

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Free at last! I had a newly minted college diploma and enough cash to manage an unstructured summer backpacking trip through Europe. My goals were to have fun and discover what the world was like before settling into a job. I was 22, lesbian, and ready to explore! My super el-cheapo deadeye flight from California landed in Dusseldorf where I boarded a bus to Berlin for only 11 euros. Eight hours and 500 km later, I finally reached my youth hostel and collapsed.

It was my second night in Berlin that I went to a club that I had heard about, known for its techno dance scene and LGBT clientele. The club didn't disappoint; it was dark inside and loud, already thumping with the Friday night crowd by the time I arrived. I walked around the edge of the dance floor, glass of wine in hand, wearing a simple top, dancing flats, and a short skirt to show off my legs. The wine wasn't cheap (my spending allowance for the night), but at least it was a generous glass and it seemed to have quite a kick to it.

It wasn't long before a bisexual couple tried to pick me up. The woman looked intriguing, but a guy too, I don't know. I tried experimenting with bisexuality in college when my girlfriend Katie added boyfriend Eric. Looking back, I realize only Katie was the true bisexual. Eric was just a guy more than willing to get it on with two females at once. Anyway, we were a threesome for about a year before I realized I was just more comfortable with women only. Back at the Berlin club, I was polite enough to chat briefly with the couple and after a few minutes they got the hint and drifted off.

I continued to cruise the dance area, sipping my wine and trying to blend in; feeling a little self-conscious when I realized I couldn't see another woman wearing a bra. Should I try to find a ladies' room and go native? Should I try to take the lead, introduce myself to someone with my limited German? I was semi-fluent, enough to be comfortable touring the country by myself, but my vocabulary and conversation speed needed improvement. Initiating a social conversation with a stranger might be awkward.

Fortunately I was befriended by a lesbian couple before I had to try anything; an older woman I guessed in her early-thirties named Akira and her much younger partner Resi. We soon struck up a conversation in English at the quiet end of the club, talking mostly about me; how long will you be in Berlin, Carli (don't know, maybe a week), where are you staying (Die Jugendherberge, can't beat 24 euros a night), are you traveling with friends? I found the two attractive and fascinating. Both were well dressed and money didn't seem to concern them. After warning me of the club's reputation for potent liquor, they bought me a mixed drink I wanted to try and we talked about their work. I was genuinely impressed. Resi worked for an investment bank and Akira worked in the ER of Charite, one of the largest teaching hospitals in Europe. It was a bit hard to understand. The music was getting louder, and while Resi was fluent, Akira's English was on par with my German. But our body language was doing most of the talking for us. Akira and Resi were in very fit shape and I hoped they were admiring me with their eyes. I started to flirt, and the music and drinks were turning into a strong aphrodisiac. I had never been with more than one woman before. What would we be like as a female threesome? We drank and danced and Resi offered to pick up the tab at the bar again so we drank some more. I didn't realize I was getting a bit drunk.

Perhaps it was my youth speaking or the alcohol, but when Akira and Resi steered the conversation to sexuality, I boasted of my experience; telling the two in no way was I out of my league at the club, that the party was just getting started. Akira guided me into describing what I liked sexually, and at the end of my wild exaggerations she just laughed and raised her eyebrows and asked if I were really as innocent as I sounded? I told her hell no, I would try everything and anything; I was ready to party Berlin style! Really, she said, what if Berlin style meant sex with animals, what about bondage with a sex trio, was I ready for that? My alcohol mind raced and I flirted as an answer,

bringing my wrists together as if handcuffed while smiling and giving a playful barking sound. I thought the mention of bondage and animals was a joke, and just the idea of these two challenging me so explicitly was getting my fantasies going. I gave it right back to them! "Sure, I've had anal sex with a Labrador! I liked it! A lot!" My claim was an extremely wild exaggeration of a single incident in my teenage years.

Yes, I wanted to play with them! Did I need do anything more to convince?! Akira turned and spoke rapidly in German near Resi's ear, I only caught a single word: Mullwagon. I thought that stood for garbage truck, wasn't sure. That didn't make sense. Then Resi suggested we go to their apartment for a break. Yes! I jumped at the chance. I knew what going home with them meant.

It was hot, dark, and drizzling when we got outside. I don't remember much of the scenery on the way home, just city lights morphing into a darker residential area. Very expensive car though, oversized BMW, looked new. Definitely not a garbage truck! Akira was driving and I was cuddling with Resi in the back. Her breath smelled faintly of liquor and her body felt wonderful, softness layered over hard muscle. She was very gentle with me; soft kisses while holding me, stroking my hair, shy hugs around my waist. Resi whispered my name in my ear. Such a beautiful smile, especially when the warmth touched her eyes. I was disarmed by her apparent gentleness and affection; willing to trust without really knowing her at all. Resi was treating me like a real human being, a friend, and I was starting to feel embarrassed by how I had acted at the club.

We got stuck in gridlock; Akira said close to where they lived, a couple of kilometers; some accident up ahead. Resi and I unclicked our seatbelts and I was soon lying face up in her lap, my legs sprawling across to the other side of the car, my skirt haphazard, maybe showing some panties, I didn't care. It was very quiet; the car shielding us from the outside noise; just the faint whoosh of the wiper-blades and AC which Akira kept running. Resi was looking down at me, smiling, caressing my face with her fingertips. I took a chance and nuzzled the underside of her breast with my nose. Resi smiled, sighed deeply and thought for a moment, then responded with her own caress across my breasts, lingering to feel each nipple harden against her palm. I didn't need any more encouragement. I buried my nose in the underside of her breast and breathed in deeply. No perfume, I thought, this is the way her body smells, her sweat from all the dancing. Such intimacy! I closed my eyes, tilted my head, and opened my mouth. Resi accepted my offer, leaning down and kissing me full on the lips before complimenting me on how sexy my legs looked. I just smiled. I had been training for months, preparing myself for hundreds of kilometers of summer hiking. Resi then asked if I could be honest about my sexual experience, and I opened up with the truth.

I was somewhat shy in high school; a varsity cheerleader who couldn't figure out the dating scene, was terrified by it. Touching all the other girls in the team lifting moves was a major thrill, but I never let on I was sexually aroused by it. It took life on college campus before I wanted to try anything. I knew Katie as a sophomore in my freshman year, and the year after that we started dating. It wasn't easy at first; Katie liked casual dating and I was just one of her many partners during her junior year. But I adored her, was infatuated with her, and I was persistent until we finally pledged to be monogamous with each other. I was the happiest woman on the planet! And then Katie shocked me in bed one night saying she wanted to try adding a boyfriend to our lovemaking, just for a few nights or so to show me what sex with males was like. She was very persistent, and I wanted to keep her so badly that I promised to give bisexuality a try.

Eric quickly became of permanent feature in our relationship. Katie and I would still make love alone; she also made love with Eric alone, and I tried to make love with Eric alone just once, the night Katie introduced us. (I felt Resi stiffen when I said this.) It was a disaster for me and I'm sure frustrating for Eric. But Katie said she really wanted to keep both of us as sexual partners and pleaded with me to try group sex. Feeling left-out and jealous of my male rival, I committed to make

the attempt, and with the right positions, I was okay with it. I was best in the middle, my favorite was 69 with sweet Katie below me; and Eric would mount me doggie from above. I was okay in missionary too, with Eric between my legs and Katie in front of him. Even when she was turned around and kissing him, as long as I could play with her legs and butt, could focus on her, I was okay. I forced myself to think of Eric as my handy fuck machine that did a great job getting me off. And he probably thought the same of me. He didn't mind the role even though I insisted we always use condoms. Katie just used the pill. And then Katie and Eric moved to the East coast when they graduated a year ahead of me. Katie and I pledged to stay in close contact; visit each other whenever possible and remain lovers. It never happened.

"Ah, that must have hurt," Resi said quietly. She was caressing my forehead with her fingers, brushing back a few stray hairs. "Are you over it?"

I nodded. "It took a long time, but yeah. Eric and I never did connect much, except physically I mean. We both understood we had a shallow relationship. But Katie, I had a crush on her. I was way too old maybe to be so blind and give my heart so completely, but that's what I did. When I could finally look back and be a little objective, I saw things ... obvious things ... that our relationship ... things that I thought were kinky at the time were merely abusive ... much more abusive than playful. Seeing that made the last of the pain go away."

Resi had a deep frown on her face. "Perhaps more abusive than you realize. Tell me, was Katie pretty? As pretty as you?"

"Huh? I used to adore her; it's hard for me to be unbiased. She wasn't overweight. But she's not athletic like me. Katie didn't like to exercise and it showed."

"And how long between your commitment with Katie and the introduction of Eric?"

"Oh, I don't know. It happened pretty fast. A couple of weeks ... Maybe less. Why do you ask?"

"Katie's introduction of Eric to you. Surely she knew you were lesbian, not bi-sexual. I suspect Katie used you as bait; Eric was hot for you and Katie turned you into bait until her own relationship with Eric was secure. And then she cut her bait loose to drift with the tide."

I blinked. "From the very beginning!? That's horrible!"

"Carli, did you ever find kindness with anyone? What about your senior year?"

"Well, no. I was super busy with all the class work ... and senior thesis ... and job interviewing..." Out of nowhere I felt something break within me, the veneer of my social defenses. I had given my word to be honest. "It was just like high school again! I was lonely!" I made a strange sound, uncontrollable, halfway between a burp and hiccup. "Sorry, must be the alcohol. I'm okay. Sorry..."

Resi leaned down and sheltered me in her arms, covering my cheek with kisses. "I've lost family too," she whispered in my ear. She finally sat back up, her hand resting nicely on my tummy, and she gave me a playful smile. "So the dog was just a boast?"

