tonight. And she was loving every minute of it!

If Sharon could have smiled, there would have been a grin broad as her whole face written all over her right now. She could feel tantalizing little darts of passion assaulting her naked body from the tips of her curled toes all the way up to her tingling earlobes. Though her experience in such matters was small, she realized she was about to undergo an orgasm the likes of which she had never known before. The steady drumming of Jethro's long thick cock was driving her to it. The hard, filling girth of Tim's prick in her mouth was calling her to it, as she licked and swirled her tongue around the slickly sawing shaft.

Tim knew he had never been so excited in his life. He didn't think he could hold on much longer against Sharon's talented tongue on his rock-hard tool. He had enjoyed watching the lovely redhead progress from reluctant self-sacrifice to eager, robust sensuality in the span of a few hedonistic hours. The way her ass was shoving back to greet the staccato fuck-thrusts of Jethro's turgid dog-cock indicated her 100-percent participation. She was enjoying fucking and sucking at least as much as the more experienced Angie had the other morning, and she had come upon her sensual awakening all in one grand-slam occasion.

"Wow, baby, you are really something else!" Tim groaned, and his cock suddenly began to shoot out its heavy load of thick white jizz, blasting the fiery jets far into the back of the redhead's throat.

"Oh, baby! Oh, baby!" he groaned again and again, reveling in the knowledge that he was the first to release his load into her hungering depths.

Eager to absorb every last drop of the young Tim's bitter-sweet load of spunk, Sharon gulped at the exploding knob of his incredibly swollen rod, at the same time thrusting her butt back to receive the dog's orgasm that her intensified movement seemed to have triggered at the same moment. Now she was being filled from both ends with her darling lovers' fuck-juice, and the knowledge drove her over the peak of wanton excitement to a never-never land of mind-bending bliss.

"MMmmm!" she moaned greedily around Tim's slowly deflating cock, her belly, her tits, her whole aroused being floating in the maddening euphoria of total release.

Just watching the lovely redhead get it off sparked Angie's orgasm, and she howled into the relative quiet of the lust-filled room.

"Oh, God! I'm coming! COOMMIINNGG!!"

As her belly quivered and churned with its incredible orgasm, she could feel the cock inside her cunt expand and finally explode with a hot load of thick jizz.

There were tears of happiness in Angie's eyes as she realized the extent of the incredible orgasm the five of them had enjoyed almost simultaneously. It was as though a subtle spell of magic had enveloped the room, absorbing everyone inside in its incredible power. From other parts of the room she could hear other men and women shrieking as they came, and she reveled in the total sensuality that had invaded all their lives on this strange Saturday night.

She looked over to where Sid Bailey had been pumping his own cock so energetically to see that he, too, was now getting his release, shooting a shower of white spunk over Tim and Sharon's heads, his face distorted by a rigid mask of culminating lust.

Though Angie had felt in the moments of her overwhelming orgasm that she was spent for the night, that she couldn't possibly summon up the energy to fuck and suck any more, within minutes she was being maneuvered onto her back, and another cock was sliding far up into her wet, welcoming cunt. She opened her eyes to find herself staring into the handsome face of one of TV's most prominent stars.

She grinned and murmured, "Hi, good-looking," before closing her eyes and letting herself drift off on another voyage of pure pleasure, one of several she was to enjoy that night.

Vaguely she was aware of the bustle of activity around her as several lovely young women competed for the chance to be next to fuck the big, gold-colored dog. Angie realized dimly she would not get her chance to screw Jethro tonight, but the thought didn't bother her at all.

Tonight she wanted men, men and more men.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, but there was little activity around Sid's Arizona ranchhouse until the sun was almost directly overhead.

Contrary to her usual rise-and-shine habits, Angie was one of the last to emerge from her room and stroll out onto the pool deck. She felt incredibly calm and complacently sensual this morning. The previous night's orgy had loosened her up completely. No longer did she harbor a vague bitterness against Sally for the fuck she'd interrupted the previous week. Now her only regret was that the lovely brunette wasn't there to enjoy pure uninhibited sensuality in the luxurious surroundings of Sid's Spanish-style ranchhouse.

She felt that today would be a good time to head back home and make up with her pretty girlfriend, and have a nice, long fuck-session with Sally and Saxon. Even now, with her entire body apparently sated from last night's endless sex, she felt a little tingle of arousal in her cunt as she contemplated the erotic time the three of them would have together. She even felt there was now a thing or two she could teach Sally about sex.

Feeling too antsy to just lie beside the pool, Angie decided to go for a walk. First, though, she walked over to where Sharon and Tim were stretched out side by side, arms lying casually over one another's backs. They looked like typical young lovers in their passive mood of quiet intimacy. No one who hadn't seen for himself would guess the lascivious activities they had participated in last night.

"Hi, you two," she greeted them, prodding their feet playfully with her toes.

The couple rolled lazily over onto their backs and smiled up at Angie.

"Good morning," Sharon murmured with the hushed sensuality of a well-fed cat. "Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Words fail me, my dear," Angie giggled, dropping onto her knees between the handsome twosome and giving them both a big hug. "You sure are nice people," she said. "And I sure am glad I'm the kind of girl who picks up strangers and fucks their dogs."

"It was beautiful last night, Angie, it really was. You're an amazing woman. I really enjoyed fucking

you, too," Tim added mischievously.

"Did you fuck me?" Angie asked in surprise, and then laughed.

"Sure did, but you were so far gone by then, you were riding one long orgasm. I don't think you even noticed when one shift climbed off and the relief man got on."

"Wow, that's why I feel so good this morning. Fulfilled another one of my fantasies without even realizing it. Something down here must have registered though," she remarked lewdly, stroking a hand gently over her shorts-covered crotch. "It sure feels good." Giving each of the handsome teenagers a quick kiss, she rose to her feet. "I'm going for a little walk. To get myself together, as they say. See you later."

Waving gaily at the group around poolside, she went through the fence gate and headed out across the yard, following a route in the general direction of the art barn.

Angie felt too full of exuberant energy to be satisfied with just walking, so she broke into a playful little run, a kind of childlike hippity-hop. Without consciously having any idea of where she was going or what she intended to do, she went directly to the barn.

While I'm here, I may as well drop in and say hello to Jethro, she thought, realizing suddenly that she was anxious to see the dog again. She had missed getting fucked by him last night, and now seemed like as good a time as any to make up for that oversight.

