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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - Scratching an Itch

The itch comes back sooner than she is used to. Typically she can put off her needs until at least the end of summer. But the urges return in early May and by the time June rolls around the desire is unbearable. She resigns herself to the fact that she's going to have to start sooner than usual for her annual "fundraiser."

But the timing needs to be perfect regardless of her needs. So, she dreams up an adjustment to her typical event. After all, having them continuously in her own backyard, so to speak, will be a bit of a giveaway should anyone get wise. A sitting senator cannot have any ties official or not to this kind of event.

She looks over her existing schedule and comes upon an idea. She is already scheduled to be in Alaska giving a speech in Anchorage on family values. If she aims for holding the event there it will be out of her jurisdiction. Not to mention the distance will require the preparations take longer than usual and hopefully sync up the timing. With her mind made up, she smiles and returns to reviewing bills.

The preparations require a fair amount of proxies to insulate her from the possible legal and most definitely political fallout of discovery. And she never uses her own name in connection to the development. She resorts to using her nom de plume, The Mistress. The out of state aspects of her developing idea take more effort than she's used to, but it moves along if slowly. The talent recruitment similarly starts very slowly. She cannot use her customary Hostess, so she has to carefully vet a new woman on the ground. The process moves along rapidly once she finds an adequate replacement and college starts in the fall.

The new Hostess finds it easy enough to approach her fellow co-eds at parties and chat them up. If the opportunity presents itself, or the target is drunk enough, she seeks out a relatively quiet corner to talk over the proposal and give them her card. If they remember and object to the idea once they sober up, she blames it on a miscommunication or their drunken memories lying to them. The fact that she doesn't need to rely on that excuse very often surprises her.

Gauging her classmates becomes something of a game to her. She likes looking around when she first arrives at a shindig to pick out the most receptive woman. It isn't long before her contact list grows, but she never mentions the organizer behind the scenes. By the time the other side of the operation is in place she has more participants than they need. Ever the pragmatist, she keeps the contact list handy for future consideration.

Once the players for the fundraiser are narrowed down to five, they band together. Since most of the girls live on-campus and have no access or permission for dogs, one of Mistress's intermediaries rents a nearby house for training and keeping the animal element of the fundraiser. Most of the girls have their partners provided by her through various channels. It is easy for her to use her contacts with local breeders to send the dogs to nearby Anchorage.

Once everything is in place, the women pen out their storylines with a little help from their patron and her speechwriters. Although they only see parts of the scripts and general outlines. The main chunks are kept secret for everyone's sake. Once the scripts are ready, the women begin the practice and training necessary to live them. The Hostess is very hands-on for this aspect of the plan. In fact she even helps a few of the girls that won't be a part of this fundraiser with some general training. It's amazing to her how many upper classman who live off campus have large dogs for

“protection.”

Everyone works diligently to be ready for the show. And when showtime rolls around they all pile into a provided limousine to take them to the nearby five-star hotel. Even though the calendar date was mostly dictated by the needs of preparation and availability, it turns out the timing for the event is absolutely perfect. The sun is still blazing over the horizon fighting to keep the sky warm and bright for just a little longer. But the temperature is already dropping below thirty degrees Fahrenheit. The frigid temperatures permit the assortment of ladies to wear larger coats to conceal their attire. However, even if someone sees beneath the jackets, who would think twice about a young group of college students in costume on Halloween night?

The women step out of the car and into the dying sunlight of All Hallows Eve. The three towers of the hotel dominate the sky in front of them. In the tenth floor of the shortest tower their party awaits. By now the guests have finished their \$500 a plate meal. The donations will be funneled through Mistress’s PAC. A dinner is the easiest type of gathering to write off as a normal occurrence. Especially after the fact when no one was there to dispute what transpired. And gaining the additional thirty-five grand to cover some of the overhead is icing on the cake.

Mistress’s intermediaries rent the whole tenth floor for the sake of privacy. And with the sun setting, the shadows start to pool around the decorative arches of the Quarter Deck ceiling. The light brown wooden ribbing running across the ceiling and solid oak supports begin to look more and more like the hull of a ship with every passing moment. The lights remain dim despite the darkening sky to enhance the illusion.

At full dark, the wait staff usher the guests out the back to the Club Rooms and Library. The assorted men that waited on the elite of Alaskan society wear nice suits and seem a bit better than most typical hotel workers. In fact, Mistress hired them to dual as the security for the evening. The best security is available but never seen. And no one ignores wait staff quite as well as the upper crust of society. The staff tells them that the other rooms afford a grander view of the city without the other hotel tower blocking half of the skyline. Although this is true, the main reason to remove the diners is to allow the women to prepare for the main event. The assembled guests oblivious to the subtle con sit before the crackling fireplaces and rest comfortably.

Like clockwork, the elevator doors slide open and expel the group of women just as the last straggler shuffles off to the front of the tower. They exit into the hallway and wait impatiently for their costars. The canines required a bit of extra precaution to make the same trip. It would probably have been easiest to simply have them taken directly to the girls’ rooms, but Mistress knows that having them with the costumed beauties will help drive the bidding wars.

Therefore, the dogs were transported separately and taken up a service elevator to the ninth floor by a trusted bellhop before transferring to the main elevator for the last flight. Shortly after the students’ arrival, the doors open again to a flood of puppies. They are very well-trained. The dogs heel immediately without a command each coming to their mistress and sitting patiently before her.

The group now complete, they move through the Quarter Deck towards the storage room. The dim lighting provides a natural barrier to prying eyes in the nearby tower. The bright city lights turn the wall of windows into mirrors that deflect any peeping. Once inside the cleared out storage area, the girls prepare by removing their coats. They also strip off any parts of their garments non-essential to their persona but necessary for making it to the hotel without running afoul of public indecency statutes.

The Hostess leaves first before any of the guests return to the main room. As the Mistress of

Ceremonies, she has a ringmaster outfit that would draw the eyes of any circus goer with an extant sex drive. Leather boots wrap her calves like a second skin. The laces thread throughout offer the lucky person who gets to remove them plenty of time to enjoy the practice. And the platform heels give her a four inch boost to her height.

Fishnet stockings appear out of the top to stretch across her knees and disappear up her skirt. The thin lines of the loose diamonds are almost invisible in the darkened room, but her milky thighs are the perfect contrast to show them off. The skirt is a flash of red, without enough material to be distracting. The soft fabric is collected in several horizontal stages to provide a little extra flare when she moves, but it is so short if she moves too fast it exposes the rest of the stockings and her complete lack of underwear.

A tight gold and white corset binds her torso and gives her natural breasts a little oomph, not that they need it. And the red bowtie gives the ensemble a touch of class pinned in between her heaving bosoms. A red vest compliments the skirt and tie beautifully, even though it provides very little as a covering. A white masquerade mask covers her eyes to conceal her identity, and her golden hair rolls down over her shoulders to further conceal her face. A short black whip completes the outfit. She gives it a few test cracks to alert the staff that she and the girls are ready.

The staff informs the groups that it is time to assemble once more in the Quarter Deck. The Hostess smiles and poses for the entering crowd. She receives appreciative stares from the men and several women as they take in the view. She waits for everyone to find a seat and when the steady stream of people stops, she cracks her whip bringing the low buzz of conversation to a halt.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she announces over the hushed crowd. “Now that I have your attention, I would like to welcome you all to the main event. I’m afraid our benefactor is unable to make it this evening so you will have to make do with little old me. But I promise to treat you right.”

She stalks back and forth along the wall between the two exit signs glowing faintly against the top of the wall. She prowls fluidly like a lioness queen being sure to make direct eye contact with every man she can, urging them with a look to open their wallets. Her wrist twitches flicking the whip through the empty air as the prepared speech bubbles from her lips. It whistles quietly as she moves accenting her words.

“Even though I know I’m not who you came to see, I’m afraid you’ll have to bear with me while I go over a few things. We relied on word of mouth to spread the word of this little party, so I want to correct anyone who came under false assumptions before the bidding starts. First and foremost, I need to explain what the winning bids will receive.

“We have a collection of five young actresses and their very well-trained pets. They have been working on plays involving their dogs for the past few months and you kind folks with your generous donations are securing a front row seat to their first live performance. The successful bid includes a second ticket for someone of your choice; however, the performances will begin immediately after the auction. So, if your plus one is not here they miss out.

“If you are willing, some of the acts have the opportunity for audience participation. I will personally check with each of the winners to determine their willingness to be a part of this exciting new branch of theater, but you must also remember. And let me make this absolutely clear.” She cracks her whip for emphasis before dropping the tone of her voice.

“The actresses have the absolute final say in their art. If you jump the stage or act inappropriately we have installed several redundant panic buttons in each of the rooms we acquired for the private

viewings. If they ever have to push that button you will have no second chance. Our security team will remove you from the room, forcibly if need be, no matter the state of your person.”

The warning given, she perks up again. “Once the auction ends, I will talk over the particulars with each of you while the girls set up. I have room cards and instructions prepared for every scenario. So, without further ado, how would you all like to meet the girls?”

A round of applause ripples through the crowd and the door to the storage room creaks open. The women inside know the coming order and already lined up accordingly. Once in position, they clicked off the lights inside before pushing the door open. Without internal lighting, the shadowy ambience of the Quarter Deck does nothing to penetrate the darkness concealing the actresses.

“First up we have the lovely Elizabeth.” The group turns as one to the gaping blackness. The first inkling of movement is two pinpoints of reflected light. Two eyeballs emerge from the gloom and at first it appears that she is a rather short woman. The eyes are just over four feet off the ground. But the creature emerges into the dim lighting and reveals the long muzzle of a very large dog.

He walks out calmly towards the Hostess and, almost as an afterthought, Liz comes stumbling after him. This aspect of her performance was the hardest to work on. She only has a short way to go leading the giant malamute before her, but the whole way she makes it look like she’s being dragged. At the same time she maintains a nervous smile like she’s worried about controlling such an enormous dog. Bouncing her torso back and forth to produce the proper amount of jiggle from her modest b-cups is an artform all in itself, but she nails it perfectly.

She reaches her mark and breathes a sigh of relief both in character that he stopped “dragging” her and normally that she knows her act was flawless. She takes slow deep breathes to sell the struggle with her pet and continue the movement of her breasts. She smiles shyly careful to avoid direct eye contact with any of the group while they marvel over her getup.

Unlike the Hostess, she wears simple black flats to accentuate the similarity in height between her and the massive beast. From the top of his head to the top of hers leaves only a foot of free space. Her stockings are also simple white lace that stops a few inches over her knees. However, with the low lighting her alabaster skin looks identical to the delicate lace.

She has a red skirt similar to the ring master’s. But hers is a little more conservative. She would actually need to twirl quickly to expose the crotchless lace panties that match her stockings. It is bright red with a demure lace trim. The trim tickles her legs as she shifts back and forth mimicking nervousness. The skirt flows up her body seamlessly into a tight bodice. Black fabric hugs her sides and white silk shines through the red lacing tying up the pieces.

The silk reaches up beyond the bodice to wrap around her braless globes. A quick glance reveals nothing untoward, but the careful observer notices that the bodice is a size or two too small and every curve of her body perfectly contours to the silk. Even the outline of her nipples can clearly be seen by the discerning individual. And much of the audience is being very discerning tonight. It helps that she bites her lip and grips her arm behind her back. The action itself is the picture of innocence, but the way it arches her back rubbing her nipples against the tight fabric is anything but.

A red cloak covers the young woman from her head down to her elbow. The cloak forces her red hair forward to frame her face. Her hair curls around the freckles dotting her cheeks. The freckles, her shining green eyes, and her ruby lips add the only color to her face making her alabaster skin appear as white as the driven snow. And when she offers all assembled her sweet smile her whole face

lights up.

“She’s our very own Little Red Riding Hood. Why don’t you give the nice audience a little twirl so they can see you better?”

Liz looks at the Hostess shocked. She briefly shakes her head before quietly assenting at a smile from the emcee. She loops the lead through her pet’s collar freeing her hands. And while she’s bent down she hooks her finger through a small loop one of the girls sewed in her skirt. Just in case her twirl does not produce the desired effect, she can use her hand to lift up her dress and expose herself to the crowd. They will hopefully think she is trying to keep it down at the same time preserving her persona.

She spins fast enough to lift her skirt but slow enough to give everyone watching a good view. The skirt lifts to reveal short curls of red hair peeking through the open front of her panties. The loop around her finger helps her flash the whole group before she stops and pulls her digit free under the auspices of smoothing the clothes down. She turns her head away from the crowd and feels heat fill her cheeks. Showing herself to the crowd of strangers turns her on something fierce but the rush of blood to her cheeks looks like the blushing of a meek lady to the audience. She retrieves the lead from her puppy and forces herself to calm down. It wouldn’t do to get her dog all worked up with her scent before their performance.

“Thank you all for that warm welcome, but we have more women to introduce to you. Next on the auction block is the lawful Cassandra.”

Cass storms out of the shadows the instant her name is mentioned. Unlike Elizabeth, she marches confidently forward in thigh-high leather boots. A pair of German Shepherds trail after her on short black leashes. The ties wrap around two separate harnesses hooked under the dogs’ arms. Yellow strips of caution tape glow in the darkness declaring that they are Police to whoever could tear their eyes from her beauty to notice.

Whether her choice stems from the height of her boots or personal inclination, she’s the first women not to have stockings to help fight the chill. The smooth flesh of her thighs shows itself until the dark blue short shorts take over. The fabric stretches so tightly against her skin that the crowd wonders if it is actually paint not cloth, but the change in coloring from flesh to clothes is unmistakable. Although

A thick belt with more polished rivets than leather cuts off the top off her shorts leaving her tan belly bare for the hungry group. The belt looks almost as wide as the scant clothing beneath it. But it has a bit more to hold up than just the skin tight pants. Several pairs of handcuffs hang from the sturdy belt along with a few pouches and a full size baton. The lot of it bounces against her legs as she takes her place on the far side of Liz.

The tinkling of metal settles down and she rounds on the audience giving them a cold stare. Her dogs sit obediently at her feet like a pair of bodyguards. Her goal is to serve as the foil to Lizzie’s naivety. She is the older woman of experience who knows what she wants and eagerly takes it. Now that the group can see her clearly she is also obviously of Asian parentage. The shoulder length strawberry blonde hair may have thrown most of the on-lookers off, but there is no confusing the shape of her eyes or her baby-doll face for European ancestry. She refuses to say if the coloring is the product of rare genetic gift or a gifted hairstylist, but the straight locks of gorgeous keratin are a sight to behold.

Her eyes roam over the crowd and when she locks onto one of the nearby men he shivers. She smiles

internally and makes a note of his face. She'll have to play to the crowd to drive up her price, but from the look that man gave her he's willing to put anything down to see her in action. She crosses her arms over her bare stomach and gives him a quick glare before moving on. With her arms wrapped around her body she can look like a hard-ass with a hard stare and still accentuate her breasts.

The light blue top draws eyes in the darkness. And the ample cleavage doesn't hurt a bit. It was originally a little short on her, but with it unbuttoned and the tips tied in a knot in front of her chest it covers about as much as her typical bra. The tiered collar is the same dark blue of her shorts and helps direct attention to the valley between her tits as assuredly as any arrow. The epilates on the short sleeves are almost an afterthought and only serve to blend together in the viewers' mind to create a sense of realism to the clearly unconventional police uniform.

Her cap shines like her freshly buffed boots. The silver badge centered over her brow glistens in the soft lighting. She uses the short bill to play with shadows across her face while allowing everyone to take in her beauty.

"Well my dear, how about a little spin to show yourself off."

Cassandra levels a stare of such contempt on her friend that it is clear to all involved that it ain't going to happen. Even knowing it was coming, the Hostess takes a step back before visibly rallying.

"All right then. I hope you all got a good look with her entrance than. I know I did," she adds in a stage whisper. Her eyes dart towards Cass before she turns back to the empty doorway to announce the next prize.

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## **Chapter Two - Final Introductions**

The Hostess sweeps her arms open wide and says, "Please welcome my good friend, the bubbly Jeannie."

For a few moments, nothing happens. Then a plume of blonde hair materializes out of the darkened doorway. A beautiful face, tilted sideways, follows after the hair. The patrons lucky enough to be close to the entrance goggle at the bright purple eyes staring out at them. She turns to take in the lopsided guests, but when she sees the great number of them she gasps and disappears into the shadows once more.

The process starts again, but this time she returns with a dazzling smile. Rather than retreat, she lifts herself upright and steps out of the dark. She takes a moment to stand in the light with her hands on her hips. Her brilliant smile shines out over the crowd. And with an exaggerated blink, she dances over to join her friends.

For those that have enough sense to take in her full image, her choice in footwear is interesting. In fact she has none. Her bare feet move gracefully across the carpet with a faint ringing coming from the silver anklets adorning them.

Just above the bright silver, a pink loop wraps snugly around her leg. See-thorough pink gauze ties into the pink band. The material splits above the tie to flutter in the wind of her movement. The light catches on sequins strewn throughout. The flashes draw the eyes of every person there to her bare legs. The muscles of her thighs and calves quiver beneath her skin. With every step she twirls and spins accentuating the flutter of her leggings.



The marvelous dance even manages to distract the majority of her audience from the fact her panties are made of the same delicate material as her leg pieces. Her shaved crotch is mostly exposed to the whole room due to her movements, and the gravity of her dance is so great that almost no one notices. Indubitably she does have some coverage. A pink strip of opaque fabric wraps her middle. A few not so discrete holes expose glimpses of her crotch as she moves, but as she settles into place so does her cover. The many that miss her brief disclosure will have to win their chance for the experience.

With her dancing done, the spell breaks and the guests are free to gaze upwards. Her bare stomach moves back and forth. She turns her heavy breathing into a stationary belly dance and it does amazing things to her belly button. The rippling of her abs shakes her covering giving the crowd the barest of peeks at her nether region again. But it also travels upwards.

Her breasts shake in the confines of a small red vest. The tight fabric arches over her ample chest. It stretches over her back and even grants her very short sleeves. Then again, the sleeves contain more fabric than all of what covers her boobs. Their curves dip beneath the edge of the cloth as if trying to escape. And the top is so low the whole thing is fastened more by wishes than solid physics.

For those that manage to tear their eyes away from her knockers, her smile is dazzling. She grins from ear to ear genuinely happy to see so many people. And her impossibly purple eyes fill with light as she gazes lovingly out to the room. A single lock of her golden hair wraps around her face to caress her cheek. The remainder is pulled through the dark red fez atop her head to hang in a loose ponytail behind her.

As soon as she catches her breath, her smile fades and she looks puzzled. Apparently coming to a realization, her face brightens again and she calls out, "Oh Master."

Heavy footfalls pull all eyes back to the storage room. A Mastiff the size of a small pony comes barreling out of the darkness to Jeannie's side. She kneels down to give him a hug, but she still needs to angle her arms up to reach his neck. He gives her a kiss and with his massive body blocking the view gives her two extra licks. One for each breast. His saliva lightens the fabric of her vest and as she stands up to gaze into the crowd again, the dark circles of her nipples can be seen through the wet material.

The Hostess pulls a handkerchief from between her breasts and hands it to Jeannie to clean off the kiss. She does so immediately before stowing the dirty cloth within her own cleavage. The emcee turns to the audience and declares, "I'm sure you all had a great view of our wonderful Jeannie on her way in. And if not, you know what to do. Why don't we welcome to the stage the graceful Selina."

The audience twists to see what new surprises await them. The first things they see are a set of fingers reaching out of the gloom. The fingers curl and dance in the shadows beckoning the crowd towards them. Even after they reach out from the doorway they appear to float in midair with no support. On closer inspection, black material cloaks the arm just past the knuckle. It wraps around the web of her hand between fingers and thumb before disappearing back into the other room.

The arm coils around the doorframe. The fingers caress the molded wood exposing their black fingernail polish. She draws out the suspense. She only reveals the one arm to draw their attention. And no matter how much of her arm plays in the light, all the audience can see is a writhing black snake with delicate fingers for a head.

Once she feels the crowd has reached their limit for this type of foreplay, she grips the doorjamb



firmly in hand and swings her whole body out into the room. She flattens her back against the wall letting the bidders drink in her beauty. In some ways she is the most covered of the women so far. But in others she is the least.

The black fabric clinging to her arm stretches all the way up her extremity to cover her shoulders. Once there it crawls down her opposite arm to enfold her other hand. A tight black choker conceals the clasp tying the wrap together. The wide band of leather almost completely covers her neck. Small silver disks dot the choker catching the scattered light and reflecting it in dazzling blinks. With the ladies and gentlemen distracted by her appearance she reaches back into the shadows to receive her dog's lead from the only remaining woman within.

Under the triangular arch of the fabric, her large breasts hang free. Contrasting the assembled women, her globes remain unfettered by bra or top. The only concession to modesty is two oversized paw prints covering her nipples. In point of fact though, the covering is nothing more than black body paint. For those close enough her nipples can be seen clearly beneath the dark paint job. Her chest looks like a large panther stepped into a pan of paint before pressing his paws against it. Several of the guests imagine what else such a large feral cat might have done to the beautiful woman.

Below the curves of her free breasts, the expanse of her tight belly is similarly uncovered. With the audience watching her carefully, she leaps forward towards them. She lands with almost supernatural grace considering the height of her black stiletto heels. The movement serves its purpose to pull attention from her topless torso and down to her legs. Black spandex coats every inch of her lower half above the ties from her shoes which wrap her ankles. The taut fabric highlights every arch of her flesh as she moves sinuously through the tables.

She makes a round through the guests rubbing her fingers, breasts, and head against the amused crowd. She threads her way nimbly between the chairs playing with the humans like a giant kitten. Several of the men are even so bold as to scratch the cat ears perched atop her mane of unruly brunette hair.

After she passes the first few tables, the audience finally notices that she isn't alone. A large Great Dane strolls imperially after his mistress. With the spectacle of Selina's appearance, missing the dog even with his size could be forgiven. Furthermore he is solid black which helped to camouflage his entrance. But as he moves amongst the upper crust of society, several of the women give him an affectionate caress to match the men that pet Selina. He ignores the frequent touches and follows after the stalking feline, living up to his training.

She takes advantage of the distance between them and selects one of the men near the edge of the tables. She aims for someone that has his chair set back a ways from the table. With a short hop she lands in his lap and curls up against his chest. Deep purrs resonate from her diaphragm and vibrate against the surprised man. He's so shocked by the turn of events that he does not even attempt to cop a feel before the Dane catches up. Selina looks over to her patient pet and pouts. The pout is quickly replaced with that mischievous smile and she dismounts from her perch just about the time her victim is coming to his senses. She gives him a quick peck on the cheek and turns to her friends. Her tour complete, Selina strides up to take her place with the others.

"It looks like Selina has gotten to know a few of you. I'm so glad we could persuade her to join us rather than perform the cat-burglary she was planning. Now Selina if you would be so kind?"

She turns to the Hostess the picture of innocence with a questioning look in her eyes. The Hostess is having none of it, and after a few exchanged looks between them Selina lets out an exasperated

sigh. She reaches behind her back and pulls out a solid gold Rolex. God only knows where she managed to hide it. She slinks back to the man she sat on and drops the watch in his lap.

He looks puzzled for a moment, but he quickly pulls up his sleeve to show a bare arm with tan lines the same shape as the watch. The rest of the guests laugh as he rapidly fastens it back in place. He rounds on the spot that used to hold Selina, but she's long since returned to her place of honor. Her eyes are once again the picture of innocence. And those that have the force of will to look into her eyes find that not only are they a fascinating shade of light amber, but the pupil is a vertical slit.

Once the laughter dies down, the Hostess reclaims her role. "Thank you my dear," she says to Selina before turning to the crowd. "I'm afraid we've come to the end. Last but not least. Please give a warm welcome to the mysterious Morganna."

A gentle hum emanates from the murky storage room. The guests fall deathly silent and listen to the mechanical whirr. Pretty soon wafts of smoke start to billow out of the doorway. The fog builds up and spills into the room. It creeps across the floor obscuring the carpet and curling around the legs of the nearby chairs.

"You dare summon me?"

The unannounced voice startles some of the group. Suddenly two dark shapes hurtle through the mist creating eddies in their wake. The black streaks zoom over to the staging area before stopping. Later some of the onlookers will swear that the blurs were mere shadows that coalesced into canine shape once near the other women. The fog and shadows can play interesting tricks on human memory.