"Uh, no, that really happened..." I blinked in surprise that I didn't feel embarrassed. Resi had disarmed me with her compassion. My defenses were down, and I went on to reveal a part of me that I had never allowed anyone to see.

It happened four years ago, almost to the day. I was between high school and college, at a neighbor's house weekend babysitting their Labrador Biscuit and infant son Philip for two

overnights while the parents took a much needed break. I was enjoying the work; Philip was a delight and the dog very friendly. It was late June, a beastly hot weekend, but the house had AC, and after lunch and a bath with lots of playtime, Philip was in serious need of a nap. I tucked him into his crib, hung around a few minutes till he fell asleep, and headed downstairs to the couch to do some reading. The living room was cool, quiet, and very private; all the shades drawn to keep out the sun. I told Resi and Akira I could see all the details in my mind with crystal clarity. I was dressing simply; brown sandals and a white cotton sundress with tiny purple and red flowers. Biscuit was with me on the other end of the leather couch, and after reading a short while I took off my sandals and put my feet up. A moment later Biscuit starting licking my feet.

I think I gasped at how good it felt. Oh, there had been touches and hugs from friends and family through the years, but the last time my body had been noticed with intent was probably when I was getting spanked as a child. Having pleasure from continuous stimulation was an entirely new experience for me. Reading became absolutely impossible. I closed the book and my eyes, and just lay back and enjoyed.

I was breathing deeply, floating with the sensations. The dog's tongue was large and wet, and he was licking my right foot from heel to toe, even licking between my toes. After a while I thought I'd like my left foot licked too, so I moved my right leg off the couch, my foot dropping to the rug. But Biscuit had other ideas. He got off the couch and mounted my right leg, placing his forepaws awkwardly around me, pinning my sundress to the couch around my waist while lowering his genitals on my bare leg just above my knee. He then started some major-league arching of his hindquarters, driving his penis sheath up and down along my lower thigh.

I blinked at the dog in amazement; came within a second of just shooing him off, but sexual curiosity made me pause. Biscuit was a very friendly pooch. I was sure he would stop anytime I insisted. I was in a locked house, very private, shades drawn, expecting no one, Philip starting a big nap ... When would such an ideal opportunity occur again? Probably never. This might be my one chance to be a little naughty with Biscuit...

So I let him hump against my leg. It wasn't long before I felt his penis tip emerge and rub against my leg. I took a quick look around the room; still super secure. So I lifted my other leg to straddle the top of the couch and I pulled my sundress above my hips, exposing my panties. And then I just closed my eyes and waited.

Sure enough, the leg humping stopped and I felt Biscuit's furry head sniffing between my legs. Meanwhile I was playing little mind games with my morals. "I'm just stretching my legs and keeping my body still. It's not my fault if Biscuit comes and sniffs." My wildest dreams came true. His cold wet nose pushed into my panties; then an explosion of sensations: hot breath, cold nose, wet tongue, he was everywhere! Licking my thighs, my crotch through the panties, he even licked the bare spot above my panties and below my hiked-up sundress. That tickled! I sat up bolt upright and looked around the room, feeling guilty as sin. How far did I want to take this?

I skipped to the front entrance on bare feet, my sundress falling back in place, and peered through a tiny crack at the edge of a shade. The street outside was void of humanity, arch-typical suburban desert, the driveway empty. Perfect! But the key question remained. How far did I want to take this?

"Just take a step," I thought. "And if you don't like it, you'll stop. And if you do like it, ... well, you can worry about that later." I skipped back to the couch, took another look around the room, total overkill worrying about being observed, and then I stripped myself naked and then put my sundress back on. Without the bra and panties, the cotton dress felt like a soft nightgown, and I was feeling sexy, and Biscuit was bounding all around me. I jumped back on the couch, same position as before,

spread my legs and lifted my sundress so high I exposed my breasts. And then I waited.

Waited for about one second. Biscuit was everywhere! His tongue was on my legs and vulva and hips and ... I was hoping he'd go back to my vulva when ... Uff! Biscuit was standing on me, one forepaw on my stomach, another pressing down on my uterus, and the crazy dog was licking my face and breasts and leaning even harder on my tummy and it was just TOO MUCH DAMN WEIGHT so I pushed him off!

Both Resi and Akira laughed heartily when I got to that part of the story. I couldn't believe I was bearing my soul to them like this, but the car seemed a magical protective cocoon where secrets could be safely shared. My head was in Resi's lap, her right hand resting on my stomach very gently, and her left hand was slowly stroking my forehead. And her eyes! She was gazing down at me and her eyes were full of laughter and compassion. No one in my life had ever looked at me like that. "So what happened next?" she asked. Before I could respond, Akira started driving and asked us to put our seatbelts back on. We were in private underground parking a few minutes later.

We went through so many layers of security, I joked about where were the retinal scanners, and then I found that their apartment was as fabulous as their car; so cool and dry, delightful after being in the weather outside; and quiet, delightful after my noisy night at the youth hostel. Resi and I began to make out on a large couch; very light and playful, no talking, just experimenting with all the different ways two hands could touch each other, fingers exploring fingers, palms, and wrists. It felt like the first movement of a courting dance. Then Akira came out of the kitchen with three small glasses, two filled with tea and one containing Berliner Weisse, a sour white beer she thought I might like to sample. So Resi and I took a break and we all sipped our drinks and chatted about the city and my summer plans. I felt both relaxed and excited, a strange feeling. I started cuddling with Resi again and she cuddled right back. Akira dimmed the lights and joined us on the couch, sitting on one end while Resi and I got horizontal, lying facing each other.

I loved kissing with Resi! Her eyes were glowing with happiness. Tips of our tongues touching and retreating, noses caressing noses, I loved the smell of her. I felt Akira taking my shoes off and glanced to watch her do it. Resi's feet were already bare. And then Resi pressed her body against mine, her hands holding me tight on my lower back and the upper curve of my butt.

Time drifted. I was floating on a wave of being slightly drunk and sexually playful, slowly building a base for deeper arousal. Akira was massaging my feet and legs, from mid thighs on downwards, wherever I was bare but not going under my skirt. She would occasionally hold my foot and kiss and lick my toes. And then she got serious; big wet laps from heel to toe, then penetrating between my toes with her tongue. I liked it! We looked at each other and grinned. "Woof!" said Akira. "Woof, woof!" I said back.

But my real focus was Resi. I opened buttons on her blouse, kissed her neck, her exposed upper breasts, no bra, one more button would reveal the nipples. Resi smiled contently, waiting for me to do it. I felt a tug on my hips. Akira was pulling my skirt off. I undid my belt and arched my hips to help her, felt the fabric slide down my legs, felt Akira's hands stroking me, from mid butt across panties and down the back of my thighs. It felt nice! Resi leaned close and kissed my throat. Then she got up, pulled Akira to stand with her and they started undressing each other. After a moment Resi coaxed Akira into dancing.

It was a private dance; very intimate choreography. In addition to undressing each other, the two were expressing in motion their sexual desires, positions offered and accepted or sometimes passed by. My heart twitched in envy. Katie and I never did anything like this; it never occurred to me to try. I began to learn what Resi and Akira liked in their lovemaking just by watching. And

unexpectedly, I began to feel a little embarrassed, and it took a moment to figure out why.

What I was doing at the club, seeking a one-night stand of sexual pleasure, I knew my actions would not survive moral inspection; that I might in later life be ashamed of the choices I was making now. But Akira and especially sweet Resi didn't seem to be treating this as a one-night stand, and I couldn't figure out why. Instead, I was being offered trust and compassion, and I was at a loss how to respond. What could I give them in return?

Meanwhile in the dance, Resi had stripped Akira down to panties while Akira finished what I started with Resi's blouse. The sight of topless Resi took my breath away; pert teenage-looking breasts and a smile that was all eagerness. And their dance, so beautiful, so intimate. Resi held up one leg to the side in a classic cheerleader move, her foot above her head, and Akira spun around Resi's butt and snapped a full hip thrust into the exposed crotch. A short time later Akira performed the same leg maneuver, but in response Resi simply kissed the back of Akira's neck. They were describing their likes and dislikes in the dance, I thought. If I read the dance correctly, Resi had offered to submit to domination and Akira accepted the offer, and Akira had offered to submit to domination and Resi declined.

Resi surprised me by taking my hands and pulling me to the "dance floor". She gracefully removed my top and bra, caressed me within the dance for a moment, and then performed the high leg maneuver. Wearing nothing but panties, I kissed her neck in return, my hands around her waist while rubbing my hips gently around her ass. "I'm not sure," I whispered, just to be sure I was understood. Resi nodded and smiled.

Akira joined us in the dance then. I did the high-leg cheerleader maneuver much better than Akira and Resi, and was rewarded with a sharp hip thrust from Akira directly on my exposed crotch, followed by a soft lingering French kiss from Resi on my vulva. The touch was electric, the panties reduced nothing of the stimulation Resi's lips and tongue and breath provided. I swooned in the pleasure of it, started to fall, and was caught by Resi as she rose and caressed my bare leg as I lowered it. "I'm not sure either..." she whispered in my ear.

And then Akira performed the high-leg maneuver for me. I answered more aggressively with Akira, grinding my hips from her butt to the open crotch, panties rubbing against panties. Resi was so sweet, I couldn't imagine wanting to dominate her with much force. Akira though had a hard edge to her. Thoughts of episodes of being on the top and bottom with Akira were intriguing. She gave me a quick smile and nod that she understood my choice, followed by an even quicker flash of teeth as she reached down and felt wetness on her panties. I felt my own crotch and realized it was from me; whether from Resi's tongue or my own juices, I wasn't sure. Probably both. It was a very easy transition to their bedroom, where Resi let me finish undressing her, and then Akira and I pulled each other's panties off. We were soon rolling on the bed, starting off with Resi lying prone while Akira and I licked and kissed her butt checks and the upper backs of her thighs.

