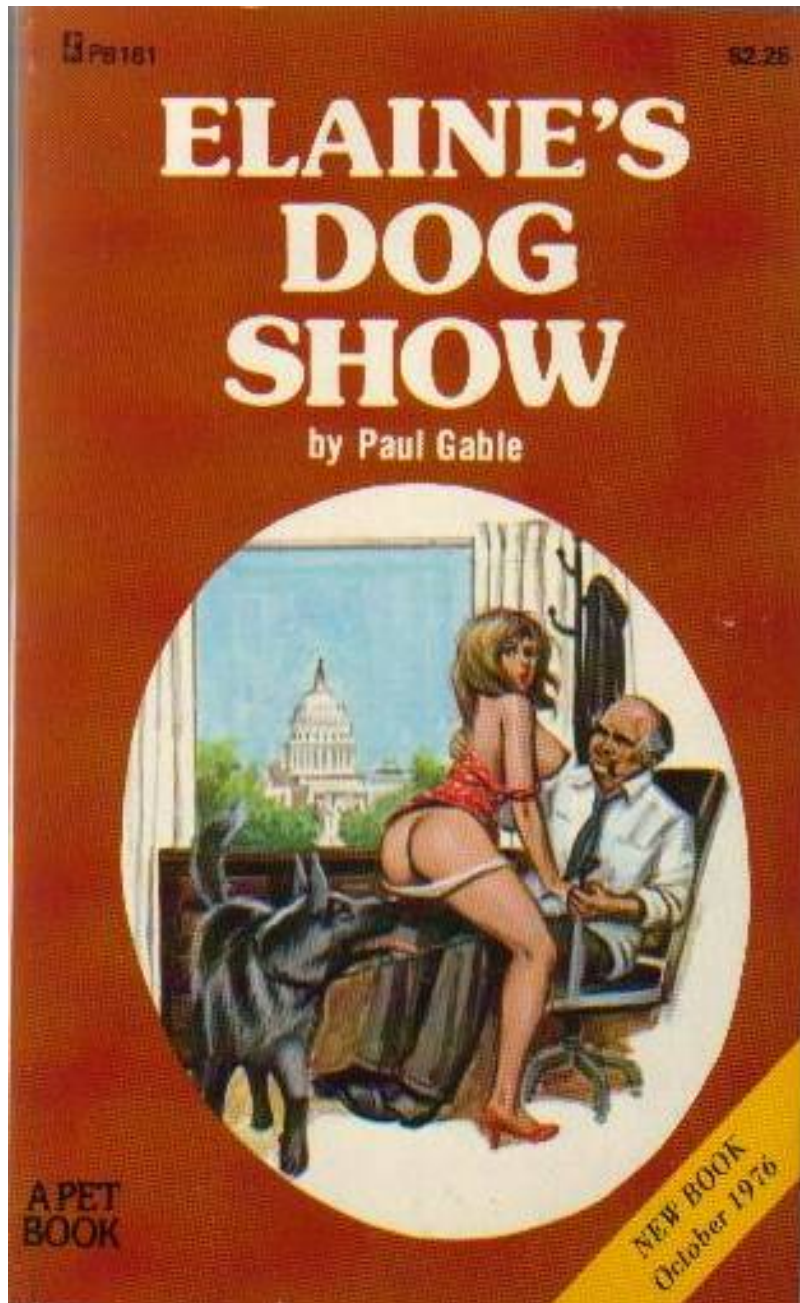


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CHAPTER ONE

"I don't think I'm going to like this, Wanda," Elaine Schaff said nervously as she moved slowly down the wide eighth-floor hotel hall. The twenty-four-year-old, big-titted young blonde couldn't believe that she'd actually accepted her best girl friend's suggestion to come to the downtown Washington, D.C. Hilton and fuck a complete stranger.

"Come on, Elaine. For the past couple of weeks, all I've heard from you is how you needed cock," Wanda said softly as she glanced first at the small sheet of paper in her hand, then looked back up at the numbers on the doors.

"I know. But I don't know this man. Are you sure it's all right?" Elaine asked in a little-girl's voice. She was so horny and excited she could have come right now if a man just looked at her. But Elaine felt she had to put up some kind of resistance. It was the only way she could keep up her own sense of womanly respectability.

"Honey, it's gonna be more than all right. It's gonna be fantastic! You know the story that goes

around the Hill about Senator Sam Smith. The girls in the office don't call him "Donkey Sam" for nothing," Wanda said as she folded the paper in half and shoved it back in her purse. "The room must be down the other end of the hall," the attractive, slim brunette said as she quickened her pace.

"But you've got that fat old Senator Kuhns. How could you, Wanda? Jesus! Just looking at him gives me the creeps!" Elaine said as she saw Wanda walk up to a door and indicate with her eyes that this was the place.

"It isn't easy," Wanda said as she reached up and smoothed down her long hair, "I'll tell you. If he wheezes any harder when we fuck, he'll have a coronary," she whispered, winking at Elaine, then breaking out into a soft giggle. "But how else do you think I can make \$22,000 a year on just a typing job?" the brunette asked as she knocked at the door.

"But I didn't come up here for that," Elaine insisted, not liking what her girl friend suggested.

"That's what they all say, at first," Wanda said, smiling ironically at her friend.

"I mean, I came up here for the sex, but I don't care if I get anything else out of it," Elaine whispered quickly to her friend as she heard someone moving behind the locked door.

"Don't knock it, honey. Sam Smith knows lot of people up on the Hill. You can get your cake and eat the whole fuckin' thing in this town," Wanda said as she signaled her friend keep quiet.

Elaine sighed softly, feeling a little sorry that she'd accepted Wanda's invitation. It had come so suddenly that she didn't have enough time to think about it. Most of the clerical staff at the Treasury Department had left at five o'clock that Thursday. Elaine stayed behind to catch up on some back typing. She was striking for a higher position in the clerical pool, and was trying to impress her superiors by her hard work and dedication.

That seemed to be a losing battle. What they noticed about Elaine didn't have anything to do with her typing speed or filing skill. Before the second day had ended on her job, the attractive blonde had received more propositions than were on the California election ballot. The girl wasn't too surprised that that had happened. She was about five-three, and built like the proverbial brick shit-house. Her tits were big, firm, perfectly pear-shaped, and jutted out in front of her like a theatre marquee. Her waist tapered in and her hips flared out in proportion to her lithe body, while her legs were long, tapered and succulent looking. All that was her physical inventory. But Elaine had a good mind and a lot of ambition. She'd graduated from UCLA summa cum laude in political science, and had every intention of breaking into national politics. She took the first jet she could to Washington and got a job at the Treasury Department in the clerical pool. The work was far below her capabilities. But Elaine wanted to see the Washington scene and how it operated from a distance before she threw herself into that arena.

"Oh, Senator Kuhns. This is Elaine Schaff, the friend I was telling you about," Elaine heard Wanda say as she shook her head and brought herself back to the present.

"Mmmmmmm," the old man moaned in appreciation as the two women inched by his fat belly and walked into the large motel suite. "If I were thirty years younger, I'd take care of both of your cunts in a second."

"Come on, Senator," Wanda said, giggling at first, then turning around and making a sour face at Elaine while the fat old man chuckled at his poor joke.

Elaine smiled politely, then walked slowly to the large white couch at the other end of the room. As horny as she was, the blonde wasn't going to let that man even touch her ankles, let alone get a shot at her hot pussy.

"Mix us a drink, and give you enough action for eight twats," Wanda said, pointing at the bar.

"You've got a deal," the senator said, his face brightening into deep red flush as his wheezing increased.

Elaine watched the two of them at the other end of the room, pawing at each other's bodies like two animals in heat.

So this is Washington! Elaine thought sourly as she remembered the Wanda's proposition.

Her friend had been trying to get her in one sack or another for the past month. Wanda kept telling her that the only way for a girl to get anywhere in Washington to fuck or suck like a bunny.

Elaine didn't believe her - completely. She knew a fast pussy was a good short-cut to success, but the blonde didn't believe humping in the hay was the only way to get ahead. Still, Elaine had to admit that Wanda's propositions were getting more attractive. She hadn't had a good fuck in over four months - since she left Los Angeles for Washington. Elaine was a normal, flesh-and-blood woman with above-average sexual desires. So, when Wanda came up to her tonight with the invitation to "Donkey Sam's" city crash pad, Elaine couldn't say no.

She felt all her resistance breaking apart in her like a dam overloaded with backwater. Elaine didn't want a high position in the clerical pool. She just wanted a good, hard fuck that would burn her snatch up and blast her brains out!

"Oh, Pete. Come, she'd never go for that," Elaine heard Wanda giggle loudly.

"Why not? It's different," the old man wheezed out.

Elaine brought herself back to the present situation and looked back over at the couple. The old man had managed to peel off Wanda's white blouse and bra. Her tits swayed lazily back and forth as Senator Kuhns held his whisky glass in one hand and lightly hit the brunette's big boobs back and forth with the other. Wanda was standing only a few inches away from the old man, hunching her cunt-mound up hard against his crotch while she ran her hands lightly up and down the front of his bulging fly.

"But Elaine's not that kind of girl," Wanda whispered loudly, turning slowly towards her friend and winking slyly.

"This town makes anyone kinky in a little while," the old man wheezed as he also turned towards Elaine and stared hard at the cringing blonde. Elaine wriggled her taut ass-cheeks together and crossed her legs, feeling the senator's eyes snake across her slender thighs. Every time the old man looked at her, Elaine felt as if she needed a hot bath.

"We'll talk about it later," Wanda said, obviously wanting to change the subject.

"Hey, honey. Do you like dogs?" the senator blurted out as he staggered away from Wanda, spread his legs widely apart, then downed the rest of his drink.

"Wh-What?" Elaine asked as she watched the old man finish his drink. It was hard for her to imagine

that this drunk, baggy-panted, pot-bellied man was a respected government official.

"Don't listen to him, Elaine," Wanda said putting down her drink quickly on the bar and walking over to the senator. "Come on, Petey. Old Wanda's got a lot of surprises for you," the brunette cooed in the old man's right ear as she moved in front of him and started to unzip his fly.

Oh, God, I hope she doesn't take his cock out here, Elaine prayed silently as she stared in amazement at the reeling couple.

"Okay, okay, okay," the old man mumbled, smiling gratefully at Wanda. He put his pudgy arms around her slender waist, dragging her gently off to what Elaine guessed was one of the bedrooms. "But remember to talk to her about it later, okay?"

"I will," Wanda said, turning her head around and smiling broadly at her friend.

"Uh... uh, Wanda. What do I...?" Elaine started to ask as the senator disappeared through the doorway.

"Just a minute, Petey," the brunette said as she slipped away from the senator's arms and ran back to her friend.

"What am supposed to do?" Elaine whispered nervously as she sprang up from the couch.

"He must be tied up on the Hill. Just mix yourself another drink and take it easy. He knows you're here," Wanda said quietly as she reached down and squeezed her friend's right hand. "Now, I've got to get to work," the brunette said as she turned around, squared her shoulders, and marched across the living room like a soldier going into battle.

"Wanda? What did he mean about dogs?" Elaine asked casually as she walked towards the bar.

"Don't worry about it, honey. When you're ready, I'll tell you more about it," Wanda said as she disappeared into the bedroom and shut the door quietly behind her.

Elaine shrugged her shoulders, then walked to the bar and poured herself a tall vodka and tonic. She took a nervous look at the clock over the couch. It was already seven and Sam Smith wasn't there yet. Maybe he was tied up for the night! Elaine took a gulp from her drink, then walked over to the set of windows on the other side of the room. The booze was giving her a warm, buzzy sensation that was centring itself around her snatch. Elaine leaned forward and pressed her forehead against the cold glass window, watching the city lights grow brighter below the room. The booze made her realise just how lonely and frustrated she'd been in this town. Typing, filing, fighting off all those old, fat hands – and no decent cock to go into her pussy!

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," Elaine moaned, closing her eyes and letting her crotch screw up tighter and tighter as the alcohol took effect. There was a fire going on now between her legs. She could feel all those sexual juices bubbling up between her snatch-lips now. If the senator didn't hurry up, she'd finish her drink and join Wanda and the old man in the bedroom. Elaine was so hot now that even Senator Peter Kuhns looked like a prize cock.

"God, no! God! Godddd!" Elaine heard her friend scream out suddenly in the bedroom.

"Shut up, you little fucker!" Peter Kuhns' voice thundered drunkenly out.

Elaine winced as she heard the sounds of flesh hitting and slapping flesh.

"Pl-Pl-Please!" Wanda wailed.

Elaine wondered if she should go into the bedroom, then remembered what her friend had told her about the old senator. He liked to beat up on women – not seriously. He'd slap them gently around, and they pretended to be hurt. It was his "thing". Well, Elaine wasn't going pass judgment on anyone now. She felt her half-inch-long reddening nipples scratching teasingly against the stiff material of her D-cup bra. Her twat was on fire. Her skin crawled with frustrated sexual excitement while her mind spun with visions of twelve-inch-long dicks dripping quarts of white, sticky jizz. Elaine was in no position to point a moral finger at anyone.

"Hhhhhhh," she groaned as she felt another half throb sweep over her gradually swelling clit. Her hand shook violently, making the ice clink noisily against the glass. If only the senator would come in now. Elaine didn't want to bring herself off with her finger when the stud of the Hill was about to service her juicing, throbbing twat.

"Ahhhhhh!" Elaine cried out again, folding her arms across her chest and squeezing her hot, swollen tit-flesh. She'd seen Senator Smith a few times in the office, but never guessed that he'd wanted to bed her down. When Wanda told her about it a week ago, she thought her friend was joking.

"Oh! Oh! Ohhhhhh!" Elaine heard Wanda screech out at the top of her lungs.

"Bravo!" Elaine said as she toasted the closed door with her glass, then took another long drink.

"Some play going on in there?" she heard a voice suddenly boom out in the room.

"Oh. I'm sorry," Elaine said nervously as she put her glass down and looked toward the entrance-way. Sam Smith was standing just inside the doorway, a large black brief case in his right hand and his raincoat in the other.

"Don't be," he stood, smiling broadly at her as he turned around and closed the door quietly. Elaine felt her clit tingle when she heard the lock snap shut. "I guess that's Pete and his friend are, uh, busy right now?" Sam said as he threw his brief case and coat onto the white living room couch and started to walk casually towards the long wet bar.

"Uh, yes," Elaine said, unsure of what she was supposed to do. Was she supposed to be direct and start working on his fly like Wanda did with Senator Kuhns? Was she supposed to be shy and put up a little resistance? That was going to be a hard one. Already, she felt her body melting when Sam Smith walked into the room. The sheer size of him was overwhelming to the panting blonde. Those feet must have been at least a size fourteen. Elaine remembered the old wives' tale – the cock's in direct proportion to the feet. Jesus, Elaine thought herself as she wondered what kind of monster cock dangled between Sam Smith powerful legs.

"Like a fresh drink?" he asked, stopping just short of her and taking her glass gently from her.

"Uh, yes," Elaine stammered, surprised at the man's pleasant style. He was every inch a gentleman. Yet the blonde could sense the power and sensuality behind his politeness. All this made her want to wrap her arms around his broad shoulders and beg him to drag her off to the bedroom and rip her clothes off.

"Here you go," Sam said, handing her back her glass. Elaine took another large drink while she stared at Sam's ruggedly handsome face. His eyes were his best feature – innocent-looking, yet direct and probing. They seemed to sparkle more brightly with every passing second, while the blonde could feel the sparks of electric sexuality jumping over to her swaying body. God, how she

wanted to feel his cock plowing through her matted jungle of swampy cunt hairs!

"I, uh, busy tonight?" Elaine asked, desperately trying to think of some kind of small talk.

"Not as busy as I want to be in a few seconds," Sam said, grinning sheepishly at Elaine as he reached out and touched her lightly on the arm.

"Ohhh," Elaine moaned feeling her body explode at his touch. She wanted him to fuck her so badly now, she could have screamed it out to the world.

"You're hot, aren't you?" Sam asked, his voice growing husky and thick as Elaine nodded.

"I... I don't usually do this," she said, feeling like a complete idiot after she'd said it. It sounded like one of those corny lines from grade-B movies. The reluctant virgin and the sophisticated congressman! Well, Sam might be worldly, but Elaine was no virgin. She knew what to do, and could put any man through his paces if she wanted to.

"Sure, sure, baby," Sam whispered thickly as he bent forward and kissed her lightly on the neck. Elaine shuddered with unbearable pleasure. She his hot, wet lips slide down her neck to her throat, then down to the tops of her mammoth jugs that protruded slightly over the top of her low-cut pink slip-over sweater.

"Oh, God," Elaine cried out as she dropped her drink to the floor and clamped her hands around Sam's head. She felt all her inhibitions dropping away as the blonde senator started sucking at her hot, swollen tit-flesh. This was what she wanted. No small-talk into the night. No drinks that made her so drunk that she couldn't realise what was going on. Just a hard, fast fuck that would bring them both off and take care of the heat that was burning them both up now.

"Sorry about that," Sam said, pulling away and looking down at the wet mess on the floor that Elaine's spilled drink had made.

"Don't stop," she panted, reaching out for him again.

"I'll mix you another one while I take a quick shower," Sam said, smiling impishly at her while he started to make another drink. Elaine could tell that he was enjoying teasing her. He was like a big lion, pawing and playing with her for a while before he decided to get down to business.

"Finish this, then come on into the bedroom," he said as he loosened his tie and walked towards the far door at the end the living room.

"Please hurry," Elaine pleaded desperately as she her clit twitched unbearably.

"Never keep you waiting, babe," Sam said as he walked into the end bedroom.

Elaine paced the living room like a tigress for the next few minutes. He'd told her to wait. Why? She'd have jumped into the shower with him and finished him up under the water. The blonde smiled to herself, remembering what she'd done that once in college. She and the student-council president had early drowned in that stupid narrow shower stall when she climbed onto his dick. The water splashed continually on her bouncing tits and face while she wrapped her legs around his hips and rode his cock to climax.

"Ooooooooooh!" Elaine heard Wanda wail again, this time louder than before.

"God!" the blonde said, spinning around, then slamming her drink down hard the counter. She couldn't take it any more. Just a few feet away from her, her best friend was getting off - somehow - on that fat old man, while the hottest stud in Washington was soaping himself of down in a shower, telling her to wait until he was through! The whole thing was ridiculous. She should be the one wailing and screaming the walls down.

Elaine clenched her slender fingers into two tight fists, then walked across the living floor to the bedroom door. Her aching, twitching pussy couldn't wait any longer. Even as she walked, Elaine something trickle down her right thigh. She was leaking hot pussy juice. Her panties were virtually dripping with the hot, sticky stuff while her face was burning with desire and perspiration was running down her forehead.

"Senator?" Elaine said softly as she pushed the door completely open.

"Mmmmm?" she heard him groan in response.

Elaine walked into the darkened room and saw Sam lying in bed with the top-sheet covering the bottom two-thirds of his body. Her face lit up and she turned, slowly closing the door. Bending, the blonde slipped off her heels and walked slowly to the bed. Elaine could feel Sam's eyes rivet themselves on her body taking, in every movement as she moved closer to him.

"Like what you see?" she asked coyly as she stared at his muscular, massively formed arms. Elaine's eyes wandered down to the heavy mound of his cock and balls that pushed up against the white top-sheet. His thick, hairy legs were spread widely apart as if inviting her to kneel down between them.

"What do you like to do?" Sam whispered huskily as Elaine peeled off her clothes, dropping them on the carpet around her. She stood next to the bed, dressed only in her short black lace panties and bra.

"Anything," she said softly, reaching down and running her fingertips lightly across the soaked crotch panel of her briefs. Elaine could feel her snatch fluttering wildly under her gentle, probing touch.

"We'll see," Sam chuckled as he spread his legs even wider apart.