Morganna uses the distraction of her pets to cover her entrance. She steps along the wall and slips into the hallway. She makes her way around the bathrooms to the other entrance and waits in the dark. After another minute, the timer on her fog machine cuts out. The abrupt silence brings the groups attention back to the darkened room.

With no one to observe her, she steps out into the room and stands patiently between her sleek Dobermans. She calmly sets her hands on each of their heads and scratches their ears. It takes another minute before some of the guests notice and the whispers start. Presently the whole group turns to see her where she belongs between her dogs. To the properly distracted people it seems like she appeared out of nowhere.

By the time everyone realizes she's at the front of the room, her arms curve above her head. Matching black armbands wrap around her biceps. A snake head with rubies for eyes forms the tip of each angled towards the crowd. A black gossamer sleeve hangs off of the armbands. And with her arms positioned above her like she's bound at the wrists, the overlapping delicate cloth shields her face from view.

She slowly lowers her hands revealing herself inch by inch. As her hands drop, the triangular tip of her hat rises behind them. The jet-black witch's hat blends in beautifully with the darkness in the room. The only spark of color is a thin white ribbon tied around the base. The hair beneath the brim is even darker. It appears to have a rapacious appetite for light absorbing it and leaving nothing to escape like a black hole.

But the eyes that appear above her sinking fingers are the most unnerving of all. She has no whites. No iris. The whole of her eye sockets show nothing but a black pit. For a moment it almost seems like she has no eyes, but then they twitch. She glances to the side or up to the rafters, and the solid black eyeball can be seen rolling to and fro. The guests are not quite sure how, but they can tell

when she is staring them in the eye and it chills their bones.

The monochromatic scheme continues with dark purple lipstick that nonetheless looks black without proper lighting. And a simple wire mesh choker encircles her throat. With the audience agog at her appearance, she drops her hands to rest atop her Doberman's heads again.

Now that the obstruction is gone, interested parties can glimpse her entire costume. Her dress is fairly simple in contrast to some of the more complicated designs on display. A solid black number, it hugs her curves expertly leaving little to the imagination. Dark red ribbons lace through both sides, but they are merely decoration and flutter lightly against the tight black material. Also, thin silver thread etches spider webs throughout the dress. The designs are almost imperceptibly thin. At her waist, the same light gossamer that makes up her sleeves replaces the more opaque dress cloth to sweep over her thighs.

The shape of her pale thighs easily shines through the delicate fabric. The eye naturally curves along her legs to her crotch only to be stymied by a miniscule black thong. The small nod to underwear is the only solid fabric to mar her otherwise flawlessly exposed legs. Her light skin shows to the whole room from her waist down to her black heels. Although her dogs are so close to her feet they block her shoes from most of the viewers.

She folds her hands into a complicated gesture before her covered belly button and closes her eerie eyes. She bows her head ever so slightly, just enough to bring a wave of hair with it. Her hair falls down around her face, but her lips can still be seen mumbling something low, fast, and inaudible before the crowd. For those that are not rapt by her incanting, they marvel at the length of her hair. She has not had a haircut for much of her life and the straight black hair falls like a waterfall to her waist and creates a shifting curtain around the edges of her waist.

"Don't worry. If you bid on Morganna I promise she won't turn you into a toad."

She pauses her muttering long enough to snap her head up and give the Hostess the evil eye. When she returns to her chanting she has to fight not to smile and ruin the illusion.

"Now that you have met everyone, why don't we start the bidding?"

Mistress watches the crowd through the ceiling mounted camera in the Quarter Deck. She sits in her personal suite before a bank of monitors showing currently empty hotel rooms. Of course wiring panic buttons like they told the customers would be impractical. You can never be too sure where a girl would be if they needed help. But the threat of such an option is usually enough to keep everyone on their best behavior. If not, the cameras secreted inside the rooms they rented will allow her to keep an eye on them and send in the cavalry if need be.

Besides, if any of the ladies or gentlemen attending the event has any funny ideas, the recordings should be a powerful deterrent. Of course just to make sure no one feels cheated if they do not open their wallets enough, everyone receives a door prize of a DVD depicting the Hostess, suitably masked, training with some of the women that were not selected for this night.

All the women will be suitably compensated obviously, though not quite as well as the ones here tonight. The actresses receive half of their winning bids along with the opportunity to keep their pets after tonight. So far none of them have refused this offer.

The auction winds down and the last girl receives her final bid. Some of the rooms are already seeing some movement. So Mistress sits back in her executive chair and dips her fingers between her already moist lips. She rubs herself absently and waits for the fun to begin.

### Chapter Three - Jeannie in a Bottle

Brittney couldn't believe what she had done. After the auction is over, she walks up to the cashier in a daze. She hands over her card and a small part of her wishes that it will be declined. But that is a very small part. And the tingles racing up her spine demand her payment go through. She has a guilty little smile as she signs the scrip. She wonders what her father will think when he sees the charge. Maybe he'll think she is finally coming around to his political views.

She couldn't believe her eyes when she saw it. Sure her dad blew money on political fundraisers all the time. But usually for these shindigs he would have a second ticket for his new wife of the moment. She wouldn't even have come home from for the weekend if she hadn't received word that she pouted her way into a flight to Paris. Running into the new Missus is not her idea of a good time. Though at least she is older than Brittney. She's not sure how much longer that trend will last.

By this point she's used to taking a backseat to her father's latest fling. As far as she's concerned that fact comes naturally with being the daughter of an Alaskan oil baron. A giant trust fund, a platinum credit card, and a bushel of daddy issues. But he is paying for her college tuition and a small house off-campus so she can live on her own. Even with his requirement that she must go to his alma mater the University of Alaska, she's grateful for the opportunity. She'd be happier if she could go somewhere a little farther from home or at the very least a little warmer. At least she's out of the house and away from the gold digger.

But when her daddy left a message telling her that the jet was leaving the runway and they'd be back in a couple days, she decided to take advantage of the empty house. She came hunting for a little extra cash to start off the night without showing up on the credit card statement, but when she started rummaging through his desk the first thing she found in his usual hiding spot was a ticket.

There was nothing special about it except for how simple it was. All it listed was the date, time, location, and \$500 price tag. The rest was nothing but white space. She almost thought it was a fake, but then why would he put it in the hidden pocket under his desk drawer? For a while she stared at the ticket wondering what it could be for. She figured it must be some kind of political meet and greet dinner thing to be worth that much. Or at least for her father to justify paying that much for an evening alone. For a man that has no qualms about paying for her trivial expenses and his wife's whims, he is amazingly sparse when it comes to treating himself.

She was halfway to her room before she realized her mind was made up. If he wasn't going to even be in the country to use the ticket, there's no sense in letting the \$500 be spent in vain. She threw on a slinky strapless dress and made herself up. She let her auburn hair hang loose to make her look a little older than her twenty-one years. It would be embarrassing to be turned away at the door for being too young despite having a ticket. She told herself that she was only going to make good use of the open bar to start her night off right. And maybe hobnob with the rich and famous for a bit. But she was honestly curious. Why wouldn't her father buy a ticket for his wife? Was he already looking for a newer model?

No matter, she was going to enjoy herself. And when she was directed to the tenth floor of the hotel she found she was a little nervous about taking her dad's place. Everyone else exited the elevator before her floor and it opened to spew her out alone and even more nervous in front of a very large waiter. He held out his hand and she handed him the ticket. His other massive fist pulled a small penlight out of his pocket. It flashed over the blank portion of the ticket and what looked like a stylized wolf glowed ultraviolet under the purple light.

He waved her inside and she found a place right on time for the appetizers. She enjoyed herself more than she thought she would. Unlike her father, the people at her table actually had a sense of humor. Or maybe it was just that she could be herself in a way she isn't used to being around her dad. And the drinks were to die for. But she still didn't see why he had just the one ticket. At least not until the sun set. Once the Hostess came out in her stunning outfit and explained the purpose of the night, she understood very quickly why it was a secret. She can read between the lines. She may not have had much experience in her twenty-one years, or any at all for that matter. But she could see that the girls as they came out were more than just actresses.

She smiled to herself thinking maybe she was right after all and that her dad was in the market for a trade-in. Though the itch must not be so great since his current bimbo distracted him from his quest so easily. No matter, she can simply sit back and enjoy the sound of men drooling before she heads out to enjoy Halloween night.

That all changed when she saw him. She was so busy watching the men around her gawk like schoolboys with a fresh crush that she completely missed the first two girls. But something about Jeannie drew her eye. She seemed so carefree and happy that it was infectious. She suddenly wanted to watch her spin and twirl across the floor more than people watch the crowd. And for some reason the subtle glimpses of her bare crotch excited her. She did not even know why she was looking there in the first place, but she could not look away. Never before had she been aroused at the sight of a woman, but something about the scantily clad harem girl revved her engine.

And when she calls to her master, Brittney almost came in her chair. She had no idea why the huge dog affected her so strongly. Maybe the beautiful woman primed her towards thinking that way. But seeing him run out of the darkened storage room sent a bolt of lightning through her spine and straight to her clitoris. Her stomach tied itself in knots and she suddenly wanted him more than anyone she'd ever wanted before. When he turned to lope over to Jeannie, his ponderous testicles bounced between his legs and drew her gaze like a lightning rod. She watched him lick her face and her mind was off at a gallop imagining him licking her too while she hugged his enormous head.

She knew in that instant that she would bid whatever it took to get in the same room with that loveable beast. She needed to run her fingers through his hair. She needed to feel his warmth. She needed to fondle his balls when his owner wasn't looking. But first she needed to win the auction. And after a heated bidding war she got exactly what she wanted.

After paying, she is directed over to the Hostess. The young woman has a small list of instructions for her along with the key to her dreams. Literally, she has to receive the hotel key before she can have a private meeting with the Mastiff. She's a little distracted while The Hostess asks her the standard list of situation defining questions. She answers automatically with her eyes on the key in the other woman's hand. She only listens to the questions with half an ear. She just nods and says yes to everything.

The Hostess recognizes the look in the older yet naïve co-ed. She knows that she wasn't fully listening and she probably doesn't fully understand how far she will have the chance to take her fledgling desires. But sometimes you have to push the baby bird out of the nest and see what happens. She hands over the key and makes sure Brittney listens to her when she says to wait twenty minutes for Jeannie to prepare before sending her off. She quick-fires a text to Jeannie that she has a single woman incoming who is up for anything and turns to the next winner.

Brittney listens to the instructions. She waits the twenty minutes. But the Hostess never said where she had to wait. Heedless of how it looks, she couldn't help but go directly to the room. She almost puts the key in immediately, but manages to hold herself in check. Instead she paces back and forth

in front of the door looking at her watch every thirty seconds. She focuses her mind on the tiny face willing it to move faster.

The insulation in the hotel is too good for her to hear anything going on inside the room. No matter how hard she listens at the door. Her mind races along anyway imagining what Jeannie and her magnificent beast are doing to prepare for her arrival. Her pussy drips with desire. Every step rubs her silk panties between her lips. And every thought is of the Mastiff. Seeing the dog in her mind's eye makes her lubricant stream freely in her crevice.

For the last minute she doesn't let her watch out of her sight. The instant the second hand hits twelve; she drops the keycard into the door. Her hand is shaking from nerves and yearning. And the little light turns bright red. For a second she's filled with dread that something went wrong. Maybe she got the wrong key. Or the whole thing is a scam. But another attempt brightens the green light and a click informs her that the door is unlocked.

She knocks gently as she pushes the door open. She calls out, "Hello?" as she crosses the threshold. It looks like a fairly typical hotel room from where she stands. A short hallway with the bathroom and closet opens out to the actual room ahead. She can see the foot of what looks to be a fairly wide bed sticking out into her line of sight. Soft light fills the room with a warm glow even though she cannot see the source. A cabinet with a flat screen television sits against the opposite wall. And a few chairs and a small table are visible beneath the closed shades of the window. She drinks everything in and briefly contemplates running back through the open door out of fear of the unknown, but her urges will not let her.

She doesn't receive an answer to her call, but a girlish giggle emanates from somewhere beyond the corner and out of sight. She also hears a wet slurping noise she can't quite place. Confirming her decision to stay, she turns to shut the door and click the lock into place. When she faces the room again, Jeannie is right in front of her in the little hallway.

The young woman's outfit is looking decidedly worse for wear since she saw her about half an hour ago. The fluttery leg pieces have several rips in their length. The pink waistband is nowhere to be seen. And the gauzy panties are completely ripped open in front. The only thing holding the thin material on her body is the thin band of fabric around her waist. Her shaved crotch is completely exposed and glistens like the morning grass covered in dew.

Brittney stares at her engorged lips and suddenly the beast isn't the only thing turning her on. For some inexplicable reason, Jeannie's pussy becomes the center of her world. As soon as she realizes that thought, she wrenches her gaze up and away. Her eyes lock onto the younger woman's chest instead. What's left of her vest hangs loosely over her uncovered breasts. She can't tell if the clasp broke from the immense pressure behind it or if someone broke it for her, but the large melons become her new obsession. They appear to be just as wet as the vee between her legs. And Brittney has a yearning to wrap her lips around one of the hardened nipples and suck and bite until she's screaming for more.

"Major Healy! I'm so glad you came." The voice pulls her attention up to Jeannie's face and she sees that Jeannie is once again grinning from ear to ear. The infectious smile gives Brittney no choice but to return it. Suddenly, she pulls Brittney into a hug. Her damp breasts squish against Britt's more modest set and do nothing to alleviate the desire to grope her. But with her goods squashed between them and Brittney unsure how to proceed anyway, she merely hugs Jeannie back.

The younger woman nestles her head in the crook of Brittney's neck and whispers into her ear, "I was worried you wouldn't come after I accidentally turned you into a woman last week and refused

to change you back. But I promise if you help me I'll put you back in your own body."

The warm breath blowing against her earlobe makes listening harder than it should be. And Jeannie maintains the contact gently rocking back and forth rubbing her nipples against Brittney's dress. All in all it's a miracle that she manages to register everything she hears much less respond with, "Of course I'll help. What do you need?"

Jeannie separates their bodies, but keeps gently holding the other girl's arms. Her dazzling smile flashes again exposing her perfect white teeth. "I don't want you to be alarmed, but I had a bit of an accident. I heard Master saying he wished he was bigger and stronger. I tried to help him like I always do. But instead of giving him muscles, my magic turned him into a dog. Now, I think he has lost his mind. He is acting like an brutish animal."

Her smile becomes a look of concern. "He even attacked me. He tore my clothes, among other things, and now I'm not sure I can turn him back. In fact I think I might have broken him. Maybe if you take a look you can help advise me on what to do. Do you want to see him?"

"Sure, take me to him," is all Brittney can think of. It appears to be the right answer, because Jeannie turns on her heel and leads her by the hand deeper into the room. As they round the corner the Master is hard to miss. He is sitting up on a king sized bed panting like he just ran a marathon. His weight depresses the expensive mattress to the point that anyone sharing the bed with him would have to fight not to roll towards his bulk. He is every bit as gorgeous as Brittney remembers, but the sexual thrill is even stronger with him being so close. He smiles a big doggy grin at the two women but stays exactly where he is.

"See?" she asks pointing at the dog. "After he wrestled with me something came out of him. I'm sure I broke him and I don't want to change him back until he's fixed."

Brittney follows her finger and does indeed see what the fretful genie is talking about. A thick red rod points triumphantly up at the ceiling from the dog's crotch. It looks more like a weapon of ass destruction than a tool for procreation. A subtle sheen of bodily fluid coats the prodigious member. Her knees go weak just looking at his meat. She has the sudden urge to know what it tastes like. The idea comes complete with a phantom feeling of it filling her mouth. Although she's never allowed a penis inside her vagina, she has sucked a few guys off after one too many beers. Somehow she knows that gobbling that huge protuberance will be infinitely more enjoyable.

"Here," Jeannie continues as she jumps onto the bed. Her voice brings Brittney back to the present. "Let me show you what happened and then you can help me decide what needs to be done."

She crawls into the crater of Master's body weight. When she reaches his side, she whispers something in his ear. Without warning he moves for the first time since Brittney came around the corner. He knocks into her with his massive head and she falls flat on her back. Her legs splay open as she lands revealing the pink tenderness at their apex. With her down, he walks around her prone form until his wagging tail thumps against the headboard. His head lowers to her chest and releases his tongue to lick her soft breasts.

The staging is perfect. The Mastiff is at just the right angle that his hanging vein-lined cudgel is readily seen by the awestruck Brittney. But it is also close enough to the action that her line of sight takes in the wet and open pussy, the repetitively licked breasts, and the mouth-watering penis; all without shifting her head in the slightest. His huge pink tongue makes her boobies bounce with every lick. The weight of his stroke pushes her into the bed. After several licks, he covers her entire breast in one gulp. From Jeannie's squeals, whatever is happening inside his maw must feel



amazing. But, he doesn't keep up the attention for long. He clearly has other things on his mind.

Following several more licks he clamps down on her unchewed breast. She reaches up to scratch his head and moans, "Good boy, Master."

He slobbers over her flesh a bit longer before raising his head. Jeannie squirms on the bedspread and watches as he steps over her body. The giant paws shake the bed making Jeannie's breasts jiggle back and forth. She giggles confirming Britt's prior conclusion that she was the source of that particular noise when she entered. But that only raises the question of what the other sound came from. The sound of Master sucking her tits sounded similar, but it didn't have quite the same ring to it. She would try harder to puzzle it out and probably succeed, but the wagging penis consumes her mind. She's so absorbed in his rocket that she only snaps out of the spell it has on her when the slurping sound starts again.

Startled, she looks towards the sound and is hit by a burst of lust rolling through her. The Mastiff has his head buried in Jeannie's crotch and from the sounds of it is licking her crazy. His large head blocks Brittney's view, but she can see the other woman stroke his massive head. She scratches him between his ears and grips him tightly. Even without seeing his thick tongue slather her crotch in saliva, Brittney's body burns with desire. Her knees go weak again and she falls to the floor.

Her grip on the bed is the only thing that prevents her from collapsing completely. And that is only because she knows that if she releases the mattress she will not be able to keep her hands from her gushing pussy. She looks up and discovers that the new angle makes her view stupendously better. With her eyes level to the bed, she can see the curves of Jeannie's ass sinking into the bedspread. She is also low enough to see underneath Master's head. Flashes of Jeannie snatch appear before her eyes as he assaults her. The tongue flicks out and spreads her lips open exposing the delicate insides to Brittney as it retreats into his muzzle. Every few licks it buries itself in her hole revealing the deeper reaches of her snatch when it retreats.

She can feel her self-control failing and in a last ditch effort to save her modesty she pulls her eyes from the tantalizing sight. Instead of being assaulted with the inviting view of Jeannie's pussy, her eyes fall on Jeannie running her fingers along her Master's length. It hangs above her head and every touch of her nails makes it jump. Brittney's jaw drops. She cannot believe that Jeannie is doing everything she secretly wanted to do to the large canine. Not to mention the unspeakable pleasure his tongue is giving her. Her body trembles when Jeannie pulls the penis down to her lips and gives it a kiss. She sucks the tip inside moaning appreciatively. Then she tilts her eyes to look directly at Brittney, sticks out her tongue, and gives it a loving lick.

Brittney starts to lose the last tenuous hold she has on her control. She whimpers softly with the overwhelming need to do something with either her body or one of the lovers on the bed. Jeannie looks into her eyes and knows she has her wound as tight as a spring. And with that knowledge, she turns to the woman clinging to her bed and says casually, "It's okay Major. I completely understand if you need to masturbate."

Her words break the dam society built around Brittney's needs. Even in a private hotel room. Even with a gorgeous woman writhing mere feet from her on a bed. Even with a Mastiff happily eating that woman out. Even with the lust burning through her body. She still has a wall of inhibitions preventing her from sinking her manicured fingers into her boiling crevice. She fights tooth and nail not to bow to her hunger. With one matter of fact sentence, Jeannie turns all of the years of learned restraint to rubble.

Her grip relaxes dropping her to the floor. The foot of the bed blocks her vision, but she still has the

sounds to guide her lust. The wet slap of tongue against pussy resonates through her body. She tries to squirm out of her panties, but she doesn't have enough leverage. Desperate to feel her naked fingers inside her dripping cave, she flings her legs up against the bed giving herself a straight plane to pull them up her legs. The soaked undergarments peel off of her steaming gash and drip her fluids back down to her crotch as they hang between her thighs.

Her fingers fly to her aperture like it is a magnet. She's so hot she needs both hands to stroke and penetrate her hole. Her legs start to shake and her knees bend dropping her feet onto the bed. Her toes brush against the inside of Jeannie's thighs. Luckily she doesn't accidentally kick the young woman, but she doesn't have the muscle control to prevent the fall. Her fingers rub her clitoris like mad and plunge into her crevice. She closes her eyes. She focuses on the sound of tongue against flesh. She imagines that his tongue is between her legs rather than Jeannie's. She fantasizes about what it would feel like to have that wonderful tongue separating her lips. Sliding inside. Making her scream. And her simple fantasy brings her orgasm rushing towards the surface.

Out of the blue she feels his rough tongue lick along her foot. The touch gives her mind a tactile sensation to aid her mental image of being licked to orgasm. In the back of her mind she knows that it should tickle when he licks her feet. But as it moves up to her toes and slides between them, all she can think of is that his saliva is mixed with Jeannie's nectar. Somehow, feeling that warm mixture of bodily fluids and knowing exactly where his mouth has been triggers her building orgasm.

Her moans ring through her ears drowning out the slurping tongue. Her fingers dig into her spasm wracked pussy. The squeezing muscles of her channel compressing her fingers send a shiver through her from head to toe. Her juices splatter against her hands as she cums harder than ever before. She's spent enough time on porn sites to know that her natural ability to ejaculate almost every time she has an orgasm is rare. But right now she happily takes the burst of lubricant in hand to aid her flying fingers.

She loses herself in *la petite mort*. Gradually her shivers subside and her hearing returns with her lips silence. Cool air on her feet helps guide her back to reality. She listens for the auditor porn hat is Master and Jeannie. The room is silent but for the rustling of the bed sheets. The sound of Master's tongue is gone. In its place comes Jeannie's voice.

"There you go Master. Just a little higher. I'm all yours. I need everything you can grant me. Give it to me."

Out of nowhere, the foot of the bed knocks into Brittney's thighs. The random hit startles her into sliding completely to the floor. Another solid hit rumbles the bed and makes the headboard hit the wall.

"That's amazing, Master. This is what I've wanted ever since you popped my bottle and freed me."

Brittney's curiosity grows with every thump of the bed. She crawls up onto the bed to find out what's going on. At first she's not sure what she is seeing. Her own mind is not prepared to process what her eyes tell it. She kneels at the foot and tries to work it out in her mind. To her it looks like Jeannie disappeared. All she sees is Master standing about where he was, but she finds no trace of Jeannie. Puzzled, she focuses her attention and on closer inspection she sees that Master grew a blonde beard since she fell to the floor. She finally breaks through the barrier erected by her naivety. She sees the woman's hands behind his paws and hints of her curves under his fur.

And with another bed shaking thrust, he lifts his head exposing Jeannie's underneath. He is so massive he completely dwarfs the slim teenager. But she is on her knees directly beneath him and

her body shudders with every move he makes. In spite of the evidence, she still can't wrap her head around what Jeannie is doing. But she sees her fellow co-ed and her grin returns to wipe away the gush of moans from her lips.

"There you are Major! I'm so happy that I finally got what I always deserved from my Master. And you cannot imagine how amazing it feels to have his immense cock filling my pussy. Then again, maybe you won't have to imagine it for long."

Brittney cannot believe her ears. The height of her fantasies before entering this room was maybe having the chance to fondle his massive balls when Jeannie wasn't paying attention. Now Jeannie's offering to let him take her virginity. And even more amazing, she wants it badly. So badly she can practically feel that prick sinking into her. And it is fueling the fire in her belly like gasoline.

Jeannie can see the fire lighting her eyes and knows she found someone who shares her urges. She decides to go for broke if her implication of letting Master hump her silly made her hotter. "As long as you are in that female body, you may as well take advantage of the perks," she purrs with a devilish smile. "Namely, multiple orgasms. Of course if your hands are too tired you could always scoot over here and let me lick you off. I'd be happy to lick you until you feel as great as Master made me feel."