I gasped at how beautiful and physically hot these women were! Resi looked like every lesbian's wet dream of a naked high school senior, though she certainly didn't act immature. And Akira! I must have been out of my mind to think of her in her thirties. It must have been the combo of her disco outfit and the way she walked, her military erectness that made me think that. Here in bed, her hair was loose and bouncing around her shoulders; and she was all eagerness and playful as a child, quickly mounting and dominating Resi with ankles holds and making pretend thrusts into her raised buttocks. If Akira had told me she was my age (22), I would have believed it without doubt.

And I was going to be pleased by these two hot women! I laughed in sheer eagerness, jumped to the center of the bed and turned, lying on my back. I was soon the center of attention, pillows placed

under my head and thighs, Resi suckling my left breast, Akira suckling on the right; two sets of hands caressing my hips and tummy, exploring me with touches light as feathers. Inhibitions were falling away, I felt so loose, drifting into slow deep arousal in anticipation of fingers reaching my thighs and pubis. I opened my legs, inviting them to stroke my sex. Instead Akira and Resi broke their suckles and whispered rapidly in German to each other, I was able to only understand isolated words, nothing connected, but it didn't matter. I was floating with the alcohol.

Resi came up to French-kiss with me while Akira started probing me above my pubis but below my navel, gently at first but then with firmness. I was hoping she wouldn't tickle me, but that was not her intent. I was dimly aware that my uterus was being probed through my abdominal wall, fingers very gentle with ovaries and Fallopian tubes but then pushing down hard to position the pear shape of my womb. It felt nice in spite of the pressure, kinky, especially when the fingers entered the top of my pubic fur to feel the neck of the pear, the cervix descending from womb to the back wall of my vagina. And Resi was such a playful, active kisser that it was easy to just relax my pelvis and let Akira have her way with me. But where was all this headed?

Akira left the bed to get what looked like a chest of toys and my heart skipped a beat; inside were an assortment of dildos, vibrators and various sex toys. With a nod from Akira, Resi pulled out strong fabric cuffs and moved to fasten them to my wrists. And I gasped in panic at the thought of real bondage. "Wait! Is there a secret word or something; something I can say later that means stop?"

Resi blinked, put the cuffs back in the toy chest, and then had a fast, whispering conversation with Akira. Akira finally nodded, turned to give me a friendly smile, and left the room. Resi came and sat down on the bed with me.

"Oh, shit, Resi; I've really blown the mood, haven't I?"

"No, no, no. The fault is ours. Akira and I are so comfortable with our sex play; we forgot how new and threatening bondage might seem to you. Please forgive us."

"Oh, that's okay. Actually, I think I'd like to try it. Is Akira gone for the night?"

"No. I suggested she take a shower; give us two some time to talk. I'm trying to think of the best way to explain..." Resi reached out and offered to hold hands. I accepted gladly. "Earlier, you said were unsure about dominating me; but my offer to be dominated by you was firm. Will you accept my offer now?"

"Uh, you mean like, right now?"

"Uh huh."

"Okay! What should I do?"

Resi laughed. "It's YOUR fantasy to create. I'm just the submissive, remember?"

"Oh..." I thought for a moment. "Earlier, when we first came into the bedroom, you were lying prone and Akira mounted you ... from the high angle of her hips ... It looked like anal sex. It looked really hot."

Resi gave me a beaming smile. "Perfect!" She scooted off the bed and went to the toy chest, rooted around and pulled out something that shocked me. "This is a Feeldoe. Ever see one before?" I shook my head no. "It's a strapless strap-on," continued Resi. "The bulb end fills the vagina of the pretend male, and you can guess what the penis-shaped end is used for. It works well for both anal and

vaginal. But it's really for two people coming together as equals. For domination, the classic strap-on..." Resi was rooting in the toy box again, " ... is what we want. Come here and let me turn you into a male."

I walked over quickly but with weak knees and let Resi strap and buckle me in. "Tighter than I imagined," I said.

"You'll need it tight to control your penis. Speaking of which, here's what I'm equipping you with." Resi attached a tiny penis, very bendable. "Don't think I'm implying anything by the size. It's just for now." Then she handed me a tube of lube, jumped on the bed, lay prone and arched her ass and lower legs into the air. "Now butt fuck me for real. You can lube me first or dry mount me, your choice."

"Butt fuck you? For real?"

"That's what I said."

I got on the bed, in position between Resi's legs. She looked relaxed, hands resting around her head, vulva tucked in low touching the bed, pink anus on display from the high arch of her hips. "Resi, you're so beautiful..." I mumbled. I took the lube, coated my thumb-size rubbery penis, stroked Resi's anus for a while with more lube, and then got in position and entered her. There wasn't much physical sensation, a little from the pressure on my clitoral hood from the strap-on, but I was gasping from the emotions welling up within me. I entered her fully, as far as the tiny penis would reach, and then fitted myself against her body, legs covering legs, pelvis covering butt, my breasts pressing into her back. I arched to kiss the back of her neck.

"Carli, please stop; leave now."

I jumped off as soon as I understood her words. "Did I hurt you?! I'm so sorry! What did I do wrong?"

Resi sat up and hugged me fiercely. "I felt you tremble as you entered me. This was your first time as a male, your very first time, wasn't it?" I nodded. Meanwhile Resi was smothering me with kisses. "You were fine! I just asked you to leave to show you something. Remember how relaxed I was? I was relaxed because I trust you. I would have been shocked if you had tried to dry mount me. I would have accepted you; the penis is too small to damage anything, but between Akira and me, dry mounting is unthinkable! And the trust works both ways! I trust Akira to stay observant, pull back if I give any indication of reluctance, and Akira trusts me not to hide any discomfort for the sake of her pleasure. All our playful fantasies would disappear if the two-way trust were not absolute. We would be monsters otherwise!"

I nodded vigorously. "I get your point! And I ... You're offering to let me come inside your trust bond. What can I give you and Akira in return?"

Resi was beaming, radiant. "You can give us your trust, and give us your fantasies, and let us offer you our fantasies in return." She turned and wiggled her butt at me. "I'd like you very much back inside."

I remounted Resi, coupled to her as before, fitting my body to hers, kissing her neck. "What would you like now?" I asked.

Resi sighed. "Well, if you want to turn the fantasy over to me, pretend you're a male who just had his first ejaculation spurt. All the hard fucking is over. Just rock your hips gently back and forth, flow

your semen into me, slow and easy ... That's right ... Hmm, that feels so good..."

I was doing as Resi asked. Kissed her for a while after I had finished my pretend ejaculation, rose up on my arms after another while, looked down at my pretend penis still coupled for real to her anus, saw and caressed the upper curve of her butt with my hand. The peach fuzz hair on her upper curve, so incredibly beautiful. "My beautiful wife..." I mumbled.

Resi gasped and spun to look at me, causing us to uncouple. I didn't say anything, just removed my harness and put it aside. We lay side by side afterwards, holding hands, looking at the high ceiling. "Carli?" whispered Resi. "Wife?"

I sighed. "I know. I was fantasizing. It just kind of popped out." I sighed again. "Akira coming back soon?"

Resi turned to face me, lying on her side, propping up her head with her forearm, her other hand caressing my shoulder. She glanced at the clock. "Probably not yet. I know Akira. She'll be super considerate and take a long shower, give us lots of time to sort things out..."

"Hmm ... I feel sorted already. How about you?"

"Yeah, me too ... So, can you finish your dog story? I'm dying of curiosity."

"Hmm? Oh yeah; okay. Where did I leave off? Right where I pushed him off my stomach, right? We're pretty near the end..."

I had turned, still lying on the couch, staring at Biscuit. He was standing still, panting heavily, looking at me. I got the impression he knew he had done something wrong but didn't know what. My morals were suggesting this was a really good time for a reality check, but I was still feeling sexy; still wanted to pursue the opportunity before me. I knew how dogs mated. Did I really want to go that far? Certainly not much further. But maybe try copulation for a few seconds? If I didn't want that, then I should stop now. Otherwise I was just being cruel to the dog; teasing him. I sat up on the couch, pulled my sundress down, and Biscuit came and rested his head on my leg, high up where my dress covered my upper thigh. His hindquarters were making little twitching motions and he was making a strange growl, very low register. And his eyes! He was still very eager, but his eyes were telling me the ball was in my court for what happens next.

My own hips started rocking, the desire to explore and experience fierce. I growled, not at Biscuit but with him, and stood up to think. A moment later I headed upstairs. Biscuit followed. I went through the parent's bedroom, hoping to find some adult lube. I did! The find reinforced my decision. Next stop, linen closet! If Biscuit did ejaculate, I wanted it to be in a place where I could do a full cleanup. Obvious choice, the tile bathroom. I went in and put the linens on the sink vanity, and then with a burst of caution, and total, total insanity, sprinted back to the bedroom to check the driveway again. All clear! Back in the bathroom, peeked through the shade crack to the backyard; of course nothing. Then I turned to Biscuit, who had been following my every footstep.

This was it! Decision time! I pulled my sundress over my head, then standing in my birthday suit with my legs an open invitation, I rocked my hips back and forth. Biscuit read my body language and moved in. Wet tongue on thighs, vulva, clitoral hood, stomach. I stood there shuddering, then turned and squatted, letting the dog lick my rear. Soon my ass cheeks were sopping with saliva, with a lot of licking right up the crack of my ass. Oh, that felt good! The tongue traveling from vagina to butthole, focusing on the butthole, trying to penetrate me; succeeding; I could feel wetness seeping into my rectum, and the tongue kept focusing on keeping my anus juicy. I just stood there and shuddered; waves of sexual heat pulsing from my clit. I had never been aroused like this before!

