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Violett - Part One: My First Orgasm

My name is Violett and I'm a fit, attractive professional in my early forties. I'm also a lipstick lesbian and an incurable pervert.

I admit it. For as long as I can remember I've had a fascination/preoccupation with my "taboo, wanton desires". I recall at a very early age hearing the nightly tumult coming from my parents' bedroom. I don't know why but somehow I knew he was putting his big, round dangly thing inside her hairy, pie-shaped nest and that it was intensely enjoyable for both of them. Believe me when I say tumult, it was a symphony of moans, breathing, creaking, rustling and kissing. I could not get it out of my mind.

My raw curiosity got me into a lot of trouble as a girl. I remember the times I got caught playing doctor with my cousin Jane or letting the neighbor boys watch me pee. Man, did I catch hell for that, but the fear of tempting such wrath was so exciting. In fact the more sexually forbidden something was, the more I was attracted to it.

My first real, productive sexual experience was one night at the tender age of twelve. It was a ponderously strange time in my life as my body had just entered puberty. It was only two weeks prior that I had had that frank and embarrassing talk with my mother about my menstruation and all the hygienic and procreative responsibility it entailed not to mention what was constantly on boys' minds. It kind of made me feel dirty but it also made me feel that I had been placed in charge of a volatile device that held a magnetic charm. It gave me a sense of power.

I had spent that particular evening down at the penny arcade in the touristy part of town and I had come across a boy and two girls my age. We made friends and they took me to a side area in the arcade that I had never gone into before to show me something. It had a bunch of antique coin operated amusements and games from the 20s, not very interesting. Though, in the back corner was an old peep show machine from the 50s; extremely interesting. They led me to it and carefully looked around to see if anyone was watching and then dropped in a dime and told me to take a look. I stood on my toes, looked into the viewer, and saw an old, high-contrast, black and white movie of an attractive woman wearing nothing but frilly, black, see-through panties. She had long, dark, wavy hair and was rolling around playfully, enticingly on a bed. She put on a fabulous show of her curvaceous body and big round breasts. What captured my interest most intently was her resemblance to one of my favorite teachers. The show was over much too soon and I left my new friends to look for my dad and to cop a few more dimes. When I found him he said it was time to leave and we did. I was quiet all the way home thinking about that movie, little did I know then it had kindled a fire in me that burns to this day.

It was a cool late summer evening as I lay on my bed in my room later that night, enjoying the mountain breeze coming through my open window. I was feeling strangely erotic because of what I had seen and I started fantasizing about my seventh grade Geography teacher. She was a distractingly gorgeous redhead with bright blue eyes who looked very much like a young Ann Margaret, and watching her every day prodded a desire in me to gather her beauty in my arms and bury my face in her flesh (yes, even in my youth I favored the girls). Being only twelve, I had no idea, apart from kiss and cuddle play with a couple of girlfriends, what enjoying the pleasures of a beautiful woman entailed but my mind was fertile ground for speculation. Her sensuality seemed to glow around her. She used to wear those low-cut sundresses that were so popular in the early 70s and when she bent over her desk I would catch a view of her breasts hanging pendulously below her sweet face. The glimpse of her intimate flesh bound her to my desires as a cherished figure with a special secret exchange between us.

As I thought about her beautiful face and wavy red hair, I began lightly running my fingertips up and down my body. I paid special attention to my nipples and the insides of my thighs and occasionally I would tease my mons by lightly tickling it through my panties. It was late and everyone in the house was asleep. Emboldened by my arousal, I lifted my nightgown to my neck so I could feel my fingers on my naked skin. My hands were cold and their touch on my flesh felt foreign to me like they were not my own. The sensation of my touch and the cool breeze from the window had hardened the nipples on my barely budding breasts. I intensified my gentle massage and continued to think about my teacher and her long, sensuous legs. My mind was reeling from the wantonly delicious sensations, fueling not only my arousal but also my peculiar lust for being sexually naughty.

Hungry to push this exploration to new heights, I followed the lust to where the sensations were taking it. At a new frontier I decided it was time to bring my sex into the act. I slipped my fingers under the hem of my panties and thrilled at the feelings that it awoke. My vulva was an unfamiliar presence to me of late. It was only a month ago that downy little tufts of hair had sprouted on it and the mound itself had begun to bulge outward perceptively. I found this area was the epicenter of all these arousal feelings and my hands fell upon it eagerly while my mind whirled like a child discovering a hidden candy reserve. I traced around it with my fingertips, tickled the fine hairs, and rubbed on whatever spots yielded promise of greater returns.

The panties were getting in my way so I lifted my butt and pushed them down over my knees. I then spread my knees wide, in a way girls are taught never to do, to give myself better access and felt that wonderful cool air on my crotch. I felt sensuous for the first time in my life and I knew I was on to something big. There was good naughtiness to be had here and I leapt into it vigorously. I cupped my hand over my mons and pressed down firmly against my pubic bone. There were stirrings in that sensation that spoke to me of sex and of the motive behind the moment when two lovers press firmly together. I pushed my hips upward as if meeting the body of an invisible lover.

It was then that my stirring must have awakened the curiosity of my dog, Max. Max was our short, stocky British bulldog. He always slept on my bed at the foot. Max was lean, fit, and aggressive but friendly. He and I always liked to play-wrestle on the floor. I would grab at his legs while he jumped up on me with his front paws and gently bight at any exposed limbs. Sometimes he would grasp my shoulder or my hip with his front paws and start humping at me. I always pushed him down to prevent my embarrassment and my parent's wrath but secretly I felt there was something extremely naughty about what Max was trying to do and maybe someday I would explore it and put it to use.

Max was now awake and started sniffing around. I felt him step over my ankles and I saw it as a bothersome distraction from my explorations. I stopped my attentions to myself to push him back to the end of the bed and then I laid back and returned to my devotions. I was having great fun and I didn't want him to spoil it. My arousal was affecting strange changes in my body that excited me to explore deeper. My inner labia, which I barely knew I had, were swelling up and pouting out of my slit. The swelling lips brought with them a wetness like perspiration. I lost track of Max and was enjoying the light dragging of my finger up and down between my labia. My slit kept sweating out the musky wetness that lubricated the slow sliding up and down of my finger. I felt chills of excitement every time I probed my finger into my vaginal opening and drug the welling, slick moisture from it up my slit. The biggest chills came when I slid my finger upward past my pee hole to that tiny button inside the notch at the very top of my slit. My clitoris and I were about to become better acquainted.

Max was still for a while where I had pushed him but his curiosity was drawing him to examine my work. He stepped over my legs again but this time I was so deep into what I was doing I didn't bother myself with it. Suddenly, I felt his tongue lapping at my crotch. My first reaction was to recoil but by the time he had swiped his tongue across me twice, pulling away was the furthest thing from

my mind. I kept my fingers doing what they were and let Max's tongue start a new game. Max's tongue was broad, flat, and kind of rough, like velvet rubbed the wrong way. It was amazingly agile and dexterous, though. It could easily fold and contort itself to conform to my intimate flesh. It creased itself into a narrow notch that he could force, to my delight, deftly into my crack. If touching myself was like a splash, Max licking me was like a Tsunami.

My arousal was in high gear and I felt all of a sudden delirious and overwhelmed with a steadily growing pleasure the pinnacle of which I was uncertain I could withstand. I pulled my hands away and let Max take over. He shoved his flat, pug face against my crotch and dug in his sturdy feet while that tongue of his was doing things to my body I could not believe it was capable of. He snorted and grunted as he set himself to gorge on my musky excretions. He kept alternating between quick rhythmic lapping that flooded my vulva with a broad pleasure and forceful sweeps that drove his tongue deep into my slit and drug it upwards to my clitoris, which was an acute, sharp delectation.

All the time during his tongue ravaging, he was opening new areas of pleasure in my sex previously unknown to me. At intervals, he would drive his tongue in hard at the base of my slit and I would feel that agile appendage curl and sweep around in the entrance to my vagina, searching for that wellspring of my musk that he seemed to enjoy lapping up. Every time he probed my vagina or drug across my clitoris, he drove me to a higher threshold of joy. I had never been on a carnival ride that gave me anywhere near the thrills I was getting, and the thrill kept building. My heart was beating as if it would explode. I was panting as though I were running for my life. I could not hear anything anymore. When I opened my eyes, it was like looking through a tunnel of dark gray clouds. My arms were drawn up to my chest and my hands flailing on either side of my face. My knees were spread wide and my crotch thrust upward as high as I could push it. My vulva was an open presentation; an altar of sacrifice offered to my deliverer and the power with which he held sway over my body. If this wasn't taboo and forbidden, I didn't know what was. The allure of sin was making the whole experience even more exciting. In my mind, I was facing a wild, uncontrollable plunge into unknown, blind depths, I realistically feared where this was taking me but the pleasure was too seductive for me to fight off.

I began to roll and pump my hips upward in a motion that was guided more by nature than anything I was consciously aware of. My crotch was dancing on the tip of Max's tongue and completely out of my control. Throughout my body I felt something akin to an intense tickle like every nerve and fiber I had was exposed to the absolute limit of sensation they could bear, in fact I felt like I were about to scream. Just when I thought I could go no further, like a snap I saw a flash of light, an overwhelming warmth, and then an eruption like every square inch of my body exploding in celebration and joy.