You really are a horny broad, she scolded herself playfully, in fact amazed that she could actually think about more sex after last night's orgy. It really seemed that the more she got, the more she wanted.

Jethro's quarters were a well-cushioned stall in one corner of the barn. Angie was disappointed to discover that the animal was not where she expected to find him. She headed back out through the open door, only to spot the huge golden dog bounding across the mesquite in her direction, his ears flapping in the breeze as he barked in greeting.

"Hi, Jethro. Here, boy!" Angie called the handsome dog, collapsing in a fit of giggles when Jethro raised both paws to her shoulders and smothered her face with wet generous kisses. "Hey, hey, hold it, fella! Wow, you sure are excitable today. Last night did great things for your disposition, too, I see." She led the dog back into the barn in an unconscious search for more privacy.

Jethro settled down comfortably in his cushioned bed when Angie sat down there. "You sure are a pretty boy, Jethro darling," Angie crooned as she stroked his fur with long smooth motions that ran from the top of his head down to his long ragged tail. The animal's features immediately took on a look of sheer bliss as he reveled in the woman's comforting attentions.

"You like being with your Angie, don't you boy, even now when you know you could fuck any girl in the house."

Angie was feeling lewd and intensely stimulated, and the idea of having her own little private orgy here with the dog seemed a fitting and titillating aftermath to the previous evening's erotic activities.

Angie wanted to make Jethro feel really good, and she probed her libido for some inspiration that would make this session with the big dog something special. She would likely be leaving this evening, and she wanted to give Jethro something to remember her by. Something he hadn't yet

experienced with any of his newfound lovers.

Just then Angie caught sight of the animal's hardening red prick peeking from its furry sheath, and what she should do suddenly seemed self-evident. She wanted to feel that hard, slippery dog-cock in her mouth!

A little thrill of excitement ran through her cunt as she realized just how depraved her intention was. She had never even sucked Saxon's cock. But she wanted to go down on Jethro - right now.

Before starting, Angie decided to remove her shorts and top and get herself thoroughly in the mood for a good sexy encounter. Once naked, she already felt titillated by the sheer fact of lying curled up with the dog in his hair-littered bed, hugging and stroking him as she would a human lover, her own fair skin such a tantalizing complement to his long golden fur.

Jethro was lying on his side facing Angie, and it was easy for her to reach over and begin stroking his tapered rod to increasing firmness with one hand while the other worked at her own heating gash.

"Oh, Jethro, darling," she cooed into the big dog's ear. "You have such a lovely hard cock, sweetheart. Just touching it makes me want to do all kinds of things with it, to feel it inside my pussy again."

Her own wanton words inciting her to action, the excited blonde bent her head down and clasped the hard, pulsing dog-cock between her lips, making timid nibbling motions around the tip before letting the rock-hard prick-shaft slip farther to the back of her throat.

God, his cock tastes like honey, she thought lewdly as she began to explore the slippery rod with her tongue, licking and sucking his blood-engorged tool like a depraved woman, reveling in her own decadence, her own heart-felt surrender to total sensuality.

The dog Jethro let out a long throaty moan, and Angie felt a responsive tingle in her own gently writhing cunt to think she was bringing such forbidden new delights to her impressive dog-lover. She guided his sleek, thick cock back and forth, back and forth into the welcoming depths of her mouth with one hand while the other reached down over his hairy loins to caress his heavy-laden balls. Again the dog whimpered uncontrollably, wriggling his belly slightly to force his pointed dick farther back into the perverse woman's mouth.

He has such a beautiful cock. I love the feel of it in my mouth! Angie thought, racing her tongue round and round the swollen tip, then absorbing the whole palpitating prick-shaft far into the back recesses of her slavishly receptive throat. Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined herself giving a dog a blow-job, but now here she was licking and laving this huge animal's distended prick as though her life depended on it. And loving every incredible, depraved moment!

Last night's orgy had definitely eradicated any earlier inhibitions Angie might still have had. Now there was nothing left to prevent her from doing whatever turned her on. She felt totally free to be her most wanton, liberated self, and the feeling was a good one. At the moment the feeling was the freedom to suck a dog's cock.

Angie realized she was giving this dog an experience such as none he might ever again come across, and somehow this thought only reconfirmed her in her lewd compulsion, made her more sure that there was nothing in the world right now she wanted more than the wet hard, filling presence of the dog's cock in her mouth.

The dog's whimpers were becoming more frequent and his loins were jerking more insistently down towards her hungrily working mouth, driving Angie to new peaks of sensual stimulation. She could feel hot pussy-juice running down her thighs from her wetly aroused cunt, and she decided that, while she was enjoying the depraved pleasure of sucking the dog's cock, she might as well go all the way and get herself into a sixty-nine with Tim's huge pet. Then she, too, could get off while she continued to suck and lap at Jethro's growing red dick.

Hurriedly maneuvering herself around, Angie now lay with her head buried against the giant animal's loins and her pussy positioned right before Jethro's nose, offering the animal her wide-open cunt in exchange for her continued sucking of his pulsing cock.

Jethro was still conscious enough, despite the incredible excitement in his cock and balls, to smell the muskiness of Angie's pussy and seek out its hot, tantalizing taste. His tongue shot out and licked wetly all the way up from Angie's puckered little asshole over the hair-lined crack that sheltered her cunt-mouth, to the hard nub of her aroused clitoris.

"Mmmmmm!" the blonde moaned wantonly around the filling presence of the dog's big cock in her mouth, tonguing his tool more frantically as her crotch churned against Jethro's muzzle in heated response to his rough, talented dog-tongue.

"Oh, yes, Jethro darling! Lick my cunt like that, sweetie!"

Angie had raised her head from his cock just long enough to encourage the dog, then she immediately closed her wet lips once again around the tapered tip of his rampaging rod and began to nibble and slaver her way down to the base until almost his whole red prick was lost inside her slaving mouth.

Angie was going wild with perverse excitement just from imagining how she would look to an observer, curled up in a doggie bed with this huge golden mongrel, her blonde head buried between his loins, her cunt pumping furiously up against his dutifully licking tongue. Her whole body shuddered with wanton arousal as she pictured her own depravity in her mind's eye, at the same time responding hotly to the long, wet tongue doing such incredible rousing service to her asshole, her cunt-lips and her stiff clit.