I turned and offered Biscuit my front again. I felt the need to see my sex partner. More licks on my vulva, my arousal juices mixing with the saliva on my thighs. Biscuit was going crazy, licking me almost to orgasm, trying to mount my leg as I stood, more licks on anus, vagina, and flicks to the clit, then more leg mounting. I felt a huge wave of sexual desire wash over me, clear and strong. I grabbed the lube, wetted my hand with it, and reached underneath the dog, wet jerking him to erection. So slick and thin! A tiny voice inside me said, "Not your vagina, girl! Save that for a human!" Biscuit was ready though, and so was I, both of us in full heat. Almost there! I lubed my forefinger, reached back and shoved the finger up my butt as deeply as I could. And then, I'm not sure why but I took a second to put my sundress back on before I knelt on soft towels, lifted my dress to expose myself and offered my rump for mounting.

Biscuit surprised me. He did not jump on my back immediately. He would lick my vulva and anus, walk around me, try to lick my face, go back to my rear and lick some more. Again and again. I was swooning in the sexual pleasure of it. And then finally he jumped up and mounted me. I could sense his gentleness, even in the midst of his driving desire for me. I reached back with a freshly lubed hand, found the thin penis, let the dog fuck my hand just long enough to re-lube it, and then guided the penis tip to my anus. It felt as if I were holding a wiggling, slippery eel, and I couldn't wait to feel it wiggle up my butt.

Guiding the penis into my butt was more difficult than I imagined. Biscuit was certainly willing enough, maybe too willing. He was jumping around and angling himself wildly in his attempt to copulate. His penis entered my hand at the bottom of my grip, poking out between curled index finger and thumb, so slippery! Did I add too much lube? The trick was to align grip with anus just as Biscuit would thrust. Poke, poke, and then, success! I felt about an inch of the slippery eel slide up my butthole.

Biscuit felt it too, felt my anus squeeze down and pop the penis out. I lost it! It was an involuntary response, my sphincter rejecting being penetrated from the wrong direction. But I kept my grip centered on my butthole, felt the slippery eel wiggle back and forth across my opening, and then finally it wiggled back in! I was more prepared this time for capture, tensing my bowels to pout and open my anus, pushing my hips back to help Biscuit slide up into me, letting go with my hand as he fully inserted, but keeping two fingertips on the connection at our outside coupling point; the end of his furry sheath nestled into the crack of my ass. And on the inside, the slippery eel was alive! I could feel the eel swelling, lengthening, seeking a deeper path with every thrust and wiggle.

My rectum was being drilled. It felt nice! I was being fucked! My first fucking! In the butt! I was delirious with the pleasure of it, full strokes, so deep, and wiggling eel swelling with each slippery spin. I was moaning in pleasure, and then a swift sharp pain right in my anus. THAT HURT! I jumped up, nearly killed my elbow hitting it on the sink vanity, then pivoted and stared at the dog. He stood there panting, not unhappy. The sex was as good for him as it was for me. But that sharp anal pain, it was brutal, and the bang on my elbow wasn't pleasant either! The twin pains sucked all the sexual desire out of me. I stood there shaking, wondering what the hell had happened. My adventure was certainly at an end, and I was grateful Biscuit didn't seem to mind. And he hadn't even started to ejaculate; nothing to clean up.

But what the hell happened? I knelt and grabbed Biscuit's penis, then bent low to take a good look, and saw a great bulge at the base of his penis, and it was growing larger even as I watched. I was absolutely horrified! I had ruptured his penis somehow and he was bleeding internally! This could be fatal! Did I kill him?! I had to call a vet immediately! And then I felt that I had entered the land of the zombies, where guys with their skulls caved in are walking around happily without a care in the world. Biscuit was wagging his tail and trying to lick my face, totally unconcerned that his penis seemed about to explode.

I petted his head for a while and watched his erection disappear, including the bulb at the base, and I made a selfish decision to postpone calling a vet until I could research what happened. And then with a flash of fright, I ran downstairs to collect my bra and panties. So stupid! What if the parents had returned to find my sandals, bra, and panties downstairs and Biscuit and I coming from upstairs with me wearing a sundress with nothing underneath. I glanced at myself in a downstairs mirror; bouncy, bouncy, totally obvious my breasts were free and loose; my nipples showing as hard points through the soft cotton. Incredibly dumb! So I got properly dressed, then linens back in the closet, lube tube back precisely where I found it, Philip sleeping soundly, Biscuit looking normal and happy, one last check on the upstairs bathroom and discovered I had spots of lube all over the floor. Not a problem, just scrub the floor clean.

I was about five minutes into scrubbing the floor when I heard the doorbell ring, then the front door opened and somebody called out my name from inside the house! Turns out Philip's parents had given the next-door neighbors the house keys and asked them to check up on me. So I walked the husband and wife around the house, gave them a highly edited version of what the last few hours had been like, and this woman got on the phone to the parents and excitedly started singing my praises. "This babysitter is extraordinary! She is exemplary! She even gave him a play bath! Philip is sleeping now, very well cared for! And your babysitter is using his sleep time to wash the bathroom floor! How did you ever find her?! She's worth pure gold!" And meanwhile I was standing there with my best game face, trying to shrug modestly.

Resi laughed. "An excellent story! Much more interesting than my first experience with a dog." She saw me staring at her. "Yes, me too. I think lots of people have sexual moments with their pets, especially when the pet originates the encounter, as Biscuit did with you. I consider it normal. It's just not discussed. Never. Socially taboo." She paused. "You took a risk, coupling with a dog without a shepherd or shepherdess."

"A what?"

"Berlin slang, a friend to assist and guard you." Resi looked at me. "Did you feel guilty afterwards? Any aftereffects?"

Secrets of the heart. I trusted Resi so much that I lay there by her side and bared my soul to her. "No and yes. I expected guilt, and then felt guilty about not feeling guilty. Don't ask me to explain if that doesn't make sense. And aftereffects ... yeah ... I dream sometime; still do, a real dream, the classic overnight REM kind of thing, I'm eighteen again, kneeling in a bathroom with my sundress bunched around my waist and Biscuit is in back of me..."

"Ah ... A nightmare?"

"No. It's a strange dream but without fear, not a nightmare. I did expect nightmares once I researched what was going on with Biscuit. If his penis was just another inch up my butt, his knot would have swelled in my rectum, not my anus. I think I would have been comfortable with that long enough for his knot to tie me. Then I'd be forced to stay coupled and work Biscuit through his ejaculation cycle. Can you imagine how different the woman's report would have been? This depraved slut abandoned Philip in his crib to have anal sex with your dog!! ... A major cusp point in my life; a few seconds and an inch further in, and my life would have been ruined."

"But those nightmares never came. Instead, I dream of Biscuit with me in the bathroom, and I'm offering myself for doggie mounting but Biscuit isn't jumping on my back; just lots of licks around my vulva, and then, this is the really weird part, kisses on my vaginal opening. I turn around; it's just Biscuit, but the kisses feel like human lips. Spooky, huh? And then I usually wake up feeling aroused

and frustrated; I'm longing for something that I can't put into words ... You're right, Resi. These thoughts are so socially taboo, I wind up hiding them even from myself. Yet I've told you. And you can tell Akira the rest of the story, I don't mind. I trust you both with all my heart. How did that happen?"

Resi's eyes! She looked so beautiful as she spoke. "I'm not sure. Trust can be magical, reaching beyond any imagination or understanding ... Here, let me go and get Akira. I won't be long. Still feel like playing?"

"Oh, you bet! With cuffs, too. Lots of cuffs!"

Resi flashed me a playful smile and left the room.

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There was a wait before Resi and Akira returned, long enough for them to have a discussion, and then the three of us just cuddled for a while, all of us naked but the focus at first was to reestablish familiarity, not arousal. Both Resi and Akira told me they planned a very enjoyable night for me which included an extended back rub by Resi. I almost thought they were suggesting the party was over for the night, but then Akira went to the toy box and pulled out not just cuffs but a padded bar that she illustrated would be placed behind my knees. I nodded eagerly and asked what position they wanted me in. They put me in a doggie position in the center of the bed, Akira fastened the bar to my knees. There were even knee pads that I knelt in, deep and well padded. I tested the setup once Akira completed her work. The knee cups were both very comfortable and very functional. I sensed some serious metal beneath the padded bar. I was being locked in a high-quality restraint.

Resi placed a mountain of pillows under my tummy, and then fastened the fabric cuffs to my hands and then started kissing me while guiding my arms back to my knees. I heard two clicks as Akira snapped my cuffs to the leg restraint and then started adjusting the bar, spreading my knees far apart until my weight was lowered onto the tummy pillows. It was a very solid position, my weight evenly distributed on the bed among my knees, stomach, head, and shoulders; my B-cup breasts hanging freely in a semi upside down position, my erect nipples grazing the bedsheet. I wondered if Resi and Akira would both suckle me from below; something I would enjoy. But my two lovers now were back to getting more things from the toy box.

My current position was so exposed. I realized how vulnerable I was as the cool room air hit my wet sex, now completely open. I tested my restraints by rocking side to side: almost no effect. I had no leverage with my secured arms, my knees were so far apart and my tummy was creating a valley in a mountain of supporting pillows on either side of me. With my legs spread and secured in the deep knee pads, I was as stable as a bus, and I assumed locked in a position for rear entry. I felt eager to be humped; a childlike impatience for the future to unfold.