A surge of heat burns through Brittney's loins. She cannot believe how marvelous that sounds to her mind and her libido. She pauses for a second to imagine how Jeannie's tongue would feel inside her. The thought causes a pulse of heat to run through her skin. She's just about to jump at the chance; however, the genie misreads her hesitation and adds to the lure to entice over.

"I may not be as skilled as Master, but he can always have his chance later. Besides, you smell so heavenly from this far away; I don't think I'd be able to contain myself if Master wasn't busily humping my ass."

As if to underscore her point, Master pounds her a few times bouncing her forward on his shaft. Jeannie's tone of voice may be coy, but she is not playing the game with these words. When she first got the message that a woman was coming she thought that she'd just be sharing Master with her. That all changed when Jeannie saw her. Right away she started to alter the scenario to incorporate Brittney into their love-play. But the realities of the situation made her wary. This woman paid to be with her or maybe even only paid to be with her dog. For all she knows Brittney has a husband and life to go back to. So, even if she can indulge herself with the gorgeous woman for this night, Jeannie cannot be sure what will happen when the game ends.

All of these thoughts, uncertainties, and desires war in her head against the pleasure Master is giving her. However, Brittney can no longer hold herself back. She lifts her dress up and over her lithe body and tosses it aside before crawling towards the pair. Jeannie expects her to turn and plant the deliciously aromatic crotch underneath her hungry mouth, but the young woman has other ideas. She dives under the both of them bumping Jeannie's breasts with her ass.

She twists between the tangle of legs and doesn't stop until she hears the squishy sounds of their mating. She turns face up and marvels at the thick staff sliding into Jeannie's hole. He isn't very fast. At least she doesn't think so. But the power behind that cock is awe inspiring. Every thrust shakes Jeannie's entire being. Her aroused lips cling to the rod as it pulls out of her. It's almost as if her body is fighting to keep him inside and screwing her. But he effortlessly removes his foot-long missile from her clutches until it tapers down to a point still hidden inside. She can hear Jeannie hold her breath in anticipation when he pauses. And every time her breath comes rushing out as he plunges in full tilt.

With her crotch directly under Jeannie's lips, the burst of air flows through the short pubes surrounding her lips and fans the smoldering flames of need. The breaths come closer and closer to her sex until her breasts settle against Brittney's belly. A half second later she feels a tongue knife into her cave digging for gold. She moans and instinctively bucks her body as a river of bliss flows along her skin.

Her back crashes back to the soft bed and her fingers splay out in search of flesh to stroke. Her fingers graze the short fur of Master and lock on. She grips his flanks and strokes his muscular frame. She can feel the strength surging through his flesh as he plugs Jeannie completely. And it makes her hungry. A splash of fluids drips from the joining of woman and beast and lands on her cheek. She slides her hands further up the Mastiff's body towards his back. She has to raise her shoulders off the bed, but that's the idea.

Eventually she locks her fingers together over the huge dog holding her in place. She had to rise so far that her lips are scant centimeters from the powerful thrusts. His testicles bounce against her head with every rough hump. And the pauses dwindle to the point that his balls are constantly touching her inflamed skin. She sticks out her tongue and lets the canine push his rod along her taste buds. It feels like she's licking the side of a speeding locomotive. Rather than the tang of metallic skin though, the taste of the hastening cock is indescribable. The flavor of pussy covered penis fills her mind and takes over.

The next few minutes blur together. Her tongue licks around his girth, along his length, and follows it into Jeannie to lick them both while trapped between their flesh. She sucks on his furry ball sack vaulting the sensitive orbs off of her tongue. When his knot grows, much to Britt's surprise, she takes to the bulge like a duck to water. She licks, nips, and kisses it again and again urging him to greater heights of ecstasy. All the while, Jeannie is eating her out in between her gasps, moans, and screams brought out by her Master's cock and Brittney's tongue. His pace increases as the trio enjoy each other. Eventually he begins to shoot his load. Brittney has his balls in her mouth when she feels his coin purse tighten. Jeannie's voice caresses her ears.

"Oh yes Master. Fill me up. Let me bear your fruit."

Jeannie loses any capability to please Brittney as her orgasm takes over. Jeannie crumples into her crotch and burbles out a stream of moans. Seeing a chance to taste the Master, Brittney drops to the bed and grabs Jeannie's hips. She pulls the limp woman off the spurting cock. Thankfully she has gravity on her side, because the angle certainly isn't. Once released, the rod sprays over the women like a fire hose. Cum splashes against Jeannie's ass and thighs. It sprays into Brittney's face and against what parts of her chest are exposed as opposed to being covered by Jeannie. The spurts that made it into Jeannie start to dribble out onto Brittney's stomach. She fights the jerking penis into her mouth and savors the new taste. She drinks her fill of the bubbling liquid before releasing the source to surge out the last bits onto their writhing bodies.

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Chapter Four - A Little Privacy

The Mastiff flops off the bed and curls up in the corner leaving the women to their own devices. For several minutes they just lay there regaining their breath. Jeannie recovers first and starts to stir. Her skin pulls when she tries to move off of Brittney though. Her crotch feels sticky where the two girls' skin meets. Brittney tries to help by licking up the drying cum that she can reach, but the other woman's weight on her chest limits her movement.

Moving carefully, Jeannie separates their flesh with a modicum of pulling their flesh apart. Once free, she turns so the two are facing the same direction before nestling herself in the crook of Brittney's arm. With her head in the right position, she takes her turn gently cleaning drips of semen with her tongue. Having lost her source of cum, Brittney runs her hand along her back affectionately. The lack of clothing surprises her, but she figures Jeannie must have stripped before getting into position with Master. She probably should have noticed before when she was licking the woman's clitoris, but she had other things on her mind. Now she simply enjoys the feel of another woman's tongue against her breast and supple skin beneath her fingers.

She lays there staring at the ceiling and marveling at how good she feels holding another woman. More than the general pleasure of having her nipple sucked, having Jeannie curled up against her side simply makes her happy. She does not have the time to think too hard about what this might mean for her or them. Jeannie rolls onto her body straddling her hips. Brittney admires the gleam in Jeannie's eye. Somehow she knows that Jeannie has something interesting percolating in her brain. She bends down nice and close and whispers, "How about we both go get cleaned up."

Looking into those startling purple eyes, she can only manage a small nod. Jeannie rewards her with a smile and a quick nip on her breast before rolling away. She makes it to her feet and holds out her hand to help the still prone student. They join hands and Jeannie hauls her up. She leads Brittney by the hand back to the short hallway and through the door to the bathroom. Jeannie has an ulterior motive for the change in scenery. She knows, of course, about the cameras installed in the bedroom itself. And she also knows that no surveillance exists in the bathrooms. Her uncertainties about what Brittney feels for her and where tonight may lead are starting to get to her without the sexual fervor permeating her mind to dampen it. She needs a little privacy to either sort things out or become lost in Brittney's body again.

Jeannie pulls her into the dark room. Without turning on the lights, she waits for Brittney to clear the door. She closes them in complete darkness then pushes Brittney against the closed door. Her fingers twine through Britt's pinning her arms to the door. The robes hanging on the inside of the door cradle her back. She stumbles into the door unable to fight against Jeannie's leverage. Before she can regain her footing, Jeannie's lips find hers in a crushing kiss. The loss of control no longer matters and actually adds a bit of thrill to the foreign lips moving against hers.

A tongue eases its way between her lips seeking the taste of dog spunk still on her breath. The world falls away aided by the darkness around them and the magic of a first kiss between lovers. Jeannie's probe is gentle in her mouth. So gentle it is almost hesitant. Like a nervous ghost reviewing new tenants. She is so used to men that take charge of her mouth like a battering ram that the touch of a woman is seductively sweet.

What feels like hours pass by until their connection and the spell it holds over them is broken. Jeannie breaths heavily into her neck. Her cheek rubs against Brittney's flesh and the soft cotton robe behind. Brittney wants to stroke her hair, but she also doesn't want to let go of the hands holding her to the door. Instead she kisses the side of her head and whispers, "That was so amazing. I could be lost in your lips forever, Jeannie."

A wave of guilt rolls over the actress. She extracts her hands from their embrace and flicks on the light. Taking a few steps away she mumbles, "Emily."

"Huh?!?"

She has to take a deep breath to steady her voice. She didn't want it to come to this so soon. Especially after such a hot kiss. But the nature of the start of their relationship has an effect on both

of their perceptions on what's happening. How much of Brittney's reactions are guided by the knowledge that she paid for this evening together? Would Brittney even be interested if she dropped the act completely and acted like herself? All she knows for sure is that she just cannot play the game anymore. It helps to cloak her real desires, but every touch, every caress, makes it harder to keep up the charade without the niggling doubts eating away at her enjoyment.

"Emily," she states a little more clearly this time. "My name. My real name. Is Emily. Jeannie was just my name for the auction to sell the costume and the back story."

Brittney looks at her slightly puzzled not sure where this is going. She has fallen hard for the bubbly blonde and the sudden change in mood comes out of left field. She never paid for someone's company before, and before she never thought twice about it. She's perfectly willing to mentally classify that payment as a matchmaking fee. Now that Jeannie . . . Emily withdraws from her, she starts to doubt what she read into their exchange. Maybe the other woman only sees this as a monetary exchange, and the emotions she was sensing were all part of the act.

"And that's not all," she continues sadly. She already imagines rejection in the other girl's eyes where there is only uncertainty as of yet. She puts her fingers to her eyes one by one removes the pair of contacts coloring her eyes purple. Once exposed, her natural brown eyes shine through, but Brittney only gets a quick look before Emily turns aside in shame.

"The truth is I didn't know what to expect when I got the message that a single woman bid for me. The story only took a little tweaking to fit you in. The message said you were willing to participate. To be honest I was expecting a second cock tonight and the prospect of another woman threw me off a bit. I've had some experience in that arena, but for some reason I was hesitant about being with a woman tonight. But once I saw you I knew that I would have tried to entice you into my bed regardless of your prior consent.

"You are so beautiful I couldn't believe my luck that you chose me above all the other girls. Once I succeeded in having you come to my bed and I tasted you I was hooked. Your lips, your skin, your pussy; they are all overwhelmingly intoxicating. But I can't continue the pretense. Not without letting you know how my body sings with every touch of your fingers. I don't know if you knew you were buying me for the night, or if you just wanted to watch a young woman ravaged by a giant mutt. Hell, I don't even know if you're married and this is just you getting freaky for a night, but I'd take it. I'll be yours just for this night if that's what you want. Besides, what kind of relationship forms on the basis of instant feral sexual attraction?"

Warm arms wrap around Emily easing the whirling thoughts in her head. Brittney turns her around and holds her tight. She looks into those beautiful naturally brown eyes and gives her a nice long kiss.

"I'd say a spectacular one. At the very least it is a great place to start. Especially when I feel the same way."

Her response brings back the striking smile Brittney loves.

"That, right there is what first caught my eye. Your smile is so genuine, so infectious, that I can't help but feel happy myself when I see it. That smile is what caught my eye not the color of yours. Besides, what's in a name? Mine is Brittney by the way."

The admission brings a short laugh bubbling out of Emily's throat. Here she is fussing over giving a fake name when she didn't even realize she never asked for Brittney's. The chagrin brings a rush of blood to her face, but Britt is quick to plant another kiss on her sending the blood to rush southward

to her crotch.

“No, I’m not married, and I honestly have no idea what I expected when I bid on you. To be perfectly honest I didn’t even realize you were going to be having sex with your dog. But your obvious joy in doing nothing more than dancing through the room grabbed my attention when I didn’t look twice at any other human in that room male or female. If we’re going to continue being brutally honest, I wasn’t bidding on you per se. The moment that Mastiff came lumbering out after you; I knew I would pay whatever was necessary to be in a hotel room with him.”

Emily cannot fault her for that. She remembers all too well the gut wrenching pull the Mastiff had on her the moment she laid eyes on him. If anything, the pull grew stronger over the months of training. But her next question needs to be asked. “What about now?”

Brittney doesn’t even hesitate. “Now? Fuck the dog. I want you.”

“Well, I’m sure that will come later, but right this moment you are all mine.”

Brittney can’t help herself. The thought of being taken by both woman and beast collide in her making her belly flutter. Emily pulls her closer into another tremendous kiss making her lust rise. Their fears and confusion dissipate under the heat of their embrace. When they break for breath again, Brittney turns to the shower and pulls the curtain. She reveals a gorgeous whirlpool tub that reminds her of the one she has at home. Although hers is a little bit bigger.

Naturally she assumed that since Emily brought her in here to clean up they would take a shower together. But a bite on her buttock distracts her. She turns to see Emily on her knees. The sight is more than a little appealing. Then, she pops up and resumes licking Brittney’s sperm coated breasts. Her tongue moves with an intensity not felt by Brittney from any of her prior lovers.

Gone are the tender licks she received on the bed and in her mouth. This Emily is on a mission. Her lapper hunts down every last stray molecule of semen and sucks it into her insatiable mouth. The tongue flicks her nipples rapidly flicking them between her teeth. It curves along her collarbone and up along her neck. Finally it cleans off her cheeks and face before stopping with a not so gentle bite of her earlobe just to make sure Emily has her complete attention.

But then she ruins that attention by running her finger up Brittney’s thigh and pressing against the love button hidden at the apex of her crevice. She moves her finger back and forth slowly, listening to Brittney’s heavy breathing. She turns her lips to Britt’s ear and whispers ever so softly, “I believe I promised you another orgasm that I didn’t deliver. Would you like me to make good on my promise?”

Brittney whimpers with need and she takes that as a yes. She drops her hand and returns to her knees. Moving forward, she plants a kiss on Brittney’s thigh. The touch brings a shiver through the co-ed that vibrates through Emily’s lips. She weaves a trail of kisses all the way up the soft skin of her inner thigh. But when she kisses the junction of leg to hip, Brittney’s knees go weak.

Sensing her coming issue, Emily climbs to her feet and guides the shaking woman safely down to sit on the lip of the tub. With her lover in a more secure position, she revisits the supple bend of Britt’s legs with her mouth. This time she starts off on the opposite side sending a string of kisses and accompanying shivers up Britt’s right leg. When Emily reaches the edge of Brittney’s scrumptious pelvis, she hooks her arms around the woman’s thighs and supports her back with strong hands. She doesn’t want another balance issue to interrupt their playtime.

She draws out the tension kissing and nuzzling the hollow of Brittney’s joints. She licks small

vertical stripes inching ever closer to the source of pleasure. And when her tongue is one lick away from tasting Britt's lips, she skips over to the other thigh and starts over. The teasing is almost unbearable to the keyed up woman. When the tongue finally runs along the edge of her opening she nearly cums on the spot. But the one rush of almost consummation is all she gets before it retreats to her hips again.

The constant give and take of tongue to flesh is maddening. However, the sensations surging through her begin to take on a life of their own. The buildup of each agonizingly slow path towards her center rises through her like the inexorable tide covering the sand of her nerves with liquid pleasure only to recede once more. But each time it rises, the water crawls a few more inches inside her. She can virtually see the orgasm dancing just beyond the water line in her mind's eye. And just when it seems like it will be covered in the rising wave, the water fades back into a still pool.

She begins to expect the tide to lap dangerously close but never actually touch her deep enough to set her off. And with that expectation, the anticipation becomes something exquisite all on its own. The rhythm of tongue against flesh swells and fades like a marching band building up a crowd at the Super Bowl. Even though the crowd is not spurred enough to cheer wildly, they can still enjoy the pulse of the music. She becomes accustomed to the undulation of her titillation. And when she no longer begs internally for her release, when she expects Emily to maintain the cycle of slow burning, when she grows familiarized to the cadence of Emily's tongue; Emily makes her move.

After what is usually her last lick, she pauses just long enough to give the impression of repeating her pattern and then dives tongue first into Brittney's pussy. Her tongue darts into the cavity. It twists against the walls lapping up the nectar. Her nose grinds against Brittney's clitoris sending arcs of electricity through the swelling waters of her rising orgasm. And the instant that tongue sinks into her flesh, Brittney comes like a tsunami.

The tidal wave of hormones spawned by the final expert lick swamps the shore of her lust. Her body quivers like a leaf in a hurricane and she floods Emily's face with squirts of liquid joy. The doused woman regretfully extracts her tongue from Brittney's cave so she can take a breath without inhaling Brittney's sap. Instead Emily locks her lips around her clitoris and breathes through her nose. The added stimulation drains Brittney of any volition. Her body turns to putty with the only thing keeping her upright being Emily's hands. One last flail of her arm hits the tap and with a spurt, steaming water starts to pour into the tub.

Emily keeps up the licking. She enjoys the feel of Brittney's aftershocks running down her hands. And every time she runs her tongue against the limp woman's clit a pulse shakes her body. Eventually, Brittney recovers enough to slide as gracefully as she can into the bottom of the damp tub. She manages not to knock her head against anything on the way down which she sees as a plus.

She immediately regrets moving away from Emily's fantastic tongue, but the tub is plenty large enough for the both of them. Besides, now that she hears the rush of water, a relaxing bath sounds ideal. She adjusts the temperature with her toes until it cools down to a reasonable level. Once there, she hits the drain allowing the water to start filling up. Emily sits at the edge of the tub and admires the beautiful woman fighting her post-orgasmic stupor in order to draw a bath. But she doesn't stay motionless for long.

Brittney turns to her and drawls, "Come on in, the water's fine."

Emily smiles back at her and crawls over the edge to splash into the mounting waters. She curls up next to Brittney again and lets her catch her breath. When the water reaches the appropriate level, Brittney shuts off the water. The two float serenely for a bit enjoying the closeness of each others'

bodies.

Emily breaks the silence by asking, "Did I live up to my promise?"

"Not quite," she responds with a smile.

"Oh? You're telling me that wasn't an orgasm? I suppose I could give it another go."

"No, that was the best orgasm I've ever had. But you promised that your Mastiff is even better than you and if so he might just make me cum so hard I have a heart attack. So clearly you were not telling the truth."

Her answer nets her a playful splash and not so playful kiss before the girls settle down again. Brittney slowly regains control over her muscles and starts to swirl the water about. The tub is almost the size of a hot tub just not as deep. So, they splash back and forth separating and coming together. But they always have their hands on each other. Either from simply touching their fingertips to each other's skin or massaging out a sore muscle, they maintain contact.

Brittney remembers that although Emily cleaned her chest pretty thoroughly, Emily never had the chance to clean up. She grabs the ex-genie's hand and pulls her through the water to dock against Brittney's body. They come together in a kiss, and with that distraction, Brittney reaches over and flips the timer on the water jets. Emily jumps at the sudden machine sounds as the water starts churning. Her reaction makes Brittney laugh which earns her another playful splash.

"What's wrong? Never been in a hot tub before?"

"Actually no, I haven't."

Brittney's face lights up. Emily can almost see the light bulb pop into being over her head. But all that comes from her mouth is, "Then I have a surprise for you, later. But now I'm the only one who got clean of our prior activities. Why don't you come back over here so I can return the favor?"

Emily has no objections. She slides her wet body against Brittney again and resumes their tongue entanglement. Brittney slides her hands down the blonde's back. She touches every inch of her skin making sure to rub any lingering traces of semen off of her. Her movements unsettle the bubbling water and make it splash up along their bodies. She gradually works her way down to Emily's ass and begins to clean it as well. Brittney pulls her cheeks apart and gently wipes away any evidence of her horny dog.

She eventually works her way down to Emily's thighs, but she doesn't quite have the reach to finish the job. She wraps her arms around Emily's slippery body and shifts the other girl higher. She has to break their kiss, but it is a necessary evil. Her fingertips touching Emily's legs bring a familiar giggle out of the woman, but it quickly becomes a moan when Brittney locks her lips around the nipple floating near her lips.

She slowly sucks and massages the young woman until she is completely clean and unmarred by ejaculate. At least from the back. She releases the trapped nipple from between her teeth and slides a little deeper into the water. With her body separated from Emily's, she has a little more control over the lady since she floats in the water. She spins Emily carefully on the surface. Once her back is pressed against Brittney's chest, she stops. One hand replaces her oral attention, kneading and teasing Emily's breast. But the other one moves slowly downward across the flat expanse of Emily's belly. She excises the dried and now soggy bits of jizz from Emily's stomach. It tickles, but the hand on her breast and the teeth on her neck keep Emily in check.

Finally, Brittney's fingers reach their objective. She cups her hand over Emily's vagina careful not to let her fingers grace the lips. Brittney cleans the area around her crevice, kissing her neck all the while. After her brief earlier lesson in teasing, she picked up a few things. Soon, Emily is moaning softly and shifting her hips to try and catch the fingers that are always just a little too fast in escaping. Brittney smiles into her skin secure in knowing how much Emily wants her to proceed.

Brittney kisses up her neck and presses warm lips to Emily's ear. "What are we going to do about this?" she asks circling her lover's pussy. "I know you have some of him inside you. I felt his seed drip out of you and cover my chest earlier. I should make sure you are completely unsoiled before I continue."

Her words have the desired effect. They take hold of Emily's mind and intensify the desire her fingers are creating. Emily starts moving more urgently against her body. "I suppose I could try this," she punctuates her point by slipping her middle finger into Emily's hole. The exploration is short lived and only lasts for the single word before she finishes her statement. "But that might not do the trick." She waits for Emily's breathing to ease back to normal. Her sudden thrust made waves through Emily's body after the slow burn her teasing generated. When she calms enough that her breathing only hitches with each squeeze of her teat, Brittney continues. "I think I know just what you need."

She floats the two of them towards the water's edge. Temporarily releasing Emily's mound, she pulls the young woman's legs thighs together so she can lift Emily's lithe legs out of the water. She slides the legs along the chilly lip of the tub to dangle off the side. They drip water softly onto the tile below. Brittney has to curl her legs underneath Emily in a slightly awkward position, but this is a small sacrifice to repay Emily in kind for all she has done. Besides her legs form a better cushion for Emily's ass as they are. Her finger slips back between Emily's thighs to keep her complacent. And with her knees and slow movements, she searches the wall for what she needs.

Once found, she shields Emily's opening with her hand and moves them both into position. Slowly she moves her hand up along Emily's belly until the jet has nothing to hit but Emily's already primed channel. The constant stream of water flows over her crotch. The muscles in her legs tighten with the sudden pleasure, drawing her tight against the wall of the tub. The proximity intensifies the sensations driving her head back into the pillow of Brittney's breasts.

"That's it," she coos brushing her fingers through Emily's damp tresses. "Feel it pour through you. Over you. Feel it caress you everywhere you have ever wanted to be touched. Enjoy its power until it makes you scream."

Her words fall on mostly deaf ears. The moment the water starts to pulse against Emily she is beyond coherence. The constant rush of water flows into her crevice and never seems to retreat. It feels like someone is thrusting a watery penis into her repeatedly without ever withdrawing. The water forces its way into her body. It fills every last crevice of her cave. Her encumbered nerves cannot even register the water flowing back out of her because of the constant pressure. She has the constant sensation of being filled without end. And the bubbles swirl around her clitoris making her orgasm so intense her brain is incapable of even registering the words coming from Brittney's mouth.

Thankfully the other woman is there to hold Emily above water or she might have drowned. Her constant shaking and orgasm make her too weak to stay afloat. Without Brittney to help her in this position she may have simply sank under the surface and been unable to break free of her own earthly pleasure long enough to fight for breath. Or even worse, she might have broken the connection the water has with her pussy. Brittney caresses the senseless woman's breasts to

increase her sensation. It adds a subtle undercurrent of tingling under the raging orgasm, but the magnitude is comparing the force of wind generated by a desk fan to an F-5 tornado. The constant throb of water inside her turns her to jelly. Her orgasm seems to build on itself creating a larger ecstasy out of a million exploding points of pure bliss.

Every wanton thrash of her body changes the aspect of the connection. The force of the water concentrates against different areas of her pussy. Bubbles swarm against her clitoris and trail up her ass cheeks. But every angle is better than the moment before. When the big one hits her whole body tenses. She grips Brittney's hands so tight she leaves fingernail marks in the flesh. Brittney doesn't even register the pain. She looks down on Emily's orgasm contorted face with nothing but love. And if it isn't love than she doesn't care to know the difference. She kisses the rigid woman's forehead and waits for her to come down from cloud nine. She risks a quick glance to the control knob and checks the time. There is only two minutes left, but she cannot reach it considering how tightly Emily is holding her.