"Hhhhh," Elaine groaned as she bent down and lifted the end of the sheet and folded it back. She eased the sheet up until it dragged across his heavy cock. "Oh, my God!" Elaine cried out in delighted surprise as she stared at Sam's heavy dick. It lay neatly on his big balls in a thick forest of wiry cock hairs. The old wives' tale about the size of a man's feet revealing the size of his prick was true - at least in Sam's case. Even soft, his dick must have been at least nine inches long. And so thick! Elaine wondered how she'd be able to take anything that big inside her twitching cunt.

"Okay, baby. I've had enough of this shit! It's time we got down to business," Sam said huskily as he sat up and grabbed Elaine by the left arm.

"Ohhhhh!" the blonde cried as she felt herself being yanked roughly into bed.

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## CHAPTER TWO

"Ohh! Fuck me, fuck me!" Elaine, moaned as she felt Sam crawl all over her twisting body. The hair on his legs and chest dug teasingly at her hot skin, tickling every square inch of her tits, belly and



legs as his fingers dug at her slender thighs.

"Baby, baby, baby," the senator moaned over and over as he nibbled lightly at her neck and throat. Elaine could feel Sam sliding his hands up higher and higher, digging them under her back as he fumbled for the snap of her bra.

The bucking blonde hunched up slightly, giving him more room for finger movement. In a second, Elaine felt Sam fumbling with the halter material. She heard the snap pop open, then felt the release of the tension on her tits as Sam pulled her halter off her big boobs.

"AHHHH! OHHHH!" Elaine cried out as Sam dug his teeth gently into her sensitive nipple. The big man was pinching her pussy-lips hard now, tugging at the raw, rumbling snatch flesh as torrent and torrent of hot twat juice spilled over his hairy hand and soaked the wrinkled sheet below. Elaine writhed and bucked under the humping man, feeling a thick layer of sweat slosh between them as they ground their bodies together.

"Christ, baby. You don't know how long I've been waiting for this," Sam said as he moved over onto her other tit.

At the same time he slid his hand down to her hips. Elaine took the hint and squeezed her buttocks together, inching up slightly to let him wrap his fingers around her briefs and pull them off. She wanted to feel his cock against her sopping-wet snatch lips. It felt deliciously pleasurable to grind her cloth-covered labes against his big, pumping dick. But Elaine was getting too hot now. She wanted to feel the real thing - the hot, tight cock-skin pushing and pressing down into the mushy, furry valley of her cunt.

"Fuck me," Elaine whimpered as she felt Sam's powerful fingers curl around the elastic waist-band of her wrinkled, juice-saturated briefs.

"Uhhhhh!" Elaine cried out as she felt Sam move suddenly up to her mouth.

She opened her lips under his pressure and welcomed his thick, lashing tongue as it dug deeper and deeper into her mouth. As his thick tongue battled hers wildly, Elaine felt her pussy-lips being pulled apart. Sam had his hands under her ass, working his fingers under the elastic band of her panties until they were crawling across the naked skin of her butt. Every time her squeezed his fingers against her ass, the valley running between her legs pulled open. Elaine moaned, trying to tell Sam that her plump pussy-lips were aching to be rubbed again. Soon Elaine could feel Sam's fingers inching over until they were rubbing over the silky flesh between her shit-chute and her cunt. She moaned louder and deeper and more juice seeped out of her hot hole, coating Sam's fingers until they slid over the woman's skin as if they were greased.

As their hot spit-filled mouths sucked and gurgled together, Elaine could feel eleven inches of throbbing, hot dick-meat pressing against the soft, slippery lips of her cunt. She wanted to scream for Sam to dig his prick into her snatch. Yet the blonde knew that he knew what he was doing. Elaine had waited all these months for a hot dick. She could wait a few minutes more.

"Now, babe, now," Sam said gruffly.

"Now?" Elaine echoed, wondering what he was talking about.

She didn't have a long wait. Elaine felt Sam's fingers pull up slightly as they curled around the waist-band once more. There was an experimental tug. The briefs held on. Elaine was about to hunch up to help Sam when she felt the senator's fingers curl into a fist, then pull down last. Her briefs ripped

apart, completely exposing her snatch.

"Ahhhhh!" the woman moaned as she felt a blast of cool air blow up against her pussy lips.

"Pussy," Sam whispered as his hands worked between her legs and stroked her big red-hot labes. Elaine pushed her ass up to the beautiful squeezing sensation between her trembling legs. She was spread open, moaning under her breath. The groaning blonde was completely on fire, running over with a hot lava flowing from between her chewing, gnawing snatch lips.

"Pussy," Elaine babbled incoherently as she felt Sam rub her cunt-lips together. As the sensitive flesh was rubbed and heated, Elaine began to feel an old familiar knot begin to tie up deep in her belly. Her hands flew around Sam's neck, pulling his mouth tighter onto hers. Their tongues lashed more frenziedly against one another as spit bubbled out of their mouths and ran down her chin.

"This cock's gonna get into that pussy," Sam said, rolling back between her legs. Elaine groaned, as she felt Sam's hairy, muscular legs pushing down onto hers. As he shoved her apart, she reached down between their bellies and pushed the spongy, big cock-head into her hot, dark-red hairy gash.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Elaine groaned, hunching up against the hairy body that pushed down on her.

"Yeah," Sam moaned as he slid his body first up, the down, rubbing the full length of his prick over and over Elaine fluttering flaps. The blonde babbled and groaned wildly as she felt Sam's thick cock-shaft digging and sinking deeper and deeper into her pussy. His balls dragged over her puffy labes while he continued to suck and tongue her mouth.

"Shit! Almost came," he panted wildly as he pulled back and looked down at Elaine's thrashing body.

"Come! Come!" Elaine gasped like a machine as she closed her eyes and dug her ass-cheeks into the groaning mattress.

The blonde rubbed her ass back and forth, pulling the sensitive, wet membranes of her pussy against one another with the grinding movements. Every inch of her body screamed for Sam's cock. Elaine couldn't believe that he could want a man she'd just met so badly. But here she was, thrashing and writhing on a hotel bed, begging for his dick while he continued to tease her.

"Easy, girl," Sam said half jokingly as he slid down the bed.

"Wh-What?" Elaine asked as she opened her eyes and wondered what he was going to do.

"Don't worry about a thing, honey. Old Sam knows what he's doin'. The folk down in Florida are famous for this," he said as he stopped when his face was opposite her fiery snatch-lips.

Elaine gasped as she felt his thick, hot breath blow through her wiry pussy hairs. He was going to eat her cunt! Elaine gritted her teeth and dug her head back into the sweat-soaked pillow as she felt his breath blow stronger against her hot box. Every breath made her snatch-walls rumble more strongly.

"Ummmmmmm," Sam moaned as he nuzzled his nose against her outer labes.

"Ahhhhhh! D-d-don't!" Elaine cried out as her legs flew apart.

"Nnnngggfffff!" Sam cried out again as he pushed his face hard the against her hot, wet pussy.

Elaine's eyeballs rolled up in her head as she felt his tongue push between her labes into the

slippery channel of her rumbling box. As Elaine continued to explode, Sam shoved up higher and higher until his nose was pushing against her sparking clit. His tongue scraped around the narrow, tender hot passage, sopping up her pussy juice like a kitty cat over a bowl of milk. Elaine gasped and moaned in disbelief as Sam worked her over. He pulled her legs apart with his hands until she was wide open for anything he wanted to do to her. His finger held her buns apart while his thumbs worked over her tight asshole. Elaine didn't care any more. Not many men in her life had bothered with her ass. But it was almost as sensitive as her pussy. When she'd finger herself off in bed, Elaine stuck her fingers up her asshole most as often and far as she did with her cunt. Sam seemed to instinctively know her sensitivity, and was paying attention to it now. Elaine hunched up again. In an instant, Sam had shoved the tip of his thumb up her ass-hole. Her sphincter muscle grabbed it, squeezing tight. At the same time, the muscles of her snatch snapped shut on his tongue, trapping it deep inside her hole. Sam moved his head around, licking and snarling at her as he continued to gnaw at her drooling pussy. When she started to hunch quickly and rhythmically, he pulled away.

"Ohhhhhh! Nooooo!" she cried out, rolling her head from side to side of the pillow.

Long, silky blonde strands of hair clung to her parted mouth as she gasped heatedly. Bolts of unspeakable pleasure shot out of her trembling snatch and exploded in all parts of her body. Elaine didn't know what she wanted any more. The blonde wanted cock. But at the same time, she enjoyed the teasing that Sam was putting her through. Elaine didn't want it to stop. The second the senator's prick plowed into her box, she knew that the end would be near. The blonde begged for every kind sexual delight in between her gasps for air.

"Fuck me! Suck me! Ohhh, fuckin' Jesus! Oh, G-G-God!" Elaine moaned.

"Not yet babe," Sam said, pulling slowly away from her snatch.

Elaine opened her eyes and looked at him. Sam was kneeling between her widely splayed legs grinning at her while strands of her wiry cunt hairs stuck out from between the row of big, straight front teeth.

"What are we g-going to do?" Elaine stammered as she felt the fire in her pussy reach an incredible intensity.

"Turnabout's fair play," Sam said, inching in towards the blonde's head.

"What do you mean?" Elaine asked nervously as she guessed what he meant. Sam wanted her give him a head-job. That was something that didn't turn her on too much. The man got all the pleasure, while the woman got a sore jaw. Still, it might be fun see if she could get the full length and width of that monster cock into her mouth.

"Don't play too dumb, babe," Sam said as he crawled out from between her legs, then inched upward on his knees until his hefty prick jerked only inches above her parted lips. Elaine raised her head slightly, then turned it as she opened her mouth and moved forward. At the same time, Sam squeezed his hairy, muscular butt-cheeks together and hunched toward her, brushing the tip of his dick-shaft lightly against her lower lips.

"Mmmmmm," Elaine moaned as she reached down and started to play with her throbbing clit. At the same time she stuck out her tongue and started to lick at the throbbing cock-head. Sam moaned, his muscular body jerking as Elaine let her slender tongue work around and around the pulsating head. With one hand Elaine reached out and wrapped her fingers around the width of the giant shaft. Her fingers couldn't even come near to touching her lower palm, the pole was so thick! Elaine massaged Sam's dick with her fingers, letting slide lightly up and down the hot, tightly pulled skin while she

moved her head around and dug the tip of her tongue into the tiny piss-slit at the end of his dick-head.

"Shiiiiittt!" Sam cried out, reeling toward and nearly falling on his face.

"Ohhh, it's so nice," Elaine moaned as she felt her body shudder with pleasure.

His thick cock jerked up again, bristling against her chin. Elaine tried to calm herself, as she dug her fingers into her hot box. She wrapped her thumb and left forefinger around her tiny sparking clit, squeezing it teasingly as he moved her head forward and started to take in Sam's twitching dong.

"God! Take it, babe! Take it!" the senator shouted as Elaine swallowed inch after hot inch of his prick. The blonde stopped about half-way down his dick and sucked hard.

"J-j-jeeesus!" Sam responded.

Elaine smiled to herself. The knob was so thick and meaty that she'd wondered if she could get it all in her mouth. Well, that problem was solved. Elaine tried something different. She dug her teeth into the groove behind the cock-head. The response was better than she hoped. Sam howled in delight, jamming his cock forward harder. He started to plunge back and forth in Elaine's mouth, driving his dick father and father into her mouth with each forward stroke. Elaine thought that she was going to choke on the spittle that was building up, thanks to the size of his cock.

"Take it, you bitch!" Sam growled as Elaine suddenly applied all the suction she could muster up.

He shoved his cock in harder this time, bouncing the knob off the roof of her mouth. Elaine sucked again, almost as hard as before. At the same time she let go of the big rod and dropped her hands until they reached his fuck-sac. Elaine grabbed at the big, hairy hanging balls, rolling them from side to side in her hand. Sam whimpered with excitement. "Don't, you bitch! You keep this up and I'm gonna shoot!"

Elaine stopped her sucking and ball-fingering for a few seconds giving the senator enough time to get control of himself. She felt his rod jumping and twitching in between her puffed-out cheeks as he panted above her.

"Okay, okay," he finally groaned.

Elaine started back on his cock, swinging on it as if there were no tomorrow. She pulled her head back until just the tip of Sam's throbbing dick was between her lips. Then she fell forward, swallowing as much of his pole as she could. The rough, blonde cock hairs that surrounded the base of Sam's giant prick scratched against her chin as she felt his balls swing up and bang against her face.

"Mggg!" the blonde groaned as she felt Sam reach down and start to stroke her swinging titties. He tugged and pulled at them, running his thumbs over the hard lips until Elaine thought he was going to rub them off. Her jaw slackened more and more as the senator's dick seemed to grow in width and length with each passing minute. The woman could taste more and more juice as it leaked freely out of his cock-slit. Elaine knew that Sam was shooting, closer and closer to climax.

"Okay, no more," Sam suddenly, grunted as he moved his hands up from her big boobs and pushed her lips off his spasming, long red prong.

"Ohhhh!" Elaine cried out as she felt him push her down into the mattress and crawl over her. She

looked down and saw his gleaming, spit-slicked cock dangle teasingly over her furry cunt-mound. Slowly, Sam lowered his powerful body onto hers moving it up and down. Once again, the excited blonde felt the full length of Sam's prick slide along the wet groove of her the dripping pussy.

"Want it?" he asked huskily.

"Cock, cock, cock," Elaine repeated over and over as Sam lowered himself completely onto her body. She felt his hands slide down her thighs, then cup under them and heave her legs high into the air.

"That's what you're finally gonna get, honey," Sam groaned as he hunched back, then pushed forward slightly.

Elaine groaned as she felt the man's big dick-head drag across her hairy pussy-lips. Suddenly it was gone, and the blonde knew that it was poised directly over her hot gash. Sam was getting ready to drive his cock all the way home!

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she cried out wildly. Sam didn't say a word. He seemed to be enjoying the final minutes of this kind of teasing. Then suddenly it was all over. Elaine felt a rush of wind as Sam shot down and forward. There was something hot, hard and big pushing angrily at her box. Her pussy-lips clamped tightly together, resisting the initial thrust. But Sam was persistent. In an instant, her pussy labes sprang open and half of the man's big dick slid in her fuck-hole.

"Ahhhh! Ohhh! Shiiittt!" Elaine cried out as she felt the fat head of Sam's prick slip into her hole. "Ohhhhh!" she moaned again as she felt her pussy being stretched wider and wider. "Cock! Dick! Prick-meat!" Elaine cried as she felt two more inches of Sam's pole sink into her steamy snatch.

She was begging for his meat now. The blonde pleaded for Sam to split her open with his cock. She wanted to be drowned in the gallons of come that would soon spray out of his cunt-buried prick.

"Fuck!" Sam cried out as his hands shot up and grabbed at her taut tits.

Elaine felt her nipples throb wildly as Sam's thumbs and forefingers rubbed them into a state of explosion. The blonde felt Sam's cock throb wilder and wilder as he drove more of his dick into her cunt. She knew that the man was close to coming. He'd almost shot off in her mouth a few minutes before. Now he was driving his dick into her hot snatch. Elaine wondered if he'd blow off before he finished pushing the length of his hot pole into her cunt. She prayed not. Elaine felt herself shooting closer and closer to climax. But she wasn't as close to it as Sam was.

"More, more!" Elaine babbled as she felt his body sinking closer and closer to hers.

Finally their crotches touched, their pubic hairs mingling as the final hot inches of Sam's dick drove into Elaine fuck-hole. Gradually, Sam's hips bunched up slightly, then down, then up a little more, then down. Soon they were working like a piston, cramming every inch into her box. Elaine moaned as she felt his cock-head throbbing far up in her cunt.

"Ohhhhh!" she groaned as she felt the man's weight bang against her again and again, grinding up against her clit as his hairy chest rubbed and scratched at her spongy tits.

Elaine gasped for breath as she felt his cock ripping through her tight cunt. He was hammering against her clit, rubbing her closer and closer to climax. Sam shouted something incoherent as he seemed to forget that there was any thing human under him. He became like a wild, hungry animal, clawing at her tender flesh, slamming his rock-hard groin like a furry weapon against her flattened snatch-lips. But Elaine didn't care. This kind of sexual frenzy turned her on. She became like him,

squirming and thrashing under his increasingly brutal attack, shouting meaningless obscenities back at him as the two of them rocketed closer and closer to mind-blasting orgasm.

"Aaaaaaaaaaahhh!" Sam cried out suddenly as he pulled the whole length of his rod out, just leaving the tip of his jerking pole in her cunt.

"Nooooooooo!" Elaine answered him, digging her sharp nails into his back and raking them across his hairy skin as she felt the first orgasmic twitch blast over her clit.

"Commmmming!" Sam cried as he slammed down hard, making the bed groan loudly as he ground his hairy groin against her puffy labes.

"M-meee t-t-toooo!" Elaine shouted back as she felt the second spasm blast through her box.

Sam didn't wait any longer. He started slamming down harder and harder. Elaine grunted at each powerful dig and sighed in ecstasy as he pulled his dick out slowly. Even at climax, he seemed to be in complete control of himself.

"Now!Now!" Elaine screamed. Her lips drew back from her teeth with the tension that was building inside her cunt. Ecstasy wracked her snatch now. But from the pressure she felt deep in her belly Elaine knew that the best was to come. At the last lunge Sam gave Elaine's body convulsed in a spasm of pure blinding sexual sensation.

"Ahhhgggg!" Sam shouted out as he pulled out one more time, then slammed down.

Elaine felt her body floating off the bed as her spasming box blasted apart in climax. Wad after wad of jizz sprayed into her sucking cunt. It filled up her hole, then spilled out of her box and leaked down on her bouncing ass-cheeks.

"Arrghhh! Wawwwhhh nnnnggg!" Elaine cried out incoherently as the hot jets of scalding jizz burst into her cunt. It burned her, making her lose control of all her senses. Elaine though her dream was going to come true. Sam seemed to have so much come in his balls that he might drown her in it.

"Bitch! Mother-fuckin' bitch!" Sam howled as he closed his eyes and dug his teeth into her right shoulder. The two of them groaned, shouted and thrashed as the room was filled with the delightful sounds of fucking. "Come! Come, you bitch!" Sam repeated over and over as his balls lost their load inside her. He pushed his body down hard and held it there, sealing the two of them together with the glue that spurted out of his cock-head.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhh!" Elaine moaned as she felt the final orgasmic contractions ripple through her body.

"Whew!" Sam finally said after he'd managed to get his breath. "You're better than I'd ever thought," he said, hunching his powerful hips up and dragging his cock out her clutching snatch.

"And so are you, Senator. So are you," Elaine said dreamily as she reached up and stroked Sam's forehead.

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CHAPTER THREE

"Elaine? Elaine, honey, are you okay?" Wanda called through the locked bedroom door.

Elaine opened her eyes and moved her head to the right, focusing them on the small alarm clock on

the bedroom dresser. It was eleven o'clock!

"Sam! Sam, wake, up!" Elaine whispered, as she rolled back and shook the big man's shoulders. "It's almost midnight, and I've got to go."

"Hmmmmm?" Sam mumbled sleepily, blinking his eyes open then reaching over and stroking her tits lightly.

"No more tonight, Senator," Elaine said, smiling broadly as she gently pushed his hand away and slid one leg over to edge the bed.

"Why not?" Sam asked, trying to pull her back into bed as Elaine struggled to get free.

"Because it's Thursday, and I've got a full day of work tomorrow," Elaine said, giggling as she managed to squirm free of Sam's tight grip.

"Working? Didn't Wanda tell you..." Sam started to ask, then sighed in disgust. "Dumb broad. She's pretty and a good lay, but not very bright."

Elaine slipped into her panties and bra, as Sam talked, guessing what he was referring to. She knew that he thought she was just like a lot of other girls - clerical prostitutes, willing to pass their snatch around to get a better position.

"Listen, Sam. I didn't fuck you just to get a better job on the Hill," Elaine said as she reached down for her sweater.

"Sure. Now look, name your price... uh... salary and you'll get it," he said, smiling broadly at her.