Lewdly, Angie opened her legs as wide as she could to give the dog total access to her wildly craving twat, humping her hips furiously in his face, her mind afire with lust. She could already feel the explosion building in her belly, and her hunching became more and more rapid in tempo with the hungry manipulations of her mouth and the stroking of her hand at Jethro's balls.

"Well, Jesus Christ, what have we here?!"

Despite her excitement, Angie had no difficulty in recognizing the voice of her host, Sid Bailey. She was reluctant to abandon any aspect of her wanton activity, so strongly could she feel the lust tendrils torturing every sensitive little nerve ending in her entire body. If Sid wanted to watch, that was fine with her. What she wanted was to feel Jethro come in her mouth, and to feel her own cunt burst in a wild explosive orgasm. She couldn't stop now.

Sid Bailey had come to the barn for a short respite from the heady sensual atmosphere in the house. He had come wildly and strongly last night at the orgy, and he figured that, as usual, he wouldn't be interested in sex again for at least another ten days or so. He'd been totally taken by surprise by the sight that greeted him in the barn - the dog moaning and licking the blonde's cunt while she actually worked her mouth obscenely up and down Jethro's long, tapered prick. He'd never seen anything like it. Never expected to see anything like it. A girl who would actually get into a sixty-nine with a

dog!

What amazed the older man most was that he could actually feel his cock getting hard in his pants, just from watching the incredibly uninhibited antics this blonde had got herself wrapped up in. He watched Jethro's turgid red prick ram in and out between her moistly pursed lips, and he could feel an answering pulsation down in his balls. He watched the dog's tongue deal long, steady licks to her widespread cunt, and his brain caught fire with a new perverted lust. He suddenly felt very strongly that he wanted to become involved in this incredible twosome. And in a way just as perverse as what Angie had chosen for herself. He wanted to screw this wanton broad in the asshole!

Impressed by the newfound sexual potency inspired in him by this remarkably sensual woman, Sid grasped her firmly by the butt and maneuvered her around so her ass was facing him, her mouth still laboring over the dog's blood-swollen cock. He began to investigate her upturned snatch with his finger, prodding at the swollen bud of her clitoris, then down over the flanges of her cunt, ramming a finger momentarily up into the hotly seeping confines of her fuck-hole. Then his finger circled tentatively at the tightly clenched entrance to her shitter, pushing slightly at the sphincter, then retreating again to work back down to her clit.

Sid could feel the blood pounding in his dick as he became more and more excited at the prospect of bugging Angie. The thought that the kneeling blonde couldn't possibly yet suspect his sadistic plan further titillated his unusually responsive senses. Absently he ran a hand over the bulge in his pants, reassuring his growing cock that its turn was coming soon... soon.

Angie was slightly dismayed to feel Bailey's hands maneuvering her around, taking her craving pussy out of range of Jethro's tantalizing tongue. But the man's hand teasing her clitoris, her cunt and her asshole was dealing her its own kind of pleasure, and she began to become wildly aroused again by the thought of getting diddled by this strange man even while she continued to suck and slaver at the dog's cock.

Rotating her butt back in eager little circles to encourage Bailey's hand, she pursed her lips more tightly around the animal's pulsing cock and moved her head evenly up and down, squeezing the dog's prick with her lips as she moved.

"God, you never quit, do you, woman?" the TV producer asked in amazement as he watched her round firm white asscheeks churn backward in search for more of his fingers.

Bailey pulled down his zipper and freed his swollen prick with one hand while the other continued to tease its way back and forth between Angie's clitoris and her tight-clenched bung. He looked down at his smooth, heavily veined prick lurching so impatiently out from his fly and patted it gently, reassuring his cock that it would soon get what it was after.

Turning his attention back to Angie's well-lubricated cunt, he rammed a finger far up into her fuck-hole, coating it well with her hot, viscous fluids. Then he moved the finger to her shitter and prodded gently but insistently at it until his fingertip sunk up into her rubbery asshole as far as the first joint.

"Uuuuuuggghh!" Angie moaned around the dog-cock still steadily skewering up into her slaving mouth.

She had never felt a finger invade her asshole before, and the hard, slender presence shocked and surprised her. But as Bailey began to work and rotate his finger farther up inside her butt, she discovered a subtle little masochistic response in her brain trigger her acceptance of this new kind of sexual invasion.

“Mmm, yessss!” she mewled uninhibitedly, once again rotating her buns in unrestricted, total acceptance of what Bailey was doing to her defenseless asshole.

Encouraged by the woman’s initial acceptance of his finger in her ass, Sid pushed harder, until his whole finger was hotly imbedded in her tight-clasping shit-chute. Just the awareness that he was diddling a woman’s asshole with his finger made Bailey’s cock jerk even harder, and he began to rub the tip in the wet juices clinging to Angie’s pussy-lips, preparing his prick for the difficult penetration to come. And still his finger remained buried in her bowels, wriggling excitingly, expanding her asshole for his bloated cock.

Angie’s hands and mouth labored frantically over Jethro’s hairy balls and long, tapered prick as the uninhibited blonde responded fully to Sid’s finger wriggling and churning up inside her virginal asshole. She wouldn’t have known how to describe the sensation emanating from the maddening ass-fingering, but it was definitely sexy. She wanted more and more of the wildly erotic motions that were expanding and relaxing her shitter. It made her feel definitely wanton, downright whorish in fact to realize that she was responding wholeheartedly to this sadistic erotic stimulation.

Satisfied that the sexy blonde was as ready as she’d ever be, Bailey carefully pulled his finger from her asshole and began to prod at it again with the blunt, juices-slickened head of his prick. Slowly, insidiously, he worked the mushroom knob around and around the tight-shut bung, massaging and soothing it into accepting response, stroking away any anxieties Angie might be feeling about this strange presence at her ass. Then suddenly, without warning, he leaned forward with all his strength and shoved his blunt-nosed cock partway up Angie’s asshole.

“Aaagghhhh!!”

Angie’s mouth abandoned the dog’s pulsing prick as she screamed with sudden pain. Her buttocks strove to wriggle away from the perverted invasion, her hands clinging convulsively to Jethro’s hairy flanks in a mute appeal for help against this totally unexpected agony.

“You can’t do this to me!” she wailed in a pleading, high-pitched voice. “You’ll kill me! Please, Sid! Please take your cock out of my ass!”