Though I didn't know what it was at the time, I had my first orgasm, nature's reward for reproductive receptivity. If I concentrate now, I can still recall what that first time felt like. It hammered on me, like some tremendous leach, it sucked the strength from me. Meanwhile, it treated every nerve I possessed to the absolute full capacity of pleasure. It was inside me - it was outside me. It was everywhere in general - but nowhere in specific. It was laughter - it was terror. It was capture - it was release. I lay there shaking in some kind of tight grasp until all that pleasure subsided like warm water draining from a bath. As tremendous as it was, it was over too soon. As abruptly as every muscle in my body had tensed, they now all relaxed; a rush of blood gushed back into my extremities and with it came such peaceful repose. Max lapped at me undeterred as I lay still and gathered myself. His tongue soothed away the panic.

I didn't know what had happened to me, if it were some freakish aberration visited only on the insane, if I had broken something, or if I would recover. As I gained my sense of consciousness, I suddenly realized how out of control I had been. Had I screamed? Out of fear the whole house was

about to burst into my room and ask me what had happened, I quickly pushed Max away from me, pulled up my panties, and slipped beneath the sheets. As I waited in the dark to see if I was discovered, shaking from head to toe in an achy weariness as if I had strained every muscle in my body, I basked in happy warmth like I had never known.

That night was the turning point of my life. I had become a new person; my body had begun to mold itself into a woman and now my mind had changed too as a great mystery of life had become unraveled. I faded to a deep sleep swaying between slight pangs of guilt and a delirium of total peace. A week's worth of research followed to determine what had happened to me and to assure myself I was not harmed. I knew one thing, Max had opened a big door for me and this was a realm we would certainly be exploring more in the future.

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## **Violett - Part Two: Return Pleasure**

Months passed after my first sexual experience at the tip of my bulldog's tongue. I soon found out I could give myself the same pleasure without Max's help. I had delved deeply into all the reference material I could get my hands on and had learned a great deal about my body and about sex. I learned that the term for giving myself sexual pleasure was 'masturbation' and it became my secret hobby.

I did it whenever the opportunity presented itself. I did it out of boredom, I did it to relieve tension, I did it when prompted by sexual urge, and I did it just for fun. My favorite method was to wad a pillow on the floor and then straddle it and grind my vulva against it. Placing a knee on the floor and throwing the other over the edge of a bed or a couch would always work too. I could even do it with my clothes on in case I was afraid of someone walking in on me. The best part of rubbing against something was that it provided constant stimulation of my clitoris while freeing my hands to work on my breasts, crotch, vagina or whatever other zone intrigued me.

Max, my stout, lean, intrepid British bulldog was a partner, although not always, in my diversions. When Max would participate, I would strip naked or at least bottomless and rub against my wadded pillow. I would straddle it while arching my back, pressing my stomach down and pushing my butt up. That position allowed me to grind against the pillow while exposing the rest of my vulva to Max's attentions. Max, though he didn't intend to be, was a brilliant cunnilingist. His tongue against my labia and probing into what recesses of my vagina it could reach were the perfect accompaniment to my own stimulation.

It was not a frequent tryst we would partake in, perhaps twice a month. I had to be assured we were completely alone in the house and I also wanted to keep it a special treat. I would make the most of it by preparing myself mentally in advance, brewing my anticipation to just the right pitch. With Max's help, I gained a Maestro's control of my orgasms and played them into a beautiful symphony with one climax keying up in line to follow its predecessor in perfect, elongated measure. When we got things working perfectly I could immerse myself in a kind of opium-like half consciousness and let my mind drift through the most erotic fantasies, punctuated with the most delightful orgasms. Max's reward for his effort seemed to be solely whatever culinary bounty he obtained from lapping at my lubricating secretions. His enjoyment was nowhere near the level of mine, which disheartened me a little.

That all changed one night. I was fifteen, a freshman. I had blossomed into an attractive adolescent. My breasts were apple-sized. My ass was nicely rounded and firm. My body was pushing out into some pleasingly proportionate curves with just the right amount muscular tone. I had the face to

match with large, wide set eyes, high, rounded cheekbones, demure chin, and a voluptuous mouth punctuated by dimples. I was becoming popular in school, a veritable distraction, really. The attention I garnished from other girls was well used however, the attention I got from boys I never really had any use for at all. My class schedule at the time was all afternoon classes, which meant I could sleep late and stay up late.

It was one such school night when I was alone with Max in the basement watching the late show and my mind drifted into an erotic disposition. I had no intention of including Max in my activities but I decided to sequester myself in the adjoining room for a good, hard self-worship session. I removed my pants, rolled a pillow up on the floor, straddled it, and started into my grind. I was enjoying myself and could feel what promised to be a healthy sized orgasm building on the horizon when Max crept up between my legs and started lapping at me. It was all right by me and I let him go to it.

In the middle of his lapping, he stopped and lurched forward. I could feel his forelegs against my crotch and his chin resting firmly on my butt with the cold chill of his dog tags in between. Suddenly, he leapt up onto my butt with his forelegs and his paws braced firmly over the top of my butt cheeks. His hind legs stepped forward and he started humping. I froze. Getting Max to assume some kind of sexual attitude was always one of my fantasies and now it looked like he was on the verge of catching on.

As he started humping, I could feel something wet poking my butt. It was his pee-hole, the hood from where his penis emerged. All I had ever seen of a dog's penis was a pointy, little red thing that poked out of Max's pee-hole or sheath when he licked himself. As Max humped his sheath against my butt, I could feel that pointy, red thing from inside the sheath jabbing against my ass cheek. It was hard and slick. Max apparently needed time to get in the mood because he humped only about a dozen times before he kind of lost interest and climbed down. I was disappointed but at least it was a start.

I went back to my grinding while Max resumed his lapping. After a couple minutes, he moved into position and mounted my butt again. This time his sheath settled in the crack of my butt. He humped at me and I could feel the wetness of his pee-hole sliding up and down my crack. I froze again to provide him an accessible target and after a few strokes, I could feel the stiff, finger-like penis jabbing and sliding about an inch out of his sheath and within my embracing groove. The wanton thrill of doing something so naughty was almost enough to make me climax just thinking about it. This time he got in about twenty or thirty strokes with no steady rhythm before he broke off and backed down from his perch.

I ground down a couple of times and kicked off that orgasm that was waiting for me in the lurch. I twisted my hips around and around, savoring it fully. As it subsided, Max mounted my butt again and again I poised myself to give him good fuck. His sheath found my crack as before and he soon worked his penis out to make good use of my snug crevice. This time after a few more tentative strokes his hips made a furtive downward push and that firm little inch of doggie appendage he was using on me found extra deep penetration between my cheeks.

The added sensation of encirclement must have triggered something in him because all of a sudden he lunged into his mission with fierce vigor. His hind legs jumped forward and stepped into the pillow flush with the inside of my thighs. His haunches flattened out and pressed firmly against my crotch as though he was spreading his knees to clasp my butt. His stout forelegs grasped around my ass and clamped like a vise around my hips. His back hunched into a severe arch and his whole demeanor was seized with the single-mindedness only nature could instill.

He was pounding against me like a jackhammer. I felt like the entire encounter was out of my

control and considering this was the first time he ever got to put his cock to use, he really knew what he was doing. He was going to get a fuck and I was going to give it. I could feel his wet, rigid penis sliding in my butt crevice. It was a good four inches protruding out of his sheath now and his humping under-belly was urgently pressing it to lodge as deeply between my cheeks as was available. He apparently liked what my ass was doing for him very much.

I lifted my butt higher to avail to him the best exposure I could afford as he used me for his pleasure. The sudden realization that I was returning sexual gratification to another creature compounded with the absolute taboo nature of it sent me to the quickest climax I had ever had and all of it with mental stimulation only. It was fabulous. It came with such a head rush that I nearly passed out. More were to come; I could already feel them approaching.

In the semi-darkness all that could be heard was the jingle of his dog tags,... and his panting... and a slurpy noise of his wet penis sliding in my firm groove... and the hard clapping sound from the hollow of his haunches pounding against my butt.

Early on, I felt a lump-like swelling at the base of his penis. It was his knot, I found out later. It's a thing a male dog has at the back of his dick that swells up and gets stuck inside the female so he won't slip out before the job is done. The knot sliding on my butt helped me gauge the movement of his cock. That penis now seemed less distinguishable. It had swollen in girth so that it floated outside my crack instead of digging in between. It wasn't the same rigid, finger-like firmness as it was before; it was spongy and yielding to pressure. That knot was quite another thing. What was a plumb-sized bump that slid along with his penis was now a big, round, wet bulb that just bumped against my butt with each thrust.

I was amazed at the changes manifested in Max. I had never before seen him so tense and aggressive. He was slamming against me so hard and so fast, with strength I didn't know he had. I got the feeling that if I had tried to stop him he would have chewed my arm off. Trying to keep my ass still, I twisted my shoulder and head around to see what was going on back there. Max was clinging to my butt like a string bikini. His face was a grimace. His back was bowed into a semi-circle. Under his heaving chest, I could see his pointy, red dog penis thrusting out of the top of my ass cleavage with every stroke, it was longer than I had thought. BAM, another orgasm hit me and I lay my head down on the floor to let it carry me.

I lay still and let Max enjoy me, proudly confiding myself that I was providing good fuck for my partner. I really liked that squishy, wet thing sliding up and down on my butt. It also felt good to feel Max's firm, forceful grip on my backside; the feeling that he was in control. Max slowly dwindled his pace. To my wonder, I felt something warm and wet along the small of my back and just above my butt. For an instant, I speculated that his penis was growing even longer! I felt the wetness grow into a puddle that collected between the muscles at the base of my spine and then to trickle around my waist. With a spark, I realized I had given my partner his orgasm. I had successfully completed reciprocation of pleasure and the sperm dribbling on my back was the celebratory reward. He was squirting it all over my back!