"Price? Price!" Elaine almost screamed at him. Her hands itched to slap him across his grinning face. Even the cheap ten dollar whores off Pennsylvania Avenue didn't have to listen this kind of shit.

"Hey, I'm sorry if I got you mad somehow but we both know the kind of racket..." Sam began as he sat up in bed and looked curiously at her.

This was a new kind of reaction to the old proposition. He'd never met a girl quite like Elaine in the sack. She was more than responsive. Fucking her was like fucking a stick of dynamite, and he wanted keep her to himself. Offering her a soft position was just what he thought she'd want.

"What's going on in there?" Wanda asked in a worried tone.

"Shut up, Wanda. I'll be right out," Elaine snapped as she finished dressing.

"I can't see what I've done wrong," Sam said honestly.

"I wouldn't think you would," Elaine whispered hotly as she zipped up her skirt. "I meant it when I said I came up here just for a fuck. I don't want your good jobs. I don't want your high pay. I wanted you. But obviously that's not enough for you. You think I came up here and screwed around because I could get a raise in pay. Well, fuck you!" Elaine said, almost spitting into his face.

"Hey, wait..." Sam started to say.

But it was too late. Elaine had worked herself up into such a frenzy of anger that nothing could have dragged her back into that bedroom. She wheeled around on her heels and stalked out of the room.

"Ohhh!" Wanda cried out as she almost fell forward when the door flew open.

"Hope you got an earful!" Elaine said under her breath as she walked briskly over to the cocktail table in front of the couch to get her purse.

"Lovers' quarrel?" Peter Kuhns asked greasily as Elaine grabbed her bag and started for the door.

"Hardly. You can tell that bag of wind in there that I never want to set eyes on him again!" Elaine yelled for Sam's benefit as she motioned Wanda to follow her.

"Don't forget to ask her," Peter whispered loudly to Wanda who ran out after her friend.

"Wanda, you didn't tell me you were turning me into a hooker!" Elaine said angrily as they waited for an elevator at the other end of the hall.

"What did you expect in this town? Everybody's on the make for something. This is the least thing that goes on," the pretty brunette said as the elevator door opened.

"Hollywood is a convent compared to this place," Elaine almost growled as they rode down to the lobby.

"I doubt that. Anyway, did you have a good time?" Wanda that asked smiling slyly at her friend.

"If you had your ears against the door all that time, you should know," Elaine said as she brushed back her long, blonde hair.

"You'll get back to him, I can tell that you're really attracted to Sam Smith. And it's no wonder. He's the catch of the Hill. And from what I hear, he's hung like a horse!" Wanda whispered softly as they reached the hotel lobby.

"Keep guessing. Damned if I'll tell you," Elaine said, unable to keep smiling as she thought of Sam's dick. He had insulted her. But he probably didn't really believe her when she said she did all the fucking and moaning just for fun. Maybe she had been too quick to jump on him.

"Oh, by the way. Pete's arranging a party this weekend - Saturday night, I think. Want to come?" Wanda asked as they stepped out into the cool October night.

"I don't know, Wanda," Elaine said, wishing more and more that she hadn't blown up at Sam. He might never call her now. The cold, dark night air made her realise how stupid she'd behaved.

"Sam might be at the party," Wanda said, watching the reaction of her friend closely.

"Oh, well, I guess I wasn't planning to do anything this weekend anyway," Elaine said, feeling her heart skip a beat at Sam's name mentioned so casually. Was she falling for him? Elaine wasn't so sentimental that she dived into romance at the first fuck - or was she? As she walked with Wanda back to the Georgetown district of Washington where the two girls shared an apartment, Elaine wondered just how she would explain to Sam about her temper tantrum.

"Now, don't be surprised at anything that goes on tonight," Wanda cautioned her friend as they walked down the long hall to the familiar door at the end. Elaine wasn't paying too much attention to her friend that evening. Just a few days before she'd been complaining that she was starved for sex. Now she was contemplating an affair with a United States senator and going to some kind of

swinger's party in a hotel room in hopes of finding him there.

"Hmmm?" Elaine asked absently as they reached the door.

"I said don't be surprised at what you see here. People play as hard as they work in this town," Wanda said mysteriously as she reached up and knocked loudly at the door.

"Oh, yes," Elaine said, snapping herself back to reality. She heard loud music and laughing coming from behind the door. It sounded like a lively party going on, and it was only ten o'clock at night.

"Elaine! Glad you could come! Glad you would come!" Peter Kuhns said as he invited both the women in.

Elaine smiled a little vacantly as she looked around the room for Sam. He wasn't there. A shock of disappointment went through her as she heard Peter offer her a drink.

"Thanks," she said, putting the glass to her lips and taking a big gulp. She'd need plenty of this if Sam wasn't going to show.

"Cheer up and smile," Wanda whispered to her. "He might come later. You never know at these parties."

Elaine shrugged and took a closer look at everyone in the room. She was a little surprised when she saw that there were about fifteen men sitting or standing and only three other women in the living room. For a social gathering, the number of men sadly outweighed the number of women. Then something struck her. Maybe this wasn't just a pleasant little party. Elaine studied the three women talking with a small group of men at the other end of the room. They looked a little cheap and loose.

"Wanda, what kind of party is this?" Elaine whispered as she eyed the group suspiciously.

"What kind do you think?" her friend responded, winking slyly at her.

"My God? I'm not going to get involved in any kind of gang-bang," Elaine said, about to turn around and leave.

"Don't, Elaine. You'll ruin me if you go. Besides, no ones going to make you do anything you don't want to. Come on, be sport. All you have to do is flirt and look pretty." Wanda pleaded with her.

"Oh, all right." Elaine said, taking another long drink.

"Besides, Sam might just show," Wanda said as she gave her friend a playful pinch on the arm, then walked towards a group of older men.

Elaine moved graciously around the party that evening, chatting with several congressmen and senators she knew slightly. Peter kept filling up her glass with more and more alcohol. And Elaine seemed to drink as if there were no tomorrow. She felt herself growing lighter and lighter as the evening dragged on.

Around one in the morning Elaine decided that she'd had enough and wanted to go home. But when she looked around for Wanda, she couldn't find her.

"Excuse me Peter. Have you seen Wanda?" Elaine asked the old senator. She hated to ask him for the time of day. But in this case, he was the only one who could give her an answer.

"Wanda, eh?" he asked slyly. Elaine didn't like the tone of voice he suddenly used. She was drunk, but not completely blitzed. Something strange was going on – something that probably started while she was talking in the other corner of the room.

"Yes. I'm tired, and I want to go home." Elaine said, straightening herself up in front of Peter.

"Well, if you want to see her she's in there," the old man slurred as he pointed at the first bedroom door.

Elaine looked in that direction, then turned back to Peter. He was smiling a little cruelly at her, winking obscenely as he motioned her to go and open the door.

"Well, I don't care what she's doing. I'll just tell her I'm leaving. She can stay here as long as she wants," Elaine said calmly as she strode across the floor. The blonde didn't look around but she could sense that every eye in the room was on her.

"Wanda, now listen, I'm going home and – OH, MY GOD! MY GOD!" Elaine cried out as she opened the door and stepped into the bedroom.

She'd started to tell her friend that she was leaving. But what she saw in front of her made her stop dead in the middle of the sentence. Wanda was crouching on the bed, her big thunderous titties scraping across the bedspread. In front of her was a congressman of about thirty, well-built, and with a thick seven-inch dick buried in her mouth. That didn't surprise Elaine – in fact, she'd halfway expected to find something like that when she stormed into the bedroom. But what shocked her and took away her speech was the dog that was on top of Wanda's back. It was a full-grown, black Doberman. His big front paws were tightly wrapped around the moaning brunette's body, while his hind legs were splayed wide apart. Elaine watched in horrified disbelief as the animal's hindquarters pumped rapidly, heaving his red, knobby dick in and out of Wanda's squishy pussy. Elaine had to shake her head and blink her eyes to make sure that she wasn't dreaming or having some alcoholic illusion. No, it was Wanda all right being fucked by a Doberman!

"My God!" she whispered under her breath, raising both her hands and cupping them over her mouth. Elaine wanted to vomit, but she couldn't help staring in sickened fascination. She didn't know Wanda that well. But she never thought that the girl would go this far in her admittedly wild sexual escapades.

"Fuck her, doggie! Fuck her!" Elaine heard somebody cry out. It wasn't the congressman being blown by the brunette. For the first time Elaine realised that there were others in the room. There were four other men standing against the wall next to her. All four were naked, stroking their cocks as they watched the big dog blast her friend's snatch with his dick. One of them had a German Shepherd who was watching the fucking scene just as closely as his master.

"Ohhhhhh!" Elaine cried out, finally coming to her senses. She wheeled around and ran out of the room. Everything was spinning in front of her. Her mind buzzed with the horror of what she'd just witnessed and with the alcohol that raced through her body as she staggered to the front door. "Hey, stop her!" someone yelled out.

"Please, don't!" Elaine cried as she felt Peter body-block her and knock her down to the floor. Normally, she would have been able to out manoeuvre the fat senator and get out. But she was drunk, and couldn't even find her own feet.

"You'll like it," Peter said, pulling her up roughly to her feet.

"Like what?" Elaine asked nervously as she felt herself being dragged across the living room floor. The blonde looked around the room and saw everyone staring and smiling at her. The three women laughed loudly, whispering something to one another as they raised their drink glasses to her as if in some kind of obscene, meaningless toast.

"Come on. Wanda told you. She must have, or else you wouldn't have come here, right?" Peter asked as he continued to pull her across the living room. Gradually, Elaine realised that she was being pulled towards the bedroom where Wanda was.

"Don't! Oh, my God, don't!" Elaine cried out as she suddenly started twisting in the old man's tight grip. She began to see what he had planned. He was going to make her fuck animals just like Wanda was doing.

"Jesus! Doesn't that turn you on? I mean, a woman forced to do that," Elaine heard someone say as the senator dug his pudgy fingers into her arm.

"You're tearing my dress!" Elaine wailed as she continued to struggle.

"Bitch!" Peter cried out as Elaine suddenly bent down and bit him hard on the hand. He let go of her for a second. That was all that Elaine needed. She reached out and pushed him roughly away, sending the fat senator crashing to the floor. As he struggled to his feet, Elaine stumbled towards the door again.

But she was too drunk and disoriented by the liquor in her system. Two other men and one blonde had reached her by the time she got near the door. Elaine felt three sets of hands forcing her back towards the bedroom as she begged and whimpered for them to let her go.

"Don't make me do something like that! Oh please, it's sick, sick!" she wailed as she felt them unzipping her dress and pulling it down to the floor.

"Hey, she's got a great body," one of the men commented as they lifted her up and over the silk pile that was Elaine's evening dress.

"You want to drag her into the bedroom or keep her in here?" the blonde hooker asked Peter.

"Wanda's busy. Why bother her? Have Doug bring in his mutt," Peter said sneeringly as he rubbed his hand and stared angrily at the half-clad Elaine.

"Oh, God, you won't get away with this," Elaine said as she struggled with the two men who still held her. The blonde felt their powerful fingers digging mercilessly into her arms as she pleaded softly with them to let her go.

"Sorry, honey," one of them finally whispered back to her. "You knew what you were getting into."

"You don't understand. I didn't. I didn't!" Elaine insisted, twisting her body like a snake. But it was useless. Their grip was too strong.

"Here comes the star attraction," Peter said, smiling even more obscenely at Elaine.

The blonde turned her head towards the half-opened bedroom door and saw the same young, dark-haired man with his dog she'd spotted in the bedroom. Elaine glanced first at him, then at the handsome grey-and-white German Shepherd that stood panting next to him. Elaine cringed when Peter eyed her and chuckled, giving her a crooked smile.

"Come on, baby. Let's give my guests some action with that hot little pussy of yours," Peter said, walking behind her and grabbing a fistful of her long hair.

"Ohhhhh!" she cried out in pain as the fat senator pulled back suddenly. Elaine felt her knees give way suddenly, and she crashed quickly to the floor.

"Hey, Pete, you're scaring the dog," the handler cried out as Elaine continued to scream with pain.

"Sorry. But nobody fools around with me and gets away with it," the fat man said meaningfully as he looked hard at the kneeling Elaine.

"See, boy. See that? See that pussy? You're gonna get some real soon," the handler said as he bent down and stroked the powerful sides of the German Shepherd.

Elaine eyed the dog nervously. She didn't like what the handler was doing. As he whispered in the pointed ears of the animal, he stroked the dog's furry underside. Elaine was no fool. She knew that he was purposely working up the dog. She could see the animal's big sheathed cock start to jiggle, then throb steadily as the man's big hands rhythmically stroked his belly. The Shepherd was developing an erection, thanks to that massage.

"Come on, Elaine. You must be terribly uncomfortable in that," Peter said, reaching down. The blonde shuddered with revulsion and fear when she felt his fat fingers slowly trail along her shoulders. Even the dog was better than being touched by this slob. Elaine continued to kneel and dosed her eyes as she felt Peter's hand inch down towards her big right tit. In a second she felt his fingers slipping into her bra, scraping against her nipple, then pinching it.

"Hey, come on, Pete. This is supposed to be for all of us, not a private showing," several people in the living room grumbled.

"Sorry," he panted, swallowing hard as she continued to pinch her nipple gently.

Elaine looked up and watched with disgust as the fat man's face blushed deep red with lust. Elaine turned away and looked at the dog.

She could just barely see the red, pointed tip of his dick-shaft poking out of the thick, white-grey furry sheath between his powerful hindquarters.

"Okay, get her ready," Peter gasped, backing away and rubbing his palms over the bulge between his thick legs.

Elaine cried out when the two men yanked her to her feet, then dragged her towards the animal. "Shut her up!" Peter cried out.

"I'll just turn this up," the blonde who had held Elaine before said cheerfully as she walked to the stereo and increased the volume.

"No! No! No!" Elaine cried out as she felt someone pulling down on her panties.

"Jesus, look at that cunt!" she heard someone say admiringly.

For the first time Elaine realised that she was completely naked. In that crowded rush, someone had torn off her panties. In a second, she felt her bra slip away.

"Hey, old King's going to come right here if you don't give him a chance with her?" the handler said.

"Okay, folks. Come on, Doug wants to try out his pet on ours," Peter said, gently pushing the crowd away from the frightened Elaine.

"You bastard!" Elaine hissed between her teeth at Peter.

"Darling, I love you, too," he said ironically as he signaled the two men to pull her to the floor.

"Ohhhhh!" Elaine cried out as she felt the two men pull her down by the arms.

"Hey! She's fighting too much," one of them complained as the blonde wriggled desperately on the carpeting.

"Tie her hands to the couch," Peter ordered.

In a few minutes, Elaine found her hands bound to the thick legs of the heavy living room couch. Her feet were free to kick out in defence. But she knew it was useless. Sooner or later, she'd have to submit to whatever Peter wanted her to. Elaine decided that the was best to give in and get it over with.

"Ready?" the handler asked.

"Right, Doug," Peter said, walking back to the bar and leaning slightly against it. Elaine's ass was facing him, but she was able to turn her head around to look at him. God! She'd never hated anyone as much as she did that man. He was forcing her to do this - forcing her to commit this sick, humiliating act in front of strangers!

A deep blush of shame flushed her face as she saw all the grinning faces staring at the exposed, narrow gash. Elaine turned her head slightly and saw the dog look curiously at his master. The man pointed to Elaine's ass. The blonde turned her head away in fear as she heard the big dog bark. The show had just begun...

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## CHAPTER FOUR

"Ohhhhhh!" Elaine cried out in fear as she felt the animal's hot, heavy breath blow through her wiry cunt hairs. He hadn't touched her yet, but she could feel his breath against her trembling thighs. Suddenly the blonde felt something cold and wet press against her right snatch-lip. She knew it was the animal's pointed snout, and screamed out in horror.

"That's it, babe! Cry it out like you really mean it," Peter said loudly.

Elaine choked down the sobs, refusing to give the fat man any more satisfaction - her horror and disgust were just another turn-on to him and the rest of the crowd. They might have forced her into this degrading act. But she wasn't going to give them more not if she could help it.

"Come on, boy, come on," the handler urged from behind.

The Shepherd looked confused. Obviously Elaine wasn't a willing participant - still, there were his master's orders and Elaine's inviting pussy wriggling only a few inches away from his snout. The blonde lowered her head and looked between her tremendous tits that scraped against the living room carpeting. She saw the large, muscular Shepherd staring back at her. His hairy balls twitched nervously in their pouch, jiggling with each jerk his cock made. Elaine saw that his long dick was

about halfway unsheathed – Its smooth, glistening, dark-red surface throbbed with lust as she felt the dog's increasingly heavy breath against her ass.

"Oooohhhh, my Godddd!" Elaine cried out, pulling her head up and closing her eyes tightly. This couldn't be happening! It couldn't be! How could she have gotten involved in something like this? It wasn't possible! She'd wake up in a second in her own bed and. "Aiyeaaaaa! Aaaaahhhh! No! No! Noooooo!" Elaine cried out as she felt something hot and wet slurp up her box. It was the Shepherd's tongue, sliding tip and down her exposed pussy-lips as his nose burrowed gently into the crack between her ass-cheeks. Elaine felt goose-bumps spring out all over her body as the dog's tongue sank deeper and deeper into her gradually parting slash. She could feel the dog's steamy spittle oozing into her protesting pussy as the crowd started cheering and commenting on the scene.

"You think she's enjoying it?" the blonde asked, giggling to one of the senators.

"Her friend digs it. Why not this one?" someone else answered as Elaine felt the Shepherd lick faster and more steadily at her twat.

"Stop! Stopit!Stopppppp!" Elaine cried over and over as she felt King's tongue lick her twitching twat-lips. Gradually Elaine felt his thick, pointed tongue slide farther and farther into her snatch, shooting up until it finally touched her clit.

"Unnnng! Unnnghhhhhh!" the woman growled deep in her throat. But something strange was happening to Elaine. The act still disgusted her, there was no doubt about that. Being tied to a piece of furniture, stripped naked, then forced to commit an act of bestiality in front of a group of complete strangers was the height of humiliation. But the booze, the frustration of not finding Sam at the party, and something perverse in her own nature that she'd never suspected she had before was working a change in her.

Elaine hated to admit it, but she was gradually beginning to respond to the animal's cunt-licking. It was as if she were transported into another world a world where normal morals didn't exist any more. She was a completely different person, separated from the old Elaine Schaff on planet Earth. Her moans of horror and disgust were getting softer and softer as she felt a growing heat and tightness start to take over her cunt.

"Hey, she's starting to like it," the blonde hooker said, honestly surprised at Elaine's reaction.

"Told you. These Washington office girls'll take on anything, once they get in the mood," Peter said sarcastically.

But Elaine didn't hear or care what anyone said. She was beginning to moan now but this time in pleasure. She didn't have to have her hands tied down any more. She wanted that dog almost as badly as she had wanted Sam a few nights before.

Elaine knew it was sick. But she didn't care any more. Only her cunt mattered, and this dog was going to take care of it for her.

"That's it, boy," the handler said as the dog growled low and deep in his throat.

"Ohhhhhhh!" Elaine responded as she felt the scalding pressure of King's powerful tongue. It peeled her cunt-lips apart, then gave one wet lick across her clit. Elaine bit her bottom lip until she drew blood. She sucked in a ragged breath as she felt bolts of hot pleasure ripple across her fiat, heaving belly. As the murmur of the crowd increased, Elaine sobbed out loud, rolling her firm ass from side to side. King grunted with excitement and lunged again at the tender pussy-lips.

"Ahhhhhhgggggngggg!" Elaine moaned. King seemed to go crazy with passion. He rubbed his long, pointed snout up and down against her slick pussy folds. Elaine shook her head from side to side, whipping her wrists with her long hair. Then she bent her head down again, peering through the space between her dangling jugs. The blonde could see that her own hot snatch juice was setting down the fur around King's mouth. His black nostrils glistened with it. His dark-pink tongue laved sloppily over her cunt, parting her hot lips, then laving her clit again and again with its smooth, wet surface.

"Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh!" The big blonde moaned shamelessly over and over until she sounded like an air-raid siren. Then suddenly Elaine came to her senses. What was happening wasn't beautiful. It wasn't lovely. It was horrible, perverted, sick! A shock of disgust ran through her body.

"Help! Help! Ohhh, God, help!" Elaine screamed at the top of her lungs. She couldn't let all these people have fun this way. King jumped back, surprised at her sudden change in attitude. "Back, boy," the handler ordered. "Noooooooo!" Elaine continued to scream, kicking out at the yipping animal with her right leg. She wasn't going to let anything in her pussy again that night. Elaine moved her legs back, lying flat on the rug. There was no way the Shepherd could get at her cunt now.

"Hold up her legs, damn it," Peter said in disgust.

Elaine felt herself being forced back into a crouching position. She fought and screamed with every ounce of strength she had. But the other were too powerful for her. In seconds she was back in her old crouching position. He didn't take the dog too long to get back into the spirit of things. King was back to Elaine's exposed cunt again, pushing part of his black muzzle into the slit of her pussy. The blonde ground her teeth together, trying to fight down the heavy, hot feeling that glowed around her throbbing clit. But it was impossible. That last struggle was the final shred of respectability that stayed with her. Though Elaine was to wonder about how she could do something like this, she wasn't going to fight it any more tonight.

"Uhhhhhh," the blonde moaned as the pulses in her cunt grew stronger. She rocked her hips back and forth slowly as the animal continued to slobber at her twat. The gentle, slick friction of her inner cuntal membranes rubbing against her partly hooded clit-tip combined with the Shepherd's slopping was making her eyes glaze over and fall out of focus. Elaine was genuinely becoming excited and shooting toward orgasm because of a dog. She couldn't believe it! Elaine Schaff, star student at UCLA, respected Washington secretary, coming with a German Shepherd!

"What are you doing?" the handler asked Peter as he walked quickly up to Elaine.

"Can't take this," he gasped, reaching down and unzipping his fly.

"Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!" Elaine cried over and over as the old fat man pulled out his stubby prick and peeled back the yellowish foreskin.

"Suck this, baby. Suck it like your friend's sucking in the next room," Peter said in a low, husky voice as he moved in front of her and bent his knees slightly. Elaine opened her eyes and saw a fat, little cock stiffening gradually in front of her nose. She could smell the stuffy, acrid odour of Peter's crotch, a smell that normally would've made her throw up. But her snatch was turning into a forest fire. The dog had made her so horny she would have sucked King Kong's furry dick. She dug her fingernails into her palms excitedly as ripples of unspeakable pleasure rippled tip and down her sides. The blonde could feel rivers of spittle from the animal's mouth mixed with her own leaking juice oozing down her thighs. Elaine's trembling knees almost gave way as she cried and whimpered with delight. When King's thick, sandy tongue swept over her completely unsheathed clit this time,

the woman felt electric sparks sputter across her wet, puffy labes. Her mouth dropped open in surprise and a howl of pleasure shot out from between her lips. Her knees snapped together as wave after wave of pre-orgasmic contractions blasted her juicy box.

"Mmmmgffff!" Elaine cried out as Peter's cock shot in between her lips like a fired torpedo. She didn't mind what he did to her any more. The blonde pretended that it was Sam's cock throbbing and twitching between her puffed-out cheeks. She dug the tip of her tongue into his piss-slit, digging out drop after drop of pre-come as King kept slurping at her snatch. His tongue drove up and down her cuntal crevice relentlessly.

"Ummm!" Elaine cooed. Her clit burned from the steady lapping friction. She was gasping and babbling now like a crazy woman. Drool leaked from the right corner of her mouth as her pussy spasmed and as her head bobbed up and down on the senator's dick. As Peter moaned almost as loudly as she was, Elaine moved her ass up and let it fall back again. Up and back, up and back, faster and faster as she found herself caught up in this doggie scene. She twisted her thighs to one side now so that King's long, sharp teeth brushed gently against one cunt-lip. Then Elaine hunched down to give him her clit again.

"Ummmm! Ummmmmmmm!" Elaine groaned. She didn't care about anything any more. She could have died right then and there and it wouldn't matter. The whole room disappeared in a beautiful kaleidoscope of bright colours. All Elaine could hear was the gentle slurping of King's tongue burrowing deeper into her sucking pussy and Peter's groans of delight.

Suddenly, King brushed over her cunt and licked her tight asshole. Elaine frantically wriggled her ass and moved it up so that the Shepherd would have a better shot at her pussy-lips. The Shepherd's tongue found the hot spot again and he moved forward slightly, probing deeper and deeper with his powerful tongue. Elaine groaned as she felt her cunt-walls spasm. She could feel those pussy muscles trying quivering to grab at the dog's long, pointed black nose. Elaine felt her body quivering wildly as she teetered on the brink of climax. She wanted to drag this out as long as she could. The blonde wanted to feel herself swaying deliciously back and forth on the fence of coming as long as possible. The unspeakably powerful orgasmic tingle was driving her higher up the pleasure scale than she'd ever been before. Her trembling fingers grabbed desperately at the long green shag piling of the rug as she tried to keep herself fastened to the floor. She felt herself about to shoot through the ceiling with climax.

"Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhhhh!" Elaine cried out wildly.

"She's gonna come!" Peter gasped, hunching his fat hips back and froth faster and faster. Spitte poured out from the edges of Elaine's stretched mouth and dribbled down her cheeks and chin as the senator reached down and dug his pudgy fingers into the blonde's bobbing skull.

"Mnnnggffffm," the woman moaned again and she swirled her tongue around and around, faster and faster. She wanted to feel the fat man's come spatter against the back of her throat. Elaine had turned into more of an animal than King was. Every inhibition she'll ever had dropped away.

"Suck, you bitch, SUCK!" Peter moaned as Elaine felt the big muscles in her ass cramp. She felt her knees shudder and slide convulsively over the carpet-bag as she babbled groans of pleasure. She was jerking like a speared fish as King continued lapping, licking, almost kissing her pussy.

"Mmmmgfff! Mgffff! Mgffffff!" Elaine cried out wildly, pulling in her cheeks and sucking at Peter's dick as hard as she could. The blonde couldn't hold out any more. She felt her snatch turning into a nuclear explosion as King had lapped and licked her clit into a powerful come.

"Christ, she's getting off!" the blonde hooker gasped in disbelief.

The others in the room watched a little incredulously as Elaine twisted, writhed and bucked in her bonds. Her hands tugged and pulled at the ropes that held them to the feet of the couch. But she wasn't trying to get away this time. The blonde wanted to tear at her tits that ached for a pair of hands to milk the spongy, tingling hot flesh. The powerful jolts of orgasm shot out through her thighs on up to her tit-tips. She was coming from head to foot, groaning and whimpering with the effort. Again and again Elaine shoved her drooling cunt against King's muzzle.

"Ahhhh! Nooo! Noooo!" Peter cried out, digging his stubby fingers harder into Elaine's skull. She felt his hot, tightly packed jizz explode out from his balls, down his jouncing pecker, and into his flanged cock-head. Elaine gagged as she felt wad after wad of the senator's come spatter against her tonsils, then ooze down her slippery throat.

"Wawwwhhh! Wawwwhhh!" Elaine cried out, backing her mouth off the shooting dick and spitting the come onto the carpeting between her hands. She tilted her head back and howled with unholy howls of delight as the hard knot deep in her belly slowly untied itself.

"Bitch!" Peter cried out as he clamped his hands around his still-spasming cock-head.

But again Elaine didn't hear him. She was in a world of her own a world of thunder, coloured lightning, and throbbing, beating clits as spasm after spasm tore through her aching, tightly screwed box.

"ohhhhhh! Ohhhh! Fuckin' Jeeeesus! Ohhhh, Goddd! Nooooo!" Elaine screeched over and over until her throat ached from all the shouting. Gradually, her cries turned into soft whimpering. Finally, Elaine felt all the energy and strength that had turned her body into a demanding sex machine evaporate. She swayed back and forth twice, then felt her knees give way under her. King backed off slightly as Elaine collapsed completely on the floor. She moved her legs slightly back and forth, rubbing her deliciously sore pussy against the stiff piling of the rug underneath her body as Peter continued to grunt like a pig above her.

"Well, honey, looks like you did all right for the first time," Peter finally managed to say as he flipped his flaccid cock back into his pants.

Elaine rolled slightly over to her right side and stared angrily into the senator's grinning face. God, how she detested that animal! He'd made her see a side of her personality that should've been left alone. He'd humiliated her in front of all these people, and now he was standing spread-legged over her, bragging about his triumph!

"You, you." Elaine couldn't finish the sentence. Words couldn't describe how much she hated that man at this minute. The only thing in the room that seemed decent to her was that damned dog.

"Hey, Petey, honey. This is only half the show," the blonde hooker said, looking cruelly at Elaine.

"What do you mean?" the senator asked, staggering slightly towards the bar for another drink.

"Look at that poor dog," the blonde said, getting off the lap of a fat, middle-aged congressman and walking slowly over to King. The dog turned his head and panted happily at the big-titted hooker as she bent down and cuddled his furry head against her jugs. "He's hotter'n hell. I mean, she gets her rocks off. But poor old dog here, he just hops around the room with that stiff cock bouncing against his belly."

Peter stopped and turned around, staring at the dog as if he'd forgotten something. Then a smile brightened his face.

"It must be the booze," he said, walking back towards King and the handler. "Get her up again. Let's finish this off, then we can get back some hard drinking and fucking ourselves," he said thickly.

"Yeah, after we can turn her loose in the city pound. That ought to keep her happy for weeks," the blonde hooker said, laughing hard as she got up and went back to the congressman's lap.

"What kind of people are you?" Elaine cried out and felt the men who had held her down pick her up and position her into a crouching stance again. "You're supposed to be the nation's law makers. You're supposed to be the nation's law-makers. You're supposed to lead, and you sit around and fuck, and make others commit acts like... like... this!" Elaine cried out angrily.

"Well, honey, if you've got any complaints about the way the government's run, just write your congressman," the blonde hooker said.

Elaine turned away as the crowd howled at the prostitute's joke. It wasn't over yet. She had to go through another session with that German Shepherd. By now, Elaine realised that making it with a dog wasn't all that bad. In fact, she'd enjoyed it a lot. But there was a definite feeling anger and humiliation that went along with that pleasure. She felt it wasn't right to fuck a dog. And all front of all these people.

"Up, boy," she heard Doug say.

"Up and fuck the bitch, boy," Peter sneered.

"Ohhhhhh!" Elaine groaned in genuine fear. Getting licked up and down was one thing. But to have a dog's cock buried inside your pussy, shooting off streams of animal jizz was another. She'd heard stories about women who got torn apart by dogs they tried to fuck. The animals got so excited that they started chewing up the snatch-lips they were trying to screw.

"You want her pussy, King? Want Elaine's hot little pussy?" Peter said in a pinched voice as the dog pranced restlessly back and forth behind the blonde's ass.

"Come on, King, up-UP!" Doug commanded. Elaine closed her eyes. She knew it was only a matter of minutes before the big Shepherd mounted her. Suddenly she heard someone scream out her name from the other end of the room.

"Elaine! My God, what are you doing?" Wanda cried out from the bedroom doorway.

"Oh, Wanda, help, help!" Elaine moaned, peering through the hanging hair in front of her eyes at her horrified friend.

"What does it look like?" Peter said, walking slowly up to her and chucking her under the chin. "Leave that for later," Wanda said coldly, brushing his hand away and walking quickly up to Elaine. "Poor baby. They've really done a number on you this time," she said, bending down and untying the ropes that held the blonde fastened to the couch.

"Hey, come on, Wanda. You'd be the last one who'd complain, I'd think," the blonde hooker mumbled disappointedly.

"Leave this kid alone. She's new in town. Give her a chance," Wanda said as she finished untying her



friend.

"Thank you, thank you," Elaine murmured as she pulled her hands to her tits and rubbed them gently.

"Well, it didn't take her too long to get used to old King, here," Peter said, pointing to the dog. Wanda looked at the animal's hindquarters and saw that his big, pointed red dick was fully extended and twitching nervously in the air.

"Elaine, you didn't," Wanda said horrified.

"No, now. They were going to make me... make me... Ohhhhhh, ohh!" Elaine cried out in horror, staggering to her feet and stumbling towards the door.

"You can't go out like that," Wanda cried out, running up to her friend and stopping her by the front doorway.

"Can't stay here, can't," Elaine mumbled. She had to get away from all these people. She had to get some place where she could think about what had happened.

"You can't let her go," Peter said threateningly, stepping in front of the two women.

"You keep your hands off her while I get her clothes. Then you'll let us out with your blessings, because if you don't, I swear I'll plaster every, damned telephone pole in this town with those pictures I've got of you and..." Wanda said in a low, forced whisper.

"All right," Peter said crisply turning on his heels and walking away.

"You just stay here, baby. I'll get your things, and we can get out of here," Wanda said, putting her arms around Elaine's naked shoulders and squeezing her tenderly. Elaine didn't say a word. She just nodded, then turned her head away from the staring crowd. She felt so strange. She couldn't believe that a dog had just licked her off! It wasn't possible. Not to Elaine Schaff, little Elaine Schaff, the girl who was going to make Washington her career... her career? Elaine almost laughed out loud. She could feel her cunt churning away, still contracting from the violent come of a few minutes ago, the only kind of career a woman had in his town was fucking. Go along with a man, and you'd make it here.

"Come on, babe. Just slip into the dress and get out of here. Worry about the bra and panties later," Wanda said, handing Elaine her wrinkled dress.

She dressed quickly, thanking God that few people were paying any attention to her. The three women remaining were obviously call girls, and they'd begun working for their pay now. Two were blowing a couple of older men, while the blonde who had helped in Elaine's degradation was leading two men into the bedroom Wanda had been in.

"God, let's go," Elaine begged her friend as she unlocked the door and staggered out into the hallway.

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CHAPTER FIVE

"How could you get mixed up with people like that? HOW?" in cried out as they reached the hotel

lobby.

"Shhh!" Wanda cautioned her friend as they walked quickly through the tiled lobby. "People'll stare if you keep shouting like that," she whispered.

"I don't care, Wanda," Elaine said, feeling herself pulled quickly into the first set of revolving doors.

"Okay, we're outside now," Wanda said, sighing in relief.

"You know what they did to me up there?" Elaine cried out, feeling hot tears spring to her eyes.

"I've got an idea," the brunette said. "But before you get off into some big moral speech, let me tell you a few things first. Honey, this isn't Sunnybrook Farm. A lot goes on around this town. If you want to stay around for a while, you'll better get used to it," Wanda said, starting to walk up the street.

"But this kind of thing - with dogs. And YOU. Wanda, YOU!" Elaine cried out, grabbing her friend tightly by the right arm.

"I've been doing things like this for years, honey. If you want to get anywhere around this place, you'd better conform fast," Wanda said, looking blankly at her friend.

Elaine let the brunette go and followed her silently home to their apartment in Georgetown.

She couldn't get to the shower fast enough. As the warm water washed over her body, Elaine shuddered as she thought about what had happened in that hotel room. Safe in her own apartment, the blonde couldn't believe that she'd responded so strongly to that Shepherd's tongue. As Elaine soaped down her crotch for the third time, she swore that she'd never let another animal touch her again for as long as she lived.

"It's Senator Kuhns," one of the girls in the steno pool whispered to Elaine as she finished typing the financial statement report for the division chief.

"So what?" Elaine said, trying to keep down the blush of shame that was burning her face. It had been over three weeks since that disastrous night at the hotel.

She hadn't seen Kuhns or any of his gang since. But she hadn't seen Sam either. He'd called several times, usually from out of town. Election year was coming up, and he was flying back home to head up the beginnings of his campaign drive. Wanda was busy going from one party to another. It all resulted in a string of lonely nights for Elaine. Sam's calls were nice and thoughtful. But they weren't any kind of substitute for a good, hot stiff cock. A few times Elaine played with herself while he talked to her, tweaking her stiffening clit as he told her how her was jacking off at the same time. Something like that sounded childish, but it was the only thing she had.

And as for Wanda, Elaine didn't trust going to her friend's parties any more. The brunette moved around a fast crowd - too fast for Elaine. Besides, even after what had happened, Wanda was still thick with Senator Kuhns. Somehow, her friend had a hold on the old man and was using it to further her career in the capital. Elaine suspected that it was some kind of blackmail. She wanted to ask Wanda what she had on Senator Kuhns. But the blonde didn't want to have anything more to do with him.

"He's on some sort of investigating committee. He's got the boss scared shit-less," the girl said as she glanced at Elaine, then back at Kuhns.

Elaine wanted to crawl into her typewriter. The old fart had spotted her, and was smiling at her. "You know him?" the girl asked.

"Vaguely," Elaine said carelessly as she pretended to be searching for something on her desk.

"He's got a kinky reputation on the Hill," the girl said, backing away from Elaine and going back to her desk.

Guilt by association, Elaine thought to herself as she glanced back at the startled secretary. Whatever the girl was thinking she was probably right in part. Elaine couldn't deny what had happened before. She was just to make sure that it didn't happen again.

"He's coming this way," the girl behind her whispered. Elaine looked up and saw Senator Kuhns swaggering slowly up to her. His oily grin and glazed, deep-set eyes made her cunt contract in disgust. To think that she'd wrapped her lips around the cock of a creep like this!

"Hello, Elaine. Busy?" he said, leaning on the front edge of the desk and panting heavily on her.

Elaine was afraid that he'd reach up suddenly and make a grab for one of her tits.

"Senator, please, I'm..." the blonde started to say.

"Don't be so reluctant, my dear. Don't forget, the only way you're ever going to get anywhere is to play along," the old man wheezed softly in her right ear. "Ask you friend Wanda."

"What Wanda does is her own business. I'm through with your sick little games," Elaine said between her teeth, refusing to look up at the man.

"I expected you'd be a little reluctant," Peter sighed, moving his right hand slowly across the desk top to Elaine's left wrist. "So you like to play it straight? What do you think your friend Sam would think if he knew..."

An electric bolt of shock ran through Elaine's body. She dropped her pencil and jerked her head up, staring into Senator Kuhns' grinning face.

"You wouldn't - you couldn't, without giving yourself away."

"I'm going to be quick and blunt, Elaine," Peter said, glancing around carefully. "Everybody in this town knows what I like. They may not approve of it, but they don't say a word. I'm too powerful, my dear, to worry what Sam might or might not think. But I'll bet you wouldn't be on his Christmas card list for long."

"He doesn't mean anything to me," Elaine said, hoping that she would be believed.

"That's not what I heard from the grapevine. Christ, you whores are all the same. Show you a little affection, and bingo, it's romance," the old man chuckled.

"I don't have to listen to this," Elaine said sharply as she started to get up from her desk.

"Just take it easy and listen to me. You keep up this Pollyanna game of yours and you can kiss goodbye to any kind of relationship with Sam Smith, believe me," Peter said meaningly.

Elaine felt her heart pounding faster and faster as she sat back down at her desk. She barely knew Sam Smith. They had been together only one night, and Elaine had to admit that she was looking more and more forward to those calls. Granted, all that wasn't much. But it might be the beginning something, and Elaine didn't want to lose it.

"Okay, you win. What do you want?" Elaine said, digging her fingernails into her palms in disgust as she refused to look up at the chuckling Peter Kuhns.

"Thought you'd see it my way. Just come over to the hotel room tonight. You know the way. Cooperate, and you'll be one of the best paid secretaries on the Hill," Kuhns said, reaching over and giving her right arm a little pat before he slid back off the desk and started for the door. God! Elaine cried softly in disgust. "Tonight at eight sharp!" Kuhns said loudly enough for the entire office to hear. Elaine turned a deep shade of red and started to bury herself in another typing project. But as hard as she worked that day, she couldn't shake off the growing feeling of horror that was gripping her mind.