But her piteous cries for mercy fell on deaf ears. Bailey was so excited by this initial penetration of Angie’s defenselessly exposed asshole that her pleas for mercy only goaded him on. Heedless of the pain he was inflicting, he continued to shove his prick relentlessly forward, far up into the hot, tight, glovelike passage that was the most provocative refuge his rock-hard cock had ever known.

“You’re gonna love it, baby!” he told the distraught woman sadistically. “Just wait and see. You’re gonna love feeling my cock sawing in and out of that sweet little round ass of yours.”

“No, Sid, please! It hurts so bad! Please let me go!”

Still the anxious blonde wriggled and pleaded with her merciless tormentor, and still Bailey’s hard, pulsating cock continued to force its way up into the reluctantly yielding folds of her rubbery shit-chute. Angie simply couldn’t imagine how anyone could be this cruel. She’d felt she was ready for anything in the way of sexual experience, but pain – downright agony – did not fall into her definition of turn-on sensations. She felt horribly trapped, and totally humiliated.

Hot tears began to flow down the blonde’s face as she knelt pinioned before the heavy-set producer, her body racked with pain, her mouth oblivious to the dog’s prick that jutted from his loins inches from her contorted face.

"Please, Sid! Please, please!" she wailed over and over again, her endless pleas for mercy accompanied by a compulsive rocking motion that tried to ease the pain in her stretched-out bung as Bailey began to saw in and out of her asshole in short, powerful little strokes.

Sid mistook Angie's wriggling attempts to escape the pain for a dawning response to his ass-fucking.

"That's it, baby!" he encouraged her. "You're starting to like it, aren't you? I knew a hot cunt like you would turn on to anything. Even getting screwed in the ass. What would the folks back home think if they could see their little Angie now, eh? Why, she's turned into a whore, they'd say."

Bailey grinned down maliciously at the firmly molded asscheeks that wriggled provocatively before his relentless gaze.

"God, you've got a beautiful ass, doll!" he complimented her in a voice that was becoming hoarse with lust. "Jeez, I just love fucking this gorgeous little ass of yours!"

His eyes were becoming glazed over with the unmistakable signs of total preoccupied sensuality. Bailey realized he hadn't been this turned on since he was a carefree schoolboy, and he had this hot little blonde to thank for it all. Man, she was really something else. He thanked his lucky stars for the day Tim had brought this chick home with him.

Despite herself, Angie found she was becoming strangely stimulated by Sid Bailey's perversely erotic words and the images they evoked. Sure, the folks back home would think she'd turned into a whore if they could see her kneeling in a dog's bed, his hard prick staring her in the face while a dirty old man fucked the living shit out of her defenseless asshole.

Angie realized there was a strong element of masochism in these new titillating feelings she was experiencing, and for a moment she felt ashamed that she should revel in her own humiliation. But on the other hand, she reminded herself, sadomasochism was another aspect of sensuality, one she hadn't really investigated so far.

As the pain in her asshole gradually abated, just as Bailey had predicted it would, she began to actually take joy from the idea of her own humiliation, her own total subjugation to another's perverted will. She was beginning to enjoy the concept of being fucked brutally in the ass - and simultaneously she was beginning to enjoy the reality of Bailey's relentless bestial screwing. Her bung was starting to feel incredibly stimulated, and now Angie's butt began rotating backward in orgiastic acceptance of Bailey's bugging prick.

Once again Angie contemplated the stiff, bright-red length of the dog's hard prick with hungry desire, and she bent forward to again enclose his whole cock up in her mouth. Like a woman gone wild, she sucked hungrily at the engorged cock, her head working up and down its slick, distended length in obscene tempo to the hard, relentless fuck-strokes into her newly initiated asshole. For a moment her mouth again abandoned Jethro's cock, so she could look back over her shoulder at Bailey.

"Jesus, it feels good, you fucking bastard! Screw my ass, if that's what you want! Fuck me! I love it! I love it!"

Driven to new heights of wanton sensuality by her own lewd words, Angie again clamped her flushed pink lips over the dog's cock and reestablished the sucking rhythm that she hoped would bring the whimpering dog to orgasm. She wanted to feel his hot jism shooting into the back of her throat. She wanted to swallow every last drop of the animal's sperm, to revel in her own depraved sensuality by taking all Jethro's load into her throat while Bailey emptied his spunk into her forever stretched

asshole.

It suddenly occurred to Angie that her present situation was almost the reverse of the one she'd experienced in the forest the other day with Jethro fucking her cunt while she sucked Tim's cock. Now it was the dog's cock she was sucking, while the man fucked her, only this time her asshole was experiencing the hard-driving stimulation of a swollen cock, not her cunt.

She was impressed by her own boldness, her own wanton sexuality, as she realized there was indeed nothing she couldn't take without becoming hopelessly excited, thoroughly turned on. She was the total sensual woman, with no hole now virginal. She realized she'd only thought she was free before. Now she really was.

Suddenly Angie realized that what she most wanted to do now was to go home and share her new worldliness with Sally. Now their relationship could be all and more she'd ever hoped it could be. No jealousy, no possessiveness, just endless enjoyable sexuality.

Seized by a sudden intense happiness, Angie undulated her asscheeks furiously back to meet the powerful, stimulating fuck-strokes Bailey was directing far up into her tight asshole. It felt so good, so good, and Angie grunted abandonedly around the dog-cock in her mouth as her belly and butt pleaded for more of the exciting ass-fucking that was driving her to new summits of wanton sexual fantasy striving to swallow all Bailey's relentless prick in her tight-grasping asshole.

"God, baby, you are too much!" Bailey grunted through clenched teeth as he strove to meet the furious rotating tempo of the blonde's shapely butt. He had never seen a woman turn on to any kind of fucking the way this beauty was responding right now, and the thought that it was his own thick stiff prick ramming in and out of her ass that was turning Angie on like this drove him to a wild peak of abandon that the sexually inhibited male had never known before.

Bailey had spent an adult lifetime trying to find his own stride sexually, to discover the kind of erotic stimulation that would allow him to enjoy the intense arousal other people apparently experienced. Now his cock was palpitating with a fury he would never have dared dream of mere hours ago. And it was all thanks to this gorgeous, sexy blonde whom chance had brought into his life and lust had bound here for the best part of the last incredible week.