She rains kisses on the woman's face and lets the timer slowly run out. The sudden silence is deafening, but Emily is blissfully unaware of it. When the stimulation ends her body finally relaxes. Her legs loosen and drop her deeper into the tub. Brittney cradles her limp body against her bosom as she pulls them back into deeper water. Finally able to stretch her legs again, she pushes them over to a molded seat. Brittney keeps Emily's head above water, because she no longer has the strength to do much more than moan quietly. She plays with Emily's hair as it floats along the surface and lets the aftershocks ripple through them both.

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## **Chapter Five - Moth's Big Entrance**

The first words out of Emily's lips are, "I have got to get me one of these."

"Well you could always come to my house and use mine." The words were out of her lips before she could even think about them. Despite all they have already shared physically she knows virtually nothing about the woman in her arms. And yet, she does not regret the offer. It does make her a little self-conscious though. Even after their earlier clearing of the air, their relationship is new and she worries about overstepping any boundaries real or imagined.

"That sounds like a great idea," Emily says, her eyes shine dispelling any angst Brittney felt from making the offer.

She twists around and tackles Brittney into the water. They share another breath-stealing kiss before fighting their way to the surface for air. Laughing and coughing, the two women crawl out of the tub and dry each other off with the fluffy towels the hotel provides. Emily bends over to drain the tub. The bare ass is too tempting for the still horny Brittney. She slides her hand up Emily's inner thigh. Emily slides her feet apart freeing Brittney to bore into her moist fissure. Emily moans and grinds her body into Brittney's probing fingers. Brittney shocks her with a quick slap on her bare ass with nectar soaked fingers. Before Emily can react, she's off and running.

Brittney escapes into the room, but Emily is hot on her heels. The slapper gets tossed onto the bed and held down for the appropriate punishment of twenty long kisses. The two women are so engrossed with each other's bodies that they don't notice the large head watching them writhe together. However, it is impossible to miss the shift in weight when the Mastiff jumps onto the bed. He weighs slightly less than the two women combined and has no qualms about showing it off. He walks over to the pair and licks Emily's leg before sitting next to them.

“Moth,” Emily admonishes. “Can’t you see I’m a little occupied here?”

“Moth?”

“Oh yeah. You haven’t been properly introduced. I named him Moth, short for Behemoth. Moth, meet Brittney. Brittney, Moth.”

Brittney fights the gravity of the giant mutt to rise off the bed. “Pleasure to meet you,” she says extending her hand. Moth puts out his giant paw to her completely dwarfing her small hand. She coos happily and shakes his hand.

Emily sighs and pouts melodramatically, “I can see I’m not needed anymore.”

She rolls off the bed and onto her feet. Brittney whips around to object, but the smile on Emily’s face stops her words in her throat.

“Mothie,” Emily calls out. “Mama pie aid.”

The odd choice in words puzzles Brittney. But, she soon has other things to occupy her thoughts. A massive weight thumps into her chest flattening her to the bed. Her head turns back to the Mastiff automatically as it bounces off the comforter. Before she can react, his long tongue swipes across her breast. Looking down she sees Moth’s giant face licking her like a steak dinner. His tongue is rough and pulls at the sensitive skin of her globes.

The tongue is so wide it only takes him two licks to cover her whole breast in warm saliva. He works his way along her chest licking every bit of her. And once she’s soaked, he focuses on her nipples. The long muscle rolls in waves over her hardened tips. Every touch surges through her being at the speed of light. His coarse tongue makes her beg for more. And just when she thinks it can’t get any better he covers her whole breast in his massive jaws and works it over.

Brittney’s body goes completely rigid. Oddly, she is not afraid of being bit or hurt in any way, but the pleasure is indescribable. Soft moans break free from her throat and are all she can manage to utter as he gnaws on her titflesh. The overwhelming heat reminds her of the time she brought cookies out of the oven without a top on. But unlike the oven, his temperature is not a dry oppressive desert heat. It is a loving warmth that infuses her skin with excitement and moisture. She slips her fingers into her pussy without even realizing she is doing it. The need to cum is so overwhelming her body reacts without her direction.

Her breast feels like it has become one giant nipple. All of the sensitivity normally confined to those two small points has spread to wherever Moth touches her. The sexual gratification, rather than diffuse with the growing numbers of stimuli, amplifies with every nerve added to the bundle. When he moves his lumbering head to her other breast, the sudden heat combines with the cool air on her freed flesh to make her squirm. Her fingers dig deeply into her dripping snatch. She misses the feel of teeth and lips on her body, but Moth gives the other breast the same treatment.

Brittney thrashes back and forth beneath the monster. Her free hand grips his head pulling it hard against her body. And her busy hand finally frees itself from her grasping cave long enough to stroke her clitoris. That single touch sets off a fuse along her skin. It trails up her belly until it reaches her saliva coated knockers. When the duel sensations of clitoral and mammary pleasure collide she succumbs to an earth-shaking orgasm.

Gradually her voice and muscle control return. Her breast is still being assaulted, but the shocks of joy don’t incapacitate her completely. She extracts her liquid soaked hand from her nether region

and uses it to scratch the Mastiff's head. She scratches behind his ear and murmurs, "Good boy, Mothie."

Emily isn't sure if Brittney remembered his cue from earlier or is just acting instinctively, but either way she can't wait to see what happens next. Moth stops licking Brittney's breasts and slowly backs away. His tongue dangles from his mouth dragging against her skin. He keeps moving until his feet almost slip off the foot of the bed. Sensing the coming problem, he turns his whole body. He pivots on his front paws and carefully steps over Brittney's writhing body. Once he hovers over her completely, he stops moving.

His tongue hangs loosely out of his mouth. It moves with his momentum, gently slapping her crotch. His balls hang swinging right above her head. The sight makes her pussy seep even more. And his furry sheath hangs from his belly making her squirm. But his penis is still in hiding. His head drops in slow motion towards her legs. His moist breath tickles her pubes and she reaches up to scratch his sides in appreciation.

Suddenly the air bursts from her lungs, because over half a foot of slobbery tongue fills her fissure inside half a second. It plunges in again and again spreading her walls before it. She spares a thought of thanks for the vibrator that burst her hymen years ago. Otherwise the pulsing organ would have surely ripped through it. Instead of the bite of pain, no matter how brief, all she feels is the glorious pleasure of being eaten by a dog.

Emily was both right and wrong when she compared Moth favorably to her skill. They are both amazingly capable lovers. But their styles are completely different. At least what she'd sampled so far. Emily's touch was all gentle loving caresses. She teased Brittney silly until she was so worked up the clumsiest of lickings would have made her scream. Not that she is. Her follow-through was every bit as incredible as the wind-up.

Moth does not tease. He plays no gentle games of seduction. He goes from zero to five hundred in a blink of the proverbial eye. His powerful jaws latch onto her crotch covering her with heat and moisture. His head spreads her legs wide with no effort. His jowls lock on with the same tightness they used to attack her chest. The copious saliva mixes with the nectar of her prior orgasms and helps his tongue slither into her hole. And slither it does. It runs through her pubes. The ridge underneath strokes her clitoris. The tip flicks her lips open and burrows deep inside. Her pleasure has no time to gradually build. The buzz of an orgasm right below the surface is a constant companion.

Her hands move over his bulky body trying to convey some of her pleasure through her touch. And whether her hands do the trick or her pussy turns him on, she sees the tip of his cock ease out of its home. His tongue keeps slurping endlessly into her hole. She thinks she'll have the constant sub-orgasm pressure until a particularly deep stab makes her eyes cross and her hips grind up against the slurping mouth. She comes on his tongue filling his mouth with her nectar. When she turns her gaze back to the hanging balls, she spots delicate fingers wrapping around his sheath.

She tilts her head back to see the long curve of Emily's leg all the way up to her slit. Her arms come down around Moth's side to grasp his semi-hidden rod. She starts to stroke him and more of his dick slips out. Brittney moves one of her hands to Emily's leg so she can caress them both. Emily's expert hands quickly work him to a full erection. Brittney drools over the amazing sight. Last time it was either pounding Emily or spurting over them both. She finally gets her first close up view of dog cock in all its glory and it gives her an added thrill making her spurt again as her orgasm retakes her.

He laps up the burst of nectar without pause. And she watches his knot grow under Emily's ministrations. He's gradually humping her hands like they're an artificial pussy. Her hands move away and Brittney feels her weight shift on the bed. Her head sneaks between Moth's legs to appear above Britt. She gives her a smile and a deep kiss. Then she says, "Get ready for your present," before disappearing again.

The hand floats into view again and wraps around Moth's shaft. He resumes his steady rhythm helping her work his length. Her second hand wraps around the knot. It kneads the bulb and pulls on it in conjunction with the hand pumping the shaft. His humps start to jerk forward faster with more time between each thrust. Emily reads the signs well and tilts the jerking cock straight down. Brittney stares right into the hole on the tip of his dick. She has a split-second warning to close her eyes and open her mouth and she takes advantage of it.

Emily kneels down so she can see where she's aiming. The first shot splatters against Brittney's cheek. The next one coats her closed right eye. The third hits her target. It discharges right into Brittney's mouth. She gulps it down and opens up for more, though in the process of swallowing, several blobs of semen land on her lips. At this point the spunk comes in a constant stream. Emily tries to keep the shots confined to Brittney's mouth, but she has to swallow some time. Rather than waste the precious liquid on the bed sheets again, Emily tilts it towards Brittney's face and chest to give the co-ed a chance to breathe.

Eventually, his orgasm is complete and the flood of semen stops. Brittney wonders if this is what it feels like to have a plaster bust made of her head. Emily was very thorough in covering every exposed inch of skin on her face and upper chest. Brittney can feel the seed coating her eyelids and wisely chooses to keep them closed. Emily bends down next to her head and purrs, "Don't worry, I'll help. This load is all for you cutie."

She hovers over her lover and licks up the sperm covering her lips first. Once clean she plants her lips over Brittney's and levers her tongue inside. With the makeshift slide in place, she lets the accumulated jizz drip into Brittney's mouth. The moment it passes her lips, Brittney starts sucking on Emily's tongue like she just made her way clear of the desert and was offered her first taste of clean water. When her mouth is empty, Emily reclaims her tongue with a little effort and fills up with the plentiful cum sprayed across Brittney's skin. Slowly but surely, she guides every last drop to Brittney's gullet. All the while, Moth never stops licking up the constant flood of vaginal fluid from Brittney's quaking pussy.

With her eyes clear, she opens them to stare into Emily's. The fire in her eyes tells Emily just how much she is appreciated, but just in case she didn't get the memo Brittney pulls her head down and smooches her within an inch of her life. They break contact and Emily catches her breath before calling out, "Grandma's tits."

Moth finally stops eating pussy and stands where he is. Brittney shivers out the remainder of her orgasms. She takes a bit longer to calm herself down from the kiss since she had the added stimulation in her crotch. But as she does, she watches the red cock start to poke out again. She absently pets the growing shaft with weak fingers still hungry for more.

"It's time baby. He's ready for you."

A surge of adrenaline wipes the lethargy from her bones. She knows exactly what Emily is planning for her. She twists on the bed and hauls herself up until her back rubs against the soft fur of Moth's belly. She feels Emily's fingers between her lips poking at the saliva and nectar soaked cave. Then they are replaced with something decidedly thicker than her digits. Emily lodges the tip of Moth's



penis firmly in the mouth of Brittney's opening. She even pulls the horny woman's hips back a bit to secure the tool.

Ready, she weaves her way between the double pair of legs and looks up into Brittney's face. "I have something important to tell you, so listen close. Are you listening?"

Brittney is busy worming the insertion deeper into her body, but she manages to nod.

"Good. I'm not sure how much action you have seen, but my Behemoth is particularly well endowed. If you ever need him to leave you be just yell out 'Parliament' and he'll stop immediately. He may not pull out, but he'll let you free yourself from him. Are you ready?"

Brittney nods again still shifting her ass slowly back towards his balls.

Emily grips her shoulders firmly and smiles, "She's all yours Big Boy. Give it to me."

Moth's style does not change when he switches from tongue to using his cock to penetrate Brittney's snatch. The only difference is size and frequency. Brittney's grateful for the strong hands on her shoulders, because without them she might have been knocked off the bed entirely. She simply did not understand how much force a two hundred and twenty odd pounds of canine muscle is capable of. Especially when that force is directed at a woman half his size. She was so busy easing his erection deeper into her crevice that his first lunge catches her completely by surprise.

Before the last words roll off Emily's tongue he buries the full length of his bone into her. The power of his haunches is so great that even with Emily bracing her; she scoots forward a couple inches. He is far too large to grip her waist as he mates with her, so Emily acts as the balance holding her in place. Brittney breathes through her teeth and digs her arms into the bedding to help buttress herself for the next hit. The thick pole pulls slowly out of her and it feels like her walls are almost too tight to release his truncheon. He manages to pull himself free only dragging her back the few inches she gained from his thrust. Once clear, he pauses briefly and then slams home again shaking her body. With both women locked in place she manages to stay put and take the full impact into her channel.

She lets out a slow hiss of pain as her body accommodates the intrusion. Emily knows how brutal his instrument can be and she is a little worried for her. "Are you okay?"

"Oh God yes," she drawls. "Just getting used to the pressure. He's spreading me so wide. I've never had a vibrator this long or with a girth so great before. But the pleasure is infinitely better than the pain."

"All right, just remember the safe word. He's still growing into his full erection." She gives Brittney a kiss for good luck and watches the woman's face carefully. If Brittney becomes incapable of calling him off she wants to be ready to help her.

Brittney can only nod as Moth pounds her again. He isn't a jackhammer style of a lover. He takes his time between thrusts. But each one happens in the blink of an eye. Between one breath and the next she suddenly has a foot of meat in her pussy before it slowly draws out. Her body rapidly adjusts to his girth, which is lucky since his speed increases apace with her pleasure. The pauses between stabs dissipate and he begins humping her slim frame the instant he withdraws. The deep pounding brings her orgasm raging back to the surface. His punctuated method is a seduction all its own and it brings her screaming over the edge of ecstasy.

Her pulsing snatch grips his rod and squeezes it tight. Moth takes notice immediately. He sinks balls

deep into her and holds his position. The rippling flesh almost makes him cum with her, but the frequency of his recent ejaculations has eased the need in his balls. Instead, his huge paws wrap around her shoulders replacing Emily's grip with his immovable strength. After that, he stops pulling out as far. He is reluctant to remove himself fully from her amazing grip. He withdraws slightly until he still has a few inches still inside before butting up against her womb. His thick forelegs foreshadow his thrusts now. They tighten against her before he plows her furrow.

Emily, no longer needed for balance, wriggles her way down towards Brittney's bottom. Brittney wonders if Emily is going to take up her old position and add her lips to the fray. The driving pole subverts these thoughts and brings her back under his control. With his paws holding her tight, his pace increases again eliminating the temporary pause between thrusts. Pushing against his iron grip, she manages to match his rhythm by driving her ass into his balls. Her movements help to dampen his momentum and also deepen his penetration. The awareness of his member rubbing against the deepest parts of her makes her drool. But suddenly his cock loses a few inches of penetration. Emily grips the base, keeping it free of her embrace so the knot doesn't inflate inside Brittney.

She looks between her legs to see Emily's arm sticking up towards her snatch. "Stop," she calls out to the young woman. Thinking she forgot the safe word, Emily starts to say it for her. But she only manages the P sound before Brittney cuts her off. She can see Emily's lips forming the word and speaks over her.

"Not him, you!"

The response startles her and she worms her way back to Brittney's face. As soon as she releases the shaft it burrows back inside regaining the lost inches.

"Are you sure about this? You saw how large that knot can get. If you take it and it gets lodged inside you he won't be able to stop until he's done. And you'll be tied together for another twenty minutes or so afterwards. Trust me I know."

Brittney shivers in desire from some combination of anticipating the knot inside her and imagining it inside Emily. She caresses Emily's cheek to reassure her. She bends down to her lover. Moth's legs restrain her only so much and she is able to drop her body down to lay against Emily. After a brief gasp to punctuate the change in the angle of penetration she whispers, "Trust me. This is what I need."

She seals her desire with a kiss before the growing ball inside her snaps her head back up. He manages to remove the growing bulge from her pussy a few times before, just as Emily predicted, it expands too much to allow an escape. Every time he completes a thrust, he pulls hard at her entrance; but it does not budge. His drill only buries deeper into her making her moan with every movement. His now fully erect member fills her so wonderfully it makes her entire being shake. Emily cannot tell if it is too much for the other woman. She has no idea that this is Brittney's first warm-blooded vaginal infiltration. She feels helpless and unsure if the knot is too much of a good thing and crossing the boundary between pain and pleasure. So she does the only thing she can think of to help turn the tide towards pleasure.

Using her elbow to help lever her up, she uses her free hand to grasp Brittney's face and kiss her. With her lips on target, she slips her fingers along Brittney's body to press her clit against the knot bulging inside her. She goes off like a rocket. Her mouth breaks free of Emily's as it contorts and a stream of moans bellow out from inside. Moth is incapable of holding back with his cock nursed by Brittney's warm undulating channel. A few last powerhouse slams are all the warning Brittney has

before he explodes inside her. He unloads his seed on her for the third time this night, but only the first time inside her pussy. Emily drops to the bed and spins around. She's suddenly desperate to return Brittney's earlier favor. She rises up on her elbows and licks the joining of woman and beast.

Brittney collapses against Emily's thighs. Her arms can no longer be able to support her weight. Especially with the steady thrum of pleasure running through her with every lick of Emily's tongue. Moth continues to spray-paint her insides cum white. But even after he finishes, he follows his training to the letter. He waits patiently for her body to release him rather than yank out and possibly cause her injury. Emily is content to softly lick up what small amounts of sperm make their way around the knot. When it ultimately deflates enough to allow separation, she cradles the exhausted woman against her body and gently eases them down to the bed.

The Mastiff lumbers off the bed and into the corner to lick himself clean. And Emily takes advantage of their opportune positioning to suck the ejaculate held inside Brittney's pussy. Soft mewls of delight whenever Emily's tongue slips inside her pussy are the only indication that she even recognizes what's happening beyond of her orgasm-addled brain. When Emily finishes her cleaning job, her head falls back to the bed and she squeezes Brittney tightly.

Brittney in due course stirs and manages to turn herself around so the two women can cuddle up together. Emily's able tongue made sure that they did not have the stickiness issue that arose before. She's still physically exhausted, but her mind is going a million miles a minute. She can't stop talking about how amazing he was and how stupendous Emily was as well. Her sexual fervor calms down over time and they begin to talk about less illicit topics. They are both stunned to find out that they go to the same college. And Brittney is quite intrigued when Emily confirms that Moth is her pet. They end up talking long into the night until they are both too exhausted to stay awake. They finally fall asleep in each other's arms with a big furry blanket to keep their feet warm.

The next morning, Emily skips the front door meeting to take the limo back to campus. The others know that their benefactor is watching to make sure nothing untoward happened, so none of them will worry if she doesn't show. Besides she has someplace better to be. Brittney escorts the younger woman and her pet to the convertible her daddy bought. She drives them to the house her daddy pays for. But as they walk across the threshold together, for the first time in a while her mind isn't worrying over her father or his new wife. She only has thoughts for her two new roommates and lovers and what the future might hold for them all.

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Chapter Six - Repression Released

The final results vindicate Cassandra's original impression. Just as she thought, the man she first laid eyes on is the one to bid the most for her. The outcome is completely unsurprising. She aimed her assets at others in the crowd to help raise her price. The horny males eagerly raised their hands as the Hostess goaded them along. But she didn't even have to look in his direction. He was hooked when their eyes first met. What does surprise her; however, is what happens when the auction ends. He stands up to pay, but before heading to the cashier he gives the woman next to him a lingering kiss.

She makes sure her surprise doesn't show on her face and ruin the cold front she is cultivating, but the act intrigues her. From the way he was eye-humping her, she fully expected him to be a bachelor. Or at the very least, not be doing it in full view of his significant other. But that kiss held more passion than befits a mere acquaintance. She estimates the two are in their early forties and the woman is gorgeous. What could drive a man to so eagerly pay for her company when he has a

beautiful woman right next to him?

Despite Frank's outward display of affection towards his wife, they have not consummated their marital bed for over a year. When they first started dating and eventually married, the stereotypical honeymoon period was in full swing. The two tumbled into bed at the drop of a hat. But that lustful time waned and their frantic lovemaking gradually became infrequent. It wasn't either of their intentional oversight, they both just lost interest. The hustle and bustle of married life, even without children, keeps them busy. Vivian found her sex drive waning. And Frank's mind wandered towards fantasies of other women.

While he loves his wife, his type of woman always did run more towards exotic women. In fact, in early high school, the few girlfriends he had were all of Eastern decent. He has no idea why Asian women make his blood pump faster, but his parents noticed the trend faster than his adolescent mind realized his personal predilection. They couldn't help but see who their only son and heir spent so much time with and they were none too happy about it. Soon after, they sat him down and laid down the law. If he didn't find himself a future wife that was enough of a WASP to fit into their conception of his future family than he would be cut off completely.

The explicit disapproval of his desires made them all the more intense for the young teenager. But he did what he thought was the hardest thing any hormonal teenager had ever been forced to do. He suppressed his raging libido for the good of his future, and his bank account. While some rebellious teenagers would have acted out by only dating girls their parents disapproved of, Frank decided to swear off women altogether. He was so terrified that his parents would find out if he strayed that he threw himself into his schoolwork rather than allow them to dictate who he could or couldn't date. His renewed academic rigor helped him become one of only a few of his peers to get a scholarship to his top college choice rather than gaining acceptance after his parents donated a new stadium or library.

Even in college, he did not have the self-confidence to shun his parents support in favor of his penis. Their control only served to raise his hackles to the point of ignoring the fairer sex. His resolve managed to last another year. In his Sophomore year Intro to Chemistry class he met Vivian. She was a vision of beauty. Her long blonde hair shimmered in the sunlight streaming through the classroom. Her laughter lit up her face, and she laughed frequently. She had a dancer's body all lean muscle and grace. The only thing keeping her from a life of ballet was the extra cup size puberty gifted her and an intellectual propensity for case law. She was quick to smile and it made her dazzling blue eyes glow with warmth. In fact, she was the perfect picture of the woman his parents wanted as a daughter-in-law, but he wasn't thinking about that. All he was thinking about was learning more about the vivacious co-ed.

Frank was not bad looking himself. His short cut brown hair suited him well. And he had the athletic body borne of good genes and the occasional intramural game of football or basketball rather than years of hard training. Vivian certainly found him handsome and was just as willing to get to know him. Although she didn't have a parental edict on who she could date, she was raised to be old fashioned. Making the first move never even entered her head. All of her rebellious streak against her upbringing was tied up in becoming a successful lawyer. She had no gumption left over to join the tail end of the sexual revolution.

When he asked her to be his lab partner, she readily agreed hoping it might turn into something more. However, unlike many college boys, he was more interested in her company than her sex organs. He thought she was beautiful and wanted to spend more time just being with her. Unfortunately, he was a little too engrossed with her one day in lab and spilled a flask of alcohol. It poured along the desk and pooled under their Bunsen burner. The two bonded over the ensuing

firefight and became fast friends. He wasn't looking for a girlfriend, so he could be friends with her without the pressure to impress her. The ease he felt around her let him be his charming self. And she discovered that he was more than just a pretty face.

Their bond grew stronger over the months. A myriad of small touches and long talks over their association steadily ratcheted up the sexual tension, but they both ignored it to the best of their ability. Months progressively became years. Vivian had a few boyfriends during that time. Her old fashioned raising kept her mute on the subject of sex, even with her boyfriends, but she came to enjoy it thoroughly. She started taking birth control prescribed from a local clinic, just in case. The thought of bringing it up to her family doctor terrified her, but she understood the risks of being unprotected.

Frank, on the other hand, maintained his self-imposed celibacy throughout. Vivian had her suspicions about his inexperience, but they never talked about those kinds of things. Much less the ultimatum his parents placed on his shoulders. However, she never saw him with any other women, or men for that matter. Everything else in their life they shared, but decades of repressive rearing in sexuality are not easily discarded.