"I don't think we have to tie you up tonight," Elaine, Kuhns said as the blonde walked into the room. She sighed with relief. There were only two other men there. At least she didn't have to fuck in the middle of Grand Central Station.

"Let's get it over with," Elaine said sourly, closing the door softly behind her. She glanced over in the corner and saw the Doberman that had fucked Wanda.

"Oh, God, not that again," she moaned as she raised her hands and clutched her tits protectively.

"Come on, Elaine," Kuhns said as he walked over to her and forcefully pulled her hands away.

Elaine closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as she let the old man's hands crawl over her boobs. "We can get a fuck anytime. But we really don't get an opportunity to see a girl with your, uh, talents too often," he said.

Elaine heard the other men join Kuhns laughing as he pushed her towards the centre of the room.

"Fuck? Come on, Elaine," Pete said, smirking at her as he roughly turned her to face him. He raised his hand and pressed his thumbs under the blonde's jaw, forcing her to look up into his fat reddened face. "Don't play games with me, honey. We both know that you get turned by doggie-cock. We just like to watch, that's all."

Elaine shuddered and moaned as she desperately tried to shake her head.

"Yes we do, and that scene probably turns you on, too. You want to get fucked, and by that mutt ever there right?" Peter said, forcing her head to the right and making her look at the Doberman.

"I..." Elaine started to say.

But Peter didn't let her answer. He was getting impatient, and was showing it.

"Get a good grip on this and you'll see much we want to watch you," Peter said.

He took one hand and grabbed Elaine's right arm, moving it forward until she felt something short, thick and hard with her fingers. Elaine knew that it was Senator Kuhns' stubby cock. Even with her

fingers she could recognise that revolting organ that she'd had in her mouth many nights earlier.

"Looks like she's going into heat or something," the first man said.

He was about thirty-five, greying at the temples, almost delicately handsome man? Impeccably dressed in a metallic blue three-piece suit. He looked like he belonged in a diplomatic meeting now rather than in a hotel room watching a bowser fuck.

"Most of these Washington secretaries'll bend over just if you wink at them," the other man said. He was about ten years older and a carbon copy of Peter Kuhns. Elaine could have sworn they were twins at first glance. Not only did they look the same, but they had the same sick sense of humour and sexual fun.

"You're in for a real treat tonight," Peter panted as his chubby hands moved over Elaine's unresisting body. She made no move to stop him. It wouldn't do any good. The blonde held her breath, aware only of the heavy breathing around her and an occasional loud whimper and whine from the big dog in the corner. Soon she was standing in front of the senator, wearing only her lacy black bra and filmy panties. The halter barely covered the hard tit-tips that could just be made out through the black material. The briefs were so sheer that Peter and the two other men could see the outline of her moist pussy pressing against the fabric.

"Ohhhh!" Elaine cried out involuntarily as she felt the fat man's hand inch around her sides and slither up to the clasp of her bra. He reached behind her, fumbled for a few seconds with the elastic bra band, then finally unhooked her bra. Elaine shuddered with shame as her bared tits flopped loosely down to her chest. Peter reached up and caught one of Elaine's pointed nipples between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing the sensitive flesh hard.

"G-g-god-d-d!" Elaine cried out, reaching up and brushing away his hand as she staggered backward away from him.

"Okay, Elaine. Take off your panties. Time to fuck old Rex here," Peter said, laughing at the blonde's reaction to his nipple squeezing.

Elaine closed her eyes, then jammed her thumbs under the elastic waistband of her sheer panties. Holding her breath, the blonde shoved downward, pushing the briefs past her knees and down to her ankles. As the three men gasped with admiration and made lewd comments about her tits, cunt and ass, Elaine stepped out of the briefs and stood in front of Peter, waiting for the next commands.

"Okay, honey. Down on the floor and on your hands and knees. Rex'll know what to do from here," Peter said huskily as he put both his hands on her shoulders and started forcing her to the floor.

Elaine took one last wary look at Rex, then dropped to her knees.

"Come on, Rex. Come on, you dumb mutt. Hot pussy's on the table," Peter said as his two friends chuckled, then fondled their bulging crotches. "Wiggle that ass, will you? He's got to know that you're interested."

Interested? Elaine thought to herself as she moved her thighs slowly from one side to the other. She wondered how long she'd have to play along with Kuhns until he started leaving her alone.

"Ohhhh!" Elaine suddenly cried out when she felt the dog's cold nose poke tentatively at her hot snatch-lips. It was starting now. She closed her eyes and ground her teeth together. Her skin crawled with revulsion as she felt Rex's thick, hot wet tongue slide up and down her inner thighs,

slurping at her goose-fleshed skin. Elaine shuddered as she felt that tongue slip higher and higher until it was only inches away from her pussy.

"Unnn, umnn," Elaine moaned, rocking back and forth. She felt the beginnings of sexual heat start to ball up, then untie and spread slowly through her entire body.

The blonde couldn't believe this was happening to her again. The last time she blamed the liquor that made her come with the dog. But now she was cold stone sober, and she was beginning to feel thrilled at the Doberman's mouth contact. She was growing hotter and hotter until she began to babble meaningless endearments to the animal.

"Lick it there! Ohhh, yessss, y-y-y-esssss!" the blonde stammered. The tickle between her trembling legs was becoming worse. She was building steadily and quickly toward a brain burning come. Elaine's senses exploded with the dog's insistent tonguing. She put a shaky, ice-cold hand behind her left thigh to her cunt. God, she was soaked with her own juice! Then she felt Rex's tongue lap at her fingers, digging in between them.

"Christ, she's a regular bitch," the distinguished looking man said as he reached down and unzipped his pants.

Elaine glanced up and saw him yank out an eight-inch dick. She licked her lips as she watched its head grow fat and red and begin to drool out drops of pre-come. Rex's licking was turning her into a hot, mindless bitch! As the Doberman's tongue sanded across her outer cunt-lips, peeling them slowly back as the licking increased. Elaine wanted to try every sexual deviation she could think of.

"Cock, cock, cock, cock," the beautiful blonde moaned as her body rippled with sexual excitement, then swayed slowly from side to side. Her big tits dragged across the thick piling of the carpeting, sanding her tender, stiff nipples as she begged for miles and miles of hot prick-meat.

"Go on, Jerry. Let her suck that dick of yours. She blew me when she got licked off by King," Peter said, leering at Elaine as he unzipped his fly and pulled out his stubby prick.

The man didn't need any more encouragement. Elaine watched excitedly as he walked quickly over to her, his blood engorged cock swaying lazily from side to side with each forward step he took.

"Open wide, baby. Even my old lady can't take this prick between her jaws," Jerry said, spreading her powerful legs widely apart as he hunched his ass forward and drove his flanged cock-head against Elaine's lips.

"Mmmmmm," the woman moaned as she opened her mouth and sucked in inches of the hot dong. "NNNNG! HHHH!" Elaine cried out even louder as she felt Rex's cunt tonguing increase in speed. If he weren't careful, he'd make her come.

Suddenly Elaine realised what she'd been thinking. She didn't want to come with the dog licking her twat. She wanted to feel fiery blasts of climax in her box while the dog was fucking her. So this was what she'd finally sunk to!

"Shit! She gives good head!" Jerry gasped as he pumped his hips wildly, throwing the full length of his cock into Elaine's mouth.

"I didn't come here to watch you get a blow-job!" the other man complained.

"Watch," Peter said, moving closely to Elaine. Rex continued his slobbering until the senator was

almost directly over him. "Up, boy, up and fuck."

Elaine didn't hear Peter, or even see him. She concentrated on Jerry's prick, running her tongue rapidly up, down and around the driving rod until she could feel it jerk and swell between her puffed cheeks. With one massive final suck, Elaine drove the pointed tip of her tongue deep into the mans piss slit. He gasped, swayed back and forth drunkenly, then screamed out that he was coming. Elaine coughed and gagged as spurts of hot jizz spattered into her mouth. At the same time she felt something hot and furry suddenly jump on her back. As the final spurts died and Jerry backed away from the crouched Elaine, she realised that Rex had mounted her and was getting ready to fuck her.

"Unnnnnngh!" Elaine cried out and Jerry dragged his flaccid dick out from between her lips. Come and spittle drooled out of her opened mouth as she felt the hot, slippery dog cock rubbing against her ass cheek. Sometimes it rubbed against her buns. Sometimes it dug at asshole, slicing down the tiny crevice between her butt-cheeks towards her wet, squishy muff.

"You're going to have to help him, Elaine. Most dog's don't quite know how to treat a woman," Peter said from the far corner of the room as he watched Elaine and Rex intently.

Elaine moved her right hand back and slid it between their bodies. She found Rex's cock. It felt strangely smooth and slick and hot in her hand. There were funny bumps and knobs on the silky flesh. Someone once told her that you could tell how old a dog was by the number of knobs on his dick. She didn't know if that was true or not. But if it was, Rex must have been a hundred years old! The blonde wondered how it was going to feel inside her snatch. She shuddered when she thought of all those knobs slipping in and out of her violated pussy.

"Easy, boy, easy," Elaine found herself saying as the dog whined excitedly when her fingers closed around the sensitive rod. She pushed him back with one hand while she used the other to guide the prick to her box.

"You think he's gonna shoot before he gets it in her?" Peter's twin asked.

"I didn't tell her, but Rex is used to fucking women. We've used him in a lot of stag parties before. He's trained to fuck for a long time. You just wait. You'll see a woman screeching the roof down by the time that Doberman gets through with her."

Elaine played with the Doberman's cock for few minutes, running her slender fingers up and down the slick, bumpy surface. Occasionally she rubbed the pointed tip up and down the inner edges of her outer labes, feeling every nerve in her cunt-mound straining for that big doggie-dick.

"Ohhhh!!" Elaine groaned, loving the sound of the Doberman's whining as she milked his big dick with her fingers. She could feel something hot and wet leaking out of the end of his prick, and guessed that the animal was as hot as she was. His big paws tore at her sides, while his hot, hairy belly scraped across her back.

"Come on, Elaine. Hurry up. We want to see you humping Rex," Peter urged her.

Elaine moved the cock around and finally got the pointed tip aimed directly over the mouth of her cunt. Rex sensed that everything was in position. He lunged forward when she released him. His cock rammed against the tightly puckered cunt-lips, pressing forward harder and harder as Elaine grunted with excitement.

"Harder, harder," Elaine groaned as she backed up against the humping dog, spreading her legs as far apart as she could to give him more room. Gradually, Elaine could feel the hot, pointed tip

inching its way slowly into her fuck-hole. Tiny bolts of electric pleasure shot from her snatch to every inch of her body as the Doberman's cock started sliding in faster.

"He's in her!" Peter cried out triumphantly as the two other men watched in fascination. Even Jerry's eyes were opened wide in disbelief as he rubbed his cock back up to full stiffness.

"Ahhhhhh!" Elaine cried out in satisfaction as she felt the first series of doggie-dick knobs plop past her tight-clenching outer labes and sink into her sucking pussy. The blonde groaned over and over, howling almost as loudly as the Doberman as the dog's prick jammed and screwed its way into her cunt.

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## CHAPTER SIX

"Aiyyeeeee!" Elaine shrieked as Rex hunched his powerful black hips one more time and buried almost all of his cock in her snatch. She kept screaming and screaming as the dog held tightly onto her heaving belly. Elaine shook her head wildly back and forth as tears of pained pleasure sprang to her eyes. She couldn't believe the sensation she was having right now.

It was different getting screwed by a dog. All those lumps that funny, slick pointed feeling of doggie meat pressing against her clinging cunt-walls, it was all so foreign to her. She closed her eyes tightly so her cries died into muffled moans and whimpers. Maybe it would all go away. No, that was crazy. She knew where she was. It wasn't a dream. She was kneeling on the floor with a Doberman wrapped around her. Its cock was stuffed in her snatch, and they both were close to coming.

"Ohhhh!" the woman cried as she felt the final big bump near the root of the animal's dong bang up against her swollen labes. "Unngh! Unngh!" she cried each time Rex pulled his cock out slightly, then rammed it back in, trying to get that big knob into her pussy.

"Help him out, bitch!" Peter ordered, seeing what the animal was trying to do.

Elaine sobbed in frustrated sexual fury as she reached back with both hands and pulled her thighs farther apart. Rex barked twice, then lunged forward one more time. With an audible squish, the large knob slid past her puffed and juice-slicked labes and buried itself deep in her hole.

"Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!" the blonde shrieked as she nearly fell forward from the sudden and almost painful insertion.

"You'll love it in a second," Peter said sarcastically as he saw tears trickle down Elaine's flushed lace.

He was right. That big knob stretched her pussy apart the way it had never been stretched before. The raw nerve endings responded to that big lump like a million tiny blasting caps, sending out jolts of pleasure that had never been felt before.

"Nnnnghhh! Nnghhhh!" Elaine cried out between her tightly clenched teeth. She felt a hot wetness growing around the bottoms of her swinging tits, while her belly heaved and stiffened with the dog's forward fucking motions. Elaine knew she was being rubbed up fast to climax.

"Fuck him, bitch!" the three men cried out together as they staggered closer to Elaine. She opened her eyes and saw that all three of them had their cocks pointed straight at her face. They were rubbing their dicks frantically, using the drooling pre-come that leaked out of their respective piss-

slits as lubricants. She could tell that they were going to fire their wads into her face. But the blonde didn't care. She didn't mind if they drowned her in gallons of come. In fact, she wanted it!

She growled and humped almost as fast and furiously as the Doberman, squeezing her cunt-muscles together at times to trap the hunching dog's dick. She wanted more of his prick-meat. The woman wanted to feel Rex's prick driving farther and farther into her cunt until he speared her womb. Elaine's cries turned into obscene nearly unintelligible babbles of ecstasy as sweat broke out across her forehead and upper lip.

"Close! C-c-close!" Elaine warned as she squeezed her snatch muscles tightly together, trapping Rex's dick inside her hole for a few seconds.

Rex whined and howled as he increased the speed and intensity of his hunching. Elaine thought her mind was going to blow apart from the blasts of pleasure she was receiving. She bounced her thighs up and down, squealing with delight as she tried to get the maximum amount of friction from the fucking.

"She's coming. I know she's coming," Jerry panted as he pulled down his dick and aimed it right at Elaine's thrashing head.

"No, no, noooo," Elaine moaned. "Don't come yet," she panted to the dog. She could feel the Doberman's cock jerking and swelling inside her cunt now. It banged against the hot, wet, clutching pussy walls, threatening to explode and blast her snatch with doggie-jizz at any second. Elaine was close, but she wasn't ready yet. She needed a few more seconds of dick plugging to pop off.

"Ahhhhhhh! Wawhhhhh! Oh, God! Ohhhh, fuck me! Ohh, Je-e-esus, doggie, fuck me!! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Elaine cried out wildly as she felt her pussy begin to pucker up. It was the last step before her clit would begin to spark with sexual coming. She heard the dog howl somewhere in the distance as she felt herself blasting off from earth.

"Shit, I'm gonna shoot!" Jerry cried out as he grabbed his cock with both hands and aimed at Elaine.

"Meee, too!" Peter and his look-alike clones as they began spraying the bucking blonde with wads of white-hot jizz.

But Elaine was oblivious to the bombardment of spunk she was getting as the thick gobs of jizz trickled down her cheeks, tits and ass. The blonde concentrated on Rex's plunging pecker. The stiff hairs on the end of his sheath tickled her sensitive outer labes, adding to the unspeakably intense pleasure she was already getting. Suddenly Elaine felt all the controls being lifted from her cunt. Her belly contracted, then her cunt. Then all hell broke loose as she felt the first orgasmic spasm rip through her box.

"Ohhh, fuck! Fuck! Fuucckkk!!" Elaine howled as her pussy twisted tightly around Rex's digging prick. "Coming! Cccccooooommmnnngg!" she howled again and again.

"Jesus!" Peter gasped in appreciation as he watched Elaine and Rex buck and thrash together. The dog was rhythmically stabbing the blonde's violated pussy and drawing the full length of his pointed, red, juice-slicked cock out of Elaine's cunt, then ramming it back in again. Elaine had come too suddenly for the dog. He hadn't been ready to shoot, and was now working himself to climax. He result was that he was prolonging Elaine's orgasm. She felt her cunt contractions build and build. They should have gotten weaker after a time, but they were growing stronger. She was out of control, bucking, clawing, screaming, thrashing on the floor as more intense spasms blasted through her aching snatch.

"Wawhhhhh! Wawhhhhh! Stop! S-s-st-stop him!" the woman cried as Rex continued to plug her hole with his dick.

Finally! The animal opened his jaws and stared stupidly at the ceiling, letting out a high, thin howl as his dick sprayed in the first jet of doggie-come.

"Unnghhhhh!" she cried out gratefully. It was as if the animal's come was putting out the raging fire inside her pussy.

"B-bastard! Ohhh, fuck m-m-meeee!" Elaine screamed as lights popped and bombs blew off in her ears. She could feel the wet pressure of Rex's jizz-wads plopping against her pussy walls. Her clit vibrated and throbbed furiously, beating against the sensitive pussy flesh around it as the Doberman continued to dump his load in her snatch.

"Oh, Christ. Christ, Christ," Elaine finally moaned as the dog poured in his final load. The blonde felt completely exhausted. As Rex barked in triumph, then leapt off and trotted into the far corner of the room, Elaine collapsed on the floor.

"Good show, Elaine. Good show," Peter said, flipping his stubby dick back into his pants. "You keep that up and you might make the party's nomination for president," he said, laughing loudly. "Now you get dressed and get out. We've got politics to talk about and don't like strange ears to listen in."

Elaine couldn't believe it. The three men suddenly turned into hardcore politicians, talking about caucuses, pending legislation, and political log-rolling while she till lay exhausted on the living room floor, drooling rivulets or doggie-jizz from her snatch. She was just some piece of meat for their perverted casual entertainment.

The blonde could have screamed. But she knew there wasn't any good in doing it. She should be thankful that they were satisfied. As the three men talked excitedly over the bar, Elaine staggered to her feet and walked haltingly to the bathroom. She didn't want to look at the men. They'd dragged her down to the level of a common prostitute. Worse. She knew that there were some hookers who never would have done what she just did. And enjoyed it!

Elaine closed the door and sat down on the cold toilet, letting the cooling dog-come leak out of her slackened cunt and splash in the water below, she held her head in her hands and cried in horror. Panic gripped her heart and mind as she saw herself trapped in this madhouse of sexual perversion. She'd come to Washington just to get started in politics, and now she was quickly becoming a cheap, perverted whore.

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"Wanda?" Elaine whispered softly as she walked into her darkened Georgetown apartment. It was after midnight, and Wanda had to work the next day. A swinging as the brunette was, she rarely went out at all the week nights. The girl worked hard at her job, proving to her bosses that she could have gotten her positions without fucking. "Wanda, honey, I've got to talk to you," Elaine called softly as she walked through the living room to the bedroom hallway.

"Hmmm...? House on fire?" Wanda said sleepily as she blinked her eyes and saw Elaine standing in the doorway of her bedroom.

"Wanda, you've got to help me," Elaine said desperately as she ran to the edge of the bed and sat down. "It's Peter Kuhns. He's-he's got a hold on me. He made me - made me fuck a a-a-dog," Elaine finally managed to get out, dropping her head with embarrassment. She was even ashamed to tell

Wanda about what she had just done.

"You didn't want to do it?" Wanda asked, putting her hands under Elaine's chin and raising her face.

"Oh, no. I don't think so. I mean, I enjoyed it when it happened," Elaine reluctantly admitted. "But I swear, Wanda, don't want to do something like that again. Oh, God, Wanda, please help me. I don't know who else I can turn to. He threatened to tell Sam about me. And I know I don't know him that well and we don't have anything really going. But I swear I'd like to try, and, and, and..." Elaine rattled on, suddenly stopping and breaking into a long series of heaving sobs. She felt as if her entire world were breaking apart.