Sid could feel his cock growing steadily as it continued to stroke in and out of Angie's responsive asshole. In a moment, he realized he would enjoy an orgasm such as he had never known before, and he threw heart and soul into rushing out to meet this new overwhelming experience in sensuality.

Feeling the presence of Bailey's mercilessly skewering cock growing up in her dilated shitter, Angie felt some last switch of self-control slip into overdrive as her mouth pumped furiously up and down over Jethro's slippery dick and her ass swallowed Bailey's tool with superhuman abandon.

"Ohh, I'm coming! I'm coming, baby! Fuucckk!!" she heard the older man yell behind her even as she tasted the first drops of the dog's fiery jizz shooting into the back of her throat. The two males' release triggered her own orgasm, and for long moments there was nothing in her being but sheer skyrocketing sensation that triggered and exploded every hidden little nerve-ending in her entire quivering body.

"Mmmmm!" she mewled happily around Jethro's spurting cock, swallowing greedily until the big dog's dick was sucked dry, only then letting herself slump forward against his belly in orgasmic exhaustion. She could feel Sid's convulsive seizures up behind her gradually abate as the big man fell forward on her, the last ounce of his climactic energy exhausted.

“First-class, baby. You are really a top-drawer babe, you know that?” Sid complimented her, then lapsed into silence as all three orgiasts let the revitalized strength of sexual satisfaction seep into their exhausted limbs and bellies.

Jethro, Sharon, Tim and Sid were all gathered around Angie out by her big Buick. They were there to say good-bye and all four experienced their own little pangs of sorrow as they realized just how much they owed to this generous, sensual California woman. The thought they might never see her again was painful to each of the three humans, and even Jethro was whimpering slightly, sensing that the pretty lady was going away and realizing intuitively that he would miss her.

It was past nine o'clock on Sunday evening, and Angie was determined to get away tonight, although Sid, Tim and Sharon had all done their best to persuade her to stay just one more night. She was going to miss her newfound friends and lovers, but she felt that she must get back to Sally as soon as possible, to establish that things were going to be all right between them, and to share her incredible recent experiences with her lovely girlfriend. She could no longer stand the suspense of being out of touch with Sally, of not knowing how things were with the other woman.

Angie shuddered to recall how cruel she'd been the last time she saw Sally, and she wanted to make up for that thoughtlessness as soon as possible. She needed to reconfirm the old roots. It was fun to get away and meet new friends and enjoy new experiences, but home and old-established loved ones were still best.

With lots of hugs and kisses and promises of future visits all around, Angie got into her car and drove quickly off, her eyes misty with the sad-happy pain of parting.

“Quite a woman,” Sid Bailey muttered as Angie drove off. “I don't think any of us will be quite the same now that we've met her.”

Nodding silent agreement, Tim and Sharon stood arm in arm, watching the Buick disappear into darkness. Jethro barked two short sharp barks of farewell that echoed and died in the cold desert night.

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## **CHAPTER NINE**

It was almost dawn when Angie pulled up in front of the frame house she and Sally shared. All seemed dark inside, peaceful, quite the same as usual. Angie felt little tingles of apprehension inside as she emerged from the car and headed for the back door. For the first time, it occurred to her that perhaps Sally wouldn't want her back. Maybe the pretty brunette had discovered that she preferred life on her own. Feeling suddenly anxious about her reception, Angie let herself quietly into the house.

The first thing that greeted her was a powerful collision with a furry body. Saxon had recognized Angie's odor at once, and he was all over the blonde, covering her face and hands and shoulders with rough wet kisses.

It was with difficulty that Angie kept from crying aloud. She held up a finger to her mouth and shushed the dog, whispering, “Come on, Saxon, honey. Let's give Sally a big surprise, shall we?”

Excitement suddenly replacing anxiety, Angie hurried to Sally's bedroom, surprised to find the door

closed and a faint glimmer of light peeking through the crack beneath.

Maybe she's reading, Angie thought, and opened the door just the barest crack, fitting her eye to it to take a look inside. She felt the old familiar shock of jealousy when she spied Sally poised over a supine man, her cunt sliding wetly up and down on his hard, upthrust prick. Then excitement replaced jealousy as Angie reminded herself that she was a totally liberated woman, who could appreciate the very excitement Sally was experiencing from that turgid cock sunk up in her snatch.

"Mmmm, feels wonderful," Sally was saying, her hands kneading the man's hairy belly as she maneuvered her hips up and down over his thick, filling prick. "I love your cock, Harry baby."

Before she could stop him, Saxon had nosed his way past Angie and pushed right on into the bedroom, jumping up onto the bed beside Sally and her male companion.

"Saxon, how did you get in here?" Sally asked in exasperation, automatically looking back at the now open door. "Angie!" she cried as she spotted her girlfriend framed in the doorway. At once, in fear and embarrassment, she began to dismount from her lover's cock. "Angie, not again. I didn't want you to come back to this. But I was so lonely."

The blonde rushed over to the bed to comfort her friend. She reached out and grasped Sally's buttocks, gently pushing them back down onto Harry's cock.

"It's okay, baby," she assured Sally, planting a quick kiss on her girlfriend's moist full lips. "I've changed a lot in the last week. I've grown up, I think. And it would give me great pleasure to watch you get fucked by this muscle-bound hunk of man."

Angie was feeling increasingly excited by the sensual scene she had interrupted and she continued to guide Sally's hips up and down over the man's prick while her lips melded with Sally's in a long soul-kiss.

The man lying on the bed was totally mystified by this new turn in the course of sensual events that had been going on without respite since he had brought Sally home from the bar about two in the morning. He was a little annoyed by the intrusion of this other woman between him and his view of Sally riding on his achingly hard prick. But then the full realization that this intruder must be Sally's lesbian lover began to turn him on, and he started to entertain lewd visions of himself fucking both lovely women, converting them back to the unquestionable virtues of heterosexual sex.

Harry reached up and began to stroke the blonde's ass through her dress, gradually working his hand down until it slipped up under the hem of the dress and came into contact with smooth bare flesh. Encouraged to find the stranger undulating her hips in response to his caress, he shot his hand right up to where her panties should be, but instead made direct, titillating contact with the hair-bordered slit of the woman's cunt. She wasn't wearing any panties!

"Hey, man, this is one sexy friend you've got here," Harry told Sally. "Doesn't even wear any panties. Her cunt feels like liquid honey, too."