Akira jumped on the bed, sat by the headboard and opened her legs for me, arching her hips until my head was between her thighs. I knew what she wanted; short hip thrusts and thigh squeezes on my head were commands to bury my tongue in her sex. I proceeded slowly, sniffing the elongated clitoral hood, stroking it with my nose. I realized Akira was in an advanced state of arousal, the hood every erect. I licked lightly along the length of the hood, felt the clit quiver and paused to explore it with the tip of my tongue. I was just at the end of her hood, my tongue not quite making direct with the clit, but very, very close. I breathed slow hot air into the hood channel, and had the pleasure of hearing Akira gasp twice, her thighs pulsing in their grip on my head.

I know how a female gets off. Akira was surprisingly close to orgasm, and it would be easy to push

her down the chute for it. And she was dominating me, a willing submissive was between her legs licking her sex. But Akira had also raised her leg for me earlier in the dance, offered to let me dominate her. Would she allow me to do that now? I decided to test the offer. So I turned my head, wet kissing along the labia on both sides where thighs met crotch. Then I returned to the center of her sex, pressed my nose against her clit and pushed my tongue in the folds just underneath. But rather than licking up into the hood, I licked down until I found the tiny indentation of her urethra slit just above the vagina. I had the faint taste of her urine on my tongue, and I made tiny dry brush strokes across the slit, light and feathery, as a kitten would lap milk. Akira's breathing became shallow and rapid, and she whimpered but did not pull away. She was honoring her promise to submit to me.

Maybe I should have let the issue go, but I didn't. I pushed in hard with the tip of my tongue and then suckled hard, enough to pull the urethral channel with my lips; pushed with tongue and then suckled hard, again and again. I knew no female's bladder can withstand such vigorous pumping for long, the valve soon fatigues from the alternating push and pull, begins to lag in its recovery, and sure enough on about the sixth suckle Akira cried out at her loss of control and I suckled a tiny splash of urine from her. And she kept her legs still; still submitting to me. I started to feel embarrassed about what I was doing to her and got back to the job of getting her off.

Lots of licking and nuzzling, nose-stroking her labia, tongue lapping her vaginal entrance, moving up across the clit to roll the clitoral hood with my mouth, all the while with great focus on Akira's responses, learning the deep internal pattern of how her body approached orgasm. I realized that direct stimulation on the clit was too much for her, but lapping the length of her hood with full wet tongue strokes would lead her straight to orgasm; I was sure of it. The only question was timing. Should I tease and deny her first? I suddenly realized I really didn't want to. Akira was whimpering from sexual tension, and I felt an intense desire to guide her to release. My wet tongue returned to her hood, up and down, so wet, just the right pressure. I launched Akira down the chute, felt tremors and then contractions begin to pulse from clit and ripple down her legs. Her orgasm was unstoppable now. Not wanting to over stimulate, I pulled back and started gently kissing her labia.

Akira had other ideas. She raised her legs high and over, bringing her feet near her head. Beautiful, athletic legs, and then her hands pulled apart her butt cheeks and she wiggled for me. It wasn't domination, she was just asking, and her orgasm was starting to crash down upon her, and I felt a deep desire to give her what she wanted. So I stuck my tongue inside her butthole, wetting her as it opened and then suckling the outside when a contraction closed it tight. The area was clean from her shower, but I had the taste of Akira's shit in my mouth when I caught her open anus with my tongue, very salty and bitter. I didn't care. It felt wildly intimate to taste her inner body and share the contractions with her. Akira panted in synch with her spasms, riding the orgasm to full length, breathing deep at the end to recover. Her legs came down, she turned and gave me a single sweet kiss on my cheek. "You're welcome, Akira!" I thought. I felt great.

And then back to the toy box! Out came a bottle of massage oil, a dark cloth, large plastic containers, a deflated plastic bag with a plastic tube, various weird things with nipples and nozzles on them, and finally white cylinders with strings that made them look like oversized tampons. I stared with apprehension and anticipation churning in my stomach. Resi has wetting her hands with the oil and then everything disappeared when Akira blindfolded me. All the time they reassured me, that it would only get better. I was comfortable mentally with all this, trusting them completely, but a little frustrated physically since I was still far from reaching my first orgasm.

The room was silent and invisible; so unusual, the first time for me to be in heat without sight and sound. Resi was on the bed by my side and her hands were working magic with my back muscles, relaxing me in spite of the constrained position I was in. I wondered where Akira was and then I felt

her behind me, strong fingers on my butt, kisses on my ass cheeks before feeling them spread open, a nose pressing in, sniffing my rear opening, followed by a lingering kiss directly on my exit point, a darting tongue coating me with moisture. I was taking one deep breath after another, and then blinked when a fingertip pressed and penetrated me, just a tiny bit. Then the hand went still.

Decision time! She was asking me non-verbally for permission to enter. Should be okay, I thought. Both Katie and Eric had sometimes slipped single fingers up my butt, and I was fine with that. But never more than a single finger. Oh, a few times Eric would pull out of vaginal doggie and press his cock hard against my butthole, but I would just shout NO! and he never insisted, and I trusted Akira much more than I ever did Eric. So I rocked backward in my one degree of freedom, impaling my butt, shoving Akira's finger deep into my rectum, where I gave it a tight squeeze and then relaxed. It was the clearest answer I could imagine. Take it to the next level, Akira!

The next step felt strange; the finger was very active inside my cavity, but it felt more like examination than stimulation. Akira was an experienced member of a hospital ER team. I decided to stay relaxed and trusting and just let her probe. I was almost certain Akira was giving me a professional examination to see if I could handle what was coming next. The finger withdrew and then came back, pausing at the anus as before. I pushed back and blinked!! Not a finger! Some sort of conical wedge. Okay, go for it! Just stop if it's painful. Trust Akira! I impaled myself and felt something pop into my butt chamber, followed by the sounds of puffs of air as my anus was sealed between two balloon surfaces. Holy shit, I thought, a balloon enema. So this is what it's like to party Berlin style. I wiggled my butt at Akira, showing her I was ready. A moment later she started the flow of warm water.

Akira stayed behind my butt, stroking my calf muscles. Resi returned to massaging my back. I started to drift behind the blindfold again, so many relaxing sensations, then suddenly all the warm water in my lower intestines was not relaxing. I felt full. "Akira, I need to go to the bathroom." She released my handcuffs from the spreader bar. Great, now release the bar and let me get out of here. "Rise up on your arms, Carli. Up on fingertips." Huh!? I did as Resi asked, my shoulders now much higher than my hips, and then a click and suddenly all the pressure in my bowels started exploding out my rear end. It was the strangest feeling, taking a shit without effort, the channel tube between the two balloon seals holding my anus wide open. I would occasionally reach up and massage my tummy as I flowed out. Everything seemed to be engaging with the big discharge, even my stomach. Must be the sour beer mixing with the wine and spirits, I thought, probably why they gave it to me. Clever! I sniffed the air. Nothing but the smell of my own sweat. I was curious how they were doing this and turned my head and asked to see. A quick lifting of the blindfold ... lots of tubes and containers, it looked complicated. The blindfold came back on.

After I finished voiding, Akira deflated and removed the nozzle and then wiped my anal area with several different wipes. Meanwhile Resi was sniffing too. Her head wandered into my armpit where she licked me. "I love you, Carli, the way you taste," she mumbled.

"I love you too, Resi," I mumbled back, "the way you smell. I'll never forget." Resi started guiding my hands back to the handcuffs. "The prisoner pledges her obedience!" I called out. Resi returned to massaging me and let me put my hands by my head. I was not re-cuffed. I smiled happily that I had asked and was granted something without breaking the mood of the game. Meanwhile Akira was still working on my rear; I lost count how many wipes she used. And then a fresh, generous smear of lube on my anus and then a burst of rotating, gliding pressure. So big! Akira had popped a tampon into my rectum! She must have lubed the outer casing for it to slide in and out so easily. What was left was large wad of expanding sponginess. Something was blossoming, filling my rectum. Toilet paper for the inner tush. I sighed and tried to relax, enjoying the massage Resi was giving to my neck and shoulder muscles. After a while, Akira briefly tugged the string but left the tampon inserted. I felt a



burst of panic of wanting to have another bowel movement.

Akira seemed to have anticipated my discomfort. I sensed more movement, and then fingers slowly opening my vulva, a quick swipe of cold alcohol across my super sensitive urethra followed by an expert pinch on my urinary track. When the pinch disappeared, I realized Akira had left behind a lubricated tube. It was the first time in my life to be cathetered and I was shocked both by lack of discomfort and the sexual rush of having my urethra penetrated by lovers. I also felt a wave of gratitude towards Akira. She had the perfect opportunity to retaliate for how I had suckled her urethra, yet she tubed me with great gentleness.

"Release your bladder, Carli," Resi said simply. "No need to penetrate to the valve." The words unspoken made me shiver. I had surrendered to them. They could drain my bladder by force if they chose. So I did as commanded, peeing through the tube for a good long while. I must have had more drinks than I realized. The release felt good, relieving pressure that somehow seemed to be building in my rectal cavity. And it felt sexy, urinating in front of people I barely knew.

I felt a rubber nipple at my lips below the blindfold. "Trust me," Resi said softly, so I took a taste and then a suck. Resi was offering me cold water. I was thirsty from the earlier alcohol and rose up on my arms again to suck greedily, wondering how extended this sex session would be if they had to worry about keeping me hydrated. Their consideration though was reassuring. It must have been a big bottle, and Resi let me drink my fill. "How do you feel, Carli?"

I sighed and answered honestly. "A little frustrated. I want to orgasm! But my head is clear. The alcohol buzz is gone."

After my drink, Akira tugged on the rectal string again and I guess somehow determined I was ripe. "Bear down!" Resi commanded, and it felt like taking a major shit when Akira pulled out what I assumed was a spongy mess. And then I was quickly re-plugged, only this time the insertion felt soft and easy. "Smaller size?" I mumbled. Resi had returned to massaging my back. "Different shape," she whispered back, "It's called a torpedo in the sex shops. The first one's called a clam. This one reaches further..." I nodded as I felt the tampon unfolding lengthwise and filling me. Not an ordinary tampon, I thought dreamily. My spine was beginning to enjoy being curled like this, especially when Resi's fingers began to work every vertebra, methodically working me from top of neck to butt bone.