"You're too much of a romantic, Elaine. You don't belong in Washington," Wanda said, putting her arms around her friend and hugging her tightly.

"I just wanted to make a career for myself, but, not-not something like this," Elaine sobbed out. "There, there. Old Wanda'll see what she can do. I'm not without a little influence in the Hill, you know. You see, I'm not so much a romantic. But you know that, don't you?" Wanda said, looking into Elaine's watery eyes and smiling gently.

"Oh, you're such a friend," Elaine cooed, hugging her tightly.

"Ugh! You'll strangle me," the brunette said, taking advantage of the situation and running a hand lightly up Elaine's right thigh. The blonde was so upset that she didn't notice Wanda's move.

"Do you mind if I sleep with you tonight?" Elaine asked, finally pulling herself away from her friend.

"No, but why?" Wanda asked, trying to hide the flash of pleasure that sparkled in her eyes.

"I just feel so rotten and afraid. I don't want to be alone tonight," Elaine said, looking pleadingly into Wanda's eyes.

"I never say no to requests like that. Sure. Just strip down and crawl in," Wanda said, pretending to be sleepy.

"Oh, thank you." Elaine said as she slid off bed and peeled off her dress. As she crawled into bed, the blonde wondered what would happen to her next. If Wanda couldn't help her, she might even consider leaving Washington. Elaine didn't know if she was strong enough to fight off plots like those laid by Peter Kuhns. As Elaine felt herself drifting into unconsciousness, she thought of the dog and his big, pointed prick. She told herself she could never do something like that willingly. Elaine kept saying that as she felt her cunt screw up and throb teasingly.

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"Hhhhhh! Unnnnn! Unnnnn!" Elaine moaned out in her sleep as she felt her cunt heat up furiously. She was dreaming of Sam's cock pushing lightly against her outer lips, forcing the swollen membranes apart as his fuck-sac dragged across the bottom of her labes. Suddenly her eyes flew open and she looked up. Wanda was kneeling between her widely splayed legs, peeling off her panties as she stuck two fingers of her right hand in her own pussy.

"What are you doing?" Elaine cried out, still trying to figure out if she were still dreaming.

"What do you think? Planting corn?" Wanda asked breathless as she dug deeper and deeper into her cunt.

"You tricked me!" Elaine cried out, sitting up suddenly in bed. "You tricked me into this bed!"

"Maybe so," Wanda said as a crooked smile snaked its way across her lips. "But now you're here, so you might as well enjoy yourself," the brunette said, pulling her fingers out of her pussy and running them over Elaine's inner thighs. The blonde could see that Wanda's hand was soaked with hot pussy juice. But what was more unnerving was that she was responding to her friend's touch.

"Please, Wanda. I've never done anything like this before. I've never gone to bed with another woman," Elaine said unsteadily as she felt her heart begin to pound harder and faster. Her friend's fingers started to crawl higher and higher up her thighs. Involuntarily, Elaine spread her legs just a few inches farther apart. Wanda noticed the reaction and smiled broadly. She knew the woman would give in.

"It's easy," Wanda said breathlessly as she stuck her right forefinger under the elastic leg-band of Elaine's black panties. "Just relax and I'll show you what to do," the brunette said, pushing her finger through the thick, wiry jungle of cunt hairs.

"Ohh, God! GOD!" Elaine cried out, leaning back heavily on her arms as she dropped her head and moaned in ecstasy. Wanda's finger had reached the edge of her right pussy-lip and was busily sliding back and forth on the hot, swollen furry flesh.

"You've probably had your pussy chewed on by men. But only a woman knows how to turn another woman on that way." Wanda said as she hooked her finger around the elastic leg-band and pulled down. In a second Elaine felt her panties sliding past her plump ass-cheeks and down to her knees. Wanda pulled them off her legs, then knelt down between her this, pushing them farther apart.

"Ohhhhh," Elaine moaned again, dropping down to the bed. She closed her eyes and clenched her fists tightly as she felt her friend dive into her pussy. She gritted her teeth tightly together as she felt Wanda's tongue snake up slowly towards her clit.

"Mmmmmm, tastes good," the brunette moaned as she lapped up the leaking juices from Elaine inflamed box. The blonde hiked up her knees slightly, splaying them farther apart as she squeezed her ass-cheeks together and hunched her mushy pussy up against Wanda's face.

"Suck! Suck! Suck!" Elaine moaned as she felt her friend's right hand slide under her butt and inch towards her tightly clenched asshole.

"Baby, baby," Wanda crooned like a male lover. Elaine couldn't believe that this was happening to her. Fucked by a dog earlier, now sucked off by a woman!

"Ohhh, you're really hot," Wanda said as she licked and lapped up more juice.

"Ohhh! Ohhh! Arghhhhhh!" Elaine suddenly screamed. Wanda had tongued the area around the blonde clit, poking any at the unsheathed, tiny throbbing organ with the tip of her tongue. Then suddenly she moved her lips, clamping them tightly around the sparking mound of flesh and sucking as hard as she could. Elaine's mouth flew open and harsh guttural sounds shot out. Then a long, low scream started that turned into a hi-pitched shriek. She thrashed her arms around wildly, finally raising them and beating Wanda on the head and shoulders while her legs kicked up in the air and out in every direction. It was as if her entire body were being torn apart.

"Stop! Anngghhh! Wawhhhhh!" the blonde screamed over and over. She slid her ass from side to side on the groaning bed as she felt her crotch tinge and her tits swell with sexual excitement.

"Fuck, you taste good," Wanda said as she lapped at the torrent of cunt juice that leaked freely from between Elaine's swollen cunt-lips.

"Please, I can't take it!" Elaine begged as she felt Wanda continue to peel back her snatch-lips, burrowing deep into her hot twat-tunnel with her tongue while she tweaked her sputtering clit with the fingers of her fight hand.

"You're close, baby," Wanda moaned.

"Close, close," Elaine moaned in agreement.

"Poor little pussy," Wanda said, backing away and looking at Elaine's drooling snatch. "Fucked all night by that big dog's dick," she said as she crawled around the bed, swing her ass directly over Elaine's face.

"What-what are you doing?" Elaine asked nervously, knowing full well what her friend intended to do.

"Just start licking when I come down on you. I'll take care of the rest," Wanda said unevenly. As she talked, Wanda used her finger to pull Elaine tender pussy-lips apart again. She lowered her head and opened her mouth, running her tongue inside that red-hot slit. She licked it rapidly in and out, teasing the delicate flesh as Elaine groaned and bucked in response.

"Yessss! Yessssss!" the blonde hissed as her friend pinched her swollen labes.

At the same time as she tongued Elaine's pussy, Wanda hunched down so that her cunt was right over the blonde's mouth. The brunette could feel Elaine panting hard into it. Her hot breath blew through the curly dark-brown hair. Elaine opened her eyes and saw the dark-red crack only inches about her lips. Her eyes traveled upward and she saw something small and red suddenly pop up. It was Wanda's clit, twitching to be touched.

"Oh God, Wanda!" Elaine cried out, feeling a sudden surge of lust sweep over her body. She wanted that clit. She wanted to feel her friend's snatch cover her mouth and nose, bouncing on her face as she did to her what was being done to her own pussy.

"Lick it, lick it!" Wanda gasped as she lowered her curly-haired pussy to Elaine's mouth.

The blonde raised her hands and wrapped her fingers around Wanda's soft ass, squeezing and rubbing the full cheeks gently. She slid her fingers into the tiny crevice between the butt-cheeks, stroking the sensitive flesh gently. Elaine raised her head and flicked out her tongue, licking the hot, throbbing surface of Wanda's clit. Immediately, Wanda gasped and pushed her cunt down until it pressed against Elaine's sucking mouth. The blonde plunged her tongue between the hot, fat lips as hard as she could. When she drove it completely inside, she churned it around and around.

"That's it! That's it!" Wanda cried out. The brunette pushed down harder onto her face, hunching crazily, trying to get more tongue up her snatch.

"Mmmmggffff!" Elaine moaned back as she felt Wanda bury her face harder in her burning bush. The brunette's lips pressed against Elaine's box, sucking more and more sticky pussy juice out while her tongue lashed away at the inside of her friend's hole.

"Nnnhhh! Nnnhhhhhhh!" Wanda cried out wildly as Elaine concentrated on her hard clit. At the same time Elaine moved her right hand slowly back to the crack between Wanda's full butt-cheeks,

running her fingers up and down the crevice until they stopped at the brown, puckered shit-hole. Wanda bobbed her ass up and down as a signal for Elaine to do something with it. Slowly the blonde circled the shit-chute, trailing her finger around the hole in decreasing circles until she was at the edge of the tightly clamped hole. As she felt Wanda suck her clit one more time, Elaine drove her forefinger deep into her friend's asshole.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

"Ahhhh! Ohhhhhh, shittttttt!" Wanda cried out as she felt the fingertip push slowly into the tight, gripping ring of her bung. Elaine wriggled it around and around, teasing her and sending thrills racing from her ass to her clit.

The brunette's clit throbbed in time with her to her friend's fingering, making her slam her ass harder against Elaine's face.

"Mfgggfff!" Elaine cried out, turning her face to one side to catch her breath.

"Do it, babe! Do it!" Wanda cried out wildly. "Don't stop! Oh God, don't take your mouth away!" the brunette cried desperately.

As Elaine continued to wiggle her finger in the tight asshole, she felt her clit being kissed again. Wanda's head bore down like drill, shoving tighter and tighter against her cunt as her tongue knifed in. Elaine felt her friend's sucking mouth work on her cunt, pulling the sensitive, swollen flesh in gentle tugs until it was almost the same feeling as having a cock jamming in and out.

"Ohhhhh, Wanda, Wanda!" the blonde moaned frantically. "It's good! Oh G-God!" Elaine stammered. "Suck me! Oh, suck me until I come! Jam your tongue up me! IN! IN! IN!" Elaine cried over and over. She felt Wanda's mouth go wild on her cunt. It ground tightly into her, spreading the cunt-lips apart, pushing itself into her tight hole as it sucked harder and harder on her clit.

As Wanda violently continued to suck at Elaine's cunt, she felt the finger in her ass pushing farther inside. Elaine didn't know what she was doing. She only realised that her friend reacted to that ass-probe as if she had twenty dicks inside her.

"Ummmmmmmm," Wanda groaned, rolling her ass around in circular hunches Elaine could sense that her finger was sending throbs of pleasure through her friend's cunt. The blonde knew that Wanda pussy walls vibrated like a drum head. She could feel the mighty contractions against her probing tongue. As a result, she worked her finger-fucking and tonguing together. She tickled, teased and stroked the sensitive pussy-flesh while she probed deeper with her forefinger.

"Ummmmmmmm," Wanda groaned again into Elaine's cunt.

Those vibrations echoed through Elaine's cunt. They shook her clit to its roots. Elaine's nerve endings vibrated and quivered until she thought her body would explode from pleasure. She spread her legs and hunched her drooling box up, slamming her cunt harder against Wanda's face in a frenzy of passionate humping. Every time she hunched her ass up she felt Wanda's tongue lash over the raw flesh of her snatch.

"Take it! Oh, God, Wanda! Oh, fuckin' Jeeesus! Oh, ohhh, I'm gonna come!" Elaine cried out, digging her head into the pillow. The veins stood out in her neck as she felt the knot of sexual tension in her belly suddenly unravel. She couldn't take the teasing tension any more. That unbearable itch had to

be scratched.

"Come, baby, come!" Wanda moaned.

Elaine could feel the brunette's tongue push up and hold rigid. The blonde straddled Wanda's head and worked her ass in a series of short, hard hunches.

She concentrated on fucking herself with Wanda's tongue, gluing her mouth at the same time on her friend's wide-open pussy. Her lips clamped tightly over the soft, hot, hairy box. She shot her tongue inside Wanda's snatch, keeping it as rigid as the one inside hers.

"Nowwww! Nowwwwww!" Elaine screamed into Wanda's humping pussy.

"Ohhhhhh!" Wanda responded.

Elaine could feel the brunette writhe and twist on top of her. She knew that Wanda was coming soon, probably as soon as she was.

"Nowwwwww!" Wanda screeched in her pussy.

Elaine felt the world blow apart for her. She was fucking herself and fucking Wanda at the same time. The idea blew her mind. She wanted to make her friend take it, eat it, suck it, drink it. Her mouth shoved down hard between Wanda's trembling thighs as the first spasms raced over her clit. Her hips shot up like a rocket as she twisted her finger in as far as it would go up Wanda's ass. Elaine felt her friend shaking over her.

She shoved her tongue deep into the hot pussy and felt it starting to spasm. Wanda was coming with her! She felt the brunette hunching wildly as if she were going out of control.

"Unnghhh! Wawwhhh! Wawwwhhhhhh!" Elaine screamed into Wanda's pussy.

"Fuuuuuuccckkkkk!" Wanda screamed back as her clit popped into Elaine's mouth. The blonde felt tremors and quakes ripple through her cunt. Her toes curled, her belly knotted up as her cunt, clit and tits exploded. She grabbed Wanda tightly and held her in place as she hunched her dripping pussy onto the stiff wriggling tongue.

Finally the contractions stopped and they both collapsed. Elaine felt herself drifting back to reality, and realised what had just happened. How could she be sliding so low? This had to be the depths of degradation. She was amazed at her own perversion. Wasn't there a level below which she wouldn't drop? Elaine began wondering if she and Peter Kuhns weren't cut out of the same cloth. In fact, he might be better. At least he recognised the fact that he was perverted. Elaine did the same things, but kept on insisting that she was very normal.

"That was wonderful, darling," Wanda finally panted out.

"Oh, God, God. I must be sick," Elaine blurted as she shot up into a sitting position and cradled her head in her hands.

"Hey, take it easy," Wanda said, running her fingers along Elaine's naked thighs. "There's nothing wrong with you. Just because we make it in the sack doesn't mean you're a dyke. We were both a little... uh... tense, and you decided to let out a little of that tension on me. There's nothing to worry about, honey," Wanda said consolingly.

"Maybe not," Elaine said, listening to her friend's advice. "And do you think you can help me?"

"With Peter Kuhns?" Wanda said, smiling at Elaine. "You'd better believe it. That old fart's getting too big for his pants anyway. He deserves to be taken down a few pegs," Wanda said a little bitterly.

"What are you going to do?" Elaine asked as she turned around in the bed and lay next to her friend.

"That's my secret," Wanda said cuddling up next to her friend. "You just get to sleep and let me worry about that," Wanda said as she stretched, yawned, then put her arms around Elaine's slender waist and fell asleep.

Elaine stayed awake for almost an hour after the brunette's heavy, steady breathing indicated that she was fast asleep. Even after Wanda's reassurances, Elaine couldn't help but feel that she'd never be the same. Even if she were rid of Peter Kuhns and all his sick friends, she knew that she'd lost some of her self respect and confidence. No matter what happened to save her, the blonde realised that all the humiliation and degradation she'd been dragged through had irrevocably changed her life.

"Elaine? I'm back in town," Sam said over the phone.

"Sam? God, it's good to hear from you," Elaine said, brushing back her hair and sitting down.

"You alone?" he asked in a low, husky voice.

"Of course. Wanda's off to-to, well, wherever she goes," Elaine said, feeling her heart pounding harder. She knew what he was going to suggest. Elaine prayed that he wouldn't suggest that hotel room. She knew that he and Peter paid joint rent on it, dragging whatever woman they could find up there. But Sam had been off canvassing for votes, while Peter had been doing his usual kinky entertaining. And as for Elaine, she didn't want to go back to a room that held so many humiliating memories for her. Peter Kuhns hadn't called her for two days now. She didn't want to run the risk of meeting him at the Hilton.

"You mind if I come by?" Sam said in a low whisper.

"Mind? I'd kill you if you didn't!" Elaine cried out excitedly as she told him to come in about an hour.

After she hung up the phone, Elaine ran to the bathroom and combed her hair. She hummed happily to herself, forgetting about the events of the past few days. All she cared about now was that Sam Smith was coming to visit her. Elaine felt like a teenager going out on her first date.

Wear something sexy, she said to herself as she ran out of the bath into her bedroom. Elaine fished through the closet until she came across a see-through blue nightie. The bottom hem would drop just below the V of her snatch-lips. It was perfect, Elaine thought to herself as she reached behind her neck and unfastened her dress. As she pulled her bra and panties off, the blonde felt her body break out into a cold sweat. She kept thinking of Sam's powerful body and long, rigid cock. In a few minutes, it'd be plowing through her cunt, stretching those rumbling, rippling membranes apart. All thoughts of Senator Kuhns and Wanda's conversation with her this morning faded. What had Wanda said? Elaine asked herself as she slipped the nightie over her head and smoothed it down over her jutting boobs. As she admired her firm, protruding tits in the full-length mirror, Elaine remembered the brunette saying something about getting back at Peter Kuhns tonight. But her mind was to cluttered with images of Sam's dick for her to remember much of the conversation. I'll ask her about

it tomorrow, Elaine said to herself as he glanced at the clock. It was nine-thirty in the evening. A half-hour and...

Elaine's thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Sam?" she called out tentatively in the bedroom.

"No, Roto-Rooter," Sam shouted through the locked living room door.

Elaine ran through the living room and unlocked the door, swinging it open and seeing Sam standing on the small porch of her Georgetown apartment grinning sheepishly at her.

"I couldn't wait," he said, walking in and putting his muscular arms around her slender waist. "And it looks like you couldn't either," he said, holding her at arms length for a second and staring at her see-through nightie.

"Oh, God, kiss me," Elaine said as Sam closed and locked the door.

"Let's get to bed," Sam said, wrapping his strong arms around her waist and bending his head down to hers. Elaine almost gagged as Sam's strong tongue burrowed deep into her mouth, pushing hers back until she thought she was going to swallow it.

"Yesss," Elaine hissed, pulling gently away from the young senator and taking him by the hand. Everything was swimming in front of her. She didn't remember moving through the living room, flicking off the lights, or walking into her bedroom. Somehow, her nightie was peeled off her body, and Sam stripped. Suddenly, he was aware of his lips sliding up and down her thighs, kissing her hairy pussy-mound, then moving up to her tits and sucking on the swelling lobes while his fingers clutched at her firm ass-cheeks.

"Easy, easy," he said, pushing her gently back until Elaine could feel the edge of her bed with the backs of her legs. With one gentle shove, Elaine fell backward on the mattress.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" she cried out as Sam started to stroke her legs. He began in her bushy cunt hair and ran his hands slowly down each of her legs with smooth, practiced motions. Elaine's breathing became deeper. Her lips parted and she shifted her ass slightly on the bed, moving her legs apart. Sam then put both hands on her thighs, one each side of her cunt. With his fingers, he gently pulled swollen twat-lips apart. Elaine sighed, feeling the cool breeze in her bedroom seep into her steaming, mushy crack.

"It's good to see you so hot for me," Sam said, lowering his head until his mouth was directly over her cunt. Elaine lifted her head slightly and watched his big, thick tongue slide out from between her sensual lips. She sighed again and she raised her right hand, putting it behind Sam's head and tightening her grip around it.

"Suck, suck," Elaine groaned, remembering the delicious feeling Wanda's tongue produced in her hot box when she slept with her several nights ago.

"Mind reader," Sam said, playfully as he dipped his face into Elaine's cunt. Her body stiffened as she felt his mouth press gently against her hairy twat. At the same time Elaine moved her other hand down, sliding it across Sam's hairy, massive chest until she felt the hairs grow stiffer and increase in number. She wanted his cock. In an instant she felt something hot, wet and spongy brush up against her crawling fingers. Gently, Elaine wrapped her fingers around it and squeezed, feeling the long pole jerk and twitch in response.

"Ohhhhhhh, suck, suck, suck!" Elaine cried back.