And, pushing Angie's dress all the way up so it was draped around her waist, he began to pump two fingers up into the damp, clinging confines of Angie's eager cunt-hole, timing his stroking rhythm to that established by his cock fucking up into Sally's hot responsive snatch.

Angie was finding the spontaneous sensuality of her homecoming incredibly exciting, and already she could feel amazing little darts of wild lust soaring throughout her body in response to the man's fingers ramming into her cunt. She pulled her head back so she could get a better look at Sally, who



had closed her eyes and was churning and contorting her hips spasmodically over the man's thick, slickly glistening dick.

She really is beautiful, Angie thought as she admired her girlfriend's lush, swelling tits, taut belly and ripely molded hips. Suddenly she felt an overwhelming desire to help Sally experience the unbelievable heights of eroticism she herself had known this weekend at the ranch. She caught sight of Saxon nosing at the moist aromatic spot where Sally's cunt meshed with the man's cock, and was immediately inspired with an incredible idea. She wanted to see Sally being fucked by the man and the dog at the same time. She'd read about such things, but never believed they really happened. Now her own broadened sensual experience told her such an arrangement could be the very pinnacle of erotic fulfillment.

Arranging herself alongside the fucking couple so her ass was still thrust back towards the stranger's head, so he could continue to ram his fingers up into her moist needing cunt, she encouraged Sally to bend forward slightly and tilt her ass up so it would give a convenient target for the German shepherd.

"Wh-What are you doing, Angie?" Sally asked nervously, part of her conscious of what it was her roommate must have in mind, the other half not daring to believe her girlfriend could actually entertain such a lewd idea.

"You're not thinking what I think you're thinking, are you, Angie?"

The blonde's eyes were becoming glazed with lascivious abandon as she patted Sally's ass, coaxing the dog to mount her.

"Sally, honey, you are about to have the most amazing fuck of your whole life. I guarantee it."

Angie smiled to herself, realizing the tables were now turned completely from that night months ago when Sally had gently coaxed her into trying to fuck a dog. Now it was she who was directing the sex-session. She planned to see her dark-haired friend sandwiched between dog and man, being double-fucked to the most incredible orgasm of her whole young life. That was what Angie wanted right now more than anything else. She wanted Sally to know the total sensuality she herself had experienced at Sid Bailey's ranchhouse - and even go one step farther.

Sadism was beginning to take possession of Angie's mind as she helped the dog mount Sally's butt and began to guide his slippery cock towards the brunette's vulnerably upthrust asshole. Part of her, Angie knew, still wanted to see Sally punished for the hurt she'd caused Angie last week. Once that happened, the score would be even. Then they could start over again, fresh, with no repressed grudges to mar their relationship.

Sally began to tremble noticeably when she felt the tapered point of the big dog's cock brushing over the defenseless opening to her virginal shitter. She was tempted to battle wildly for her freedom, aware that if she wanted this incredible situation to come to a halt, she must act now. Once she was double-skewered between man and dog, it would be too late. She would be defenseless prey to whatever her three lovers wanted to do to her.

Frightened as she was, Sally decided to trust Angie, to believe her girlfriend when she told her this would be the most amazing fuck of her life. She had never shrunk from adventure so far. Why start now? Hesitantly, ever so carefully she began to thrust her hips back to meet Saxon's prick.

Lying on the bed, passive spectator to what was going on around him, except for his fingers ramming into Angie's twat and his cock shoving up into Sally's pussy, Harry simply could not believe

what seemed to be about to happen here in this apparently ordinary, middle-class bedroom. The woman he was fucking was about to take a dog's cock up in her ass, to be doubly impaled by hard cocks, half-animal, half-human!

"Jeez!" he whispered under his breath. "You broads are really something. I just hope I can keep up with the both of you."

"It won't be easy," Angie laughed, overhearing the man's quiet declaration. "But once you get tuned in on being a totally erotic person, I think your body will handle it from there. Just groove on what's happening, baby!"

That was all the thought Angie had for the human male for the moment, as she now held Saxon's cock firmly at the entrance to Sally's ass and waited for the dog to lunge forward.

With unerring instinct, Saxon sensed the cushiony opening before him and thrust forward, managing to sink his cock the first couple of inches up into the resisting rubbery depths of the woman's untried bung. Not having a human's capacity for self-control, he began to shove his cock forward, in hard lunging strokes, until his whole prick was buried balls deep up in the brunette's ass.

Once the penetration was complete, Saxon unhesitatingly began to plunge his prick in and out of Sally's asshole, pulling little folds of pink ass-flesh outward with his cock on the outstroke and then shoving far back up inside on the backstroke.

Angie was watching this incredible threesome with mouth hung open, tongue lolling from between her lips as she drank in the sight of Sally's lewdly penetrated shitter trying to adjust to the dog's ramming prick. She had never seen anything like it, and she thrust her butt lustfully back to meet Harry's tireless fingers as the excitement in her belly built to steadily rising peaks.

"Oh, Angie! Ooh Angie!" Sally was moaning again and again, trying to adjust her position to ease the shocking pain that had invaded her vulnerable asshole passage. "It hurts, Angie!" she mewled, her face already contorting in a perverse lust that actually reveled in her pain and humiliation.

Unknown to Angie, Sally had been used to masturbating by shoving a finger up into her bung as well as into her cunt, visualizing herself getting double-fucked just as she was now. She had always been something of a masochist, and now Angie had fulfilled her most vivid desire - to be totally dominated, thoroughly invaded by hard relentless cock-flesh.

Sally began to moan loudly into the erotic hush of the room, her whole body shuddering in whorish abandon as she reveled in the hard, tapered dog-cock skewering far up into her pain-racked asshole and the smooth, thick man-cock filling her wet hungry pussy. She wanted this more than anything she had ever wanted before, and her wild hip undulations indicated she was going to do everything in her power to see all three of them to an unforgettable climax.

Angie could not believe how quickly her girlfriend had responded to this lewd double-fucking. She couldn't imagine that any woman could be turned on that quickly to something so initially painful. Then she realized that Sally must be a masochist, must like to experience pain, which by its very welcome nature was immediately transformed by her craving body into a kind of cruel pleasure.

Angie began to understand why Sally had to go out and compulsively chase men, men who would treat her like dirt both during and after their screwing. She needed to be punished, she craved it, and Angie had unconsciously fulfilled her deepest desires.