The two were so close, that they rented a house together their Senior year. Their degree programs had diverged slightly in the intervening years. Frank was prepping for entry into graduate school for his MBA. Vivian was diligently working on applications for law school. Late one night, Vivian called Frank to her room to help her revise an entrance essay. When he came to her room he had to pause at the door.

Vivian was sitting at her desk with a second chair pulled up beside her for him. She leaned forward intent on the first or possibly eighth draft of her letter lying on the cheap plastic desktop. Her tight controlled handwriting littered the page with her most likely fabulously written essay. Her head bobbed back and forth in time with her feet swinging underneath her chair. But what draws Frank's attention was her chest.

She was so distracted with trying to perfect her latest application that she forgot she was in her bedclothes when she called him in. Her nightshirt is nothing more than a loose t-shirt that hung low enough to cover the panties that were her only protection against the elements. While he could not see her lack of pants, the neckline of her shirt, aided by her bent posture, dipped low off of her body. From where he was standing he could see her breasts swinging free.

His mouth hung open for a minute before she noticed him. Moving upright, she broke his eye's connection to her bare flesh, but he still had an odd look on his face. Looking down, she realized how underdressed she was. Blushing furiously, she dashed over to her bed and threw on the bathrobe that was lying there. But not before flashing Frank a glimpse of her pert posterior wrapped in nothing but thin purple cotton.

The white robe covered all and he snapped out of his lustful thoughts. He shoved those desires down into the little box with the rest of them. Vivian told herself he couldn't have seen anything despite the blush spreading down her neck. With them both firmly in denial, they set to work. But the pheromones flitting in the air are thick enough to taste. Vivian wonders if she subconsciously let herself be caught nearly nude to force Frank's hand. Thoughts of what would have happened if she had left the robe where it was filled her mind. Her fantasies made her wet and her concentration falter. Finally, after working long into the evening on revisions, the levee burst.

He was leaning over the desk pointing out a correction when they turned to each other. Their eyes met. Their noses almost touched. He could smell the hint of cinnamon on her breath from recently

spat out gum. Their lips came together and time stopped. They sat there lips barely pressed together simply breathing each other in. His hand sought hers and held it in her lap while they enjoyed the touch of lips to lips.

They parted after a few minutes. Their foreheads pressed together. Panting in unison. Their hearts beat loudly making their ears rush with the sound of their blood. But once started, they couldn't stop. They came together again and this time the gentleness gave way to utter need. The years of repressed desires bubbled up out of Frank like a geyser. They fumbled out of the desk chairs and he lifted her onto the desk. Her robe fell off her shoulders leaving her sitting in just a shirt and panties.

But Frank was too busy exploring her mouth with his tongue to enjoy the view. Her naked legs wrapped around his waist. His instincts took over and he started blindly dry humping her crotch into the desk. The thin metal groaned under their combined weight. The sounds of imminent collapse worried him enough to break through his hormone saturated brain. He scooped Vivian up by her ass and they stumbled over to her bed. Their lips never separated making the journey exciting and blind.

He turned at the last moment and Vivian rode him into the mattress. She ripped his clothes free with the sound of burst buttons scattering over her bedroom floor. She yearned to feel his skin against hers. Even the brief separation needed to pull his pants free was too long. And once she felt his erection pressing into her panties she didn't want to move again. He took the initiative and ripped her panties off without lifting her body. The waistband pulled at her hips momentarily, and then she finally felt his hardness pressing directly into her wetness. After all this time, they were finally coming together. She had no idea she was the more experienced participant, but she could not wait any longer. She squirmed against Frank's rod. Her fluids coated his length with her excitement. He gasped in surprise at how amazing it felt. She was the first person other than him to touch him intimately.

She smiled at his reaction. Either she was correct in her assumption of his naiveté, or she was even better than she thought. Modesty forbade the second option. She kissed him again, hovering slightly above the bed. She crawled forward onto the bed proper. Her lips led him along with her until they were both fully on the bed. Vivian broke the kiss and reached back to grasp his penis now slick with her juices. Her hand guided the head to her labia. Without the kiss to hold her down, she rose on her knees and slid the tip between her lips. He groaned loudly as her nectar dribbled down his length. She lodged his head at her entrance and dropped her weight down. He sank fully into her warm, wet, and welcoming crevice. The bliss of his first pussy was indescribable.

Taken by an uncontrollable need, he sat up. He unintentionally pulls his rod free of her clasp, but he needs the taste of her lips again. They share a heated kiss, but the pole rubbing between her lips makes Vivian ache. She gently pushes him back to the bed. Her hands guided his up to her breasts for support.

He kneaded her globes keeping him distracted while she readjusted his tool. It plunged into her again like a knife through hot butter. His hands tensed almost painfully tight on her breasts, but he relaxed soon. She ground their pubic bones together. His rod pulsed with unmitigated pleasure. His inexperienced hips pushed up against her slight weight.

They gyrated under the influence of their hormones. But their first time is not fated to last. Vivian's crevice is infinitely warmer, tighter, and better than his hand. He cannot hold back. His seed filled her receptacle in steady bursts. Once done, he relaxed into the pillows exhausted. Vivian was still keyed up, but she could feel him slipping free already. With his hands no longer supporting her, she bent over to snuggle with him.

After a few minutes of rest, she suggested they clean up. They wandered naked over to the bathroom and hopped in the shower together. The stall was not big enough to hold a tub, but plenty large enough to fit two people comfortably. It was a simple shower stall with blue tile walls and a sliding glass door. Vivian bent over to switch on the taps. Her ass did wonderful things to his crotch when she arched her back. The pipes started up and sprayed warming water over the two. The warm water cascaded over their bodies. It wiped the sweat away with sheets of steaming liquid. The newly christened lovers shared kisses and a million small touches under the waterfall. Wherever his hands touched her a fire swirled out along her skin. Vivian was still aroused from before, but she was hesitant to start anything so soon.

Instead, she soaped up her washcloth and started wiping Frank down. She pushed him out of the spray so she could ensure full coverage of the soapy bubbles. She took special care of his genitals. His balls were polished. His pubes were shampooed. And his cock was rubbed with the cloth until it stood out straight.

Seeing his erection wiped away her reluctance. She turned him around and soaped up his back. She squeezed the washcloth letting the suds drip over him. Then she molded herself to his back. Her breasts slid against Frank and she was forced to wrap her arms around him to keep steady. She dropped the rag and filled her hand with his cock in its place.

She slowly worked the suds into his length. His hand thumped against the tiled wall and his leg started to shake. Unexpectedly, she stopped. By the time his brain caught up to her disappearance she had retrieved the fallen cloth. Vivian turned her back to him and let the rush of water flow over her hard nipples. The cloth hung by a finger over her shoulder in a clear invitation.

He took the cloth from her and returned the favor of cleaning her back. The rhythmic caress of the soft fabric and the falling water lulled Vivian into a hypnotic state. The gap between their bodies gradually shrank until his stomach pressed against her back. His soapy penis pressed between her thighs from behind. Vivian mewled appreciatively when the bulbous tip brushed her burning lips.

Frank's arms wrapped her up tight. His hands roamed across her skin enflaming her desire. She pushed back into his chest. Her thighs rolled his slippery member like a cigarette. One hand made its way down her belly to spread the petals of her sex. Frank kissed and sucked the water off of the skin of her neck while his finger wriggled into her channel. The way his fingers curled against her rubbed across her hardened clit whenever he pushed inside her.

Vivian braced her arms against the tile in front of her. The sensations threatened to drop her in a puddle onto the floor. The changed angle made it difficult for Frank to reach her with his finger, but he had a better idea. He pulled back enough to free his cock from her thighs and pressed into her from behind. His hands hold her hips steady. His cock sunk effortlessly into her cave. Frank's hips slowly rocked his prick in and out of her.

The water flowed along Vivian's back and down between the cheeks of her ass. The liquid washed away the soap and added warmth to their connection. Spurred on by the running water and Vivian's moans, Frank sped up. His hips slapped against Vivian's ass filling the small bathroom with the echoes of their lovemaking. His hands started to slip from her pelvis and he shifted his grip to her pubic bone.

Either from sheer luck or instincts shaped by years of porn viewing, his fingers landed directly on her clitoris. They moved in circles in time to his thrusts. Vivian was already nearing her breaking point. The prior build-up and extended shower foreplay turned her into a primed powder keg. And his fingers and cock lit the fuse.

She slammed her ass into Frank when she came. He has to shift his feet to steady himself, and his hard fought control falters. Her added momentum and the rippling of her birth canal milked him like a cow. With a final grunt, he released his semen into her undulating pussy.

With his balls drained once more, he collapsed forward adding a hand to her pair already on the wall. He kissed her neck gently with what little strength wasn't designated to keeping him upright. His phallus flopped out of Vivian allowing his seed to drip down the drain with the water. Vivian fumbled the taps off with loose fingers. The weary lovers emerged into the steamy bathroom and toweled each other dry. They shared a smile knowing that everything was going to be different now.

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## **Chapter Seven - Frank's Foibles**

Vivian and Frank's whirlwind romance led to a wedding in the Hamptons soon after graduation. However, as the decades passed, his old desires came back even stronger. The older he got, the more he wanted to relive his teenage glory days. In particular he yearned to date younger Asian women again. But now it wasn't his parents staying his wandering. He truly does love Vivian and he couldn't bear to leave her. His cock just did not want to enter her any more.

After years of intermittent relations and desires unfulfilled; he turned to escorts to satiate his sexual needs. It seemed like the perfect solution to him. He has a great emotional relationship with his wife. He doesn't want a girlfriend on the side. He just needed someone to burn off a few extra calories with and help him feel young again. And it was ridiculously easy to cater to his preferences. Finding Asian companions was as easy as picking up the phone. The ease in satisfying his decades of yearning was the icing on the sex cake. He also liked how straightforward the whole process was. No games to play or coy seductions to plan. They both know what they are for from the word go. And if she was the take charge kind of gal willing to teach him a thing or two for a few extra twenties, all the better.

The arrangement worked perfectly up until Vivian found out. He thought that would end their marriage then and there. But she had her own secrets. She noticed the change in their sex life. It was impossible not to. But her sex drive had diminished over time. She enjoyed the intimacy they shared, but getting herself worked up towards actually pouncing on him never happened. She started to wonder if he was going through the same slump or if he was getting a little something on the side. She got a little suspicious when he suddenly started going to the gym more frequently and at odd hours of the night.

They may not have had children, but she watched the news. She picked up a GPS watch they sell to keep track of your children and hid it in his car. The next time he left for the gym, she waited twenty minutes and followed after the signal. It led her to a motel on the far side of town. She assumed he was in one of the rooms, but she could not be sure which one. It wasn't an overly large motel and all of the rooms had outside entrances and large picture windows, so she decided to peek in a few rather than go home immediately.

When she found his window and took a peek inside, she saw him grabbing some other woman by the waist and slamming her so hard the bed was bumping against the wall. She had mentally prepared herself for him cheating on her, especially after finding him at a run-down motel. But where she expected to be filled with righteous anger, lust burned through her. Blood rushed to her face. Her skin flushed. Her eyes locked onto the sight of two nude bodies working in unison. Seeing her husband plowing some young thing made her unbelievably horny. She could only watch the lurid tableau for a few minutes before she couldn't stand it anymore. She dashed back to her car and



fingered herself to orgasm right there in the parking lot. The whole time she envisioned her husband in her mind's eye sticking it to the little Asian hottie.

The next day she still could not get the thought of them out of her mind. She had not felt the ferocity he showed the other woman in a long time. And thinking about it brought back sense memories of Frank taking Vivian from behind in much the same way. She was still turned on that morning, but couldn't bring herself to talk with Frank about what she was feeling. Now that she saw him with someone else, she worried he would not be interested in her at all. And she did not know where to even start such a conversation. They never talked about their sex life or lack thereof. The lack sat there like the elephant in the room. She was content with that arrangement before; however, when her desires grew to the size of that proverbial elephant she needed release.

That day, she took a long lunch break and did something she had never attempted before. She went to a sex shop. Her fingers did the trick the night before, but she was hungry for something larger between her legs. Not knowing what she would like, she hurriedly bought an assortment of dildos and vibrators before her heated blush could give her away as a virgin shopper. She stashed her new purchases in the trunk and drove back to work. Her body sang with the need to try them out and discover which ones she liked best.

She did not have long to wait. The night after she made her purchases, Frank left with a quick kiss and his gym bag in hand. She waited until he was down the street a bit and followed after his trailing brake lights. He led her back to the same motel. The second time, she was close enough behind him to observe him entering a different room. She sat in her car working up the courage to approach the motel room again. Her hands gripped the wheel so hard her knuckles whitened. She was absolutely terrified that someone would notice her peeping and she had no idea what she would do if that happened. But in the end, the vision of Frank plowing a complete stranger again and again like a feral beast took precedence over her hesitation. She crept up to the picture window and peeked around the mostly shut curtains. Frank was already nude and standing at the foot of the bed. Vivian didn't know that he was paying for the privilege so the sight of a different woman surprised her.

The new woman was standing on the bed half-way through a striptease. Her smooth skin was wrapped in shadows with only a single desk lamp to illuminate her dance. She was already down to matching purple lace bra and panties. With a deft flick of her fingers, her bra came loose and slid down her arms. She hung it from the crook of her elbows. Her arms shielded her nipples from view while leaving little else to the imagination. Her arms moved like a pair of snakes without ever exposing her hard nipples to the open air. She approached the eager man with a smile on her lips. The moment she came close enough he reached up towards her ass. She danced away to the head of the bed. She maintained her covering the whole way and shook her finger at him in a clear rebuke.

The bra slipped into her hands, finally exposing her orbs completely. She collected the undergarment in one hand and flung it at the horny man. Her bra flew out of her hands landing right on Frank's head. She giggled which carried through a slight gap in the window to Vivian's ears. Frank's dick filled with blood at the sight of a beautiful lady in nothing but a small pair of lace panties. He was already semi-hard from the show, but her nudity compelled his cock to fill with blood and lurch free of his sack. He pulled the bra off of his head and hung it around his raging boner.

She smiled appreciatively at his balancing act. She sank into the pillows beneath her butt exuding the presence of a reigning queen. He put his bare knee onto the bed without losing the hanging bra. But she shook a finger back and forth once more in a clear indication that he was not to move yet. He conceded to her wishes and withdrew his leg to stand firmly on solid ground. He remained motionless at the foot of the bed, waiting. His penis on the other hand seemed incapable of staying

still. It twitched in mid-air desperate to plunge into the tasty morsel in front of it. Vivian could almost hear it begging Frank for release.

The woman rewarded his prompt submission to her will with the finale to her strip. Her long legs arched up over her head raising her pert butt off the bed sheets. The delicate fabric wrapped her skin tightly. It molded to her bottom like a lifecast. But not for long. She pulled the small scrap of clothing off of her ass and up over her legs. The legs then fell down to the bed revealing her shaved pussy to both husband and wife. Her legs spread wide enough for Vivian to see everything from her small gap in the curtains. Her heart started thumping like a hammer and her eyes flicked from man to woman wondering what was going to happen next. Frank stayed motionless, but the Queen in her throne of pillows took to action.

She extended her neck and clutched it with one hand. The movement exaggerated its length making her look almost swan-like for the briefest of moments. Her hand wandered slowly down her body. It paused briefly to cup and caresses her breasts. The fingers splayed out and rubbed her areoles. But the hesitation was brief and it continued its winding path down over the flat expanse of her belly. After an arduous journey, her middle finger nestled between the unprotected lips of her vagina. It sank inside as if pulled by quicksand and her butt jumped as if surprised at the touch. Or maybe she had a joy buzzer hidden on her finger.

Her fingers played with her labia. They spread the lips apart revealing her inner folds and the finger disappearing inside. They flitted across her entrance encouraging her arousal to grow. Her other hand rose back to her small breasts and tweaked her nipples. She worked her slender digit in and out of her hole for several minutes. Her closed eyes and the smile on her lips spoke of incalculable pleasure. Occasionally, her finger flicked out from her crevice as if to fling her juices down the length of the bed towards Frank. The playful hands obscured Vivian's vision from seeing what was happening in the escort's depths, but she saw Frank's eyes grew wider and his tongue snaked out to lick his lips.

Every time her finger pulled out of her pussy and snapped straight, Frank watched the hole generated by her penetration snap closed like a bear trap. Her vaginal walls were so tight that if she hesitated at all he would miss the show. The sight forced him to imagine her tight walls coiled around his member and sucking him dry. However, the show must go on. A shiver of anticipation was all he allowed himself to telegraph his desire.

Eventually, she stopped penetrating herself with a slender finger. Her digits closed together into a solid grouping and worked small circles into her hardened clitoris. She moaned softly and humped her hips into her moving hand. The moans grew louder as her hands sped up. Her hips started moving in time with her hand. They moved in opposition to the direction of her hand increasing both the sensation and the exposure of her pink crevice with every cycle. She also made sure to spend several long moments pulling her mound open with both her fingers and the movement of her thighs. These instances let her catch her breath and ensured Frank had the best view in the house.

After a few more gut-wrenching minutes, her slick hand moved up her belly. It left a trail of her nectar along her skin as it went. It briefly joined the other in massaging her boobs before continuing up to her dark lips. She ran her tongue along her finger before slowly sucking it into her mouth. She quickly replaced the vaginal fluids on her middle digit with saliva before returning it to her hole. This time she pressed the tip of her finger against her entrance and kept it there arching over her sex like a spider.

With excruciating sluggishness, it disappeared inside her pussy again. She let out a low moan as she penetrated herself. Her rumbling moan grew louder and higher as more of her finger vanished

inside her magical opening. By the time her hand was flush against her skin she was moaning so loud Vivian was afraid someone would come to investigate.

Her hips worked hard against the buried finger. Her voice started to waver as she worked herself up. And her finger started pumping in time to her ass bouncing on the bed. Her juices flowed over her hand completing the cycle of nectar and saliva as her lubricant of choice. She added another finger with a short gasp using the dual penetrators to spread herself wider for Frank. She plumbed the depths of her cave until the steady slap of her palm against her crotch grew louder than her ecstatic murmurings.

The sounds trailed off as her fingers left their home. But her throat revved up like a stock car when her slick fingers returned to her clit. She started working her clitoris with slow circles of her soaked fingers. Vivian was enamored with watching the beautiful maiden moan and writhe on the bed. Her fingers mimicked the motions though only on her thigh rather than her dripping snatch. She fought her natural inclination to pleasure herself on their balcony for fear of getting caught with her hand in the nookie jar.

The prostitute gradually increased the pace of her swirling fingers. Every circle pushed at her lips exposing her sex to the married couple. Her leg dropped lower and with her hands in motion, Vivian could grasp the full picture. The woman's sex opened to her gaze like a flower in spring. Nectar dripped from the petal-like lips. It clung to her fingers and they flung it along her thighs. With every increase in pace, her fevered mutterings ratcheted up both in decibel and octave. Soon her whole body was shaking and her hand became a blur of movement. A river of juice flowed down the crack of her ass and she slammed her fingers inside once more before all movement ceased. Well, all conscious movement. Her body still shivered uncontrollably for a minute. And Vivian's knees shook. She never saw someone take such pleasure in their own body before. She longed to touch herself in that way.

Frank remained exactly where he was, though Vivian could see his right hand twitch. He was just as desperate as her to masturbate, but they held back for very different reasons. The slide of a drawer pulled Vivian's attention back to the woman, but all she saw was her bare ass wiggling in the air. She pulled something out of the far bedside table that Vivian couldn't see well enough to identify. She put whatever it was between her teeth and slowly crawled towards Frank. She arrived at the foot of the bed and Frank's bra stand was within licking distance. Vivian finally identified the mystery object as a condom wrapper. She spared a thought of thanks that they were being safe before locking back onto the show.

The mystery woman flung the bra aside exposing Frank's full length. It jumped a bit in anticipation of coming fun. She ripped open the package and quickly applied it to the jerking penis. Vivian tore her gaze away from the pair and glanced around quickly. She did not want to look away, but her fear of getting caught peeping on her own husband was far greater than the fear of missing anything steamy. Reassured no one was around to see her, she looked back into the room.

The woman was standing on the edge of the bed looking down at her husband. His rod looked odd wrapped in the purple condom. It arched up toward the young girl as if trying to grow long enough to impale her from the ground. She glanced down at it with palpable hunger and jumped into Frank's arms.

He caught her ass handily and supported her against his chest. After a bit of one-handed fumbling, he guided his cock to her entrance. His hand drifted back to her waist and helped her slide down his pole. Her squeals of delight traveled easily and made Vivian wetter. Frank gripped the flesh of her ass and lifted her free. He combined arm strength and rapid hip thrusts to bounce the young girl off

of his cock for several minutes. Vivian had to fight her own hand's inclination to slip under her dress. Being caught peeping is one thing. If anyone caught her masturbating as well she would die.

After risking another quick glance around, Vivian returned to the action just in time to see the pair crash onto the bed. The woman's ankles locked behind his back holding their chests together. He slammed into her making the bed bounce under her body. Vivian could almost hear the wet squelch of his latex-wrapped shlong filling her cavity. In a daze, Vivian slipped her hand under her dress to rub between the moist folds of her vagina. The sight preoccupied her brain to such an extent that she could no longer entertain the thought of being caught.

Her lips parted before her questing fingers. The abundant lubricant made the journey easy for the fingers. She had to fight back the urge to moan lest it carry through the crack to the writhing lovers. The stranger unhooked her legs giving him a bit more room to build up speed. He grabbed her ankles and helped lift them up over her head. The legs blocked his view of her beauty, but provided a great platform to lean against. With his weight held by her body, Frank could focus his energy on slamming her with his meat.

Before long, his legs started to shake with the effort of holding him upright and active. Vivian started to feel weak in the knees too, but for an entirely different reason. His strokes slowed and he paused to catch his breath. The woman pulled herself free and twisted her body away. Vivian thought she might be done with him, but was quickly dissuaded from that line of thought. She laid herself face down on the bed. Her neck twisted around to look in his eyes and she smacked her ass in an open invitation.

Frank crawled up after her without hesitation. Her legs shut tight and she grabbed a nearby pillow to cradle her head. His fingers probed her crack hunting for her slit. She moaned enthusiastically and lifted her ass enough to give him eyes on his target. He guided his purple missile to the opening and sank in to the hilt.

For a moment he simply laid atop her body grinding his cock into her. Vivian similarly ground her fingers into a different orifice. Once he caught his breath he resumed his hard thrusts. She stroked his leg with her toes, but maintained the position of her thighs. The closeness of her legs kept her pussy tight around his invading member. Her tight box massaged his cock and he started humping faster. His balls tightened and his finale approached.

With a loud groan he unleashed his seed into the protective latex barrier. He collapsed onto the woman's back breathing hard. But Vivian was already gone. Half-way through his final position she couldn't take the fire any longer. She dashed back to her car, her fingers dripping nectar as she ran. She hastily clicked off the lock as she approached her car. Thinking fast, Vivian shimmed out of her panties and hopped into the passenger seat. She reclaimed her fallen underwear before shutting the door behind her. Always thinking ahead, she had moved all of her recent purchases into the glove compartment for the night's events. She threw her panties in with them and searched for something long and hard.

She groped in the darkness for anything dick shaped to ram into her crevice. Luckily her spare flashlight wasn't the first thing she found. Instead, she managed to get a grip on a rabbit, which makes sense since it was the largest of her small collection. She only waited long enough to ensure she had the base in hand before shoving the full length into her pussy. She held it inside enjoying the feeling of something other than her fingers for the first time in months. Little surges of pleasure pulsed through her from both vagina and ass.

It took her several moments of enjoying the sensations before she realized that not all of the

vibrations betwixt her nethers were her body's doing. While she did manage to plunge the cock head between her lips, she had inserted the rabbit upside down and her pinkie had activated the lowest setting. The secondary vibrator nestled firmly between her cheeks and sent shivers up her spine. And the main head pulsed within her in time to her rising orgasm.