I dug my hands beneath me and plunged them into my pussy. Two fingers of one hand encircled my clitoris while the middle finger of my other hand sought my vagina. Max was still except for his panting. He slowly began to relax his grip and backed away from my crotch a little bit. He stood with his paws hanging limp around my waist and his dick lying between my butt cheeks, still squirting and dripping his cum on me. When enough of a gap allowed it, a trickle of his watery sperm dribbled down my butt crack, over my crotch and then mingled directly between my wet labia. My mind tripped on the notion that my pussy had just tasted its first semen and then, POW, another huge orgasm.



Max had stepped back further and loosened his hold to the point that his forepaws were just standing on my butt and his penis, still lightly spurting, dangled loosely against my crotch, drizzling his ejaculate into my pubic tangle, and lubricating my busy fingers. I took my hand from my vagina and reached back as far as I could and grabbed his doggy cock between my fingertips and brought it to my labia. I pressed its length to my slit for a carnal kiss and tried frantically to trip off another orgasm before he pulled away. He then stepped down from me with his forepaws at my side and his body over my thigh. He stepped over my thigh with his hind legs and just dragged his penis behind him. It was my first chance to get a good look at the weapon he had used on me and I was aghast.

Max stood beside me panting with his back arched upward as if trying to keep his dick from dragging on the floor. And what a dick! It protruded from its sheath about seven inches. It was slick, pink, and red in some spots, pale blue in others with an overall mottled texture like an orange peel. The tip was a point but kind of like a carrot cut diagonally. Toward the tip it was about three quarters of an inch in diameter then it swelled out to a little over an inch in diameter and then back to three quarters. Just where it emerged from the sheath was that knot I had felt. It was like the size and shape of two golf balls side by side. I was shocked to see something so ugly hanging out of my dog.

I reached my hand out to touch his cock. I weighed it in my palm, gently curled my fingers around it, and pumped it a few times for his enjoyment. With the exception of the knot, it was soft, spongy, and flexible and it was still dripping sperm from the tip. He humped my fist a couple of strokes and then whined and nudged my hand away with his nose. Max walked awkwardly away, plopped himself down and started to lick it. I watched him intently as he licked it all over until the swelling of his knot went down and it drew back into its sheath, and then he came back to my ass to clean me off. He swathed his broad, raspy tongue over me from my vulva to my butt and over my back until I was all clean and then licked me some more. He seemed grateful for the pleasure I gave him. He licked my neck and my cheek and then lay down beside me.

Meanwhile, I was masturbating furiously as the notion of that soft, delicate fucking tool thrusting into my body, defiling me with its hideousness, danced in my head. It was as if the experience had built up in me a lust overdose and I had to work it out of my system. I didn't stop until the TV station went off the air. Of course, this was something I just would not be able to leave alone, and be assured Max and I got off together quite a bit from then on.

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Violett - Part Three: Get Mated

By the time I was eighteen I had matured into a very attractive young lady. In short, I was hot and I had a sexual imagination to match. I tried boys. They didn't do anything for me. There was something about boys that always kind of repulsed me. Their body hair, their odors, their aggressive demeanor disgusted me. I gave them a fair chance but I just could not find the interest for them that I had for the tender flesh and gentle manners of other girls.

I had several relationships with girls in my class and a small network of housewives who passed around my number. "All the Young Girls Love Violett" as the song might go. The girls and I fell in to it all very naturally. With all the confusion and awkwardness that comes in the teen years we couldn't really blame ourselves. They felt safe with me; I never gossiped and, after all, I was the head cheerleader and one of the prettiest and most popular girls in school, who would believe I was a lezzy. As far as they were concerned it was just experimental fun between two straight girls ("Hey, let's try something. I won't tell."). I guess it was a chance for them to do all the things they wanted to do with boys but without the fear of ruining their reputations. It was mostly necking and petting, a

little pussy licking and finger fucking with the braver girls. I had some real cuties, too. Nobody ever suspected a thing, either, but it gave me such a rush to carry my secret (if they only knew!)

The ladies were a little different. They knew they were doing something wrong and that society wouldn't look the other way, yet they couldn't help themselves. I found I had a knack for sensing their interest in me and I had a real talent for seduction. They always thought they were corrupting an irresistible innocent. Some of them even thought they were in control. There was the neighbor lady ("Would you like me to rub some suntan lotion on your back, Mrs. B.?"), my mother's best friend ("No, I've never been kissed. What's it like?"), and several others ("Sandy gave you my number? ... Yes, I guess you could pick me up after school."). Our times together ranged from a tumble and grind on the living room floor or heavy necking and petting in the back seat surrounded by groceries to detailed lessons in the subtle nuances of cunnilingus after a luxurious bubble bath.

It was in my senior year that I was mostly seeing a sweet, pixie-ish, little gymnastics jockette, my Laurie-lovey. She had a tight, compact body that was just adorable and a tongue I could not believe. I was a cheerleader on the basketball squad then and she liked to sit in the front row and watch me jump around. She would get all turned on watching my butt jiggle under my short skirt. Afterwards, she would take me to her house where her parents didn't pay any attention to her comings and goings. I remember the soft music she put on to cover our sounds and the sparse streetlight from the window as we immersed ourselves in each other for hours, like a coma of lust.

It was one typical such night we were coming home from a basketball game and we had a big weekend planned. My folks were out of town and we had the whole house to ourselves. I was really worked up for the hot, carefree, no-holds-barred lovemaking that we had anticipated for two weeks. For some reason she had decided to play hard to get all of a sudden. She was petulant, distant and argumentative all evening. It of course led to a big fight with her dropping me at home and tearing off.

I was so frustrated, to be so horny and then deprived at the last minute. I paced around the house for a while and wrote her an angry letter that I never intended to send. I needed to calm down so I drew a hot bath. It calmed me down but I was still too horny to sleep. I decided to masturbate away my frustrations. I took a couple of big throw pillows up to my room and made a place to recline against in the corner. I sat back against the cushions, spread my knees wide, and set to work on my gig with my slow, relaxing, two-handed attack, so I could pretend I was being treated to the supplicant devotions of a doting lover.

I was climbing up to a nice pre-orgasmic glow when Max, my short, lean bulldog trotted in to the room. I let Max assist me on many a masturbation session and, when he felt like it, join in for a rub-off of his own but that night I really didn't want the company. He walked right up between my legs to investigate what I was up to.

Usually I laid face down to grind against a pillow and if Max wanted to participate he would lick my puss from behind and mount me to fuck his slippery, red dick against my butt until he got off. Sometimes I liked to jerk him off. I would reach under him and stoke his penis through his sheath to get him motivated into humping. He would hump against my hands, his dick would come out all the way past his knot, and he would swell up and then start squirting his cum. I liked to play with his cock and stroke it, just watching in amazement while he came in my hands. On many occasions I had reclined like I was then and tried to get Max to fuck me. I would let him lick me for a while, as he was always perfectly happy to do, and then pull him up on to me against my crotch. Once I got him to start humping while holding him on my lap. I had his front paws on my hips and his hood poised over my cunt. His dick emerged but I couldn't get him aimed in to my cunny and he quickly lost interest. He just never got the idea of humping me unless I was on my stomach.

The last thing I wanted that night was more frustration so trying anything with Max was remote from my mind. Nonetheless, he saw the game and wanted to play. He stepped right up and started licking at my moist, pouting pussy around my busy fingers. There would be no stopping him short of carrying him out of the room and closing the door. Too much trouble. I was close to the edge so I just let him take over.

He dug his face in and pushed his deft, delightful tongue as deep as he could into me to get at the juices he sought. I laid back, closed my eyes, licked my fingers, and waited for my deliverance. Max started to press forward with his body, crowding up toward my crotch as he lapped at my spread lips. Having shared many a session with Max when he would climb up on my butt for a dry-hump (or rather, wet-hump) in my ass cleavage, I knew this move was a precursor to mounting me. Could it be after all my coaching, offering, and poising he was finally going to grasp the idea and attempt entry?

My hopes were cresting higher than ever as I twiddled my clit even faster. Then with all sureness and determination that he knew what he was doing, he mounted me. He jumped up and with his front paws; he clutched at my hips and started humping aggressively. He was completely off center and way too high. His hips bucked at my thigh and I could see his firm, pink poker emerging from his sheath and sliding against the inside of my thigh. It came out about two inches, hungrily seeking the embrace of flesh. It burrowed into the softness of my skin as Max stepped over my leg with one foot and struggled for relief against my thigh. He humped for a good thirty or so strokes and his penis emerged all the way past his knot. But it just wasn't satisfying enough for him. His thrusts were desperate, lacking that blind, animal passion that overcame him when his sensitive organ found some furtive friction. His penis never even began to swell. His dick retracted, he climbed down from my leg and stood in front of my crotch with his hips still thrusting and humping thin air like a reflex he couldn't stop.

He continued licking my abandoned gig to make up for lost time. It was very promising for me; he had never associated humping me when I was not on my stomach and offering my ass. After a few more laps, he pressed forward again. This time when he mounted me I lifted my thighs to contain his approach and center him on my puss. Lifting my thighs was the magic touch; the rotation of my hips exposed my fuck-hole at just the right height and angle.

He launched into his humping immediately and to the astonishment of both of us he found my vagina on the fifth jab. I gasped and held my breath as he entered me and I focused all my concentration on our contact. I was absolutely astounded. I could not believe what I was experiencing. In all my depraved desires, I never thought it could really happen, but there it was right in front of me. This was it! We were finally actually making it! A real fuck; sexual intercourse; sweet coitus!