Time passed quietly. During the long back rub, Akira would occasionally spread my ass cheeks and examine me. This second tampon thing inside me felt very strange; not just rectal now. I could sense it working up my digestive tract, curving with my lower intestine and feeling very, very juicy. Akira finally gave two swift tugs on the string. By this time I was well trained and pushed hard. Again there was the feeling of having a very heavy movement; major heaves with my bowel muscles, again and again, really emptying myself. Afterwards Akira wiped my anal area with a wet cloth and seemed to insert something different, modest tension right at the anus but empty in the rectum. I barely noticed, just drifting in pleasure that was floating on top of an ocean of sexual anticipation. I called out that I was willing to be dildo fucked in the ass, if that's what they wanted. My rectal passage felt very pliable and juicy, ready to be fucked. The thought brought back memories. Katie would accept full anal mounts from Eric, and I would hold her legs and watch her grunt on his down-strokes, rocking her hips in synch with his in order to lessen the internal friction. Would I be grunting soon?

With Resi's hands firmly massaging the small of my back, Akira opened my vagina and pushed in deep with a finger, finding my cervix and then pushing her fingertip hard against its slit. "Weich!" she whispered to Resi. "Weich und geoffnet!" This part I understood: soft and open. I guess I wasn't surprised. I was in the fertile part of my cycle, and I had known for years that deep arousal during

this time of the month would cause me to partially dilate. Makes perfect biological sense, easy access for sperm to reach womb and tube with fertile egg. Katie would sometimes play with my soft slit opening after we had sex, tickling me with her fingertip, and Eric was so fascinated by this, he asked me if he could push a speculum up inside me and take a good look. In a moment of complete insanity I agreed, provided he used a real speculum. Fortunately for me, he never got around to getting one.

Resi finished her massage and moved closer to Akira; they were both speaking rapidly in German. I was too far gone to care, my impending orgasm seemed like a huge dark cloud ready to rain. I felt Resi's hands on my breasts and nipples; the tingle of electricity shooting from nipple to clitoris in an instant. Hanging free for so long, my breasts were heavy and the nipples swollen buds. My anus and vagina were aching for penetration; any more teasing and I would surely pass out from frustration. But then I heard Akira leave the room!

Resi put her head beside mine and licked my ear. "How do you feel?" she asked.

"I want something in my vagina!" I whimpered. "And my butt feels tight."

"Does it hurt?"

I thought for a moment. "No."

"It's not a dildo," Resi went on, "Nothing inside, just a small retainer, a disk with a deep groove to catch the sphincter muscle. I'll take it out in a moment ... Carli, you have a choice to make: vaginal or anal."

"Vaginal!" I called out immediately.

Resi hummed as her fingers caressed my butt cheek; such a pretty voice; her fingers rimming and checking the cap. She then surprised me by removing the blindfold. "You sweet, innocent girl! You don't understand the choice yet! You've been prepped for an anal mount. That's the easiest for you to do, just do nothing. But if you really want vaginal, snap your hips up high when the time comes. Elevate your vagina."

When the time comes? I had no idea what she meant. "Won't anal hurt?"

"It really shouldn't. Akira knows what she's doing." Resi paused and repeated, "You are fully prepared for it."

"And I'm not for vaginal? Is that what will hurt me?"

Resi caressed me; ass cheek to thigh and calf and back again. The caress was not just affectionate. It was loving. "We would never hurt you, Carli. But Akira and I both want to warn you, don't go to Berlin discos again with such naïve attitudes. There are others there without morals; they will prey on you; hurt you, hurt your body and spirit, perhaps beyond your ability to repair."

I felt so confused. "So what would you choose now?"

"I would choose anal, without hesitation."

"Why? Because vaginal would hurt?"

"Carli, Akira and I will be your shepherdesses. We won't allow physical pain no matter what your

choice is.”

There was a pause and then two slick fingers, index and forefinger I guessed, slid strongly and deeply into my vagina. I giggled at the sensations of the fingertips smearing lube on my cervix. “Still soft and open?”

“Yes,” whispered Resi as she pulled out. “Very much so.” The fingers came back with a fresh coat of slick and began to rotate, lubing my vaginal walls.”

“Feels nice, Resi,” I muttered. “But I think I’m already juicy.”

“Vaginal copulations can sometimes last a long time, if you choose it...” Resi whispered back. She continued with a third application, concentrating smearing lube around my cervical area. “Carli. Akira and I are watching your bodily responses very carefully. We’re reading you tense with arousal, but free of fear. Is this correct?”

I took a deep breath and considered. “You’re right. It’s all sexual desire; no fear. Uh, Resi? Could you let me out of the spreader bar? We don’t need it anymore.”

Resi released me and whispered a final warning, “Consider anal for your choice. Vaginal will be more intense emotionally, with the possibility of being infinitely more intense. The danger is that all your future sexuality will be compared to that moment and found wanting.”

I shook my head. “I still don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“Akira will be here very soon. Remember my advice. Trust Akira and me to be good shepherdesses. Either choice will allow you to explore your dog fantasy. Now close your eyes and relax.” I sensed Resi moving behind me. She started caressing me, lower back to upper butt, stroking the final curve of my tailbone. Then I felt something cool and viscous being applied, starting at my coccyx and traveling down to the anal plug. Resi then started something that felt like finger painting, smearing the coolness to the left and right, covering my upper butt cheeks. It was too thick to be massage oil, I thought; must be some different kind of lube. I felt a brief tug on the retainer as Resi’s finger worked to coat the retainer groove with more lube. She then rotated the disc, spinning it slowly along the groove until my trapped sphincter muscle felt supper slippery, and then I felt the faintest popping sensation, so slick I didn’t realize Resi had unplugged me until her finger entered my rectal cavity.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Just adding insurance,” Resi replied as her finger slid along my rectal walls. “I want everything to be silky smooth for you. Trust me, Carli, I know from personal experience, anal copulation is very pleasurable when you’re prepared like this.”

“Okay ... Resi, what does my butt look like?”

“You look so beautiful, Carli, so desirable ... Tense your butt; try to close yourself. That’s right. You’re soft and slippery and just a tiny bit open when you’re tense. Can you feel yourself holding the tip of my finger with your sphincter?”

“Uh, no.”

“Perfect. Try to hold the tension, fatigue your sphincter, and just before penetration, relax. Accepting entry here...” I felt her finger smear a last, generous dollop of lube across my tense anus.

" ... will be very easy, extremely pleasurable. And it will only get better. Relax and enjoy. Don't fight it, and just call to us if you want to stop. Otherwise just surrender to the copulation. You won't be hurt. Akira and I will be protective shepherdesses, and the dog is trained and knows what to do."

Dog!??? What dog!?? My mind raced. Was Resi referring to a real dog, or a dildo version of one? Either way, my hips were arching uncontrollably in anticipation. I realized with a gasp that Resi and Akira had prepared me to explore my dog fantasy. I felt Resi's hand return to my breasts, lube-coated fingers stimulating and pinching my swollen nipples. I started to fantasize; Resi was milking me and breast milk was flowing from my super sensitive nipples. My hips continued to arch uncontrollably, the sexual frustration becoming unbearable, and I could feel my sphincter start to complain from my continuous effort to close it. "I trust you, Resi," I called out. "I trust you with all of my heart!"

I heard the bedroom door open and the sound of nails clicking on the floor as Akira led a dog in. A real dog! I surprised myself by sighing in relief and anticipation. Akira and Resi had read me so well; read the eagerness of my body as they prepared me. Somewhere deep down, I was hoping for this.

My closed eyes heightened every sense; I felt the breath of the dog on my ass as Akira let him sniff my exposed rear. I heard the leash being dropped and the dog immediately started to lick and nuzzle me with lips and cold nose. He certainly didn't need any coaxing. I felt very tense, my extreme need for release balanced by the unknown of what was about to happen. The dog here was attacking my rump, licking me from asshole to clitoris, his tongue lapping deep into open vagina and anus, tasting my juices, similar to Biscuit but also different. This was pure animal passion. Biscuit's passion was tempered by my friendship with him. This dog was a stranger. The difference seemed important, and then I was hit by a wave of desire, overwhelming raw sexuality. The dog was vigorously stimulating my clitoral hood. If this kept up just a few more precious moments I would finally be able to come.

Akira's voice brought me back; she announced "He is ready". I knew what this meant, I didn't have to be told they were going to let the dog mount. I arched my hips and offered myself to the dog. I didn't know what kind of dog it was, but the instant he jumped up on my back I realized how big and strong he was. I didn't know or care what breed, but his strength and urgency were evident as he immediately gripped my hips with his front paws. I felt his fur along my back as he stepped closer. I felt the tip of his sheath seeking an opening.

The dog's thrusts were feral, his penis tip slamming into my upper butt cheeks, animal passion, raw and wild. The impacts felt like jabs from the eraser end of a pencil, the dog's tip far pointier than a human cock would be. For a moment the dog rode my tail bone; lubing himself in the crack of my ass and masturbating against my coccyx. Then more frantic jabs across my upper butt, such urgency! He was firing away madly, slamming his penis tip everywhere, my left and right butt cheeks bombarded with rapid-fire pokes as the dog struggled to align with me and find his mount point.