She started sliding the toy back and forth encouraging the growth of her lust, but the combination of her long dress and the confining passenger seat made the movement awkward. Throwing caution to the wind, she kicked off her shoes before carefully rearranging herself until her legs arched over the dashboard. The undertaking did fantastic things to the phallus and once she had enough room to spread her legs she was impatient to pleasure herself. If anyone wandered by they could have seen her legs on the dashboard although her activity would be shrouded by her dress. But it was a risk she was willing to take. She knew she would never make it home without exploding with need.

Her hand worked the toy expertly for a beginner. She moved it in and out all the while thinking about watching her husband take that younger woman like an animal. Her fingers occasionally hit the various settings on the underside of the rabbit. The speed and intensity would vary with almost every thrust, but she couldn't bring herself to stop long enough to explore the controls. She was so focused on the pleasant humming in her ass crack that she didn't even consider where that shaking bunny would be should she turn it the other way.

Eventually, the frequent changes exasperated her though. Each one felt exciting, but the changes were distracting her from her fantasy. On the subsequent pull out, she turned the vibe around in the hopes that her thumb would be less prone to changing the tune every other second. Luckily, she was right. Furthermore, her thin fingers made one more change before the controls left their vicinity. They triggered maximum power.

The head spun like a top, grinding against her walls as it pushed its way up. She slowed her progress dramatically to enjoy every nuance of the whirring dildo. When the texture changed she gasped and slipped an extra inch in out of pure hunger. And when it hit bottom, the two silicone ears snuggled up to her love button on each side and shocked her with their high-speed vibrations. Her fantasies bore fruit and her orgasm broke the surface.

Her body shook as fast as the battery operated animal between her legs. Then her head suddenly slammed against the headrest and her body went rigid. Her feet pressed hard against the windshield leaving imprints where warm flesh met cold glass. Her mouth froze open in an eternal silent scream. Her arms locked in place keeping the toy trapped inside her and making her orgasm all the sweeter. The only part of her that could move was her toes. They slowly curled up squeaking their way across the clean surface above them.

Gradually her pleasure subsided and she let the vibrator slip from her fingers. The rabbit spun tirelessly and slowly worked its way free of her slit. It landed wet and whirring on the floor mat below. Without the constant stimulation, Vivian sank bonelessly into the leather seat and stared out at the empty parking lot through half-lidded eyes. But what she saw made her sit bolt upright as adrenaline surged through her. Frank was leaving the motel room and with a quick peck on his most recent lover's cheek, he headed off towards his nearby car.

Panic gripped Vivian. She just knew he would see her playing with herself in the parking lot and it made her feel both guilty and embarrassed. But he didn't spare the open area a second glance before hopping into his auto and burning rubber. Vivian relaxed, but in spite of her fears of being caught she was already thinking ahead to the next time.

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Chapter Eight - Breaking and Entering

On the way home, she considered dropping by the grocery store to pick up a few odds and ends. The items would explain her absence should Frank beat her home. With her mind mulling over shopping, inspiration hit. She saw several models of strap-on vibrators on her last excursion to the adult shop. With one of those, she wouldn't need to refrain from masturbating outside their window. The more she thought about it the better the idea seemed. She even remembered seeing a few models with wireless remotes. She could wear one of those under her clothing and have the best of both worlds.

She didn't want to miss a single opportunity if Frank went to the gym the next night so she changed direction and headed back to the toy store. With another bag of goodies, she returned to her car with a bounce to her step. It wasn't until she opened the passenger door to deposit her purchases that she noticed the rabbit still stirring on the floor. She picked up the shaking dong and clicked it off. With a smile, she tossed it into the bag with the others and made her way to the grocery to make her cover purchases.

The following months Vivian felt more sexually alive than she had in a long time. Frank left her home alone often to go to the gym. And she always followed shortly after. She introduced herself to a wide array of toys of all types. But her first introduction to self-pleasure left a mark on her desires. The rabbit was always her favorite toy. Unfortunately, her spying did not always go as planned. She never did get caught in spite of her fears. A large part of the reason Frank chose that motel was the isolation and discretion. What did foil her was simple mechanics.

The curtains were not always open enough or in the right position for the budding voyeur. She frequently did not have the option to see her husband take his woman of the evening and it left her frustrated. She still worked herself to orgasm on her memories, but seeing it live was always more exciting. If she was lucky in these instances, the window might be open enough for her to listen, but it still wasn't the same as seeing.

Frank had his excursions often enough that it usually wasn't too long before she could succeed in her peeping. But when the season changed and the darkness grew a cold bite, success became less and less frequent. The curtains were rarely open enough to satisfy her. And the windows were never opened. Even when the curtains were cracked, the viewing was always a silent performance. After a solid two weeks without seeing so much as a pubic hair, she snapped.

She crept up to the window as usual, but not a single photon of light escaped the den of promiscuity. She whirled on her heels and stomped straight at the closed door. If she had stopped to think she might have worried about it being locked or thought beyond the following minute if it wasn't. Instead, she grabbed the handle and pushed her way in. The door was one of the older motel types that took a regular key as opposed to a keycard. Frank was so eager for that night to begin, he had forgotten to throw the bolt when he entered. Vivian walked across the threshold and was half-way across the room before anyone, even Vivian herself, realized what was happening. She stalked forward in a daze, her frustration washed away with the sight of Frank thrusting into his Lady of the Evening.

He had his back to the door and the room at large. Underneath his body, the escort was the first to notice. She let out a little yelp before ducking her head behind Frank's body. She wasn't sure what was going to happen in the next few minutes, but hooking to pay for medical school would not work out if an angry wife or girlfriend knocks her over the head with a lamp. It's hard to be a neurosurgeon with your brains leaking out of your ears. He was on top of her happily humping away, but her reaction made him stop mid-thrust.

He turned slowly not positive about what was behind him. What he saw was even worse than he thought. He glimpsed Vivian over his shoulder and immediately pulled out. He scrambled off the bed and away from the pro who thoughtfully moved towards the head of the bed keeping her distance. Vivian had frozen herself, unsure what her next move would be. Her eyes glanced down at her husband's rock-hard cock. It was wrapped in a lime-green condom this time and it still dripped fresh drops of vaginal fluid and lubricant onto the carpet. The sight made her pussy growl with need and she made up her mind before he spoke.

"Vivian, honey. I can explain. I'm so sorry. I'll never do it again."

She cut off his pleading with a quiet, "Shhh."

He gulped and kept his trap shut. They have never really fought in all their years of marriage and he was worried that she might have been in that quiet super pissed mood that he sometimes saw her level at others. Nothing could be further from the truth. She saw the opportunity her brazen entrance had given her and she was going to take it in hand. Among other things.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," she said truthfully. But she found her tongue sticking in her throat. The overwhelming draw towards watching them continue pulls her like a black hole of lust, but she was incapable of verbalizing her desires. Instead she walked over to a nearby chair and sat down.

Frank was stunned. He didn't know what to think. And he thought it might be some kind of trap. In all the years he knew her, Vivian was not the type of woman to play games like that, but he also did not envision her watching him have sex with another woman. Lucy, on the other hand, saw the look in Vivian's eyes. The older woman's body language spoke volumes to anyone attuned to the dialect. She recognized the unbridled lust in the older woman. Frank's confusion muddled his mind enough that he completely missed it. Lucy had a few clients that got off on watching or being watched and she recognized what Vivian needed without the spoken words.

Vivian unzipped her jeans which become unfortunately necessary as winter spread across Alaska. She pulled them off of her ass to freedom. The friction between the chair and her weight dragged her panties along with them. Lucy wrapped her arms around Frank from behind. She was eager to move Frank into the right mindset again. She kissed his neck, leaving light marks of suction behind. She knew what Vivian wanted and she was happy to oblige. She merely needed Frank to get the picture, fast. Vivian dropped her clothes into a pile before the chair's legs. Her tight ass was bare but for two straps wrapped around her thighs and a third larger strap circling her waist.

Her legs rose to lie over the arms naturally opening her crotch to Frank. Frank was surprised to see a large purple butterfly over his wife's crotch. Suddenly his vision shoots up and he's staring at the ceiling. Lucy was getting impatient, so with a hard tug she managed to knock his knees into the bed and pull him down. She crawled over his torso. Her pointy nipples dragged against his flesh until her fragrant snatch hovered above his mouth.

She brought herself down to kiss him with her crotch before lifting out of his reach. A few drops of nectar decorated his lips. Her fluids saturated his senses and he ached for more. He chased her down with lips and tongue, but she managed to stay out of his range. Her intoxicating aroma distracted him from his nearby wife and he only had a mind for tasting her again. She skipped back on her knees forcing him to inch further up the bed to chase his meal.

Meanwhile, Vivian was in full internal debate mode. The dance of her husband and the woman leading him by the nose was sparking her interest. She was not sure how she wanted to proceed now that she was inside the room with them, but she longed for her rabbit sitting cold and neglected in

her car. Her strap-on vibe wasn't even on, but it prevented her from doing anything other than enjoy its mechanical delights. The butterfly was mostly used to take the edge off. The pleasant buzz helped her fight the temptation to run back to the car prematurely to orgasm. She liked using her hands for the main event, and now that she was inside the room she wanted something with a little more tactile interaction.

Inspiration struck and she unclipped the butterfly from its harness. She slowly pulled the short dildo attached to the insect's abdomen out of her wetness. It glistened with her arousal and watching her husband squirm on the bed as he tried to satiate his hunger she grew curious. One taste of that young woman was enough to distract Frank from the fact his wife was staring. Could she be as intoxicating?

She brought the tip to her mouth and gave it a little lick. She couldn't taste much with barely a little lick. In the spirit of exploration, she slid the toy between her lips and along her tongue. It had been a long time since she had anything suitably phallic inside her mouth and the novelty briefly took precedence over the curiosity of her taste. As the flavor spread over her tongue she decided that while not wholly unpleasant, the tangy taste was not as awe inspiring to her as it apparently was to Frank.

She caught Lucy's eye and received an encouraging smile in return. The woman watched her suck gently on the rubber dick like a pacifier as she worked out her internal review on the taste of herself. Somehow she did not feel self-conscious with the young woman watching her. She knew that if it was Frank observing her tasting herself she might not have been as open to keep sucking. Lucy's distraction cost her though. She could not maintain her lead forever. Frank caught her and drove his tongue between her lips. She squealed in surprise and fell forward to the bed. He pressed his advantage, grabbing her ass and driving his face into her crevice.

Vivian needed relief. Watching her husband eat out another woman made her flush with heat. She pulled the toy free of her mouth and placed it back at the mouth of her temple. This time; however, she turned it upside down. It slid in lower than it was before and she deftly reconnected the straps and tightened the insect into place. Unfortunately it still was not on. She briefly debated the merits of moving and decided the vibrations were necessary. She dug the remote out of her pants pocket and returned to her spread open position. With a click of the controls, it started humming away.

Vivian granted the appliance a shiver in response to its aptitude. But with the toy reversed, the vibrations would no longer reach her clitoris directly. The thick antennae shook between her cheeks sending pleasant shivers through her in addition to the shockwaves generated by the inserted vibe. With the change in direction, she can not only prolong the rising orgasm, but also include her hands in the process. The bottom of the butterfly, now the top, left enough of a gap for her fingers to manipulate her clitoris at the same time.

Lucy kept her eyes locked on Vivian. She watched the older woman stretch out and eased her fingers into the moist gap between toy and flesh. When she started moving her fingers in slow circles along with the gentle humming, Lucy relaxed a bit more. She'd heard horror stories from some of her fellow ladies about wives interrupting mid-coitus and the shit-storm that followed. In an unregulated industry where the police are more likely to arrest than help, paranoia pays dividends. But her initial instincts appeared to pan out as the wife happily stroked herself and watched her husband lick Lucy.

She decided she needed to get the show on the road, and no longer feared what would happen if she turned her back on the sexy stranger. She broke free of Frank's loose grasp and turned around to face her client.

"Tsk, tsk," she admonished. "I didn't say you could eat yet. But if you're that hungry I'll feed you."

She crawled forward over his arms. Her shins pressed down on the prone biceps restricting his movement and placing her ass on top of his pectorals. She put a finger to his forehead adjusting her balance so that she has enough weight on him to hold him down without causing pain. She watched his face carefully for any wincing while she evened out her stance. He could have toppled her with a bit of effort, but there was inclination whatsoever to stop what was coming. It was a part of the dance they shared fairly frequently.

Her hand dug into his hair and gripped his skull. Silently, she pulled his neck up until his mouth mashed against her pussy. Lucy is a big fan of positivity. She utilized both positive reinforcement and positive punishment. Over the months, she rewarded good technique by massaging his scalp and corrected improper tonguing with a gentle slap. Most guys catch on that they she will not let them go until she is done, but sometimes she has to fake it so the less apt pupils do not suffocate. Frank was one of the quick learners. He only required a few slaps before his skills grew to the point that she no longer needed to fake anything. She only exaggerated her reactions to stroke his ego in the same way his tongue strokes her clit.

Vivian, unfortunately, could not see her husband's skills from her vantage point. But she can clearly hear the effect they are having on Lucy. The waving of Frank's green penis while he enjoys his treat mesmerized her. And the jiggle of Lucy's ass whenever he licked her in just the right spot made butterflies flutter in her stomach. She flicked the dial up a notch and increased the pace of her rubbing to match.

Frank went to his task with gusto. He slavered over her tight lips lapping up every drop. He did not even notice his lungs burning with his face buried into Lucy. She wrested his head from her charms every once in a while to allow a hasty breath before forcing him back to the buffet. It was not long before she gave him his reward. Her orgasm washed his face with a burst of vaginal fluid. He drank deeply of her offering. He drove his tongue into her contracting tunnel searching out more of her delicacy.

Before the sensations were done ripping through her, Lucy released his head to flop against the pillows. Her orgasms typically left her energized. She often felt voracious for more. More stimulation, more penetration, more everything. That time was no different. Frank was happily licking the excess from his lips and barely noticed her weight disappear from his biceps. However, it was impossible not to perceive her convulsing snatch clamp down on his upright tool.

He instinctively reached out to her and blindly groped her flesh. Pulling his head up, he saw her ass moving against his abdomen. Her long black hair swayed back and forth with her head as it moved with her body. The grinding was more out of habit than volition as her orgasm ended. She was more concerned with watching Vivian. The other woman had already set her vibrator to its maximum and was shaking like a leaf in the cheap motel seat.

Lucy was struck by an odd idea. She could see that Vivian was close to coming and she wanted the couple to come at the same time. She grabbed Frank's ankles for leverage and started pumping him, bouncing on his shaft. The sight of Lucy's ass devouring his rod again and again was almost too much for Frank. Her wet box milked his organ making his control falter.

In an effort to keep it up, he averted his eyes. That turned out to be a mistake. His eyes fell on his wife the instant her orgasm took her. Watching his wife freeze solid in orgasmic bliss for the first time in a long time was the straw that broke his balls. He unleashed his seed into the prophylactic. He thrust himself harder into Lucy's flying body. She rode him like a bucking bronco chasing the

vestiges of her orgasm fueled lust.

When he finally collapsed, Lucy sank forward between his legs. In order to preserve the illusion for him, she had to act as worn out as he was. She couldn't help it if getting off made her more hyper and horny. As she laid there between her John's legs, warm breath coiled around her ear surprising her.

Vivian came harder than she ever did in the car. She had no idea what the future held, but she knew she was grateful for what happened that night. And she also knew who was responsible for encouraging Frank to continue when he was too flabbergasted to function. She hauled herself out of the chair with the toy still buzzing away. She debated about turning it off, but she was unwilling to let go of that feeling. So she pulled her panties and jeans back on over the oscillating silicone. She walked with a bit of a hitch in her step from the occasional aftershocks and the moving vibrator

She bent over Lucy on the bed and whispered, "Thank you!" before leaving. She shut the door softly behind her and drove home. She had to be extra careful, because she refused to turn off the buzzing butterfly until her car was in the garage. She carefully unhooked it and extracted it from her pants before tossing it back into the glove compartment.

That night neither of them spoke about what happened. For all intents and purposes, in that household nothing had happened. But, the next time he left for the "gym," he left the motel door slightly ajar after entering. And that time Vivian remembered to bring her rabbit with her when she entered.

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## **Chapter Nine - Realization**

Vivian and Frank spent a lot of time in motel rooms over the intervening months. But they spent no time discussing what they were doing. He did stop taking his gym bag though. He simply left some evenings, and Vivian knew that if he didn't say anything to her about where he was going then she was going to follow. It didn't take Vivian long to realize that Frank's girlfriends were pay-per-view. She often left immediately after Frank to the point where she was close on his heels when he entered the room. And Frank assumed she already knew that they were prostitutes and proceeded to pay in full view of his wife.

She thought nothing less of him for it. In fact, she felt a little better about the arrangement when she realized he was only with the other women for sex. Much like his parents before her, Vivian found it impossible not to notice that he was always with Asian women. She even started to recognize familiar faces, and a few memorable birthmarks. But another subtler consistency slowly permeated her awareness.

Every encounter seemed to favor strong women. They were always leading Frank by the nose, or more aptly the penis, and they called the shots. She was not a party to his arrangements so she did not know if this was intentional on Frank's part or simply the modus operandi of the service he used or even pros in general. But once she noticed the power imbalance in their sex-play, she could not get it out of her mind. Understated shifts in posture and tone sold their mastery in the bedroom. And whenever she recognized the essence of this dynamic it added a delectable spice to her masturbation.

After several months of mutual but separate pleasure, everything changed. Frank heard through the grapevine about the Mistress's auction. The idea intrigued him. He had no idea who would be involved, but the thought of watching a woman and dog mate was unbearably illicit. Frank did not

necessarily plan on bidding. After all, his taste had grown to be rather specialized recently. However, an opportunity like that only comes along once in a lifetime. He bought the tickets for Vivian and himself, but kept the specifics of the evening a secret.

Vivian had no idea what she was in for. He intentionally told her he had tickets to a surprise event two weeks ahead of time to draw out the anticipation. All her wheedling gained her no information. All he offered by way of explanation was she was in for a treat. The night of the auction, Frank put on his tuxedo.

Vivian wore a rather simple floor length dress. It was a deep purple with panties to match. Putting them on, her mind flitted back to the first time she spied on Frank and the purple panties the escort wore. A small wet spot appeared in her fresh underwear as her thoughts drifted through that night. Shaking her head, she pulled the dress on and tightened the straps. The dress was too tight to wear a bra, but the fabric provided enough support to forego it. And the pleating disguised any wayward nipples from sight. The slit running from floor to mid-thigh provided the extra pizzazz the dress itself lacked by way of Vivian's toned leg.

Vivian arrived at the Quarter Deck completely unaware of what she was in for. It wasn't until the Hostess explained the purpose for the evening that the reality of the night's activities dawned on her. She silently cursed herself for leaving all of her toys in her own car. They had driven together in Frank's vehicle and if he took a liking to one of the girls she didn't want to be left out.

The "if" question was settled the moment Cassandra walked into the light. She knew just by looking at her that she was exactly Frank's type. Gorgeous, Asian, and in a position of authority, albeit fictitious. She was the epitome of his wet dreams and she was thankful that they are well-off financially or he might have bankrupted them just to spend a single night with Cassandra. While her husband's attraction was no surprise, she was amazed at the pull she experienced when she caught the eye of her Shepherds. She dismisses the interest out of hand and watches her husband go gaga.

The bidding is as exciting as any auction, but the conclusion is a done deal. Frank repeatedly outbids anyone that tries to raise him. Sometimes going over by an extra two hundred or more to scare off competition. After only a few minutes of back and forth, he succeeds in his efforts. He is so happy that he gives Vivian a long kiss goodbye before leaving the table. More passion fills one kiss than she has felt in a while. It leaves her a little breathless after the fact and makes the wet spot in her panties grow.

She watches him walk up to the line and pay his tab. Afterwards, he enters the other line to receive his instructions from the Hostess. Vivian's slit aches with need. She is already anticipating spending the evening watching with nothing but her hand to keep her parts company. Feeling bold, thanks to a few cocktails, she strides up to her husband right as the young girl in front of him rushes off. She loops her arm through his and presents a united front to the woman in charge.

"All right sir. It looks like you have a great evening ahead of you. Cassandra is an excellent performer. Am I to assume this fetching lady will be joining you?"

"Yes I will," Vivian says taking the lead.

"Very well, why don't I start with you? Would you want Cassandra to employ any toys with you?"

Vivian's mind whirls. She never considered joining in, but without her stash, the idea of letting someone else fulfill that need makes her belly tighten with longing. "Sure, I love toys."

The Hostess moves on with a smile, "How about her German Shepherds? Are you up for anything

with one or both of them? Maybe a little licking or the most authentic doggy style you've ever had perhaps?"

Vivian's mind goes from imagining Cassandra holding a buzzing vibrator against her clit to suddenly being on all fours with a slavering mutt claiming her as his bitch. She pushes those thoughts away, because they are simply too much for her, even mildly tipsy. She is not sure whether it disgusts her or arouses her, but she forces herself not to think about it right now. Instead of returning to the previous fantasy though, her mind finds a middle ground.

She pictures herself lying in bed, but she no longer has Cass between her legs. Instead, the furry head of one of her pets is eagerly licking her slit like it's covered in A-1. She cannot deny the appeal this scenario holds for her. Not knowing when or if the opportunity would arise again she answers, "I'd be game for a little licking." She quickly adds, "But nothing more."

The Hostess smiles wider and jots down a quick note before turning to Frank. He's staring at his wife shocked and half-hard from her answers. He never would have suspected his wife would be willing to try something so incredible. His own fruitful imagination dreams up watching his wife tongued by a hulking brute. His head digging into her thighs and making her scream with carnal pleasure. But the Hostess brings him back around to reality when she starts in on his questions.

"How about you? Do you desire any contact with dog or woman tonight?"

Unlike his wife, the only fantasies he entertains are all with Cassandra. And he tells the Hostess as much.

"That should cover everything important. Here's your key. The room number is right on the little paper slip. You can go to your room and wait for Cassandra there. Oh, and one other thing. I did notice your wedding bands, and if I may be so bold I'll assume you are married to each other. If you want to make the experience more enjoyable, you should consider getting her worked up a bit. The boys will be more, shall I say, enthusiastic, if you are wet and aromatic. The wetter the better."

With her advice echoing in Vivian's mind, the couple head off to the elevator and make their way to their room. To Vivian, the Hostess's idea sounds terrific. She's already thinking about making herself ooze a veritable canine feast. Frank, on the other hand, feels stung. He took her statement personally. Sometimes a thought can be percolating below the surface and it takes an unconnected statement to bring it bubbling up. Like a bolt of lightning, guilt rips through him. He realizes that for the past few months, especially after Vivian stated watching, he has barely touched her. He regrets not doing anything sexually for his wife lately. The more he thinks about their lack of intimacy the more it gnaws at his conscience. He cannot remember the last time he touched her pussy with fingers, tongue, or dick.

When the door unlocks and he crosses the threshold he is decidedly less enthused than he expected. The room is pitch black when they walk in, but a quick flick of the light switch reveals a spacious suite. Vivian marvels at the accommodations, but Frank remains distracted. Luckily, her good mood and anticipation keep her from noticing his sudden funk.

Vivian wanders through the suite checking it out. She walks down the hallway and sees a closed door on her right. Taking the easier path, she goes left heading off from the short hallway entrance. Frank stays at the door trying to work through his guilt. Vivian enters the living room. The couch and matching chair look comfortable. It has a table and desk, but she isn't interested in any of that. She returns to the hallway and opens the closed door.

She finds what she was looking for. A king size bed dominates the modest bedroom. It faces a large

television stand with dresser drawers beneath a widescreen. Two illuminated desk lamps sit on matching bedside tables. In the corner by the huge windows sits her goal. A plush chair waits for her. Someone already angled it at the bed as if they knew what she wanted to use it for.

Vivian settles herself in the chair sinking her ass into the velvety cushion. The chair cradles her rump far better than the cheap motel seat she is used to for this kind of thing. She pulls the front of her dress aside. The purple fabric falls in a wave to expose her panties right as Frank enters the bedroom. Vivian kicks off her shoes and drapes her legs over the arms of the chair like she is used to. Padding on the arms buoys her legs rather than digging in like the wooden supports she is used to. She slips her hand along her belly and into her panties. Her fingers immediately go to work on her lips and clit.