At first, I felt that bare, finger-like penis imbedded intractably in the mouth of my cunny and I knew we were set. Once he struck pay dirt, nature took over with all his effort bent resolutely to the task of mating. His chest and his chin pressed down hard against my stomach and his paws clamped around my waist. With a firm grip he pulled his hind legs tight against my butt to complete his embrace. His hips went into an all out, spastic torrent; so urgent was his intent of meshing his genitals into mine.

I could not tell if his penis pushed itself out from his sheath or if incidental contact with my vulva pushed back his sheath, inside me I could feel his emerging penis' presence full six inches deep. He was in full attack with his typical, fit-like humping and his hips slamming back and fourth against my crotch about two inches, sending his penile intrusion in a comparable travel deep in my no-man's land. His grip was so tight and his humping so aggressive that his feet came off the floor to scratch and dig at my ass.

With the entrance of a non-human penis into my vagina, I had passed over the seldom-crossed boundary of sexual aberration that society had cursed since the dawn of history. I was transformed into the base mate of a beast. I sat frozen, eyes wide, mouth open, hunched over the scene before me, watching in disbelief. I had some good hard dick in me and I was absolutely loving it. My first orgasm hit me at about the same instant he went into his fury. I was so engrossed in what I was experiencing that it passed like a minor distraction of little significance.

I could feel him moving in me. Utmost, I felt that rigid stem violently, urgently seeking my depths, charging toward my uterus. I could feel his penis contours undulating and rolling along my inner contours of my sex canal. Most noticeably, I felt that round bulb of his knot sliding well within the entrance of my vagina and pressing against the most sensitive region of my hole. He was growing too. I could feel his narrow appendage swelling to a rubbery, pliable firmness. The dart-like protrusion that had stabbed itself to a secure depth grew out to a 7-inch lance. Engorging outward to fill my passage and swelling longer to tease my sensitive cervix. His penis swelled to conform to my contours as my vagina contracted to conform to his. Most distinct was the swelling of his knot. It was expanding to make a snug seal between his tool and my receptor, an anchor to hold him in place and keep me immobile. And his cock was so exotically warm!

My mind was soon lapsing into that delirious condition of complete absorption by my passion. It was by no means the epic joining of romantic legend but I don't think I could have distinguished the difference. I was in utter rapture at the unbelievable encounter I was engaging in, the extreme outrageousness of this most taboo of all taboo acts filled my consciousness. I started hyperventilating and climaxes were hitting me like a gang of muggers. They weren't wimpy, tea garden orgasms either; they were blitzkrieg orgasms that came with a head rush that nearly made me faint. I would emerge from one orgasm only long enough to take inventory of my senses before the next one landed.

My eyes would see the small furry beast between my thighs, clamped to my crotch as though clinging to life while frantically beating against me. I would feel that delightful dick deep in me, savagely churning in my most personal recesses. I would then think about what we were engaging in.

There we were, cock in cunt, pink flesh against pink flesh, doing with more than great ease what cock and cunt should do for each other. Deep beneath where his short, bristly dog hair was pressed against my coarse, curly pubic hairs our most intimate parts were dancing a tango in dark, clingy seclusion.

I didn't know how long we had gone but between climaxes, I noticed Max slowing down his fuck. The hard grimace on his face melted into a wide mouthed pant. His grip loosened and he relaxed as he drooled on my stomach but panting like mad. When his hips became still I concentrated on my vagina and I could feel a fluid welling of pressure that slopped around at the end of my vagina, up against my uterus. It felt like a slow, warm douche. He was climaxing! His penis was trickling, and squirting, and dripping his sperm into me. He was completing his nature-given duty by depositing his seed in his bitch. I reveled in the culmination of our mating. He was usually passive during his ejaculation, holding his haunches firmly against me, occasionally licking his chops, moving only when he got restless, and enjoying his dick while his prostate did all the work. I, however, wanted a little more.

I slipped my hand underneath him and slid two fingers around my clitoris. With my other hand, I reached around Max's legs and gently probed around our union. I felt my blood-gorged and swollen labia. I followed the folds inward and touched upon his sheath all bunched up against my lips. Probing further I felt where his shaft came out of the sheath to where it was buried in my quim. I

followed it up to his knot stuck tightly in the mouth of my hole. I could feel the wetness of some of his sperm seeping out from around the knot and running down my crotch. I rolled my hips around to help undulate his slippery red tool around in my cunny. I had discovered some time ago that even after he was spent, if I could gently grasp his penis at its base, through the sheath, I could get him to keep humping. He did. With his renewed humping and my clit frigging, I brought another orgasm within range. His thrusting was sloshing around that pool of sperm he left in me and I came again. I let Max rest while I continued to work my clit.

When he stirred again it was to let go of my hips and plant both of his forelegs to my side. He tried to climb over with his hind legs but his knot was stuck in me and all he could do was throw one leg over my belly, we were locked together until his mating was complete. I rolled on to my side but kept my thighs open to accommodate him. He stood like that straddling my thigh with his butt against my pussy for a while, whining as my cunny continued to chew on his root. He was stuck good too, I could swivel my hips around and tug him all over the place. I just kept humping, frigging, and cumming. The swelling in his dick eventually went down enough he could pull free and with a loud, slurpy sucking sound, my vagina let go of him. He dragged his soggy, bloated, ravaged appendage over my thigh and staggered away to tend to it. With a gush, all that fluid he left in me spilled out to puddle on the floor. A vagina's reward for successfully entertaining a penis.

I raked my fingers over it as it issued to rub its slick wetness all over my sex. I plunged two fingers in as deep as they would go and frigged at myself as if I was possessed. Max licked himself until his penis retracted back in to his body and then cleaned off the whole area before he came back between my legs to check on the damages he inflicted. I pulled my hands away in invitation and he stepped forward and began to clean me up.

Instinct makes dogs very thorough when it comes to mating. Within a minute or two, he jumped up on me for another mount. His hood protruded more and hung down lower, which helped his aim considerably. He had worked out all the bugs this time; his penis slipped straight in on the first stroke. As quick as that he was in full attack mode and my vagina was being treated to another round of that penis' sweet enticement.

This time I hooked my hands under my knees, pulled them back toward my shoulders and laid back to help him get good and deep. I encircled his bucking hips with my feet and wrapped my hands around his shoulders to make our embrace complete. If at all possible his penis seemed to be bigger the second time. As it churned back and forth in me, it felt like they fit so well together (we were both amply satisfied anyway). His humping was more furious and aggressive the second time as he grunted and growled. I was in every sense getting ravaged by a real animal. I could hear the obscene slapping sound of his haunches and balls against my crotch echoing through the room and my chain of orgasms started again right where they left off. They weren't just triggered from the physical sensations of our coupling but from the psychological realization of what we were engaged in as well. I felt like a pioneer, riding my body into a strange uncharted extreme of my sexuality.

As he approached his release, he pressed his hips against me as tight as he could and his hind feet left the floor to dig and scratch around my butt. Again, he tensed and fell into stillness as he whined and dribbled millions of his little squiglies into me. Again, my puss drank everything his cock spat out. Again, he pulled his swollen tool out of me and hauled it away to tend to it and prepare it for another use as I resumed my work in his absence.

We copulated a total of five times that night. For the next three trysts, we used our old reliable method. I let him have me "doggy-style". It was a real trick to engineer, a bulldog has short legs and that means he can't hit a pussy that is too high or get a good grip on wide hips. I lay on my stomach, lifted my hips to raise my puss to the right height to meet his poker, pushed my ass up for him to

grab on to, spread my thighs wide to give him room to get in tight, and kept my hands free to guide him in or get him motivated. He seemed to like that better, it was more natural for him (did I just say natural?). He had a better angle of attack, fewer obstructions and my ass gave him a better perch to hang on to or rest on when his humping was done. Once he figured out I had a 'gina he could get off in there was virtually no stopping him. After he had pulled free and cleaned himself, he was frantic to get back on. As for me, he lasted longer, fucked harder, and got in me a lot deeper. Best of all, with him behind me it provided me room for plenty of self-help. When he was finished, he just collapsed and drooped over my butt while he filled me with his load. He seemed content to just relax and rest on my tush. His doggy cock wasn't relaxed, though. He was still hard and his knot held him in place for quite a while. I fingered myself frantically through a long string of climaxes while he leisurely enjoyed my cunt. We had, by the conclusion of the evening, I believe, perfected our relations.

After that, I was so weak and unsteady I had to crawl into the bathroom to take a shower. I slept like a rock with Max curled up at my feet. The next morning Laurie was at my door with apologies and kisses. We had our romantic weekend and it was beautiful. Of course I had to keep Max away, she would have freaked at something like that. She did ask about the scratches on my hips and butt, which was hard to explain. Max could have me later. What more can I say, dogs, like girls, have been a regular part of my life ever since.

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### **Violett - Part Four: Get Ganged**

At the age of nineteen I left home for college and I really went out of control. I came out of the closet and immersed myself in the lesbian community. I was a big hit. There was a small lesbian tavern close to campus where I used to hang out. I was under age but I never drank anything so the management let me hang around.

One of my first lovers there used to call me Angel, it caught on, and to this day I still have old friends that call me Angel. I was real popular too - women even fought over me. It was a smorgasbord of sex and I took full advantage of it for some of the wildest times of my life. I could not get enough. I had practically everything imaginable shoved up my puss. I remember a time with one of my lovers; we were in her apartment enjoying some intense thigh riding and she stopped and asked if I want to really fly. She went into the bathroom and came back with some white powder in a baggie. I'm pretty sure it wasn't talcum powder. She told me to relax and something incredible would happen. Man, did it ever. She smeared a bunch of the powder on her tongue and then went down on me. I was soon overtaken by orgasms that I thought were going to kill me. I lapsed into a semi-conscious state that was almost like a roller coaster nightmare. I don't know how long it lasted but I came out of it with my lover shaking me and someone pounding on the door. I noticed I was screaming and my lover was babbling at me completely incoherently. Her face was too numb to talk and she needed me to persuade her frantic neighbor at the door that we were all right. Oh sure, I can laugh about it now but at the time it was a scary experience.