Resi's words finally clicked! At the height the dog was riding me, finding my anus was inevitable. Just do nothing and the dog would anal mount. I felt him hunch, pulling my hips tight with his paws; he finally had me centered, locking me against his sheath which burrowed into the opened fold of my ass cheeks. The tip of his penis finally connected with my juicy anus. He immediately thrust against the soft opening, and before I could think to resist, I felt his thin penis slip past my anus and along my rectal walls. This was it! Call it fear, instinct or desire, I knew I had to make a choice that instant. As the dog drew back for a full body thrust, I snapped my hips up as hard as I could, shoving my butt up high into his underbelly and bearing down to let my vulva pout out. As he thrust forward, his penis slid below my anus, just an inch. The dog felt himself slip into moist vaginal heat and immediately started to hump. I felt Akira's hands on me then, one on my pubis, gently lifting me as she helped guide him in, and her other hand protecting my vulva, forcing the dog to fuck through

her fingers to reach me. The dog increased his pace, with each thrust he was able to lengthen and sink deeper in spite of the protecting hand.

I was gasping in the pleasure and sensations, my very first experience of holding a naked penis inside my vagina. Eric and I had copulated a few dozen times, but always with a condom, always! Flesh on flesh, with my vaginal flow lubricating the connection, the sensations now were explosive! The intensity was too much! I had to slow it down! "What's the dog's name?" I cried out.

"Gluckspitz," answered Resi. "Lucky." She seemed startled by my question.

I don't like delusions. I couldn't pretend I was being fucked by a human. But perhaps I could accept Lucky as my mating partner. Knowing his name somehow helped. Could we communicate? Share what we like with each other? Could we dance? "Dance with me, Lucky!" I thought. "Stop what you're doing. Let me lead. Let me teach you how to dance slowly. Let me teach you how to sway with the music!"

Eric and I coupled off and on for a year. Starting with the second time, I tried to teach him what I liked, nothing verbally, just with rocking rhythms of my hips, timings of when my vagina would resist or welcome a thrust. I could try the same thing with Lucky, but Arika's protecting hand was in the way. I cried out to Arika to remove it, had to ask twice before she complied.

Eric never sensed what I was trying to do. Lucky picked up my pattern lead after four confused strokes. Four strokes! Good boy, Lucky! Smart doggie! What we were doing must have looked completely weird to Akira and Resi. I was dancing with Lucky, our hips were locked in large, slow motion swings, all the way forward, all the way back, all the way forward, all the way back, our large slow swings in perfect synch, his penis sheath resting lightly in the folds of my vulva. From the outside, nothing seemed to be happening. But undercover, hidden within my pelvic cavity, everything was happening. The pattern would start with me leaning as far forward as possible, head stretched forward, the upper parts of my feet pressing into the bed, bottom of feet facing straight up. And with the beat of "Slow dancing", Lucky and I would make a big, slow swing backwards, until I was back as far as I could reach on toe-point, feet arching and facing straight back, and shoving my butt as high and tight into the warm soft underbelly of Lucky as I could. From the outside, it must have looked as if Lucky were doing his backstroke, getting ready for another thrust. But just the opposite was happening.

Our backward slide was Lucky's thrust stroke. I would start by holding my vagina loose, showing Lucky his female was open, and wiggle my hips, showing his female was also eager. As Lucky began to thrust with his penis, I would push back slowly but very firmly with my hips, overcoming the thrust of his hindquarters and carry our carriages backwards, all the while building a moderate vaginal grip on his penis to give Lucky the pleasure of working for his penetration. I could feel his penis swelling from the pleasure on every thrust. I could feel it.

And then it was time for the big reset. "Swaying to the music!" I would clamp down with all my might and pull the penis forward. Lucky would pull back with his hindquarters but again let me lead him, win the battle with my hips, dragging him forward by his penis, pulling his cock, stretching it, feeling it lengthen from the tension and squeezing.

Repeat the rhythm! "Slow dancing!" Big slide back, accept the thrust, feel the penis swell. "Just me and my dog," Big slide forward, pull the penis, lengthen it.

Repeat the rhythm! "Slow dancing, swaying to the music." Big slide backwards to toe-point, accept the thrust, swell the penis, big slide forwards, grip and lengthen the penis.

Follow my lead, Lucky! "No one else," back on toe-point, my butt tucked into Lucky's belly. "In the whole wide world!" Far forward now, ready to accept the next thrust. Slide backwards and thrust, Lucky! Then slide forwards with a backstroke! Lucky and I were ratcheting his erection with our dance. With every back and forth rocking, I felt the penis grow within me, "Slow dancing," swelling in girth, "swaying to the music", lengthening to reach the core of my womanhood. "Just you and me," Swell and fill me! "In the whole wide world..." I gasped as the dog lengthened to make first contact with my cervix.

And the claw points on my hip flesh were gone. The dog's paws were still there of course, locking me, aligning hips with hindquarters. But so smart, so non-verbal. Lucky was communicating with me. While I was leading the dance, Lucky withdrew his symbol of domination.

Tremors in my womb, clit, and vagina. I dimly realized I was building to an orgasm beyond experience. And something else I didn't understand was happening. My lubrication glands were in overdrive, coating the connection of penis and vagina. So slick! I would never be able to clamp and pull a human penis like this. But Lucky was beginning to knot with me just inside my vaginal entrance, a growing bulb right at his penis base. It made it easy for me to grip and pull him forward. "And we just flow together ... when the lights are low" I was completing the cycle, far forward and low, when I lost my vaginal grip on the bulb and Lucky's hindquarters pulled and popped the bulb out of my vagina. I tried not to break the rhythm. "Slow dancing, Doggie!" I had to blink and gasp. I was far back again, back on toe-point, and at the end of Lucky's thrust, the bulb had popped back into my vagina. The "Doggie!" was just an unplanned expletive added to the beat. So big! Big slide forward, "swaying to the music, ah!" Lucky's bulb left my vagina again at the end of his backstroke. "No one else, Doggie!" Back on toe-point, bulb popped in... "in the whole wide world, ah!" Lucky pulled the bulb out.

We continued our dance, the bulb popping into my vagina on each toe-point, popping out when I was forward and low. The stimulation for Lucky must have been tremendous. The bulb was swelling on each pop. Soon the pops were pushing against the limits of what could pass through my vaginal opening. I was close to being tied, penis and vagina knotted for mating. But there was a problem. When the bulb was inserted, I could feel the penis bend, the chisel point pressing uncomfortably into my back wall. My vagina was fully stretched, but I just didn't have the length to hold my dance partner.

I heard words spoken, distant Resi as if from another room. "Carli, if you want to stop, you have to stop now."

I recognized that Resi sounded worried, but I couldn't interpret her words, my mind totally focused on my swaying dance partner. And my uterus was starting to spasm, angling the cervix to align with my vagina, lifting and softening my cervix with the contractions. Weich und geoffnet! If I could accept the bulb just as my uterus contracted, I might catch the chisel point in my cervical opening and allow Lucky to complete the copulation. I continued our dance.

Slow dancing, (toes on-point, hips high, accept the bulb!), swaying to the music, (pop out!),

No one else (almost had it!) in the whole wide world, (pop out, breathe and repeat!), I have been (oh!) so LONELY, (pop out, breathe and repeat!), Need someone (oh!) to HOLD me, (pop out, breathe and repeat!), Need someone (almost had it!) to FIND me, (pop out, breathe and repeat!), Need someone (oh!) to FILL me, (pop out, breathe and repeat!), Need someone (oh!) to LOVE me, (pop out, breathe and repeat!), Need someone (GOT IT!!!)

Multiple contortions within my body! The penis was drilling into my soft cervical opening, locking

the uterine neck in its spasm position. Wave after wave of ecstasy flowing from my clit, pleasure beyond measure. And the mother of all Charlie-horse birth contractions imploding my womb, lifting and dilating the neck of the pear. I could feel the penis wiggling through the soft muscular channel, felt the pressure lift from my vaginal entrance as the bulb swelled and moved deeper into my vagina, pressing against my G-spot. The knot was enormous. It seemed to fill my vagina. I was fully tied. Then Lucky's penis pulsed and I felt a hot splash of semen hit the inner wall of my uterus.

It was then that I felt sensations overcome me as a huge orgasm began to rise up from my vagina. I felt my stomach and legs contract as the contractions in my vagina spread out to my uterus and down my thighs. It was so strong I actually lost myself, crying out from an ecstasy so strong I almost passed out. As I regained awareness, I heard a faint ringing in my ears as the last contractions centered on the penis that was now running through my cervix. I was milking the cock instinctually with uterine power. Squeeze the penis, feel it pulse, feel the next splash of semen deep within the womb ... repeat ... I had surrendered to the dog, would accept his ejaculations until he was finished with me. Faint touches of claw points were back on the flesh of my hips. Lucky was communicating; he understood he was leading the dance now.

I was floating, my orgasms were blending into a series of extended contractions, less intense but lasting longer. Lucky inseminated me for a long time, coating my womb, one tiny spurt after another. "So much pleasure ... Resi warned me ... About what? I can't remember. Drift and float ... So nice ... The room quiet ... My womb feels so full ... Is this what pregnancy is like? So nice ... Accept the penis ... Accept the seed ... So nice ... Ride the wave ... So nice ... So nice ... The bulb is shrinking ... Float with the pleasure ... So much semen ... It's leaking from my womb ... So easy to drift ... I feel the penis sliding out ... Is the dance over? So nice ... so easy to float ... so easy to love ... so easy to dream..."

Saturday morning at dawn:

My eyes opened slowly. I was lying on my back in a very comfortable bed. It was a beautiful room but unfamiliar. It took me a moment to realize I had a sleeping partner. Resi! I knew it was her before I turned my head to see. I have a very good nose. I looked around. It was a few minutes before 5 AM, but I could already see points of sunlight around the curtained windows. The room was cool, dry, and quiet, so different than my youth hostel in all three dimensions. And my body felt wonderful, so relaxed and clean. Clean? I reached down to touch myself between my legs and realized I was wearing a nightgown; took a close look; expensive, top quality, something I would never buy myself. It felt nice wearing it though, luxurious.