The aroused blonde was pleased that she was helping her lovely girlfriend work out her sexual hang-

ups. Perhaps once she had realized this perverted fancy, Sally would be ready to accept sensuality more openly, for the sheer pleasure of it rather than for the pain and degradation. If not, well that was her bag, and whatever turned Sally on would be just fine with Angie.

Angie wanted them to share everything, but everything together from now on. Fucking men, dogs, each other, whatever came along. They would be afraid of nothing. They would take on all comers. Theirs would be total complete, unquestioning sensuality.

Harry was in a trancelike state of wanton arousal as he lay on the bed, agonizingly aware that he was sharing a woman's body with a dog. He could feel the presence of the dog's cock through the thin membrane that separates asshole and cunt, and he strove mightily to try to keep up with the dog's compulsive, staccato fuck-rhythm. He was so intensely aroused by what was happening to him this morning, that for a while he forgot all about his fingers up inside the blonde's cunt. But Angie's impatient hip rotations reminded him of his oversight and he began to ram his fingers harder and faster up into the woman's craving fuck-hole.

Angie was beside herself with arousal as she watched the two cocks fucking her girlfriend, and she raised up so she could again kiss Sally in a long, throaty, sensual kiss that sealed the bond of the incredible sexual experience they were sharing. All her love, all her lust, all her need was stored in that kiss, and it was several moments before the women's mouths parted, their tongues darting out for one parting dueling encounter.

"Sally, you're so beautiful," Angie told her girlfriend in lusty admiration of her sensual response to the double-fucking she was getting.

"Oh, it feels good now, Angie, so good!" Sally replied, undulating her hips greedily for more of the hard-driving cocks, her body still somewhat surprised to find that it was experiencing nothing now but pure, unadulterated pleasure. The last perverse tingles of pain had fled long ago, leaving the excited woman soaring high on a sensation-bound trip toward heaven.

"I think I'm going to come, Angie! It feels so goooooo!"

Angie watched her girlfriend's eyes grow wide with dazed excitement as her whole body shivered and shuddered in the uncontrollable paroxysms of orgasm.

"Saxon's coming in my asshole, Angie!" the orgasmically excited Sally cried to her friend as her body continued to fly high on the summit of total release.

Hearing that the woman riding him was coming and feeling the dog's cock going off up inside her asshole, Harry came, filling the room with his uninhibited bellows as he jerked and jerked and jerked again, filling Sally's cunt with hot jets of fuck-juice.

Angie even experienced her own orgasm just from Harry's fingers up inside her twat, as she tuned in on the force and intensity of the other three's climaxes to find her own skyward route to momentary paradise.

"Jeez, this had been one hell of a night, ladies," Harry muttered as he strove to get to his feet.

Angie caught him off-balance and pulled him back down onto the bed. "Where do you think you're going, honey?" she asked the big man. "You've got a few more tasks to perform before you're free to go." And the excited blonde fell on his cock and began to suck it to renewed hardness.

"I've got to get to work," Harry protested feebly.

"You've got your work cut out for you right here," Sally told him, catching Angie's mood and positioning her dripping pussy over Harry's face. "A day at home in bed never hurt any man."

"Not yet," Harry agreed resignedly, darting out his tongue to lap at her hardening clit.

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CHAPTER TEN

Nick Petrushka had been reading meters now for close to twenty years, and he figured he had the job aced. In fact, to the point where it actually had become quite boring. Same old round - ring the doorbell, lady in scruffy slippers and bathrobe, curlers in her hair, lets you in, you read the numbers, and you're gone. That's all there was to it. Every work day for nineteen years and seven months.

Here we go again, Nick sighed to himself as he headed up the walk towards the attractive yellow frame house that was next on his route. Actually this particular route was new to Nick, but everything, everybody on it so far had been so much like the old familiar places and faces that it didn't seem to make much difference. He'd asked for a new route to ease the boredom, but it hadn't worked. Maybe it's time I looked for a new career, he thought glumly as he rang the doorbell.

Nick immediately felt a familiar apprehension as he heard a dog bark on the other side of the front door. One of the cardinal hazards of his profession was unfriendly dogs, and the graying meter man was in no mood to fight off a canine assault at the moment. All he wanted was to get the day over with as quickly and as painlessly as possible.

After ringing the doorbell a second time, Nick was rewarded with the sound of human footsteps on the other side of the door. In a moment it had swung open and a very attractive brunette in a bathrobe, no slippers and no curlers in her long shiny, black hair, was smiling at him through the screen.

Nick had to swallow hard before he could find his voice. The woman's terry robe was tied so loosely in front he could see a good three inches of the cleavage and curves of her full, round boobs. And what's more, just another half-inch and he was sure he'd be able to catch a glimpse of her beaver.

"Good... good morning, ma'am," he stammered, his cool gone for the first time in almost twenty years on the job. "I'm your new m-m-meter man."

The woman smiled a bright welcome as she swung the screen door open to admit the shaken man. "Good morning. Please come in. You look like you could use a cup of coffee, am I right?"

Nick couldn't believe his ears. Sure, he'd heard the old jokes about the milk man, the delivery man or the meter man being greeted at the door by a beautiful, half-dressed, horny woman, but this was the first time anything like it had happened to him. He'd become a skeptic, in fact, about the truth of any of those stories.

Edging through the door, Nick stuck out a cautious hand to stroke the big German shepherd who stood close at his mistress' heels. "Sure sounds good, ma'am... the coffee, I mean," he managed to blurt out once he was well inside the living room, his hat and his clipboard in his hand, his face apprehensive but brightening with an unfamiliar eagerness.

"Hey, you know, you're kind of cute," the brunette was saying, moving closer to the older man and wrapping her arms around his neck, planting a long, wet kiss on his trembling lips.

When their lips had parted, Nick looked long and hard into the brunette's dark eyes, and suddenly something in him snapped. The boredom and frustration of twenty years of tedium melted away and he was alive again.

Hell, he thought arrogantly, I'm only forty-three years old. Why shouldn't this good-looking broad find me attractive?

Needing no further invitation, the mouse-turned-tiger grabbed the girl tightly around the shoulders and swung her down, leaning over her to plant a long Don-Juan-type kiss on her trembling lips. The meter man could feel his cock pulsing to an unaccustomed excitement in his pants as he realized that this gorgeous, half-naked woman was actually trembling under his touch, obviously dying with need for more of his ardent attentions.