I was always hungry for more and it led me into some strange territory. One night, after being jilted by a beautiful sorority sister who said she would love me forever, I decided to give myself to a bunch of men. In my grieving mind I sought to punish her by befouling the body she would take for granted. When you're broken hearted, self-destruction makes a lot of sense. So I oiled up, tied my hair back in a tight bun, put on a pair of horned rim glasses, put on a plain dress with nothing on underneath and I went to a porn theater. It was dark there and it had plenty of horny guys. I took a seat in the very back row and started watching the movie. I had a third degree black belt and I wasn't too afraid of anything. The thought of being there for what I intended to do was more erotic

to me than what was happening on the screen (by the way, those girl-on-girl scenes are so contrived).

My presence was making the other patrons pretty nervous but some of them just watched me. I slid down in the seat, pulled up my dress, and started to twiddle myself. A guy sitting in my row got up and came over to watch, finally asking me flat out if he could fuck that for me. I said yes, but no kissing (that would be sick). He knelt between my legs, unceremoniously entered me, and went to work. He didn't last more than fifty strokes before he got off in me and by then we had a crowd around us. I became an amusement park ride; I took them between my thighs one after another and let them use my womanhood. They were mostly fat, old men who were just happy to have a natural, free sexual outlet. Some of them were younger and tried to either impress me or make the most out of the situation by hogging my pussy for a marathon fuck. One guy just liked to rub his dick on my thigh as I was being serviced.

There was this one man, though, with a short penis that had a huge cock-head like a big mushroom that I wouldn't have minded seeing again. He was in his forties, gentle, polite, smelled good and the big head on his dick was rubbing me in just the right places. He worked real slow and talked to me while we fucked, saying intoxicatingly erotic (not dirty) things that really made me hot. I found myself lightly stroking his balls and just enjoying his cock. He pulled out and I held his weird shaped dick in my cupped hands as he came, smearing it all over him and me. I kept him close by and he whispered to me while the other guys took their turns. I worked him with my hand to make him ready for more and he gave me more. I lost him in the shuffle after his third ride and never saw him again.

What got me off wasn't the sex so much but rather how slutty I was and, ironically, the power I had over those men. I think they would have killed for me if I'd asked them to. I had my rules and they all helped me enforce them: no kissing, keep your hands off my tits, cum only in or on my puss. It was far from romantic, I served them each quietly and for the most part unresponsively like a blow up sex toy until my cunt was too sore to use. By then there was a puddle of sperm on the seat and the floor in front of me. My pussy was soaked in it; it was running out of me like a festering wound. The hard part was getting out of there and to my car without them all following me, they all wanted to secure a future meeting or get some special favor. I declared it was time to go, pushed my way through them, and walked out to the lobby holding my skirt up out of the mess. The guy at the ticket counter gave me the strangest look as I stood there with my knees apart to let the last glob drain out, then smoothed down my dress and walked away. Luckily, I didn't get pregnant, however one of them gave me, and for that matter all of us, chlamydia. From a lesbian's standpoint it was pretty disgusting but the erotic notion of being the center of a small sexual universe and the target of so much raw lust was enough to give me plenty of masturbatory fuel for thought in the months that followed.

I was still finding excitement from woman's best friend, too. My most daring in those days was with a neighbor's cocker spaniels. The neighbor lived in a house directly behind my apartment building. They were a pair of males, always perky and playful. I would reach over the fence and pet them when I went to my car, they were always so happy to see me. One day I looked over into their yard and noticed one of them humping the other. Of course his partner would have none of that, but it made me feel kind of sad for them that they weren't getting any. Seeing it kind of made me horny and it gave me the idea to offer myself as a sexual surrogate.

The idea turned me on immensely as I lay awake that night and planned it. I would need to go late at night so that I wouldn't get caught. I would have to wear black so that I couldn't be seen. And we would have to work quickly and quietly so as not to alert the neighbors or the boys in the frat house next door to them. The danger of it added an extra element of excitement I could not resist. I needed

a moonless weeknight, and my long sleeve black dress with the wide skirt, and a pair of my old, dark, opaque tights with an access hole cut appropriately in the crotch.

I had everything ready on an ideal occasion and I took an afternoon nap in preparation. I was so excited that night I couldn't stop shivering. They barked at me as I crossed the parking lot but I reached over the fence so they could identify my scent and they calmed down. I climbed over the fence and stood in front of them as they leapt all over me joyously welcoming me with licks and whines. I had scoped out a clean, dark, secluded spot in the corner of the yard behind a mulberry bush as the perfect spot for our tryst and I led the dogs over to it.

I knelt down on my knees and then sat back on my haunches. Of course they jumped on to my lap and started to lick my face. We needed to get to business. I pulled up my skirt, dipped my fingers into the copious musk sweating from my labia, and smeared it all over my pubes. I held my hand up to the dogs to entice them. They got a whiff and started sniffing around to see where there was more of that stuff. I just held my dress up and carefully scanned the area as they homed in on my puss. At first they just tentatively sniffed at it but one of them snaked out his tongue and the other followed suit. Once they got started there was practically nothing that would stop them. They were pushing and nudging each other to get a better vantage like two pigs fighting over last tit. It was heaven for me and I climaxed almost immediately. One deft dog tongue can do wonders but two are incredible.

My labia were puffed out further than I could ever remember them and those tongues tugging and gliding over them was almost too much to bear. They probed in between them too and not only found my vagina but my swollen clitoris as well. I knelt there in the darkness holding up my dress to feed my brood their musk feast. I felt like the filthiest slut on earth and I could have just gone on with their lapping alone until I swooned from weakness but I was there on a mission and it was time to set it in motion. Taking one last careful scan around the area, I pushed them aside and leaned forward onto my elbows. I knew my boys were short so I would have to spread my knees wide to keep my quim low enough for them to reach. I gathered up my skirt and pulled it over my butt but kept it bunched up around my waist so their dewclaws wouldn't scratch me. I was set, now it was up to them to take the initiative.

At first they were confused, they just scampered around me as though they were waiting for me to do something. They eventually remembered where the cookie jar was and started back on their licking. This time they were really digging into my vagina and even my butt hole. They kept at it for quite a while and I was starting to get discouraged when I remembered one way to get my dog started at wrestling and climbing on me was to move around. I started twisting my butt back and forth and gyrating my hips, bumping them back or pushing them away. They started getting aggressive, growling, and mouthing my hips playfully. Finally, one of them jumped up on my ass from the side and started humping my hip. Excellent, I could work with that.

He thrust at me as his feet jumped all over. He ground his pelvis against my extended thigh and found some promising resistance with his pecker. He launched into full tilt fuck mode as his rigid little dog meat peeked outside his hood, stabbed its way into the open, and started sliding wetly along my smooth, hosed leg. His buddy noticed there was fun to be had with this strange bitch and he mounted my other thigh and started his hump. There is something about the eroticism of their paws embracing me and their bow-backed, hip-thrusting dog-hump that always gets to me. The mere thought of them pumping those slick, pink fingers of fuck-tool near my naked snatch had me ready to come all by itself. After forty or fifty strokes the first dog slid off and proceeded to lick the wet spot he left on my thigh. Meanwhile, the second dog, obviously endowed with some form of canine scientific curiosity, had put two and two together and reasoned that humping combined with that musky hole between my legs would yield more furtive results. His feet jumped and shuffled their way over my calf as he alternated his grip on my butt and he was progressing toward the silky gates. He



was nothing if not diligent. In my experience with dogs, if they don't nestle themselves in something snug after a couple dozen pumps, they give up, but this guy seemed to know what he wanted. Nature was telling him it was time to make some puppies.

As his poker was jabbing into my ass cheek I knew I had the right height and angle for a successful coupling but I needed to line him up for takeoff. Resting my shoulders on the ground, I reached between my thighs with both hands and pulled his humping pelvis into position. That was all it took as my bloated labia did the rest and guided him home like a funnel. His thrusting weapon plunged into me and a new demeanor all at once seized him. His front legs encircled my waist and his paws pressed into the tops of my thighs. His chest pressed down over my butt to give him leverage. His humping took on a fierce urgency as with one extra push his doggy cock slid all the way out of his sheath and into me, knot and all.

I moaned with delight as my 'gina tasted penis again for the first time in months. He felt as if he was in a good five inches and that hard little knot of his was sliding back and forth deliciously in my most sensitive stretch of cunt, the first two inches. I held still and wondered how big he would get as my next orgasm consumed me. He didn't get much bigger. His penis grew to maybe six inches but didn't swell up fat quite like other dog-lovers I had had. His dick didn't assume that squishiness like my others did either, it stayed a rigid poking and plunging tool that threatened but never poked my uterus. His knot expanded to about the size and shape of two peach pits. Since it didn't swell to lodge itself firmly, it was free to glide in and out of me and I thought I liked that even better.

The wet, sloshy sound of his knot popping in and out of my puffy labia was making a tell tale broadcast of our act but the loud rock and roll from the frat house was working well to mask it. His fellow was circling us and whining with excited anticipation like a child wanting his turn. We were understandably oblivious to him as my suitor and I were lost in our secluded rapture. There is, I think, a special transaction that takes place when two sentient beings are joined in sexual intercourse. A penis inserted into the body of another acts like an interface plug that connects the psyches of both creatures and allows them to communicate in a private language of pleasure. Sorry, that's just the programmer in me talking.