Sam's experienced tongue caressed and massaged her clit. Waves of electric pleasure shot all the way to her nipples, making them stand up and grow into steely hardness. Elaine looked down at Sam's dick again. She'd forgotten just how big it was.

She ran her fingers gently up and down its full length, feeling the muscles of his chest and belly tighten up with every movement she made. My God, she thought as a spasm ran through her. He was going to put that thing through her. Still rhythmically squeezing his cock, Elaine turned her head to one side and let out a low moan of delight. She closed her eyes and let herself drift into a furious whirlpool of sexual delight as her cunt began to contract and demand something to fill it.

"Baby, all I could think about back there was you and that hot snatch," Sam said, pulling back from Elaine's hot, wet cunt and smiling at her.

"Oh, Sam, I've missed you," Elaine said, feeling shocks of guilt running through her. How could she ever have done such a disgusting thing with Peter Kuhns? How could she have contaminated her body like that? She knew that Sam would never understand. Even now, she was only a few stops above being a one-night stand. If he ever found out about what happened those nights at the hotel, he'd write her off as a cheap whore and never see again.

"Well, I'll be able to see a lot more of you from now on," Sam said as he ran his fingers lightly along the outer edges of her blood-swollen labes.

"Ohhhhh, Sam, Sam," Elaine moaned as he gently pinched the spongy, swollen membranes of her hot snatch-lips. She felt him roll on top of her, pressing the full length of his thick cock against her wet, red gash. Elaine splayed her legs farther apart, pulling open her box and letting Sam's prick start to sink into her snatch.

"Baby, baby," the senator crooned, kissing her lightly on the forehead, then digging his thick tongue into Elaine's mouth. The blonde almost gagged on the sudden oral attack. Elaine let herself go nearly unconscious from the pleasurable feeling of Sam's dick digging into her pussy. His sudden long, wet kiss caught her unprepared.

"Fuck me, Sam. Oh, God, fuck me until I can't walk," she moaned, squeezing her plump ass-cheeks together and hunching up against his probing prick.

"I'll set fire to those fuckin' cunt hairs," Sam growled between his clenched teeth as he pulled away from her mouth and started moving his lips over her body. Sam felt and kneaded her big tits, making her nipples pop out even farther as he licked her hot, sweaty skin. Elaine moaned louder and louder, twisting under him slowly with passion as his tongue dug into her navel.

"More, uhhhhh, nooo, more," Elaine babbled mindlessly as Sam sank lower and lower. She felt her skin crawl with lust as Sam's tongue finally dragged across her rumbling cunt. Her heavy outer lips were spread wide, exposing her large clit and the dark pink throat of her box.

"Mmmmmmm," Sam growled into her box as he took the thick snatch-flesh of her right outer lobe between his teeth. He gently nibbled his way around, purposely not touching her sparking, stiff clit. Elaine gasped under this teasing attack, running her fingers through Sam's thick, curly hair and tightening her grip as ripples of clit-tingling pleasure shot through her body.

"God, don't tease me. Jeeesus, Sam, fuck me. Oh, God, you don't know how I need this," Elaine moaned as she rolled her firm thighs from side to side.

The young set later grunted as he climbed back up Elaine's twisting body and glued his mouth to hers. The blonde moaned, pulled her knees up to her flattened tits as Sam's tongue dug down her throat. Elaine felt him pull her into his mouth, scraping the insides of her cheek with his flicking tongue as his cock jerked and throbbed against her upturned firm ass-cheeks. As she pulled her knees back as far as they would go, Elaine felt the spongy head of Sam's dick working slowly between her smooth soft thighs and inching in towards her cunt.

"Ahhhh, unnghhh!" Elaine cried out.

She was drooling from the side of her mouth as Sam pulled away from her one more time and started kissing her neck her ear, and her eyes. While he kissed her lightly on the face, Sam continued to drag his swollen dick-head across her hot crotch, hunching lightly against her hot labes. Then he pulled his right hand down and jammed it between their grinding bodies. Elaine felt him rub his fingers against her inner thighs. Suddenly she felt him dig into her leaking pussy with his hand, fucking in and out with his closed fingers. Elaine couldn't keep still. Sam dug against her soft wet cuntal lining, plowing his knuckles against the rumbling, rippling pussy membranes. Elaine felt hot chills rush through her snatch as she clamped her thighs together trapping his digging fingers between her snatch-walls. The tickle in her box had grown to an unbearable itch, and then a hollow aching sensation.

"P-P-P-Please," Elaine stammered. She wanted the teasing to stop now. She felt her pussy contracting, sucking in raw air as it begged wildly to be stuffed with all of Sam's hot dick-meat.

"Beg for it, baby. Tell me how much you want my cock," Sam said as he slid his fingers up to her clit, taking the tiny sparking nub between his fingers and tweaking it lightly back and forth.

"Uhhh! Uhhhh! Uhhhhh!" Elaine cried out, digging her head into the pillow with each pinch Sam gave her.

"Tell me. Tell me," he insisted, pulling the tiny organ up from its juice-slicked bed.

"Ahhhhh! Wahhhhhh! Ohhhhh, God, God, Godddd! I want you, S-S-Sam. Jesus, I want your dick! Ohhhh, honey, fuck me. Fuck me! Fuck me!" Elaine cried out as she felt Sam's hand twist and plunge in and out of her box.

"You'll get my dick, baby. Jesus, are you gonna get my cock," Sam growled as he pulled his juice-slicked fingers out of Elaine's pussy with a loud squishing sound.

"Ohhhhh!" the blonde cried out, feeling suddenly drained and emptied by Sam's finger exit. They hadn't been much, but those fingers were a lot better than nothing.

"Fffuuuuuccckkk m-m-meeeeeeee!" Elaine wailed suddenly as she felt her clit sparking closer and closer toward coming.

"Right now," Sam said determinedly as he hunched back on his knees, dragging his dick-head across Elaine's widely spread snatch-lips. Suddenly the blonde felt the young senator spring up, getting his dick almost perpendicular to her wide open pussy. Elaine knew that he was getting ready for the initial down-stroke.

"Unnghhhh!" she cried out, closing her eyes tightly and clenching her teeth together as she waited for that first stroke. She hugged her arms around Sam's neck and rolled her ass up on the blanket.

"Christ, you're tight," Sam grunted as he pushed down suddenly.

"Ohhhhhh!" Elaine babbled senselessly as her eyelids flew open and her lower jaw slackened with ecstasy. She felt her outer labes peel back, then spring open slowly as Sam's purple, spongy cock-head slipped past them and screwed its way into her box.

"Like it?" Sam asked, stopping just as he felt Elaine's outer labes clamp tightly around the bottom flanged area of his cock-head.

"More! More!" Elaine babbled as she felt Sam rotating his hips slightly, reaming out the top part of her cuntal throat with his cock-head. Every nerve-ending in her snatch was straining upward, begging to be stimulated by Sam's long, thick dong.

"Shit, I'm close," Sam grunted as he stopped his churning motions and started hunching down again.

God, don't come yet! she prayed to herself as Sam's hard, hot muscular body sank closer and closer toward hers.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

"Shittttttt!" Elaine cried out, bucking on the bed, hunching up, drooling with excitement until she thought she'd piss on the bed. Sam was pushing the blunt, bulging head of his cock farther inside her cunt. Elaine could feel his heavy balls now resting on the bottom V of her cunt-lips. Inch after hot inch sank into her hole like a hot poker through a tub of butter. Finally their bodies touched and Sam rested, panting heavily and dripping sweat on her forehead as his cock jerked and danced crazily inside Elaine's cunt.

"Ohhhhh, you'll make me come," Sam grunted as Elaine arched her back and tilted her furry mound downward, making Sam's dick gouge against her pussy-walls. He growled with pleasure and slid his fingers down her belly, then along her sides and under the body to her bouncing ass-cheeks.

"Not yet. Oh, God, don't shoot yet," Elaine begged as she rolled her ass back and forth, squirming against Sam's squeezing hands. She closed her eyes and smiled in satisfaction. His cock was all the way in her now, his balls bumping up against her swollen cunt-lips. Sam grunted again when Elaine concentrated on milking his long, thick trembling cock.

"Ohhhh, shit. You feel so soft and slick," Sam moaned as he closed his eyes and arched his head back, taking in the full sensation of Elaine's cuntal milking. His face went slack as she worked her slim ass around and made her soft cunt-walls caress his hot cock-head.

"Start fucking me, baby. Oh, Sam, start fucking me," Elaine begged him as she milked his hot dick faster and faster.

Sam obeyed, pulling back and dragging his cock out of her cunt. Elaine felt her pussy-walls being pulled along with it. They clasped and sucked in around the hollows behind the swollen tip of Sam's dick. Then Sam stopped just as his cock-head was halfway out from between Elaine's outer labes. He held it there for a while, looking down and watching as the blonde writhed and hunched like a wounded wild animal.

"Don't leave it there! Fuck me, or get out! Ohhhh, you son-of-a-bitch!" Elaine cried wildly as she screwed up her thighs and tried to impale herself on Sam's stiff hard fuck-rod.

"I like it when you're like this," Sam said, licking his lower lip as he reamed out the throat of her

sucking pussy one more time with is dick-head.

"F-fuuuukkkk!" Elaine screeched.

Sam pushed in again. Her cunt muscles spasmed now, sucking at Sam's invading dick. As the senator continued with his fucking motions, Elaine slid her left hand between their bouncing, grinding bellies. Sam was so intent on his increasingly faster fucking motions that he didn't notice Elaine's move at first. Slowly she curled her fingers around the man's sliding cock-shaft, squeezing the hot, slick rod lightly with her hand as Sam growled and groaned with pleasure. The heavy rod pulsed when she scratched a nail lightly against the spongy meat. Sam was threatening to come as Elaine's cuntal muscles spasmed, sucking and milking at his shaft. Her fingers stayed around his ramming dick, caressing the plunging torpedo as Sam's fucking built into a wild frenzy.

"Slow down," Elaine begged him.

"Can't, don't stop me. Can't," Sam said, his eyes closed and his face flushed red as perspiration ran freely down his handsome face.

"Wait for me... Ohhhh, wait!" Elaine cried out, digging her head into the pillow one more time and trying to work herself up to a climax.

"No, no," he groaned.

Elaine knew that she couldn't stop him now. She could tell from the fast, jerking movements he was making that he was out of control. He kissed her roughly, peeling her lips back over her teeth. He was hurting her now, but Elaine didn't care. Her cunt throbbed like an open wound. The flesh around her clit glowed as floods of juice leaked out and slicked down her cunt and Sam's dick. Elaine clamped her eyelids together and fucked for all she was worth. Her ass bounced on the mattress as she thrust hard against Sam's wild movements.

"Now, baby, now!" Sam warned.

Elaine tightened her cuntal muscles. She felt the powerful ring of her snatch clamp down around the base of Sam's prick just as his fucking movement grew crazy.

"Ahhhhh! Shiittttt, Elaine!" Sam squirmed helplessly on top of her. Elaine opened her eyes for a second and saw his face twisted as if he were being stabbed in the back. With her pussy muscles clamped so tightly, Elaine could feel the rhythmic pulsing of his cock-shaft as he started to unload the boiling jizz in his balls.

"Come, darling! Oh, darling, shoot that come into my snatch! Oh, God, Sam, now, now, now!" Elaine cried desperately as she felt his dick swell up in her pussy. She danced her ass wildly across the bed, holding onto Sam's cock-shaft with her aching cunt. Slowly but steadily, Elaine could feel the rushing tickles that had maddened her turn into steady, mind-blinding throbs that ripped across her clutching pussy.

"Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh!" Elaine screamed out, flailing the air with her feet. She dug her nails into Sam's broad back. "Ohhhhhh, Goddd! I'm commmmminnnnnngggg!"

Sam grunted and lunged at her like a maniac. She bit his neck hard and slammed her violated cunt against him. They rolled around on the bed for what seemed like hours as Sam fired hot, wet salvos of jizz deep into her snatch. Elaine couldn't tell where her body ended and Sam's began. They turned into a tangle of flailing legs and arms and throbbing cunts and cocks as the room was filled with the

cries of climaxing bodies.

"Ohhhhhh!" Elaine cried out, running her palms along Sam's back to feel the last tremors of his climax. Elaine sighed and drank in the full, warm feeling that filled her body.

"You know, I could use a good secretary," Sam said after catching his breath.

Elaine couldn't believe it! He was back to talking shop. He'd just come, and his cock was still buried to the hilt up her snatch!

"What?"

"You heard me," Sam crooned, bending his head down and kissing Elaine lightly on her eyelids.

"What-what has this got to do with-with..." Elaine stammered.

"With what?" Sam asked furrowing his forehead and looking curiously at her.

"Goddamn, Sam! When a women gets fucked, she doesn't want to hear a job offer right away. Makes her feel like some kind of whore," Elaine said, slightly angry at Sam.

"Sorry, honey. But I just don't want to lose you. As my secretary, you'd be around me all the time. Besides, the salary's a hell a lot higher than what you're pulling in now," Sam said, running his finger lightly up her flat belly.

Elaine thought about it. She surely wasn't getting anywhere with the Department of Treasury. Of course, she didn't intend to make a career out of typing memos and filing case histories. Sam's offer might be the first toe-hold she could have in the real world of politics. She'd just be a secretary, that was true. But with a little effort, she just might be able to get a career going in the political world. And to have Sam, too! That was almost too good to be true.

"I'll have to think about it," Elaine said coyly. Then she remembered Senator Kuhns. What if Wanda didn't convince the old man to leave her alone? If she became closely associated with Sam, any scandal involving her would drag him down, too. She'd not only destroy her chances of making something of herself in Washington, but she'd be responsible for shattering a budding political career for him.

"What's to think? Just say yes, and we can get on with more fucking," Sam said, burying his face in the nape of her neck.

"Please, Sam. I'm hungry. Let's go out to eat," Elaine said, feeling those sharp guilt pangs again. How could she act this way toward Sam when she'd done all those miserable, perverted things with Peter Kuhns?

"Admirers?" Sam asked dryly as her phone rang.

"Please, Sam," Elaine said as she hunched back and pulled her slackened pussy off the young senator's soft dick.

"I wish you'd change room-mates," he said flatly as Elaine rolled over and picked up the receiver.

"Elaine? Wanda. Listen, don't say anything. I can't talk long. I'm getting nowhere with that old fart. But I've got a plan. I'll need your help, and tonight," Wanda whispered hurriedly on the phone.



"I can't!" Elaine insisted, glancing over her shoulder at Sam.

"Do you want to get his creep off your back, or don't you?" Wanda asked quickly.

"Yes, but..." Elaine racked her brains, trying to think of some kind of excuse she could tell Sam.

"Okay. Then meet me back at the Hilton in an hour," Wanda said.

"Not there!" Elaine wailed, feeling cold chills of horror creep over her body. That hotel would never be a place where she could be at ease. It was the scene of her first and most brutal humiliation with... with... Elaine couldn't even bring herself now to admit what had happened to her with those dogs.

"Listen. It's the only place you can get that old man off guard. And that's what I've got to do. Just meet me in the lobby," Wanda said, hanging up before Elaine had a chance to say anything more.

"It was Wanda," Elaine sighed, placing the receiver gently back on the cradle and rolling over to her right side.

"And what's her problem?" Sam asked, obviously relieved that it wasn't another man.

"She's in trouble, Sam, and I've got to help her out," Elaine said, avoiding the young senator's eyes as she brushed his hands gently away from her boobs and rolled off the bed.

"A jam? What about me?" Sam asked in disbelief as Elaine scurried around the bedroom for her clothes.

"I have to go and pick her up. I can't explain right now," Elaine said as she pulled open a drawer, yanked out a bra, and flipped her huge tittles into the halter.

"I don't understand," Sam said, shaking his head slowly as he climbed out of the bed. "I can imagine the kind of jam Wanda gets into," he said sourly as he pulled on his socks and glared hotly at Elaine.

"Oh, Sam. Please believe me. Wanda's lot in that kind of trouble. I'm not going to meet her for some kind of sex encounter," Elaine said, hoping to God that sex wasn't involved in this. She and Sam had shared such a beautiful experience together. Elaine didn't want anything to mar the memory of it.

"Sorry, babe. It's just that Wanda's got a reputation around town," Sam said, bending down and pulling up his jockey shorts over his long, hanging cock.

"She's not all that bad," Elaine said, wishing that she could drop to her knees and tongue that hefty dangler back up to full stiffness.

"Maybe not. Maybe I'm being unfair to her," Sam said, dressing and combing his hair in the full-length closet mirror. "She may be just the girl-next-door type if given half a chance," Sam said quietly.

I hope to God not, Elaine thought to herself as she got ready to leave. She had a feeling that Wanda was going to need all her jaded experience to solve the problem of Peter Kuhns.

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"Right on time!" Wanda said, getting up from the large green leather circular sofa in the centre of the hotel lobby. Elaine had just pushed the door into the brightly lit room and spotted her friend.

"Wanda, what are you planning?" Elaine began. "Shhhhh!" the brunette warned, putting her right forefinger up to her lips. "Kuhns is upstairs, waiting for you?" Wanda whispered to the woman as she pulled her steadily towards the long battery of elevators.

"What?" Elaine cried out, planting her feet firmly on the tiled floor.

"You've got to go up there!" Wanda instead, reaching over and pressing the 'up' button.

"I'm not going up to that-that pervert!" Elaine insisted as she looked into Wanda's eyes with horror.

"You've got to play along, Elaine - he wouldn't listen to me. I even tried letting him fuck me in the ass - his favourite," Wanda groaned as she rolled her eyes to the top of her head.

"Oh, Wanda!" Elaine cried out as she covered her mouth with her right hand in disbelief.

"Never mind that!" the brunette said, brushing her hand in front of her face as if to drive away something disgusting in front of her. "What counts is that it didn't work. So, I tried another move. Listen, the creep turns on when you fuck dogs," Wanda said softly as the elevator doors in front of them opened.

Elaine wanted to scream out something at the top of her lungs. Suddenly she realised what Wanda wanted her to do, and it sickened her! Elaine let the four people walk casually out of the elevator before she said anything.

"I swear, Wanda. I swear, I'm not going up there and - and do that disgusting thing with any, any - dog!" Elaine said, whispering the last word in her friend's ear.

Wanda put her right foot in the elevator door, keeping it open as she tried to convince Elaine.

"This town's a place where one favour deserves another. You've got to play along to get the old coot off-guard. He'll never get into the position I want unless he's worked up to a real fever-pitch. Lately, you're the only one who seems to do that. God knows why, but that's the way it's coming down," Wanda said as she glanced nervously over her left shoulder. The hotel night clerk was looking curiously at the two arguing women.

"Oh, God, he's sick!" Elaine groaned.

"We both know that. Anyway, that's beside the point. Here's my plan," Wanda said, whispering her idea to Elaine.

"Reporters? Photographers?" Elaine cried out. "Easy, honey. It's not the Times. Just a little smut mag that owes me a couple of favours. They'll jump in when you get old Kuhns in that position I told you about," Wanda said, winking slyly at her.

"But how-how?" Elaine asked as Wanda pushed her gently into the elevator.

"That, my dear, is up to you. Remember, get the hell out of the way so your mug doesn't get into the shot. I've got the keys to the apartment, so we can get in anytime we want. Just let us know, and we'll be ready," Wanda whispered as the elevator doors closed.

As the blonde rode up to the eighth floor, she wondered if she could pull it off. Kuhns disgusted her. Even the thought of the old man made her skin pucker and crawl with revulsion. As the doors opened and Elaine stepped out into the thickly carpeted hallway, she remembered that that sort of

thing seemed to turn him on. Senator Kuhns liked to hear her scream against him. He liked the way she twisted in horror as the dog started to lick her snatch.

Well, girl, you're here, Elaine sighed as she squared her shoulders and knocked loudly at the door. She hoped that Wanda knew what she was doing.

"Elaine! Well, I'm glad Wanda was able to reach you," Peter said patronisingly as he opened the door and let her in.