The anticipation has already made her wet. But it isn't enough. She is eager to propagate her nectar for the coming event. Frank watches her efforts and cannot believe how neglectful he's been. Ever since he started to see professionals he completely ignored his wife's needs. And even after she started joining the party, she always sat on the sidelines. Somehow he never realized how much of a schmuck he has been. He decides to do something about it. Better late than never.

"I'll take care of you honey," he declares out of the blue. His words startle Vivian into stopping. She had kind of forgotten he was there with her she was so focused on her task. She mutely observes him shake off his jacket. He hangs it and his tie on the nearby TV stand then approaches her. He peels her damp panties off of her buttocks forcing her legs together so he can remove them completely. Her legs drop back onto the chair arms with a thump. He moves between her spread legs and probes her labia with his tongue. Vivian is not sure what happened to inspire him, but she feels his tongue worming its way into her tightness and the arousal washes away her shock. The warm caress of a human tongue brings back memories of past pleasures. The tongue broadens her lips and makes her drip into his mouth.

The first taste reminds Frank how much he enjoys the taste of her. His first hesitant touch becomes a systematic investigation of her crotch. His arms scoop her ass up and hold her to his lips. His instincts take over driving the guilt from his mind to replace it with animal hunger. He uses every trick he learned with his paid partners to unleash a flood of Vivian's secretions. He has learned a lot in the past few months.

Vivian cannot remember the last time her pussy was treated so well. The strong hands on her ass and the tongue in her hole reawaken the dormant need for a warm-blooded sexual partner. Her orgasm rises as fast as when she has the voyeuristic stimulation to goad her on. Her hands grab Frank's head and hold him tight. Her thighs wrap around his ears. Her feet dig into his back. She can feel the coming storm and she tilts her head towards the first rush of wind.

Luckily she's seated or the first blast would have knocked her on her ass. Her orgasm crashes over her ripping a growl from her throat. Vivian pulls Frank deeper into her crevice with bare feet. Her fingers tighten on his skull squashing him against her pulsing petals. Her fingers massage his scalp unconsciously as ripple after ripple of hedonistic bliss swells through her nervous system.

His masterful tongue keeps licking despite her body convulsions squeezing his head. With nowhere to turn to, he has no choice but to enjoy the taste of her on his lips. She twitches and bounces on the seat in a vain attempt to free her overly sensitive bud from his tongue. But Frank keeps the pressure on forcing her through wave after wave of unbearable pleasure. Eventually, Frank ceases his active assault. He pauses where he is breathing deeply through his nose. The scent of Vivian hangs heavy in the air. It implores him to continue, but he knows she needs her rest for now. Frank simply lets her juices drip over his stationary lips. The hormones seizing her brain eased enough for her to free

her husband and set her feet down on the carpet. Frank gives her one last squeeze before retrieving his hands from her ass.

She looks down on Frank and the sight of her fluids glistening and dripping over half of his face sends a cascade of shivers along her spine to round off her orgasm. She looks down on him with such love in her eyes, but her appreciation only makes his guilt gnaw at him. He cannot believe how selfish he has been for so long. He cannot believe she didn't kick him to the curb the moment she found him in a motel room with a prostitute. But mostly he cannot believe he forgot how delicious she is, how great it feels to bring her to the pearly gates of sexual heaven under his tongue and feel her reaction warm his face.

He decides then and there to take better care of his wife's sexual needs from now on. But their history of silence on the subject of sex makes it that much harder to start now. They both find it difficult to talk about these kinds of things, even with each other. Years of being told that any talk of sex is dirty and immoral sinks in. But he loves her so much. Her needs are as important to him as his own. Even if it took him far too long to realize this. Frank can still feel the pull Asian women have on his libido, but he knows making the effort is imperative to making the both of them happy going forward.

"Honey," he begins trying to work up the courage to explain what was going on in his head. But before he can pour out his soul over his sexual epiphany, the door swings open and slams against the doorstop. He didn't remember shutting the door when he came in so the sudden noise startles them. In fact, when Cassandra first arrived the two were so engrossed in each other that she was able to watch them for several minutes. She grew wetter by the second and saw no need to stop their enjoyment. But once they finished, she saw her opportunity to get the show on the road. She quietly eased the door shut and swung it back open to increase the drama.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here boys? It looks to me like these two pushers were trying to hide their stash. I don't know who tipped you off, but I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

Cassandra marches in out of the hallway slamming the door shut behind her. Her two German Shepherds keep apace following her inside. She strides up to the pair and puts a hand on Frank's shoulder.

"You. Go sit on the bed."

He complies immediately. A small part of him is grateful for the interruption and the postponement of what he foresees will be a very difficult conversation. A larger part of him thrills knowing fun is coming his way. And it is growing larger by the second. Sap still drips from his face and the knowledge that he recently ate her out and wants to see to her needs in the future assuages his guilt enough for Frank to enjoy himself. He sits on the foot of the bed and watches Cass give his wife a once over.

"This wouldn't be the first time a pair of dealers tried disposing of the evidence in plain sight. Morgan, seek and find."

One of the canines peels off from her and trots over to the stunned Vivian. He puts his snout where her husband recently vacated. His cold nose presses against her burning clitoris and snuffles her scent. Vivian is still hyper sensitive after Frank's efforts. Her sexual hunger lies semi-dormant inside her like a well-fed lioness. But analogous to any feral cat, she is looking ahead to her next meal. Raw need pulses through her keeping the sexual beast's attention.

The cool contact reacts with the beast within Vivian. She releases a deep growl to rumble through

Vivian. It moves through her senses hunting for the disturbance. When he shoves his tongue into her dripping crevice, the beast explodes tearing through her senses. The lioness roars with satisfaction. The silent scream echoes through Vivian bringing her orgasms rushing back with the first lick.

Morgan's tongue is rougher than Frank's. The muscle swipes along her slit and across her clitoris rocketing her back to heaven. Her nectar flows out over his tongue as he licks her repeatedly. She murmurs, "Good boy!" weakly between gasps and shivers. But as the licking continues, her language devolves to plaintive groans and heavy breathing. The constant rubbing of tongue over her inflamed sex robs her of any sense other than unadulterated bliss. When he finally thrusts his tongue into her cavity the electric sensations bring stars to her eyes. Her legs wrap around Morgan's head and her feet rub his back fitfully because her orgasm makes them jerk.

Amidst Vivian's guttural moans, Cassandra turns her attention to Frank.

"As for you, I'm going to oversee your search personally."

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Chapter Ten - Search and Seizure

"Move back onto the bed and place your hands above your head."

He does as asked without question. He settles in against the pillows and lifts his arms touching the slats of the headboard with his fingers. Cass climbs up after him leaving her unoccupied pup behind. She straddles his chest giving him a great view of her curves. Her shorts are so tight they look painted on. Her mound makes a camel toe that would make an excellent dessert to the meal Vivian gave him. He's so engrossed with her pussy that he doesn't notice her unstrap two pairs of handcuffs from her belt.

Her ample cleavage provides additional distraction when she leans over his torso. He barely notices when, with a couple of quick movements, the cuffs ratchet shut with a click around his wrists. She locks the other halves around the bars of the headboard keeping his arms in place. She turns on her ass to face both his feet and his wife. She unhooks his belt and hops off of him. She kneels beside him on the bed. Her delicate fingers loosen the button and zipper on his pants. Her fingers sneak inside the open fly to fondle his package through his boxers.

"I better check you for weapons and narcotics. Those cuffs will keep you from interfering."

She moves to his feet and grabs the waistline of his pants. With one quick tug she pulls both pants and underwear off of Frank. His shoes prevent her from dislodging them completely so she leaves them wrapped around his ankles. The nearly naked woman kneeling before him and his wife's streaming moans of pleasure combine to gift him with a raging hard-on. Cassandra explores his legs in the guise of seeking contraband. She traces his skin from his ankles to his thighs gently prodding and never letting her fingertips break contact. She lifts his balls and gives them a gentle squeeze. And even gives his erect member a few pumps for good measure.

"I can't find anything," she says, disappointment plain in her voice. Turning to Vivian, she asks, "How about you Morgan?"

Morgan is not in a position to respond. For one thing, he's a dog. Furthermore, his tongue is still buried in Vivian's pussy. He drills it deep into her repeatedly and all she can do is pant in response. Her back slumps further into the chair pushing her slit harder against his muzzle. Her clitoris rubs against his lips and teeth making her weaker and hornier. Whether the move is from loss of muscle

control or a yearning to feel that questing tongue harder and deeper, even Vivian doesn't know for sure. Her continuous orgasm has long since robbed her of coherency.

"Keep it up boy; I'm sure there is something there." She swivels back to face Frank once more. "As for you, I may not have found anything on you, but that doesn't mean you do not have anything in you. I better obtain a sample for the lab boys and see what brand of naughtiness you have gotten yourself in to."

A click of her fingers unsnaps another pouch and withdraws a foil-wrapped condom. She rips the package open with her teeth exposing the rolled edge of a pink condom. "This is merely a standard issue collection receptacle. You have nothing to worry about," she explains before pulling it out with her lips. She carefully orients the latex circle with tongue and lips. She avoids her teeth as much as possible to prevent tearing. In order to properly turn it, she permits the condom to fall onto her tongue. The strawberry flavored lubricant permeates her tongue when the whole item disappears inside her mouth.

She bends over, careful to arch her back and expose her generous bosom to his eyes again. Without using her hands, she places the condom on the tip of his penis. She waits for his shivering to subside. His body reacts viscerally to the closeness of her warm breath and shakes with need. The instant he calms himself, she applies the condom with practiced ease. Her lips roll the latex down along his shaft simultaneously engulfing the entire length in her hot mouth.

Frank's stomach contracts with surprise and lust. He was not ready for her to strike so quickly and cannot help but to aid her by driving his hips upwards. The handcuffs rattle against the wooden frame as his hands try instinctively to grasp Cassandra's head. She holds him in her mouth for a full minute that feels like an eternity to him. Her throat adjusts to the intrusion and her chin rubs gently against his balls. The fruity taste on her tongue is sweet, but knowing she has him by the balls, both literally and figuratively, is even sweeter.

Vivian has an even better view from where she is sitting. At least she would if she was able to pay attention. Her successive orgasms have left her hyper sensitive to Morgan's licking. And unlike Frank, Morgan does not stop to let her catch her breath. Vivian does not know the cease command and Cassandra's mouth is a little too busy to speak it. She turns into a puddle of goo slowly slinking off the chair until she lands with a thud in the lush carpeting. And still Morgan keeps it up.

Unaware of the party shifting to the floor behind her, Cassandra waits patiently for Frank to settle again. She can feel his muscles of his thighs tensing under her hands. Her firm grip holds him mostly to the bed, but she wants him to understand that's where he needs to stay before she continues. He takes slow even breaths more out of trying to sustain himself than fully reading her signals. Either way, he relaxes enough for her to sally forth into the fray.

One hand slides slowly up his leg to join her mouth. Cassandra grasps his pole holding it steady. Her head bobs up and down slowly on his rod. Her tongue presses his head into the roof of her mouth increasing the friction and making the condom pull slightly against his knob. Meanwhile her fingers stroke his ball sack juggling the tender orbs within. Not sure if he grasps the plan yet, she moves her free hand to his belly and presses lightly to keep him stationary. The clank of metal on wood is music to her ears because it lets her know how well she is doing. But he does as she wants and fights the urge to thrust into her warm orifice. She rewards him by caressing his testicles more and increasing her pace.

The smooth skin of her hand on his naughty bits feels amazing. His semen bubbles in its miniature generators aching for release. Her tight mouth brings him to the breaking point in no time. His

thighs tense, unable to hold back any more. His breath comes fast and hard and a pleasant tingling travels down into his balls. Suddenly, the warmth disappears. Cassandra pops up and squeezes the base of his cock firmly in hand.

The pressure dams the oncoming flood. When his breath rate returns to simply aroused and not on the verge of explosion, she quickly sucks him to the back of her throat. In almost no time at all he feels his orgasm returning. After a few deep insertions, his heart beats loudly in his ears. Before he can release his load, she stops him once again. She repeatedly brings him to the edge of ecstasy only to deny him fulfillment. The sounds of Morgan and her working mouths fill the room.

Eventually, Cassandra no longer has the patience to keep him going. She wants to make him cum. Her bare hands release him and dig between flesh and sheets to grab his ass. Her fingers grope his ass urging him to hump into her. She adds to the strength of his thrusts pulling his body into her maw. Her lips are so tight they roll the strawberry protection back and forth against the base of his cock. Her prior priming coincides with her fervent sucking and his balls tighten against her chin. In another second he unleashes his seed into the reservoir tip.

Her mouth releases his used tool to flop against his abdomen. The condom, heavy with his sample, drags it down. Cass moves to sit on his thigh and turns to see what she missed going on behind her. Frank limply flexes his thigh rubbing his leg between the cheeks of her ass. Despite her hot pants, he can freely feel her flesh against his. And her rocking pulls the fabric together until it more closely resembles a thong.

Vivian by this point has collapsed sideways on the carpet with Morgan still licking and digging at her nexus. His tongue flicks between her thighs. It swipes at her well-used lips and between the cheeks of her ass. But her clitoris is finally safe from his attentions. Without the apex of stimulation she slowly pulls her wits about her. She has barely enough strength to roll onto her back, but the movement automatically spreads her legs. Morgan no longer has a barrier to entry and returns to worshipping her whole crotch with his tongue. Her whole being shakes with every lick of canine tongue. The renewed vigor Morgan applies to her pussy steals her breath and mind once more.

Cassandra enjoys watching Morgan devour the prone woman. She briefly considers calling him off, but decides against it. She has other fish to fry, so Morgan can enjoy the nice woman's company a while longer. She grabs the tip of the collection device and pulls it off of Frank's deflating cock. She is very careful to only hold onto the very tip so that when it pops free the seminal fluid pours out over his crotch.

"Look what you made me do," she scolds the handcuffed man. "Now I'm going to have to try again. But first I'll have to do something about this mess. Dexter, clean-up on aisle 69."

The other Shepherd climbs up onto the bed and walks towards the head of the bed. Cassandra leans back. Her legs splay out on top of both the bed and Frank. Her ass scoots a little lower on his leg as if she's trying to get clear of the action. Dexter pads up to the headboard before turning around and approaching the nearby couple. He lowers his snout and sniffs along the bed until he finds human flesh. But rather than lick the dirty cock, he continues until he finds Cass. He sticks his nose in her crotch and sniffs deeply.

"Not me, boy," she starts. But his tongue flicks out and starts licking. Her objections devolve to a series of "Wow's" and "Oh God's."

Frank has a low angle of viewing from the pillows. And Cassandra intentionally sat on his body to elevate her body and reduce the strain of trying to hold herself upright for a prolonged stretch of

time. So, he can see the curves of her ass and the lips of her vagina exaggerated by her coiled clothing. A thin strip of fabric wedges her labia open. After a few licks along the thin cloth, Cassandra rips it apart with a grunt of need. The shorts fall apart along the pre-weakened seams leaving her crotch as naked as a jaybird. With her current elevation, Frank has a great view of her slit when it splits open into a pink flower under the canine's licks.

Cassandra oozes fluids providing Dexter added incentive to lick her silly. Soon, her mound is glistening with nectar and saliva along with a good portion of her thighs. The saliva and vaginal fluids drip down her ass making Frank's leg warm and slick. But he is far more interested in her pussy than a lubricated appendage. The thick tongue opens her lips for his viewing pleasure. Cassandra squirms on his leg. Their skin rubs together and her gasps infiltrate his brain.

Vivian emerges from the chain of orgasms while Cassandra is benefiting from her first. She musters up the energy to roll over again. She rises unsteadily to hands and knees. The change in position only helps Morgan in his assault. His snout jams into her ass. The sudden cold spot rubbing against her anus forces Vivian to pitch forward. Her ass tilts upward freeing Morgan to lap up her leaking fluids. She doesn't even consider what her new position might entice Morgan to do. Her mind is not together enough to think coherently. His tongue runs between her legs in a never-ending blitz. The swelling tide of ecstasy swallows Vivian whole once more.

Frank misses his wife's submission. Cassandra's throbbing slit absorbs his attention. Her crevice dances in time to her beating heart and Dexter's rapid tonguing. Once her feelings subside a little, Cassandra directs him off of her to sit on the bed. He waits off to the side of the humans panting heavily. In the shuffle of bodies, she unties her shirt letting her breasts hang free. Morgan sits patiently and she lets his natural posture emphasize his cock. It climbs proudly out of his sheath. With Cassandra's nectar warming his belly he cannot suppress his erection even if he wanted to. Likewise, Frank's prick gorges itself on the prevailing lust to become turgid again. Cassandra pulls out a silk handkerchief and cleans Frank off herself.

"Since you ruined the first sample I'll have to let you rest," Cassandra declares clearly ignoring his full erection. She looks over to Vivian with her ass in the air and a spark of inspiration brightens her mind. She crawls off of Frank. Grabbing a pillow, she slides down from the bed to Vivian's side. She shakes her bare ass a bit on the way down for Frank's enjoyment. "Morgan might not have found your stash but maybe he just didn't dig deep enough with his tongue."

Cassandra lifts Vivian's limp body by the shoulders and kicks the pillow underneath her head. Her hat finally falls from her head with the minor struggle and she shucks her flimsy shirt in the process as well. So when she stands erect she is completely naked except for the belt of goodies secure around her waist. She pauses thoughtfully listening to the wet slap of Morgan's tongue against and inside Vivian. All of their shuffling had wrapped her dress over his head, so all Cassandra could see was a hidden lump moving un and down beneath the purple fabric in time to the rhythmic noises. The sight almost made her laugh. At long last, Cassandra calls off her beast who regretfully walks away from the women.

Vivian lets out a long sigh. Her fissure is so sensitive that the gentle flutter of her dress against her upturned ass sends reverberations through her. Cassandra steps over Vivian. She pulls the dress up, careful not to tear it. Luckily, Vivian managed to not kneel on top of the gown and it rises to expose her ass.

Cassandra runs her hands along the supple flesh of her bum. Vivian twitches at her touch. And when two fingers slide into her orifice from behind she moans loudly. Cassandra spends a few minutes exploring the dripping hole before withdrawing. Her wet fingers unsheathe the baton from her belt.

She runs her slick fingers along its length conveying lubrication along its length.

The nightstick was a special find to go with Cassandra's costume. It bends a bit under her fingers. It does not have the stiff unyielding composition of most similar weapons. Additionally, the tip of it has ribbing that wraps a fair amount of its length in small speed bump like hills. Cassandra smacks the weapon in her hand several times to make sure Frank is paying attention. She bends down over Vivian, exhibiting her ass for his enjoyment.

"Since Morgan could not find anything," she says. "I am going to conduct my own cavity search. Just to be on the safe side."

She holds the cross-bar firmly in hand and guides the lubricated end to Vivian's snatch. She lines the toy up at Vivian's entrance and slowly pushes it inside. The blunt tip breaches her opening and slides in until the ridges stop. Vivian coos as each subsequent bulge rubs against her walls. The object is pliant enough not to hurt her as it slides home, but it is also larger than any of her recent toy purchases.

Cassandra works the baton back and forth a few times to widen Vivian's canal. After a few minutes of slow methodical movements, she releases it. The nightstick lingers inside Vivian. Her vaginal walls hold it tight and keep it from escaping. Cassandra steps aside and leans down again. She helps Vivian up onto her hands so her back is level. The embedded tool loses the help of gravity and starts to slowly escape with the help of lingering orgasmic contractions.

Temporarily assured Vivian can hold her own weight, Cassandra steps around to her ass. She catches the slipping rod in one hand pushing it back to regain the lost inches. Next, she reaches into a locked pocket of her belt. Rather than produce a tangible item, her hand returns glistening slightly in the lamp lighting. That packet holds loose lubricant. The lube drips over the exposed portion of the truncheon. She works the upturned handle like she is giving it a hand-job. The lube coats the black material until it shines.

Crouching down, she drops her body to meet the trembling toy. The oiled handle sinks into her crevice until the longer portion prevents further penetration. With a mechanical whir, she pulls retractable straps out from her belt. They wrap around the weapon and click into place in hidden eyelets. Finally, the toy is a functioning strap-on with the short handle inserted into Cassandra for extra stability.

With the baton nestled firmly against her crotch, Cassandra is able to kneel behind Vivian on the floor. She grips the woman's hips and gives her a few test stabs to acclimate herself to the sensations. Her pace increases gradually. The irregular shape massages Vivian from the inside out. Heat bursts through her body and it is only by virtue of Cassandra ignoring her clitoris that she does not cum immediately.

As promised, the club reaches depths Morgan could not. It digs deeper into her channel with every thrust until Cassandra starts smacking her belly against Vivian's ass. Even without clitoral stimulation, Vivian's orgasm will not be denied. Under Cassandra's steady thrusts her arms start to shake. The effort of holding herself upright becomes increasingly difficult. Her strength is inversely proportional to the amount of pleasure pouring out from her pussy.

After several minutes in heaven, the hormones take over. She calls out her pleasure in garbled wails. And her arms give way dropping her into the pillow. Despite the flexibility of Cassandra's toy, Vivian has more of it inside her and therefore she has the leverage. When she collapses, the change forces Cassandra to lose her balance and crash into Vivian's inverted ass. The handle grinds against her g-

spot sending ripples through her.

Cassandra takes a moment to enjoy the hard toy rubbing against her insides before releasing the straps from her belt. She rises unsteadily to her feet leaving the baton rooted in Vivian. The prelude leaves her hungry for the main event. She crawls onto the bed and straddles Frank. She sits on Frank's chest and nestles his hard-on between her butt cheeks. Her hand returns to the lubricant pouch and slathers his pole in lube.

She bends over Frank's torso until her nipples are hanging directly over his mouth. Her ass rides up his pole spreading the coating between her cheeks. She drops her breasts to his mouth. He takes the bait and suckles like a newborn. She watches carefully for his eyes to close. She needs him properly distracted. When he is completely absorbed in her melons, she reaches out to the patiently waiting Dexter. She coats his erect rod with oil. The lube mixes with his pre-cum making him extremely slick.

Once Dexter is prepped, she pulls the twin spires out of Frank's reach. She reaches her clean hand into another belt pouch. She comes out with a second condom. She removes and applies it behind her back. Once protected, she moves his cock between her legs and grinds it between her wet slit and his chest. The abundant lubricant lets it slip between their burning bodies handily.

She slowly works her way higher along its length. Eventually she moves off of him entirely freeing his cock to spring from his abdomen. Her crevice drips into Frank's bellybutton and he fights the urge to grunt and fight to pierce her with his spear. Cass rewards his restraint immediately. Though truth be told she would have eaten him alive either way. She tilts her hips to catch the cock beneath her as she moves backward. With one smooth movement she impales herself on Frank. He lets out a low moan as her hot box swallows him.

She repeats the process moving slowly and carefully. Her orifice releases Frank temporarily only to slam back down to his balls. She compresses Frank between her lips trapping him in a heavenly combination of heat and tightness. She starts to pick up the pace a little and uses the cover of his grunting to give Dexter another command.

The next time she reaches full penetration, she keeps herself impaled on Frank's member. She bends lower over Frank letting him taste her breasts once more. He takes advantage of the hanging globes and their hard tips with relish. While he is busily sucking on her teat, Dexter climbs over her. His rod swings like a pendulum slowly zeroing in on her immobile body. She does not know how Frank would react to being touched with it and did not plan on finding out. Instead, she grabs the slick pole and guides the pointed tip to her asshole.

The instant his head touches her sphincter; he drives forward into her ass with blinding speed. The delayed gratification made Dexter uncontrollable. Now that she gave him the go ahead, she couldn't stop him now if she wanted to. He takes over for her motions in their combined sex play. Every thrust hits her so hard it lifts her off of Frank's penis. And when she drives her hips back into his thrusts, Frank gets the benefit of sinking back into her.

Every time he takes her, Cassandra is awestruck at the ferocity of Dexter's pounding. His cock rams in betwixt Cassandra's cheeks again and again. The sensation enflames Cassandra's lust. Her enclosure clamps down on Frank squeezing him tighter. The sight, sound, and smell of everything going on makes her lightheaded with lust. Unable to control herself, Cassandra strokes her clitoris with still slick fingers. Her body erupts in joy. The force of the orgasm crashing over her knocks her on her face. She collapses into Frank, shaking like a leaf.