My arms still lay limply on the ground between my knees as I lightly stroked his hairy legs. He was an excitingly energetic lover and I was enjoying his effort immensely but a frantic pace told me he was about to squirt. His thrusting became disjoint and seemingly lost its entire conscious objective until one particular blind thrust dislodged his slick dick from my twat entirely and it flailed aimlessly beneath my open puss. I felt his cock poking against my tummy and the warm sensation of his shooting sperm soaking through the pantyhose and over my skin. He climbed over my ass and stood beside me still as a statue with his weapon hanging out and squirting in the breeze, obviously enjoying the orgasm I had just given him as my suddenly abandoned crotch ached for attention.

It didn't ache for long, the other dog, who had learned a lot from watching his pal, mounted me and was in perfect position like a natural born woman-fucker. As he thrust, the mouth of my sex sought out his delving appendage and swallowed him into my body. A dog cock is such a fantastic thing to be fucked with. It's hard in all the right places, it has a wonderfully pliant and smooth texture that rubs a cunny just right, it's warmer than human body temperature, it plunges in and out so quickly, it throbs so nicely when it's still, and it's always ready for another round in just minutes. Best of all, it doesn't have a bothersome guy attached to it.

Doggy two's penis was identical to his companion and so was his method. He planted himself deep, he set his rhythm, he swelled to occupy me, and I knew as I concentrated on his presence in me that when his mating was finished his fellow would replace him and then back again and I would have a long succession of mounts.

His knot drummed on my g-spot and his soft, pointy tip tickled at my cervix. My lucky cunt was getting a real treat. I could feel a long sequence of orgasms approaching me; I relaxed and fell into my dream-like surrender. I submitted to my body, to my pleasures, to the night, and to my two frisky canine lovers. A healthy sized climax seized me and I was filled with a passion to embrace the entire world and share my body with it. The idle spaniel, now finished with his ejaculation and his post-coital penile hygiene, came sniffing around my face. He started licking me and I was overcome with an urge to share a deep kiss with the benefactor of my bliss, so I opened my mouth and held out my tongue and let his rapid lapping engulf my mouth. I at once felt so in touch with both of them, one with his penis planted busily in my muff and the other with his tongue delicately crossing my own within my mouth. I was over the edge and cumming in rapid succession now. Any one stumbling over us would have witnessed the complete rapture of a woman and the state I was in left me completely defenseless and guileless to do anything more than sprawl on the ground in a delirious stupor.

My lover on top let out a hoarse whine and I could feel warmth spread around my cervix as he slowly spent himself in me. His hind legs lost contact with the ground as he stepped forward to meld his pelvis as tightly as he could to my crotch. His feet came completely off the ground and dangled beneath my hips but luckily his grip on my waist was so firm he did not slide off. I encircled his hips with my hands to hold him in place and he reciprocated by tucking his legs under my thighs and over my belly. He was wrapped around my cunt like a piggyback ride and passing me his seed while my gig popped and churned around his doggy cock. We clung together like that for about three minutes as our tender organs did sweet things to each other.

He eventually kicked free, climbed down, pulled out, and staggered off to attend to his afflicted member and then doggy one hopped on me to take his place. Our second mating was more thorough and lengthy. As he smacked his hairy pelvis against my butt his friend came up from behind to investigate our union up close. My server's exertions were pushing a great deal of deposited semen from my vagina and when the other found it he began lapping at it and my exposed labia and clitoris. That was sheer delight, at that point a news crew with floodlights and video cameras could have descended on us and I would not have cared. His tongue darted out rapidly to soak up the displaced product of his pal and my union. That quick lapping centered mostly on my cunt opening and the base of the thrusting prick clasped within but frequently strayed beyond to capture what had escaped and whenever he found my clitty I was ecstatic. I had to be careful not to start squealing as my orgasms took on whole new dimensions. When his tongue left my clit I dug my fingers in to take its place. My lucky pussy was then the focal point for eight fingers, one tongue and a pumping pecker all of them compounding such sexual joy in me I thought I might lose my sanity.

This time dog one stayed inside me for his ejaculation, which enhanced the intimacy for me and prolonged the incentive of his friend's lapping. His feet hopped and danced between my thighs in the throes of his cumming. I was glad to give it to him and I came with him feeling his throbbing dick and that very warm deposit he was making in me. When he had thoroughly finished, he dismounted and dog two hungrily cleaned me up before his second mount. He sprang up to my crotch and in a smooth jerk of his hips married his genitals into mine and we again mingled our fluids deep within my birth canal.

And so went our orgy, fuck after fuck. I remember at one point while receiving a frantic skewering I needed to pee and rather than interrupt the party I just let it go. I squirted him as he squirted me. The stream shot out straight behind me and splattered off his dangling testicles. It dripped from our enjoined crotches as he continued his rut undeterred. It was the perfect compliment to the dirty event happening down there. The act melded in with how sensuously wanton I was feeling, fueling the fire of animal lust within me, and melting us all into a common pool of abandoned depravity. I was a dog slut being chain fucked by a tag team of sexual demons; damnation had consumed me.

I honestly don't know how long it went on that night or how many times I was bred. It all felt like one long, seamless coupling. I finally gained my senses when my fuck-buddies were too tired to mount me again. When I got up there was a wet spot on the ground under my puss and my pantyhose were soaked in the front and down the insides of both thighs. With some effort I got back over the fence and up to my apartment. I went straight to bed curled up in a ball with a hand cupped over my soggy snatch. In the sobering light of day I felt kind of sick and guilty about what I did but that didn't last too long. Lust overtook me and I was soon planning another venture over that fence. For most of a year I made good use of those spaniels or at least I let them make good use of me.

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Violett - Part 5: Star in a Sex Show (new and improved)

At the age of twenty-two I started getting my kicks through exhibitionism. It started after I landed my first job and moved in with a biker chick who picked me up at a rock concert. She was a tall, muscular blonde, a Nordic war goddess who worked out twice a day, loved leather and had the strongest tongue I have ever known. She enjoyed showing me off and she bought me these very revealing costumes of satin and suede and then cruised around town with me on the back of her bike. We would go on road trips over to Sturgis or up to Telluride. She liked to make me dance in front of her friends after which we would dive into our tent for some hot lovin'.

She was very possessive and demanding which kind of turned me on but I didn't let her push me around too much; I'm not putting a tattoo on my body for anybody. It took a lot of prodding but she finally persuaded me to strip at a local club on amateur night. I was nervous as hell the first time but I was damn good. I didn't come out in the typical, simple costume that most girls wore, I came out in full regalia, coat, hat, skirt, blouse, with all the foundation garments a lady should wear, and I didn't just quickly get nude and dance, I actually stripped. I had the dance lessons and gymnastics behind me to put on a good show too and after I overcame my nervousness I had captivated the place. I got offers to become a regular but I was afraid someone I worked or went to school with might come in some day. Enticing people is fun, shocking them is better.

After I broke up with the Amazon I had a long, adventurous relationship with a punk rocker, we made an interesting couple. With all of her piercings, dark blue hair and shocking wardrobe, she was flamboyant, exhibitionistic, and boldly fascinating without being cheap or gaudy. I, on the other hand, dressed modestly; classy without being prudish and alluring without being slutty - a preppie. Short skirts had finally made a come back and I was made to wear them. We were polar opposites: Angel and The Monster. Our friends used to tell each of us, "Why do you hang around someone like her?" They couldn't have respected our answer.

We used to delve into public sex just to shock people. We called it Cat and Mouse. She always played the wild, aggressive seducer while I played the demure, sweet victim. We dressed the parts, too. She wore only torn black stockings and a ripped black dress shirt with a thick black stripe painted diagonally across her eyes. I wore a tiny gray pleated skirt, a tight low-neck sweater, a big bow in my hair, and a sheer mesh sash across my eyes. We both looked like a couple of street hookers. She would slowly stock me as we made our way through nightclubs, liquor stores, and adult arcades in the red-light part of town, teasing and harassing everyone we came across. When she caught me she would pin me to a wall and ravage me, pull my clothes aside and grope me or force me to the ground by my hair and shove her cunt in my face. We got some fool to yell "Rape" one time. It would always end up in some real heavy love making, often before we could make it home.

She had a friend who staged "Performance Art" back in its infancy and knew about our game. He hired us to present a work he called "Yin and Yang" that we would perform at various wine and brie

gatherings. She would enter from one side wearing black buccaneer boots, a black corset, long black gloves, and carrying a black cat-o-nine-tails. I would enter from the opposite side in a white merry widow, white stockings, white lace gloves, a wedding veil, and carrying a bouquet of white roses. We each wore color-coordinated masks or I doubt if I could have done it. By a carefully choreographed script we would circle each other then she would lunge at me in a lip-lock while I feigned fear. After I slowly succumbed to her attentions we would collapse into soissant-neuf on the floor amidst drizzling applause. We would suck on each other's gigs for up to an hour while the art crowd partied casually above us, occasionally passing comment on the "symbolic dichotomy of our rapture". The first time we got so hot they had to literally pull us apart.

We would do the same act at one of her punk clubs only the crowds were nowhere near as politely detached. Guys would feel us up at will; one time two audience members squatted over us and beat off. I distinctly remember some guy's cum dribbling on my hip and hearing our artist friend shouting, "Yes! Perfect! PERFECT!" Weird. After college she and I went our separate ways and I spent the next two years jumping from bed to bed making absolutely sure I had exorcized all of my wild urges.