"I see you're ready for me," Elaine said sourly as she noticed the panting black Doberman lying in front of the large living room couch.

"Remember her, Rex? Remember Elaine?" Peter asked in a high-pitched falsetto voice as he peeled the blonde's sheet raincoat of her shoulders.

The Doberman pricked up his ears when he caught sight of Elaine. His mouth dropped open and his long, pink tongue rolled out. Elaine felt her pussy shudder and ripple as the big dog sprang to his feet and trotted over to her.

"Look at that! A mistress and her dog," Peter said as Rex rubbed against Elaine's right leg and whimpered and whined loudly.

"Get to the point, Peter," Elaine said dryly as she moved quickly away from the leering senator. Even to be in the same room with him was enough to make her want to vomit.

"I just want to watch you enjoy yourself that's all," Peter said, grinning widely at her.

"You think I enjoy doing... doing that?" Elaine cried out, pointing a shaking finger at Rex. "You really think I get off on submitting myself to... to..." Elaine stopped. She realised she was giving the man exactly what he wanted. His eyes glazed over with lust as she stood in front of him, shaking with anger and humiliation.

"Go on, tell me more about how you hate it," he said, almost panting with excitement.

No. She might have to submit to the dog. But she wasn't about to give the old fart everything he wanted. She'd grit her teeth together and get through the whole humiliating scene somehow.

"You'll get your doggie act. And that's all," Elaine said quietly as she reached back and started to unzip her dress.

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CHAPTER NINE

"There it is Rex. There's that hot little hair-pie you've been wanting," Peter said as he watched Elaine peel off her dress and let it float down in a puddle around her feet.

"Now, what do you want?" Elaine asked, trying to hide her nakedness. Peter was holding the dog back as the Doberman leaned forward and growled angrily. Drops of foam leaked out from between his sharp teeth as he stared at the dark patch of pussy hair visible through the sheer white panties Elaine was wearing.

"Just lie down on the rug. We'll let Rex go and see what he wants," Peter said, winking at Elaine.

"You bastard!" Elaine hissed between her teeth as she sank to her knees, then fell back on her hands. She spread her legs widely apart and stared at the growling animal.

"Go, boy," Peter said, dropping his hold on the Doberman he reached up and unzipped his slacks.

"OH, Jesus," Elaine cried out, making face of disgust as Rex bolted at her. His muzzle speared her as he started lapping hungrily at her thighs. "Je-e-esus," Elaine cried out again as the big dog pushed her down to the floor.

The blonde sobbed loudly as she felt Rex's sharp teeth nip at her panties, tearing them slowly to shreds. It was horrible. Elaine felt as if she were a piece of meat being ripped apart by that hungry, hungry animal. She moaned as she felt the nylon tear apart. Rex was growling loader, but it wasn't a vicious sound. It was a growl of excitement, an excitement that Elaine - though she didn't want to admit it to herself - was beginning to feel spreading through her crotch.

"Go at it, boy. Go and get that juicy, fat piece of cunt-meat!" Peter cried out, yanking his stubby dick from his pants and frigging it wildly.

"Ohhhh!" Elaine cried out as she felt her box become completely exposed. The white panty-silk hung in shreds over her ass and belly like tiny loin-cloths. She could feel the cool air of the room blow gently against her exposed, furry snatch-lips. The scene was getting to her, exciting her the way she'd been excited her the last time. Elaine could feel the inner membranes of her cunt rubbing together hungrily as she worked her way across the floor, vainly trying to crawl away from the growling Doberman. Rex jumped higher, his paws hitting hard against her thighs. The dog's nose dug into her hot cunt-lips. His tongue slobbered up and down, sopping up the sweat and the tiny rivers of cunt juice that began to low out of her snatch. Elaine shook her head wildly back and forth. How could she be like this? How could she be lying on the floor of this room, moaning as her snatch heated up under the tonguing Doberman? Only a little while earlier she'd been in Sam's arms, feeling completely satisfied sexually. Now she was almost up at the fever-pitch Sam had driven her to - and with a dog!

"Lick her up, boy. Lick her good," Peter groaned, closing his eyes occasionally as the throbs from his tiny dick shook his entire body.

Suddenly Elaine remembered Wanda's plan. Peter had to be stark naked for it to work. She had to get him to take off his clothes somehow.

"Please, please, I want to suck..." Elaine started to say.

"Sure, baby," Peter said, his face brightening up in delighted surprise as he started to waddle over to her.

"You don't understand," Elaine said, sitting up and licking her lower lip. "I want to suck you naked. I want to see - all of you," Elaine said, torn between wanting to break out laughing and wincing in disgust at the thought of Peter Kuhns standing in front of her stark naked.

"Woowow!" the fat old man hummed as he fumbled for his belt buckle. Wanda had been right. With this dog, Elaine could work him up into any kind of frenzy.

"Keep it up, babe, while I strip," Peter grunted as he unbuttoned his slacks and shoved them to his knees.

"J-jeeez!" Elaine moaned as Rex continued to whine, wiggling his strong body back and forth. She

laid back down on the floor and opened her cunt to him, pressing her ass-cheeks hard against the carpeting. Rex was going wild. His tongue slobbered over the tender inner skin of her thigh. Every lick sent electric sparks through her bucking body. Her knees fell apart more as she felt her cunt-lips unstick and fall away from each other. Rex lapped them. He nuzzled his long black nose between her swollen labes tenderly. His long, pink tongue sucked around her inner cunt-lips, then slid up and petted her rising clit. Elaine shuddered excitedly as the dog continued his uninhibited licking. He was resting on his belly now between her spread thighs. She could feel his hot, animal breath tickle her cunt-hairs as he drenched her pussy over and over again with his flicking tongue.

"Ohhhh, doggie! Doggie!" Elaine moaned over and over.

She didn't care what was happening to her any more. She knew that there was a dog between her legs that was making her shake and shiver like this. But she just didn't care. A strange, new feeling spread over her thrashing body as she reached down and ran her fingers along Rex's pointed nose. She moved her fingers down and felt the squishy, steamy mess that was her spit-slicked box. Elaine felt the big dog's tongue, too, as it lapped at her fingers, then ran back to her hot crotch and dug into the sucking throat of her pussy.

"Ready, babe?" Peter said as he peeled off the last bit of underwear and stood over her.

But Elaine didn't hear him. She was drifting off in a world of her own, filled with animal tongues flicking into hot cunts. She rolled her ass over the floor, moving her snatch up to give Rex more to eat. The dog sensed her growing excitement and whimpered. Now he was slathering the bottom of her bouncing ass with hot spit. He lapped back into the split of her ass-cheeks, back to the tiny puckered opening of her shit-chute.

"Ohhhh,yesss there oh, G-god! Fuck me there!" Elaine cried out.

"Suck me," Peter whimpered, whining almost as loudly as the dog.

Elaine tried to focus her eyes on the big, pink hulk over her. She saw the old man, his belly protruding over his big hip bones. His tiny cock jerked under his finger-massaging while his small balls jangled in rhythm to the twitching. For the first time, she admitted to herself that she'd take a dog over a man like that anytime.

"Let me just finger you for a while," Elaine said shakily as she reached out and wrapped her slender fingers around the head of Peter's dick.

"Ummmmmm," the old man moaned as Elaine stroked his cock.

But the blonde's mind wasn't on the senator. She could feel Rex growing more desperate in his licking. In turn, her pussy was heating up faster and more furiously. His pink tongue drove up and down her cunt-hole like a drill as Elaine groaned, cried and whimpered in excitement. Her clit burned like a hot jewel from the constant licking action. Elaine inched her knees back further until they pressed hard against her swollen tits. Every bit of her cunt was peeled back now, completely exposed to the Doberman's mouth. Rex nuzzled and licked at the tender membranes, pressing his nose constantly against her naked cunt.

"Nnnnnhhhh! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh! Wawhhhhhh!" Elaine cried out as she clamped her feet together at the sides of the Doberman's narrow head. She caressed him with her toes as she threw her head from side to side. Her nipples scratched angrily at her bra as she felt her clit rocketing up to a long, hard climax.

"Lick her! Lick her cunt, you son-of-a-bitch!" Peter cried out excitedly. He was being carried away both by Elaine's cock-fingering and the scene being acted out under his trembling fat legs.

"Good dog, good dog! Oh please, here... here!" Elaine groaned as the dog's tongue found the place she wanted him to lick. She wanted her clit lapped up to sparking frenzy. Her cunt-walls spasmed wildly as the big animal concentrated his lapping on the tiny mound of sex-flesh. She could feel the muscles trying to grab at the dog's back nose as Elaine teetered on the brink of her climax. She couldn't believe that she was coming so soon. The Doberman had just begun to lick her cunt and here she was, about to blow off in his face only seconds later.

"Son-of-a-bitch! She's coming!" Peter gasped in disbelief.

"Ahhhhhhfhhh! Coming! Commmmminnnnnn!" Elaine screeched as the dog gave a little yip, then nuzzled harder between her fluttering cunt-lips. She rocked back and forth, bucking her crotch against Rex's jaws. She raked his fur with the fingers of her free hand. The tickle brought bubbling groans of pleasure from her throat. Elaine scissored her legs tightly around the Doberman's neck. She didn't care what happened to her now.

"Come, you bitch! I want to see you come with that fuckin' animal in you!" Peter growled above her.

Elaine almost pulled his cock off as she felt the first contraction rip through her snatch. She tossed her head, feeling her hair whip across her face as her crotch seemed to swell and throb with delicious agony. Rex licked more furiously, panting his hot breath against her spasming pussy. Hot juice flooded suddenly out of her hole and trickled down her ass-cheeks to the carpet below. Elaine's coming was nerve-achingly slow. But it was one of the more delicious climaxes she'd had in years.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhh! Ahhhhhhhh!" the blonde groaned, digging her fingers into Rex's head as spasm after spasm rippled over her pussy.

"You ready for a cock, babe?" Peter asked as he pulled away from Elaine's fingers.

"You?" the woman asked, wondering how she'd be able to take a cock like the senator's in her snatch after Rex had brought her off so tenderly with his tongue.

"First the dog, then me," he said huskily as he reached down and rolled Elaine over on her belly.

"Oooooommmmmfffff!" she cried out as she felt Peter position her into a bitch stand.

"Come on, boy! Fuck mama," Peter said, spreading her thighs farther apart with his fingers.

Elaine shook her head and laughed at the same time. She realised that she didn't care what that old man did to her any more. She wanted that Doberman's dick in her cunt. She was turning into that different woman she'd become before in this room. It was as if the devil had completely taken over her soul and snatch. All she could think about was the crazy, big, knobby dick between the animal's hindquarters that would be ramming up her pussy.

"Boy, here, here!" Elaine cried out, wriggling her ass in the dog's face.

Rex was interested in her seeping cunt. He started licking at it again. But this time Elaine didn't want to come with a tongue up her snatch. She wanted a cock, a dog-cock jammed up her twat. Elaine looked around her right shoulder and watched his powerful back hump the air as his instinct began to lead him. She sucked in a hard breath as she wriggled her ass again.

The jump was sudden, and nearly knocked Elaine to the floor. Paws scratched at her ass, then she felt Rex's furry belly brush on top of her. Suddenly his full weight was on her back as his daws scraped her skin. She bit her lower lip and tried to keep from crying out as she thought of the animal's bouncing cock. Rex was driving his ass under more, tucking it sharply in his movements of doggie-fucking. Elaine responded by moving her ass, dipping it in time to the Doberman's hunching. She felt something slick, hot and long brush against her cuntal crack. Elaine knew that it was Rex's dick. Her heart pounded so wildly that she thought it would rip through her rib cage. The blonde moaned and babbled incoherently as she felt a growing need for the Doberman's prick take over her mind and body.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she moaned over and over as the dog's hunching increased.

"Fuck her, fuck her!" Peter echoed the moaning blonde as his eyes were riveted on her pussy.

Suddenly Elaine felt the dog freeze. She knew he was positioning himself for the first thrust.

Damn, he was just like a man! Sam had done the same thing only a little over an hour ago. The big-titted blonde waited anxiously for the first insertion.

"F-f-fu-u-u-uck-k-k-k!" Elaine cried out as she felt the hot, pointed red cock-head knife between her swollen labes and sink into her snatch. Rex whimpered loudly as he thrust his powerful hindquarters back, then humped forward again, driving more of his cock into Elaine's pussy.

"Give it to her!!" Peter cried out as his eyes opened wide with pleasure.

"Ohhhh! Ohhh! Ohhh!!" Elaine cried out each time a slick knob on the Doberman's dick slipped past her labes and drove down her box.

Elaine felt herself alive with sexual energy as the last few inches of Rex's cock slid into her cunt. Even that big knob at the root of his prong jammed in without too much trouble. Soon he began jabbing his hot, stiff prick again at her ass, whining constantly and loudly as she backed into the barking dog. Elaine could feel her body melting with sexual heat as his long red cock jerked back, then slammed forward. His furry little balls jangled in their pouches, slapping against her ass with every forward thrust.

"Fuck me! Oh, God in Heaven, fuck me!" Elaine cried out, wiggling her ass back and forth. She wanted to get the maximum friction from the Doberman's prick Elaine squeezed her cunt muscles together, clutching at the stabbing dick just as she had done with Sam earlier. The results were the same. The dog whined loudly, and she could feel his dick beginning to swell suddenly. She released the tension, then clamped down on the thrusting rod again. This time, Elaine got more than she bargained for. Rex was coming!

"Oh, nooooo!Noooo! No, doggie!" Elaine cried as she worked her ass back and forth. She bunched up and down getting as much friction against her clit as she could as trickles doggie-jizz oozed out from between her cunt-lips and ran down her inner thighs. "Fuck him," Peter cried.

"Ahhhhh! Ahhhh!" Elaine cried out, feeling her pussy beginning to blossom, then explode with sexual climax. Rex's cock was vibrating vigorously inside her blasting hole, dumping wads of spunk into her gut. Elaine exploded into a tit-swelling climax, squealing and grunting with delight as she felt Rex's come fill her up more and more.

"That's it, baby. Show me just what kind bitch you are," Peter growled, reaching down and twisting his pudgy fingers in her long blonde hair.

"Ohhhhh!" Elaine cried out, feeling the fat old man pulling up hard on her hair. "Let me alone," she cried, falling forward and pulling away from Rex's still-spurting dick. Her cunt was still fluttering crazily, but the pain of pulled hair turned her attention away from her twat.

"Bitch! Bitch!" Peter cried, following the crawling woman as Rex yowled and bunched, still spraying his jizz into the air.

"Let me alone!" Elaine cried, reaching up and hitting the fat man's wrists with her fists. At the same time, she swung her feet around and hit his ankles. He cried out in pain and fell to the floor.

"Ohhhhh!" Peter cried out as his belly slammed against the thick carpeting. He was trying to crawl to his hands and knees when Elaine scurried to her feet and slapped his fat ass.

"Here, boy. Finish here!" Elaine cried out.

The dog didn't seem to notice the difference between a woman's ass and a man's. All he could think of was his throbbing cock. Without hesitating, Rex jumped on top of Peter and rubbed his jerking doggie-dick against the big man's butt-cheeks.

"Now, Wanda, for God's sake!" Elaine cried out, rolling out of the way.

The door flew open as Rex finished shooting his load. Wanda pointed at the crouching senator as a man with a large camera aimed the lens.

"Ohhhhh, noooo!" Peter wailed as the room was filled with a bright flash.

"Take another one, Bill," Wanda said, running over to Elaine, who was crouching against the couch.

The photographer took another photo as a second man ran into the room and watched the scene.

"That's Bill Harmon. He works for Hunger Magazine. The other guy's Jud Clarke, a writer," Wanda said breathlessly to Elaine as the two men stood against the door grinning at the another.

"Okay, Wanda?" Bill asked as he pulled the photographic plates from the camera.

"Thanks, Bill. Just keep those on file, in case the senator here gets any funny ideas," Wanda said as she motioned to them to leave.

"It'd make a good story. But you're the boss," Bill said as he straightened his shoulders, then walked out of the room.

"Well, Peter. You managed to destroy those pictures I had of you and that bitch from Baltimore. But just try to get at these shots," Wanda said, wrapping her arms protectively around Elaine.

"You, you..." Peter sputtered, staggering to his feet and moving towards the two women.

"Watch it," Wanda said threateningly. "One false move out of you and those pictures'll be all over the press by tomorrow."

Peter stood on his feet, rocking back and forth as wads of dog-jizz oozed down his fat ass.

"From now on you do as I say. And the first thing is to do is leave this one alone. She's not like us, Peter. So just leave her alone," Wanda said angrily.

Elaine watched Peter's face flush red as he inhaled sharply, then turned away from the two women. She sighed in relief, knowing that she'd won. But as Wanda helped her to her feet, Elaine didn't know if Wanda was all that right in assessing her. Granted, she wasn't the swinger that her friend was. But still she did enjoy the licking she'd gotten from the Doberman. And the fucking.

Four days later Elaine was in Sam's office. He'd managed to make a place for her on his staff. It didn't take her long to give notice to the Treasury Department, pack her things and move to his office. She was busy typing up his summer campaign schedule when the handsome young senator walked in.

"Busy, babe?" Sam asked as he closed the door behind him.

"I want to make a good impression on my new boss," Elaine said dreamily as she clicked off the electric typewriter and leaned back against the back of her chair.

"You've already done that," he said huskily as he walked behind her desk and bent down, kissing her on the nape of the neck.

"Ohhhhhhh," Elaine shuddered, feeling tiny ripples of excitement shoot down to her nipples and snatch.

"I've got a perfectly good couch here," Sam said, reaching down and lifting her gently from the chair.

"Here? In the office? But the girls outside." Elaine started to protest as Sam led her gently across the floor.

"Most of them are on break. They won't notice anything," Sam whispered as he reached behind her and unzipped her dress.

"But, but I've got that schedule to type up," Elaine said as she felt the dress slip off her shoulders and slide down her sides.

"Fuck the schedule," Sam said as he fumbled behind for the snap of her bra.

"That'd be hard to do," Elaine giggled as she felt her tits fail free of the halter.

"I've given up that room in the hotel. I don't need a reluctant secretary to make me regret it," Sam said, backing away and smiling broadly at her.

Elaine felt a shudder of horror run through her. She never wanted to see that hotel again or hear about it. All that was in the past. After she and Wanda had threatened Peter Kuhns with exposure, neither of them were surprised to learn that the senator decided to take a long absence from the Hill "for reasons of health". As far as she was concerned, Peter Kuhns could take a long vacation to hell. Elaine didn't want anything around to remind her about those disgusting dog-fucks she'd been forced to submit to.

"Hey, I was just kidding," Sam said as she unzipped his trouser.

"This girl isn't one for jokes," Elaine said as she smiled at him, then backed away and stepped out of her dress. Elaine reached down and peeled off her sheer blue panties, moaning hotly as she saw

Sam's big dick spring out from between the teeth of his zipper.

"All right. Let's get down to business," Sam said, taking off his tie, shirt and undershirt.

"Mmmmmmn," Elaine moaned as she stepped over to the couch and lay down, drinking in the cool sensation of the black leather on her bared back. As Sam stripped completely, Elaine mentally congratulated herself on her success. She'd managed to grab onto a good career in Washington, and onto a man who'd never stop experimenting in the ways he could satisfy her.

"Happy?" he crooned, crawling onto the couch and sliding between her widely splayed legs.

"Oh, Sam, you don't know how happy," Elaine said, closing her eyes and thinking God that the nightmare was all over. Or was it? Would Peter and his dog-loving friends try to get to her somehow? Elaine shook the ugly thought out of her mind.

She'd fight them. She couldn't submit to that again.

"Oh, baby, baby, baby," Sam crooned, kissed her swelling tits, then ran his thick, hot wet tongue along her panting belly. Elaine sighed happily, hunching up her swampy, furry cunt as the young senator's mouth glued itself onto her fat, rubbery labes. No, she'd found her happiness and was determined to keep it, no matter what.