I sensed movement. Resi was awake. I turned and smiled. "Guten Morgan!"

"Guten Morgan!" she replied. "Carli, how do you feel?"

"Me? I'm fine. I feel great actually. Where's Akira? Are we still at your apartment?"

"Yep. This is our third bedroom. Akira probably is still asleep. We talked last night about the easiest way for you to wake up; alone or with both of us or with one of us. We both decided waking up just with me would be best." Resi took a deep breath. "Carli. Akira and I have a lot to apologize for."

"What are you talking about? It was all playfulness."

"Your coupling with Lucky was not all playfulness!"

"Well, yeah, I guess, maybe not." I thought for a moment and sighed. "I remember your warning yesterday, about all future sexuality being compared and found wanting. I didn't understand you



then, but I think I do now. I think you might be right.”

“What do you remember?”

“Everything! Making love with Lucky ... It wasn’t just copulation. We were making love.”

Resi nodded. “I know. It was obvious.”

“Afterwards ... I remember the shower, you and Akira holding me and washing me. And ... I have a fuzzy memory of a lounge chair, my legs open ... Water, lots of water, Akira was sitting between my legs ... You were there, too.”

Resi nodded. “That happened before the shower. Akira washed your uterus. I was helping. She even rinsed your Fallopian tubes, as far as she could. Akira was amazed, said your body had birthed an empty womb, her words, not mine. Carli, you should be okay physically. Akira is certain there is no damage, none at all. She said you present a textbook example of what a young and healthy uterus and vagina should look like.”

I giggled. “Nice to know, I guess. Resi, you and Akira are amazing. Your playfulness and creativity are off the charts! There’s nothing to forgive.”

Resi frowned. “Last night, after we put you down to sleep, we were so curious about you ... Forgive us. We went through your purse to learn about you. You carry your college transcripts with you?”

“I do? I guess I need to clean my purse more often.”

“You were an excellent student, Carli. Akira and I were impressed ... We also found the letter, the one from your parents.”

“Oh...” Oh shit!!

“Oh why, Carli?! They called you an abomination! How could they do that?! And why do you carry such hatred in your purse?!”

I lay back in the pillow and stared at the ceiling for a while. Then I searched for Resi’s hand, found it, brought it to my lips and kissed it. “Resi, there’s still nothing to forgive. And my parents are doing what their religion is telling them to do.”

“Scheisse!” Resi turned and thumped her own head on a pillow, joining me watching the ceiling. “Why, why, why is it so difficult for heteros to accept us?”

I sighed. “I’ve thought about this a lot. I think it’s because sexual orientation runs so deep. Sexual behavior can be so beautiful that it transcends rational thought, and so ugly that it transgresses rational thought. My parents can’t see that what would be degrading for them to do is something I need to flourish. And if you can park your lack of empathy on some religious dogma, well, there you go, no need to think further, no need to consider underlying principles...”

We were still holding hands. “Carli, you told me you were terrified of the dating scene in high school, but you never said why. How did you survive?”

“By staying in the closet and using Eric as a cover. My parents knew him as my boyfriend. They only found the truth a few months ago, I not sure how ... And as for keeping the letter, people can change. My parents gave me life. I keep the letter to remind myself I still have a responsibility to

keep the door open ... I don't know. I'm not perfect. If enough years go by, I'll probably think differently ... Resi?"

"Hmm?"

"I don't need to forgive you. I need to thank you. You and Akira freed me. I finally understand my dream. I used Lucky to clean me inside; wash away the stench of Eric's condoms and the things Katie used to insert in me. That's what I needed, a penis pure in its emotion and desire for me. That's how Lucky became my dance partner..."

Resi turned and cuddled with me, not saying anything. Gentle caresses through the nightgown, I drifted in her love for me, it seemed a short while, maybe ten minutes, and then she woke me with a kiss. I glanced at the clock, past 9 AM.

"Come on, Carli! I can smell Akira making breakfast. It's why I hooked up with her. She's a fabulous chef!"

Six months later:

I've been back in California for four months now, employee #12 running a startup's website and information systems. Absolutely no job security, we're living off venture capital, no sales for at least another month, but the learning experience is fantastic and the pay is adequate; private stock options and enough cash to let me save \$1k a month after covering all expenses (including my student loan payments).

I haven't had much time to socialize yet; the work hours are outrageous, but a couple of weeks ago David in product development invited me to dine with his family for Thanksgiving. It was nice to play with young children again, something I haven't done in years. Afterwards he drove me home (a tiny furnished apartment that I lease by the month) and as I showed him around, he asked about the sign I keep on my refrigerator, containing nothing but two large letters. I told him MS stood for Magical Summer.

And it was. Berlin became home base for a magical series of excursions. Extended hiking trips in France and northern Italy with Resi, all three of us stomping across incredibly scenic Switzerland, and Akira took me on a week-long trip through Austria. She skillfully guided me into having long conversations with the locals (an American tourist speaking decent German was a bit of a novelty), so much so that when we got back to Berlin, Resi laughed and laughed about how I was speaking German with an Austrian accent. She gave me the pet nickname of Die Hapsburgerin. She still calls me that. We three have kept up the friendship, skype every few days.

This evening when I got home, I found an early Christmas card from Akira and Resi. I'm sitting at my desk now; lost in thought after reading the letter inside three times.

Resi is offering to pay all expenses for me to earn a two-year MS in computer science at Humboldt, a university in Berlin with a 200-year reputation for premier excellence. Everything! Tuition and all related scholastic and living expenses including housing, either on campus or sharing their current apartment, my choice. It's a stunning offer. Sitting at my desk, I take out two sheets of blank paper and label one PRO and the other CON.

The PRO ledger: 1) From a professional standpoint, this offer is fantastic! It would put my career and resume on a completely new level. 2) From a cultural standpoint, this offer is fantastic! I fell in love with the German culture and ethic; I sometimes find myself yearning for it here in California.

The CON ledger: Akira and Resi once had plans to marry.

I found out my last full day in Europe. Resi and Akira threw me a goodbye party, and one of their friends (who was somewhat drunk at the time) said Resi and Akira had been planning to announce their engagement. She had even gone out shopping with them and Resi and Akira bought each other engagement and wedding rings, on the very morning of the day I first met them.

It was during our hike across Switzerland that Akira and Resi confided in me that their original reason for picking me up at the disco was to rescue me. It was right after I accepted Akira's dare to do sex bondage with a dog that she turned to Resi and said in German, "Let's get this defenseless kitten out of here before she is run over by a garbage truck!" Their thought was to take me home, maybe do a little cuddling, let me sleep off the alcohol and wait till morning to read me the riot act. But something magical happened during the car ride home. Resi started to fall in love with me. And in her love for Resi, Akira followed her lead.

Are Resi and Akira insane?! The world will not accept a polygamous lesbian marriage! I'm not even sure if polygamy is the right word to use here. Maybe the right word doesn't even exist. I do remember Magical Summer. My sweetest orgasms were from making love with Resi alone, and my most intense orgasms were from making love with Akira alone. Akira and I each had a hard edge we liked to test against each other; role of dominant and submissive would switch between us several times during our love making. And nothing compared to the intense playfulness and sexual creativity when all three of us were together.

And strangely, there was peace in my heart, no jealousy at all, when I'd be out relaxing in the living room reading Kafka in German, Irish wolf hound Lucky curled at my feet, and faintly hearing Akira and Resi making love in the master bedroom. We're very compatible in age. Akira will turn 27 in a month, I'm 23 now, and Resi is halfway between us. We seemed to have a magically stable three-way sexual relationship. But magic doesn't last forever, does it?

My heart was aching as I flew back to the States. I had never known such happiness and fulfillment. Akira had become as much an anchor in my life as she was with Resi; and Resi, wow, her tenderness and smarts and playful creativity ... She loves me! As deeply as Akira loves me! And, I had to smile as I sat at the desk now, Resi is also incredibly rich. Her fortune is beyond large. She was the only child of very wealthy parents who took out tons of life insurance before an autobahn accident made teenage Resi an orphan. Resi works now because she enjoys what she does.

I stare at the two papers, the PRO and the CON. Should I add Lucky to the PRO list? I do miss him. Not as a sexual partner, of course, that night shall remain forever unique. But I do miss him. Lucky is such a clown. One week when Resi and Akira went off to visit Akira's family in Denmark, I tended Lucky in Berlin. He was always very gentle, but such a communicator. Once a day, he would lick his penis to an erection and then walk around me wagging it. The message was unmistakable: If you ever change your mind, you know where to find me. I'm here for you ... What a clown! He never did anything like this when Resi or Akira were around. I decide not to put Lucky in the PRO column.

I pick up and glance through the letter a fourth time. The body of it is very factual and low key. I can hear wise Akira's voice in my mind, "No emotional pressure, Resi!" But I suspect the letter contains something Akira has not seen, something Resi penciled in along the margins. "My inability to smell Die Hapsburgerin is becoming unbearable." I think for a long moment and add Resi's complaint to the PRO column.

It's still not enough, damn it! It will never be enough! The world will not accept us! But the world WILL accept Resi and Akira in a monogamous marriage, and I know how much they love each other.

Without me, they will marry. I can't be this selfish; I can't! I love them too much to have them degraded! Their future happiness! I...

Something breaks within me. It's a good breaking; tears of joy wet my eyes, from a truth I once taught Resi; a truth that until this moment I had forgotten, that human sexuality can be so beautiful that it transcends rational thought. There is one more entry for the PRO column. A whirlwind within my heart is calling me home.

**The End**