It was then I met the love of my life, Dana (Dannie), another lipstick lesbian one year my senior and still my partner to this day. I found her through an old lover with "connections". Our personalities and styles suited each other perfectly and the first time we kissed - it was love.

When we met she was mired in a deep depression over a lost love and some sexual identity issues. After we got together she restyled her hair, got a new wardrobe, and moved from her small town to the big city. Her newfound sexual freedom really went to her head and she became almost obsessed with exclaiming our affair at every opportunity. She had an intense desire to show off to the world the beauty of our bodies and the intensity of our lovemaking.

I don't know how but she found a swingers club that would hire couples to put on a live sex show before their festivities began. They would meet at the clubhouse of an apartment complex and we would make love in front of them on a mattress on the floor. They watched us and paired up for their own performances as we "worked". The pay was nice and I have to admit we put on a really good show. Our bodies were both perfect in those days and the passion of our deep love for each other revealed itself in our sex. We were repeat performers; they would all get very worked up just watching us. One week they contacted Dannie with an offer for double the money if she would perform with a dog. They were intent on the idea and had been looking all over for an attractive participant.

She leapt at the idea. She had never done it before and I tried very hard to explain to her what she was in for but she was so caught up in the beauty of her new body and the power she wielded over an audience that her mind was set. As the week passed and the night approached I could tell she was starting to get cold feet. I drove her to the clubhouse that night and waited with her in the kitchen for the guy with the dog to arrive and all the members to gather. She had stripped down and put on a robe but her third scotch and soda hadn't made her any braver. A positively greasy looking guy and his roly-poly girlfriend finally showed up with what looked like a Black Lab/Great Dane mix named Jake and Dannie finally chickened out.

I had gotten myself worked up for this possibility and was ready to sex it up with Dannie myself but the club people insisted they wanted the dog show. Well, I had done it before and we really needed the money so I consented to go on for Dannie. I got undressed with the greasy guy leering at me all the time while he and his lady took off Jake's collar and started putting socks on the front and hind legs. I knew why the socks went on the front paws but I had no idea why they were putting socks on his hind legs. The girl asked me if I had done this before and I said I had. She asked me if I was

going to take his knot and when I said yes, they just looked at each other and smirked. Greasy Lee just kept winking at me and saying, "He's gonna like you jiss fine." I decided it was time to get acquainted with my co-star and knelt down to pet him. He had suddenly realized what he was there for and licked me all over as he tried to jump up on me and start humping any part of me available. Dannie was grateful for me to take her place but there was really no reason for it as I was getting very turned on by the idea of a good fucking. It became time for the show and I just kissed Dannie tenderly, smiled at her, and told her, "Watch this."

I felt no apprehension about covering my identity, they had all seen me nude before as I had seen them all nude. They had all watched me having sex before as I had watched them all having sex. I entered before Jake and slowly strolled around the room with a broad smile and my hands on my hips, stopping and posing before couples and groups to let them examine my charms before I walked to the dais and knelt; a sacrifice presented for their enjoyment.

They let the dog in from the kitchen and he darted into the room in a highly agitated state, prancing among the crowd, who were by that time in various stages of undress, and looking for his target. He found me and came to me in a supplicate manner, licked me briefly in the face, and then dove down to check out where he planned on planting his fuck-root. He lapped at my pouting labia and I rotated over on to my hip, grabbed my heel, and pushed my leg high into the air in a broad spread. He pounced on my crotch and dug his tongue hungrily into my open, unprotected gash. A dog licking is so good.

I rolled on to my back and kept twisting around so that my captivated audience could get a good view. As I writhed Jake kept stepping over my body with his fore paws and then began to hump at the air above me; he knew this girl was his and wanted her bad. I kept low; not giving him any target of chance, to build tension for him, me, and everybody else. Looking around the room I could see my audience was riveted, all quiet and just staring at us wide-eyed as hands slowly crept toward crotches. I was enjoying Jake's attentions, I twitched under the jolts of tiny orgasms, my body was succumbing to Jake's will, I was slowly both physically and mentally yielding myself to Jake's control, a ready bitch was about to be presented for his mating.

When I felt the time was right, I made my last free will choice of the evening by offering my sex to Jake for his use. I rolled on to my stomach and then raised myself up onto my knees and elbows - I was Jake's now. He wasted no time, he circled around behind me as I rose and waited in position, at the right opportunity his chest bounded onto the small of my back and his forelegs encircled my hips in one quick motion. I could tell right away Jake had done this before, his first chance to hump something more than air that night and he put himself right behind me, centered his hips over my butt, and even made a slight thrusting adjustment necessary for finding a human vagina rather than a canine one.

I was astounded that a dog that had never had me before could access me so easily as I felt his already swollen and distended hood jammed firmly against my vulva on the first thrust. My pussy lips were swollen for this kiss. The only thing I had to do was to arch my back down slightly to open my labia a bit for him, his very next thrust was right on center and sunk home. After getting his first solid piece of Violett, he used his grip on my waist for leverage and sucked his pelvis in tight against my ass. His third stroke was mostly just an extension of his second and I felt that rigid, pointy dog cock pushed in almost all the way to my cervix.

I tensed up instinctively at having something so hard and sharp thrust in so deeply and aggressively, I wasn't ready for that. I knew from experience that a dog penis would lose its rigidity once it starts to swell out, but that usually takes a while. I wondered how many pokes like that I could take before he puffed out to cushion his spear and my vagina would accommodate his attack. I had also heard

somewhere that Great Danes had about the biggest of all dog penises. A big enough knot and he could lock up with me! For the first time I worried if I could take a dog, and what if he tied with me before I could eject him? To my side I was relieved to see Greasy Lee stepping toward me and anxiously watching my face for any sign to pull Jake off. I pulled my stomach in to try and draw my sensitive uterus from Jake's reach. A tense few seconds passed as Jake worked himself in me and his dick puffed up.

It was going to be OK, I relaxed, and Jake became a welcome treat to my gig. Waves of pleasure came and with the threat of pain and injury gone I could welcome the orgasms overtaking me. Jake made himself at home on my back, leaning so far over me that his head was craned over my shoulder. Neck and neck, we exchanged breath with each other as we strained towards our goals. His heavy breathing and beastly grunts told me I may be leading but I was in no way controlling him. I knew my body was at the mercy of a large, powerful animal consumed by blind lust. Pushing himself forward with his paws on my thighs, he molded himself to me for leverage, enhancing our coupling into a full body contact. He was a big dog and his haunches wrapped around the outside of my hips and thighs and I felt as though my body were enclosed by his like a star fish around an oyster, held captive until his need of me was satiated.

Moving only his hips in that seductive way animals mate, his haunches slapped, ground, and crowded against my soft ass. I could feel his muscles rippling and straining against my back, his soft fur on my naked skin was a delicious delight all by itself. His knot was already deep in me and that cock of his was feeling real good. Nature was reliably providing for both of us just fine. Jake was a master. His pounding and bouncing off my ass was delightful and our organs worked together brilliantly. I started cumming big time soon after I relaxed. It was a bit of a strain because I had to keep my cunny high enough for Jake to hit squarely and at the same time support his weight. I remained still and passive beneath him with my chin held up stoically and my eyes cast down demurely. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see the crowd frozen like statues, I actually think they had stopped breathing. They were at the edge of their seats watching in absolute disbelief. They were witnessing this beast's monstrously alien appendage perpetrating hell knows what unspeakable atrocities within a tender young woman's intimate, feminine province.

Jake and I knew what was going on in there, a pleasure exchange disguised as a reproductive process. Vagina and penis were united in form and function the way nature had intended them to unite but in a union nature had never designed. Vagina, freely offered, received and stimulated its penile guest. Induced by the amply suited vagina's offering, the penis issued forth its sperm to its host. Duly prompted, the cervix greedily drank from the copious fund of pooled semen deposited by the penis into a waiting uterus. All of this so that dutiful but bewildered dog sperm could seek out and vainly attempt to penetrate a stubbornly restrictive human ovum. Nonetheless, my vagina was making good use of this perverse twist of the laws of nature providing generous haven for its canine intruder while extracting pleasure from the penis' presence. I was getting off on it so much. Their gawking awe was turning me on and Jake was helping so nicely.

All that could be heard was the sloppy, rhythmic mashing of Jakes balls against my labia. I could feel a rumble start in Jake's chest that soon became a distinct growling that he let out intermittently as he fucked. It was a sensuous indicator of the nature of the exchange between us; we were, in spite of diverse biology and all those spectators, two beings sharing intimate sexual gratification. For the benefit of the crowd I started to accompany his orations by softly moaning and cooing to him in time with his efforts. His cock truly was getting huge. He had swollen up to fill my passage and that knot was in me solid. It not only felt good where it was but also it was a comforting presence that told me this was going to be a long enjoyable bond. His cock had lengthened and its squishy tip was bunched up against my cervix and gently rocking my womb with his thrusts.

I turned my head to look for Dannie, I wanted her with me, and I wanted to share this with her. My eye caught Greasy's girlfriend watching us pensively from the doorway like a coach watching her protégé. I wanted to tell her she trained him well. I picked Dannie out of the crowd, I looked deep into her eyes as a tremendous climax seized me and I felt her love going out to me.

I was amazed by Jake's stamina, in my experience a dog would only hump for at most a minute before they fell still and started to spew. This sweet son of a bitch had extended his performance to at least three times that. I had never had such a good fuck in my life from a non-plastic penis and I was feeling very grateful I had a vagina. I found out why they put socks on Jake's hind legs. He started a spastic torrent of thrusting and began to wail. He was starting to cum and his hind legs came off the floor and clamped around the outside of my thighs. He dug and thrashed with all four legs as though he was trying to climb on top of my ass and he drove his hips against my crotch violently trying to shove his whole pelvis into me. His tail twisted and curled back and forth between my thighs. He whined and cried as he strained and then he just got very still yet tense. I could feel him issue inside me, the warmth spread from the back of my vagina all the way outward.