"Hey, baby, why don't we take off this bathrobe?" he suggested boldly, pulling the ties apart and slipping the garment down off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor in a heap at her feet.

For a moment Nick's old timidity came back as the shy man drank in the full, out-thrust swell of the brunette's tanned boobs, their little pink nipples hardening to taut erection under his gaze. Her belly was smooth and flat, her hips full and swelling. Nick suddenly wondered if he could handle this obviously highly sexed, ripe example of lush womanhood. After many years of fucking an apathetic, overweight, out of shape wife every two or three weeks, Nick was not sure he was ready for the demands of Venus. He was too used to beer-swilling Agnes Petrushka.

"What's the matter?" the girl pouted, a frown contorting her features into an expression that made her even more desirable to Nick. "Don't you think I'm pretty?"

Her eyes glistened with a little twinkle of mischief as she moved in on the reluctant man and began to undo the buttons of his blue uniform shirt.

"Why don't you let me see what you look like?" she asked coquettishly, her tits rubbing lewdly against his chest as she helped him raise his arms out of his shirt.

Nick's fear was again forgotten in a new rush of lust as he realized this gorgeous woman was actually so hot for his body that she was tearing the clothes right off him. He suddenly forgot to be self-conscious as the simple truth struck him that his sexual capacity had seemed minimal over the past years only because there had been nothing within grabbing distance to arouse it. The way his cock was thumping in his baggy trousers at the moment, he didn't have the slightest worry that he'd be able to give the lady a good fuck once she got his clothes off.

"Ma'am, you are the most beautiful piece of woman I have ever seen this side of dreamland," he complimented the lusty woman as she knelt down to help him step out of his pants. "I..."

Words suddenly failed him as she reached up and pulled down his orange-striped boxer shorts, freeing to the cool air in the living room the hard staff of his urgently swaying cock.

He was amazed to hear the girl's breath suck in rapidly and her eyes grow big as she exclaimed: "My, what a beautiful cock you have, darling! It's so long and thick. You must have a very happy wife."

Nick's whole face lit up with pride as his ears hummed to the tune of her praise.

Yeah, it is a pretty good cock, he thought smugly as he stroked the blood-swollen rod. I used to think my dick was above average... but I guess I kind of forgot about all that since I married Agnes...

The naked meter man forgot about Agnes, too, as he felt the brunette's hands gently urge his own away from his out-thrusting prick, and her mouth close wetly over the rock-hard tool.

Jeez, she's sucking my cock! he thought wildly, but still it took an extra couple of moments before the reality of his situation struck home.

He had actually come to this house to read a gas meter, and within moments he had the voluptuous young lady of the house kneeling on the carpet in front of him nibbling at his prick.

Naw, it can't be happening! he chided, slapping his face to wake himself up. But even after the slap, when he looked down, there was a lovely brunette head laboring over his rigid cock, and the sensations coursing through every nerve-ending in his body were gradually convincing him that this was no wet dream. Nothing but the real thing could feel this good.

Clasping the woman's head in his hands, Nick closed his eyes and began to concentrate fully on the liquid-honey titillation emanating from his achingly distended cock. It was like his cock had suddenly become buried in smooth dark velvet that coated and laved and taunted every inch of his throbbing rod to increasing peaks of painful rigidity.

He looked down to watch his customer poking out her tongue between full pink lips to prod excitingly at the little slit in the end of his prick, lapping hungrily at the single drop of pre-cum that hovered there, then swirling her tongue all around the mushroom-shaped head, coaxing it to saw back up into her, begging it to fill her throat with its lusty thickness.

Inspired by his own lewd thoughts, Nick thrust his hips forward brutally, even as his hands sought a stronger grip in her flowing dark hair. Holding her head steady, he began to pump his prick steadily in and out of her welcoming mouth, moaning huskily as he reveled in his new heaven-sent paradise of lusty abandon.

"Sally, where are you? Who was at the door?"

Another female voice echoed through the house, shocking Nick back into semiconsciousness as he drew his dick quickly back from the kneeling woman's lips and scrambled for his clothes.

Jeez, she's not even alone! he thought wildly, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment as he heard the sound of a pair of pumps heading for the living room.

He had only managed to get one leg into his pants when a naked blonde in pink high heels strolled into the room, a momentary look of surprise on her face quickly shifting to one of eager excitement.

"Hey, I see you've got us a live one," she laughed, heading straight toward the meter man, and giving his moist glistening cock a hard squeeze. "He's pretty," she said lustfully. "What should we do with him?"

"Well, I was doing a pretty good job of sucking his cock when he got scared off by the sound of your voice," Sally cooed, her words hushed and musical as she looked up into Nick's eyes with a look of heated desire.

"What do you say, Mr. Meter Man?" she teased. "Do you think you can handle both of us? Angie and I have been so horny all morning, we were just wondering how we could get our hands on some big handsome man with a big handsome cock to bring a little ray of sunshine into our lives."

Nick took a long slow swallow as he contemplated the wealth of riches he had stumbled upon on this

perfectly ordinary Thursday morning in his twentieth year as a meter man. He quickly decided the twenty years of drought had been worth it for this one day of manna flowing from heaven. His senses reeled at the idea of fucking these two ripe beauties all day, and then maybe going home and fucking Agnes for good measure. He suspected the course of events today were going to make a new man of him.

Boldly the older man walked back over to where Sally still knelt on the floor, and rammed his cock once again up between her ready ovaled lips.

“Suck my dick a few minutes, baby,” he told her. “Then we’ll see what old John Henry can do to make you girls feel better. I hate to see anybody as pretty as you two suffering.”

Angie walked over to the lewdly coupled twosome and planted a big wet kiss on Nick’s mouth.

“So you won’t feel pressured,” she told him, once she had broken away from the throaty embrace, “Saxon is always willing to help out.”

She nodded in the direction of the big German shepherd who stood anxiously nearby, watching, his tail wagging eagerly.

“Dogs, too? Who are you girls anyway? Wonder Woman and friend?”

Angie laughed. “No. We prefer to think of ourselves as something more like Robin Hood and her Merry Woman. We like to take what we can and give more than we take.”

“Great idea!” Nick enthused, wrapping the blonde in another warm embrace.

And the day wore on...