Slowly, he began to relax his grip on me as wearily all four legs slid down and stood on the floor. He stood over me panting with his hips fastened to my butt by virtue of his knot lodged in me like a button in a buttonhole. His drool fell on my shoulder and his excess emissions were seeping out around his implanted penis and dripped from my labia onto the mattress. Our frenzied struggle came to a silent halt and I could hear snippets of dialogue in the crowd. "Wow! Did he ever get in to her." "Oh look, he's cumming in her!" "How could she ... filthy animal?" "Why doesn't he pull out?" "What do you mean 'hung up'?" "Is he still cumming?" "She really liked it, huh?" I certainly did.

The whole room was falling out just like that scene in 'Behind the Green Door'. If people weren't undressed before they certainly were now. Every cock in the room was erect. Within my limited view I could see one woman slide down between a man's legs and start deep throating him. To their side a couple was in a lip lock while masturbating each other. Two men got on the floor behind me to investigate Jake's entrenchment and our inter-species violation of natural law. When they got too close Jake whipped his head back and growled at them ('My bitch! Mine!').

Jake remained still with his pelvis glued to my ass, panting but apparently enjoying my cunny. He eventually got restless, stepped over my back and started toward the kitchen. He threw his hind leg over my butt and somehow wrenched himself free of my cunt sooner than I thought was possible. When he pulled free it was with a great sucking sound and a loud plop followed by a gush of coital residue spilling between my knees. I was startled by his quick, easy departure; he nearly pulled me inside out.

When the room got their first sight of Jake's equipment they let out a distinct exclamation of disbelief, I was astonished myself. A bright red, ten or eleven inch, deformed carrot hung from his pelvis and dangled in the open air, still squirting his watery cum in a slow steady pulse. His knot was nearly as big as a baseball and kept his hood from drawing his big dick back in. The raw, obscene thing lolled around under his distended sheath looking tender and vulnerable but at the same time menacing and indomitable. Their exclamation was a mixture of fascination that dogs carried such weapons and admiration that I could completely encase one. I looked at that marvelous yet hideous thing and thought it the perfect instrument to stuff a pussy with, and I so wanted it in me again.

I sat back on my haunches with my hands on my knees and tried to ease my fluttering heart. I probed my ravaged gig with two fingers, everything was fine, but I was shakier than I had ever been. I twirled my clitty round in circles, keeping myself stoked. I looked over toward the kitchen and found the girlfriend. She nodded at me knowingly and I smiled back. Jake stood behind me panting until he cooled off and then he plopped down, curled up, and tended to his exposed guts with his

lapping tongue.

Sex was breaking out all around us as couples oozed out of the room to find a secluded corner while others made resourceful use of couches, stools, and chairs. Soon the room was alive with moans and heavy breathing, I had started an avalanche. They obviously thought the show was over but Jake and I knew better.

It took a lot of work but he finally got his red rocket loaded back in his launch tube. He first started sniffing around some of the other action in the room but I called him back and assumed the position, knees and elbows. He darted to my ass, sniffed at me with tense interest, then lapped at my swollen, soggy gig for a thorough cleanup. Again, he sprang onto my back, his forelegs encircled my hips and he started humping. I felt the wet, pointy head of his dog cock stabbing at my taint and crotch from inside his sheath, feeling its way toward my sex. He found the door open so he went in.

He wasn't as aggressive this time; we were well-accustomed partners now and knew what we were going to get from each other. His forelegs firmly grasped my waist and his forepaws pressed into the front of my thighs while his hind paws dug into the sheet between my knees, anxiously tearing at it for better leverage. He sank the entire boney, red shaft in and set about a steady pace. We had now wrested the attention of the crowd away from what they were doing. For all we cared, the audience did not exist; we were simply in our essence a penis and a vagina conducting a private exchange. Jake and I picked up right where we left off in the same rhythm and the same moans and groans.

I rested my head on the mattress and watched Jake's claiming of my body. My tits swung lewdly back and forth and my body rocked under the labors of the beast now clamped to my butt like a steel girdle. His dick swelled and grew till it filled my whole 'gina. It was warm with his high body heat and its mottled texture tingled as he churned it in me at a frantic pace. As an orgasm approached I started to feel the pleasure of his expanding knot, seizing his freely sliding motion in me. He was expanding and conforming to the contours of my vagina, and the soft tip tickling and curling up around my cervix. We were locked together for the duration of our unnatural act and I wouldn't have it any other way. I looked down between my legs and saw my pussy skewered by the pink shaft emerging from his furry sheath, his haunches humping obscenely against my naked thighs and his slender testicles swinging beneath. The huge dog cock buried within was doing its nature-created mission, anchoring itself for deep seeding.

As I watched that point between us where dog joined woman I couldn't tell if my insatiable cunt was selfishly exploiting his body or if his opportunistic penis was greedily exploiting mine. I ground and gyrated my butt against his thrusts to lengthen his stroke and enrich the experience for both of us. We violated each other for a long, enjoyable ride, then his head started twisting and dodging over each of my shoulders and his thrusting became quicker and more desperate until he moved as if he was caught in some kind of spastic, carnal-lust frenzy. Again he climbed precariously up on to my ass and used all four legs to drive into me, almost climbing over the top of me. With a sharp howl he began to unleash a huge flow of dog sperm, a warm pool grew deep inside me. This time I could feel the spurts of dog semen actually work their way up his cock with a throb and then squirt into the back my puss, my alter of life. His mating tool relentlessly squirted and sprayed, I could feel it spread; oozing around his throbbing cock; seeping into my womb.

He had stopped his humping but remained locked tight in his coital embrace against my butt with an almost vise-like grip of his forelegs around my waist. His muscles froze, he whined and cried, and he strained to keep his dick planted deep. He didn't unclench himself from my butt for almost a minute, unloading all the sperm that nature deemed necessary for successful conception. I was his bitch and that was what I was for. I was enjoying some climactic bliss of my own. I lost myself in it and its intensity washed over me. I surrendered to my body and let the spinning delirium of the orgasm

spread through my nerves. His knot kept throbbing right against my g-spot, pushing me to come and all I had to do was twiddle my clit a little to set them off.

He released his furtive grip and climbed down from me to support himself on his own legs. He remained standing over my upturned butt, panting heavily from his exertion, and still squirting in me with stoic disinterest. He eventually started to get antsy again but this time, being unable to pull his cock free from the firm grasp of my vagina, all he could do was change his position. First, he stepped over my back so that both of his forelegs stood at my right side. This left his hips high-centered over mine with his hind legs dangling in the air. He remedied this by throwing his left leg over my back so that his right leg could touch the mattress. He eventually slid it on over and I could feel his dick twisting in my cunt. We were tied, knotted, locked-up butt-to-butt, just like one of those nature films. I pulled my knees together to hold him in me and raised myself up from my elbows on to my hands. I drew myself into an erect, proud pose to make the picture complete: 'Woman Locked in Coitus with an Animal'.

I was enjoying the subtle pulsation of his knot and orgasms just kept rolling on through with his cum running down the insides of my thighs. The festivities continued throughout the room; watching me while they fucked. Around me I could hear others in the throes of their climaxes. At some point I felt Jake's tail wag on my back and then someone kneeling at my side. It was Dannie. She hugged me, stroked me, pulled back my hair, and peppered me with kisses. She lay down beside me and then slid beneath me. Our arms enclosed around each other and I fell upon her for a deep kiss. My joy was complete as my pussy hosted Jake's vulgar, desecration and erotic manipulations I had my beloved Dannie locked in my arms. I didn't suppress my rich, sensuous moans; I was in heaven and lost all track of time.

Eventually, his knot shrank down and Jake pulled free. The recoil sent me tumbling over Dannie. She rolled over the top of me and replaced her mouth with her breast. She cradled me in her arms and whispered sweet things in my ear as I suckled. The club didn't like the entertainment to loiter around after the show so she was anxious to get me snapped out of my lust-stupor and out of the room. I was very weak-kneed but she managed to get me to my feet and we wove our way between copulating couples to the kitchen. Once there she dressed both herself and me and we got up to leave. We stepped over Greasy Lee stuffing his ladylove silly on the floor as Jake lapped at their conjoined crotches. When we got home Dannie gave me a romantic, candle lit bath, put me to bed, and then gently stroked lotion into the pussy I had just given to a dog until I fell into deep sleep nestled in her arms.

The very next weekend we went to a local kennel to adopt a retired Greyhound, carefully choosing the most friendly and "responsive" male we could find (jocks make the best lovers). I remember that first night when I coached my beloved through her first inter-species intercourse, preparing her, positioning her, assisting her mount, and guiding the entry. I especially liked holding her and watching the changes that manifested her as she detached herself to that place in their minds where women go while they intimately host a penis. I slid underneath them and wrapped my legs around both of them as I kissed her and nibbled on her neck through one mount after another while seminal fluid dripped from her snatch onto mine. I can't explain how beautiful it feels to hold my love in my arms as she gets fucked or as I get fucked. We have had a dog living with us ever since, not so much as a regular accompaniment to our lovemaking but as a personal enrichment routine - when you're so horny and you're all alone. He's better than a vibrator; he's a self-cleaning fuck machine and automatic home security system.

Go be good to yourself. Wash your hands when you're done.