Meanwhile, Frank is finding it increasingly difficult to hold back. Even after already shooting one load this evening, his balls are threatening to explode. He never would have guessed, but seeing the doggie grin over Cassandra's shoulder and knowing he is inside her at the same time turns him on something fierce. Watching Vivian resting on the floor with a baton sticking out of her cavity and into the air doesn't hurt either.

But the final straw comes from an entirely unexpected source. He's humping away with his limited movement trying to meet Cassandra's fervent actions, but unable to match Dexter's speed. At the same time, the canine's knot starts expanding. It lodges itself inside Cassandra's ass. And Frank can feel it through the membrane of her vaginal wall. It presses in against his cock as he lunges upwards. The increased pressure is too much. With one last hump, the dam bursts and his semen floods out into the protective barrier.

Not long after, Dexter empties his balls into Cassandra. But by this time, Frank has already fallen out of her tight channel. The bestial pounding she receives lifts her off his shrinking member. She recovers from her bone-jarring orgasm in time to receive Dexter's burning load. While the doggie cum spurts into her, she reaches down and gingerly retrieves the receptacle from Frank. She uses her teeth to help tie it in a knot and tosses it over to the bedside table. Her sample now in hand, she unlocks the handcuffs and frees Frank from his bondage.

He lays there for a while panting. A fine sheen of sweat covers his body and dampens his shirt. Cassandra smiles down at him and gives him a quick kiss on the forehead. Then she shoos him out from under her. He shuffles around the bed to Vivian and rescues the club from the clutches of Vivian's pussy. He hands it back to Cassandra. Dexter is done and promptly turns around leaving his dick buried in Cass's ass. She looks her toy over and sucks on the tip in full view of Frank.

Smacking her lips, she comments, "It appears you two are clean. But I'm going to give that sample to the lab rats just in case. It also appears that I'm going to be stuck here for a little bit until this knot deflates out of my ass. So get out of here you two. And don't let me catch you around here again."

Frank nods, but his smile says he is anything but chastened. He rubs his wrists where the handcuffs rubbed him a little raw. The thin red lines will reinforce his memories of this night. He checks on Vivian, but she is still trying to collect herself. He glances around for his pants, but first takes a good look at the connection between Cassandra and her pet. The knot pulls a bit making her rectum bulge and it gives him a shiver.

Tearing himself away he pulls up his pants and redresses. Once he is presentable again, other than the obvious fatigue, his wife starts to rouse. He helps her up and adjusts her rumpled dress. He makes sure she is steady on her feet before grabbing his coat off of the TV stand. He links his arm with his wife and together they leave the suite for home.

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## **Chapter Eleven - A Sympathetic Ear**

The pair head out arm in arm. They are both still riding the high of their time with Cassandra. But the thoughts plaguing Frank ever since the Hostess made an innocent remark put a damper on his post-sex euphoria. He wonders internally how he is going to discuss the guilt that haunts him with his wonderful wife. However, she prolongs the wait a little more. She is making her own plans for a private conversation. While he is not looking, she slips one of her diamond earrings into her purse.

"Damn," she exclaims. Her fingers fondle her empty earlobe as if searching for the missing jewel. "I

think my earring must have fallen off in the room. Why don't you go ahead and bring the car around? I'll only be a minute."

She kisses him goodbye, and he's grateful for the alone time to sort out what he needs to say. And maybe how to even start the conversation. They part at the elevator and Vivian returns down the hall to retrieve her jewelry. At least that's what she hopes Frank believes. When she drops the card into the suite's lock, she has her own batch of uncomfortable thoughts swirling in her head.

Cassandra watches them leave the bedroom and listens for the click of the door shutting. As soon as it clicks shut she works her anus just enough to let Dexter pop free. He wanders off for a little tongue bath. She collapses onto the comfy pillows for a minute before stumbling off the bed. The abundant activity leaves her a little sore and she works out the kinks in her muscles as she moves around the room cleaning up the little messes here and there.

Once the room is a bit tidier, she goes into the bathroom to clean off what remained of her sweat and fluids. Right when she is putting on one of the hotel robes, the door opens. She walks out to the main room to greet her visitor.

"That was quick, honey. I thought you would be . . ." she begins. But her words falter when she sees who it is.

"Sorry," Vivian says. "I didn't know you were expecting someone. I thought you might still be occupied so I let myself in." She waves her used keycard to emphasize her point.

Cass gives her a carefree smile. "Don't worry. I'm not expecting company for a while yet. That's why I was surprised when I heard the door. Did you need something?"

Vivian picked at the plastic key in her hands. She made the decision to return because she thought it might be easier to hash out her problems with someone unconnected to them, but her tongue remains firmly tied. Even though her mind screams out to try and communicate her needs, her mouth refuses to listen. But the confusion and pain show plainly on her face.

Cassandra easily recognizes that something is obviously troubling the older woman. She puts her arm around Vivian and leads her into the bedroom. The two sit down on the edge of the bed together. She lets Vivian have a few minutes of silence to break the silence herself. When it is obvious that Vivian's issue is not forthcoming, she asks, "What's the matter?"

As if the words had miraculously loosened Vivian's tongue, she blurts out, "I want my husband to fuck me!"

Vivian covers her mouth with her hand. Her mind was shouting it so loudly between her ears that she cannot believe she said it out loud. For a moment she hopes that she did not really say it, but looking sideways she can tell from Cassandra's shocked face that it was out there. And now that the first leak is exposed in her mental blockade, a torrent of words explodes out of her mouth.

"We haven't had sex in I can't tell you how long. And for a while I was fine with that. We were both busy. We were tired and didn't have the time. But then he started going to escorts. And rather than feel cheated, I was aroused. Watching him have sex with young women turned me on. And I gained a new love of pleasuring myself with toys.

"But all the while the need for something real between my legs was niggling in the back of my mind. Watching my husband and getting myself off helped keep the needs at bay, but they had come back and have not gone away. And tonight I was eaten out by both Frank and Morgan. I finally had

someone's hot living tissue inside me again and it felt better than I even remember.

"But sex is not something either of us are comfortable with talking about. And I'm afraid that Frank has everything he wants now and wouldn't be interested in change. Hell, I'm not even sure he's still attracted to me. Every woman I've seen him with recently has always been, if you'll excuse the generalization, of your ethnicity. What if my being white puts him off now?"

Cassandra's mind reels. She tries to absorb all of what Vivian is saying in some effort to offer help. Vivian, for her part, is breathing heavily like she recently finished a marathon. Cass holds her shoulder tight in a vague attempt to comfort the older woman while she mulls over the problem.

"I don't think you have anything to worry about as far as your husband's sex drive. Even with you alone. I saw the way he looked at you while we were together and it was anything but lackluster. As far as the two of you talking things out, I don't know what to say that would help. But I do have an idea on how you could get what you want. That is if you are willing to be a little deceptive."

Vivian looks up at her with such hope that warmth spreads through Cassandra at the possibility of helping the frustrated wife. She sketches out her plan for the couple in detail. Vivian listens with rapt attention to Cassandra's suggestions. She is unsure of her ability to pull it off, but the prospect makes her juices start to flow again. Likewise Cass feels her freshly washed pussy start to drip during her explanation.

The two women are unaware of each other's arousal, but the finely tuned canine nostrils are far better at picking up their scents. The two vaginas waft pheromones through the air towards Morgan and Dexter. The Shepherds orient on the talking women straightaway. They are too well-trained to take immediate advantage, so they sit in front of the women hoping for the proper order.

When Cassandra finishes her explanation, Vivian turns her head away. She wants the idea to work out, but worries about what she'd have to accomplish to pull it off. Still, she reasons, it would be easier than opening up to her husband about her needs if the last few decades are any indication. While she thinks the plan over, her eyes naturally fall on the pair of panting dogs sitting patiently before them.

Vivian gasps audibly bringing Cassandra's attention to them as well. Their training may be enough to prevent their action, but it can't fight biology. The nearness of two women in heat, one of which they frequently mate with, brought their dual red rockets out of their respective sheaths. Cassandra worries that the sight of dog cock might be a bit much for the vulnerable woman so she attempts to reassure her.

"Don't worry, they are perfect gentlemen. They won't use those unless I tell them to."

"Does it hurt?" Vivian asks.

The question seems to come out of the blue and startles Cass into a muted, "Huh?" in response.

"I did not see either of them mount you, but from the explanation I assumed that you have sex with them. I've seen dogs mating and it always seemed like they were nothing but a blur of motion in the thick of it. Does it hurt when you take a dog like that?"

A little shiver runs through Vivian at the lurid words spilling from her lips. More than the words, the pair of tongues and several orgasms of the night have left her hungry for more. She knows the sight of the two erect dicks should be disgusting to her, but all she feels is desire. She envisions Cassandra taking Dexter's wild humping and it makes her flush with arousal. Even more, her mind

supplants herself inside the vision. It no longer holds the fear it did earlier in the evening.

Cassandra answers the only way she can. "God no. They are so strong and fast. They are probably the best lovers I've ever had. Whenever I feel their legs wrap around my waist I know I am in for the ride of my life. Every single time."

The blunt and naked desire in Cassandra's voice causes Vivian to whine with need. Cassandra sees that she can help the older woman in another way. Her guest shouldn't be ready for some time yet. So she has some time to kill. She rises off the bed. She separates Vivian from her purse and walks over to the nearby dresser. Cassandra retrieves a couple items from a supply she placed in the dresser earlier. She drops them into Vivian's purse and sets it on top of the furniture.

"You can keep these," she explains once she is sitting beside Vivian again. "You'll need them to implement the plan. Then again, if you wanted you could still try out Morgan before you leave."

The dog's ears prick up at his name, but he maintains his distance. Vivian breaks eye contact with the pair for the first time to turn to Cassandra. She shakes her head in negation, but her cheeks redden deeper with a sex flush.

"OK, you don't have to do anything you don't want to. But if you were willing, it would be a very nice way of thanking Morgan for his earlier seek and find mission."

Those words are exactly what Morgan was waiting for. Like a flash he darts forward and jams his muzzle under Vivian's dress. Before she can make a noise, his tongue swipes along her moist slit. The moan of protestation becomes a moan of pleasure in mid-utterance. His tongue works like a finger flicking a light switch. One lick over her burning clitoris and it reawakens the smoldering fires of her prior orgasms.

The next lick starts a brand new one surging through her. Her body shakes heavily against Cassandra's supporting arm. Her hand scratches Morgan's head. She pulls him closer with desperate rubs. His tongue swipes between the crack of her ass and up through the folds of her vagina. His maw opens wide and drives the muscle into her love tunnel. The touch of his organ filling her makes her go limp in Cassandra's arm.

Cassandra eases Vivian back to the bed. Vivian writhes like a woman possessed. Morgan drinks deeply of her fluids and drills into her hole searching for gold. That tongue. That wonderful tongue. It digs, licks, flicks her clit. He does his level best to remind her how good he treated her the last time he had her under his tongue.

Cassandra watches her dog feast on Vivian. Her arousal grows almost as fast as the recipient of the oral attention. Her pussy seeps and she briefly debates calling Dexter to join the party. But she knows she will have time to enjoy them both for the rest of their lives together. Instead of satiating her personal needs she defers to the greater good.

Her hands reach down towards her lapping pet. Fingers curl around the hem of Vivian's dress and shuffle it upwards. The fabric pulls against Vivian's ass. The friction of her wiggling body grinding into the mattress keeps the dress where it is, but the pulling distracts her. The waves of her orgasm spread out along her skin with every lick. The moving clothes disturb the flowing warmth like a levy breaking a wave.

Vivian jiggles her ass off the bed long enough to aid Cassandra's efforts. The dress rises up past her breasts leaving Vivian to wallow in canine tongue induced ecstasy. The smooth fabric runs over her nipples making Vivian hunch forward. The competing sensations meet in her belly and tighten her



abs. Cassandra takes advantage of the shift to arrange the cloth around Vivian's neck. Careful not to pull her hair, Cassandra divests Vivian of her clothing and sets the dress on the nearby chair.

Vivian reclines on the bed quaking with orgasm. Her only clothing is now the low-cut pair of panties pushed aside by Morgan's digging muzzle. Cassandra crawls back onto the bed and sidles up next to Vivian. She watches the woman's face contort under the strain of rapid tonguing. Her breath comes fast and uneven. At the peak of her ecstatic moans, Cass gives Morgan a new command.

He hops up onto the bed with his front paws. His head dips low. The nectar saturated tongue slips out and wipes a swath across Vivian's breasts. The rapid change startles Vivian. She gasps with a mighty exhale of breath. Her hand returns to Morgan's head scratching his ears affectionately. But, he isn't done yet. He steps forward towards the bed to lick more of her flesh. His legs approach the mattress. And his cock nestles between the lips of her dripping pussy.

The nearness of him warms her skin. His fur tickles her thighs. His tongue titillates her nipples. His balls thump against her ass. And his thick sausage rubs against her crotch. He constantly shifts his weight seeking a happy balance between staying upright and licking every inch of her body. Every movement works his member back and forth against her sex. His cock acts like a lumberjack's saw. Every motion pushes it back and forth splaying her lips wide.

Vivian regains some of her faculties with the tongue no longer hunting for her womb. But she is conflicted. The burning poker fills her with joy with every stroke. It splashes her juices between their bodies. It digs into her sensitive love bud. It is almost on the verge of making her cum harder than she ever has before. The climax is so close she can taste it.

On the other hand, whenever Morgan moves against her she hopes fervently that he'll withdraw just far enough to penetrate her. She wants him to take her completely and that thought no longer troubles her in the slightest. She gyrates against his hard member trying to hook it with her pussy. Alas, she is too wet and the angle too awkward for her to succeed. The scene overrides Cassandra's prior good intentions. She calls Dexter up onto the bed and turns around.

"You're going to have to change your position if that's what you want. Like this."

Cassandra's words drift through the air to Vivian's fevered mind. She turns her head to see Cass on all fours right next to her. The young co-ed's wet lips are mere inches from Vivian. And that's not all. Dexter is already holding her in his embrace. His red poker wiggles its way towards the slick hole. Vivian stares, Morgan's cock temporarily forgotten with the nearness of the other erect canine cock. She watches him find his mark and disappear inside Cassandra in a flash.

Any lingering hesitation within Vivian evaporates instantly. She worms her way back between Morgan's legs and twists her body to mimic Cassandra's. Morgan follows her up onto the bed. Cassandra gives him a quiet command and he mounts Vivian. His rod slaps and pokes her flesh repeatedly. It pushes underneath her panties shoving them aside with its girth. Vivian growls in frustration wishing it would find her cavity. Right when she is about to reach back and help, the tip sinks into her. And with that starting wetness found, Morgan drives the whole length balls deep.

Vivian's long wait is finally over. She once again has living male meat inside her body. And it is everything she was hoping for. The hair brushing her thighs, the hot breath on her neck, the firm legs gripping her waist, and especially the cock hammering her slot; all of them combine to wash her mind in a bust of endorphins.

The Shepard's thrusts are inhuman. Her arms are barely strong enough to keep her upright under his constant assault. Heedless of her physical limits, she pushes into his furry sheath deepening the

penetration. The unadulterated pleasure brings a cry of joy to her lips. It mixes with the similar cries of Cassandra into a delicious harmony. They sing together the song of satisfaction.

The pair of puppies acts in unison. Both slam their mate repeatedly. The squelch of colliding wet flesh forms a chorus all its own. Their balls slap out a staccato rhythm against their women. A symphony of sex rises and swirls out from the bed.

Alas, the piece cannot be played forever. Vivian still has her eyes glued to the connection between Cassandra and Dexter. Under her watchful eye, his knot starts to grow. She watches the bulb inflate and ram against and into Cassandra's pussy. Eventually it lodges inside Cassandra and Dexter's thrusts increase their already lightning fast pace.

Vivian tries to prepare herself mentally for Morgan's knot. She can tell when it starts to inflate. It widens inside her and rubs delightfully against her lips. Suddenly, the enlarging orb is replaced by something harder and flat. She looks between her legs to see Cassandra's fingers sticking out from her crotch. Cass had grabbed Morgan's knot to prevent a proper tying.

A small part of Vivian was thankful. That part of her logical mind realized she had already spent far longer than she would have needed to find an earring. Frank will be wondering what happened to her and she didn't have the time to wait on a deflating knot. Her libido currently outranks that portion of her mind though, and it wants to feel the full length locked inside her orifice.

Cassandra's digits curl around her crotch. She seeks Vivian's love bud and starts massaging it while maintaining a knot barrier. Even with Cassandra's hand in the way, Morgan pounds Vivian with a heretofore unfelt speed. The combination of speed, girth, and heat merges with Cassandra's stroking fingers to provide a rising climax that drowns out Vivian's objections before she can utter them.

Orgasm hits Vivian harder than ever before. It feels like every good feeling from the entire night collapses into one explosion of sexual gratification. Her whole body blazes with life. She cannot conceive of a higher joy. And then Morgan's first shot of cum splashes against her cervix. The heat burns through her. The stream of liquid reminds her of every jet her husband sent into her over the years and her orgasm reaches astronomical heights.

Vivian collapses forward under the strain of sensory overload. The world shrinks down to the dick in her box and the growing reservoir of dog semen inside her. Eventually, the cock disappears from her clutches. But it is replaced with a smaller organ. At first she thinks Morgan has resumed his prior tonguing, but the licks are lighter than his all-consuming assault. Vivian lifts her body high enough to look between her legs.

She sees decidedly strawberry blonde locks of hair hanging down from her crotch. Cassandra had taken it upon herself to make sure she sends a clean Vivian back to her husband. Her tight panties were pulled aside to expose her dripping pussy completely to the ravenous woman. Once Morgan withdrew to lick himself clean, she locked her lips around Vivian's jizz filled crevice. She licks and sucks the doggie batter into her belly.

The gradual emptying and gentle tasting make Vivian purr. She sinks back to the bed, but when she turns her head to be more comfortable she discovers Cassandra's nearby pussy. Dexter had left Cassandra alone once he finished, and a trail of his seed dribbles out from deep inside. The stream entices Vivian. Her stomach growls in hunger. She shifts sideways to hover over Cassandra's body. And for her first time ever, she tastes another woman.

The river of canine fluids overpowers the taste of snatch. It is not as thick as she remembers Frank's cum being, but it has its own flavor. The mixture quenches her burning need, but she cannot stop

herself after one lick. Her lips seal off the flow and her tongue guides the semen into her upside-down maw. Swallow after swallow fills her belly until the taste of Cassandra starts to replace the fading delicacy.

And yet she keeps at it. Cass does not taste as unusual to Vivian as her own fluids. Vivian savors the sweet nectar of the young woman. And the more her questing tongue moves about, the more she receives for her effort. Cassandra starts to grind her lips against Vivian. She did not realize her body was doing the same thing to the woman beneath her until she feels the pressure increase against her face.

The pair writhes, licks, and eats together on the bed for long enough that the dogs return to the bed to see what's going on. Without being commanded, they each choose a side and tentatively lick each woman. They manage to both kiss one of them while tasting the other in a set of three-way assaults.

Eventually, Vivian comes up for air. She rolls aside panting for breath. And the fact that Dexter continues to lick her does not help. Cassandra manages to ignore the tongue inside her and suggests that Vivian should go be with her husband.

"Don't worry, I'll distract my puppies. He probably is wondering what happened to you with all the time you've spent up here with me."

Without another word to the breathless wife, she gives both Dexter and Morgan a command. The two horny dogs hop all over her while she fights to reach her hands and knees. As soon as she is steady, one mounts her ass and the other mounts her face. Vivian is no longer certain which is which as they pound Cassandra's holes. The young woman is certainly not in a position to respond to questions.

Despite the tingling the scene gives rise to, she sees the wisdom in Cassandra's words. She collects her nearby and almost forgotten clothes and redresses. She gives the threesome one last lingering look before heading out to meet Frank.

She finds him sitting in their idling car in front of the hotel. He does not say a word about her delay. And if he scents another woman on her, he gives no indication. They do not say much to each other on the ride home. They both have a lot to think about after their night of fun. And they are both exhausted. But Vivian cannot get the thought of Cassandra's advice out of her mind. Or the new items lying inside her purse. She resolves to put them to use as soon as she can.

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Chapter Twelve - Fool Him Once

Vivian is too tired to pounce on Cassandra's idea that night. She also wanted to let Frank have his rest. But her blood is boiling with the urge to follow through on what Cass laid out for her to try. She barely manages to wait for the next night. She leaves work a little early to prepare. She easily beats Frank home from work and prepares herself to follow through on the plan. She almost backs down a dozen times, but the recent memory of Morgan's cock spitting fire into her womb drives her onward.

She sheds her suit once she reaches their bedroom. Vivian admires her naked body in the convenient full length mirror. Tasting Cassandra the night before left a buzz on her lips and a new appreciation for the female form. She has to admit that she looks good, and not just for her age. Both her and Frank took up running together to keep in shape a couple years back. The frequent activity helps keep her form trim and firm.

Not to mention, focusing on herself keeps her mind off the theatrics she is about to engage in. Inspiration strikes and she wanders into their walk-in closet. She realizes that dressing herself up will provide a further distraction. And what she has in mind should distract Frank from any nervousness on her part.

She hunts through her drawers until she finds the negligee Frank bought her for their fifth anniversary. She has not worn it in years, but it still fits like a dream. Black and sheer, it provides the scant illusion of coverage. Small patches of darker black threads float across the surface of the fabric like fluffy clouds. Two such patches cover her nipples, just barely, but with the proper movement she can expose her peaks for the lucky man. The more she moves to test out the peek-a-boo nature of the covering, the more the fabric rubs against her areoles making them hard.

The front of the hem hits her mid-thigh leaving much of her legs bare. The line moves lower as it approaches her ass dropping down to grace the back of her knees. The nightie came with a matching pair of black panties, but she foregoes this option for the night. Easy access can only help her chances for success.

Again and again she goes over the steps in her mind. She tries to work out eventualities in case things do not go as planned. But she keeps finding herself focusing more on what will happen if all goes well. Her pussy starts dripping as her thoughts linger over the fun to come. She paces back and forth fighting the urge to finger herself or star using her rabbit.

She contents herself with her fantasies of how the night will play out as she waits impatiently for Frank to get home. When she hears his car pull into the driveway her heart starts pounding. By the time the garage door rumbles up, the rush of blood in her ears is deafening. She starts to freak out over every little aspect of her plan. Her breath comes hot and heavy as she tries to get a grip. Amazingly, when she hears the heavy door thump against the garage floor, her mind clears. She realizes that it would be worse not to try at all and all she can do is make the effort.

As soon as he walks through the door she greets him emphatically. Vivian finds an buxom coquette she had no idea existed within her. She exudes sex appeal that would have grabbed Frank's attention even without the alluring wrapper barely covering her assets. Her appearance and demeanor remind him of the conversation he has been postponing since his epiphany. But his burgeoning erection short circuits the brain power normally used for conversation.

She takes his briefcase and pulls off his suit coat. She keeps constant contact with his skin through his clothes. Her hands only leave his body long enough to put down his items. She puts her hands on his shoulders and guides him to the dining room table. The entire table has been cleared except for Vivian's purse from the night before. She pulls him into a nearby seat and bends over him.

Her face pulls up close to his. "I have a surprise for you," she whispers. The husky tone of her voice makes his cock stir. Any lingering insecurity has wafted away. Vivian knows she cannot back down now. Vivian starts to weave the threads of Cassandra's plan into their lives.

"When I returned to Cassandra last night we talked for a little bit. I saw how much you enjoyed being with her and it turned out she enjoyed herself too. She agreed to come by tonight for a little more fun."

Frank's prick lurches in his pants. His back goes rigid. He's hanging even more on Vivian's every word. His thick member creates a hill in the leg of his pants. Vivian spots it and takes advantage of the obvious arousal. She leans over farther pressing her breasts into his shoulder. She pets his thigh like a kitten, gently stroking his head through the fabric of his pants.

"But, she had one condition. She wantseverything she does to be a surprise. So,you cannot look at or touch her until she grants you leave to fully enjoy her body."

The condition surprises Frank, but he is in no condition to argue. Vivian rises off of him and reaches into her purse. She pulls out a thick black blindfold. Without asking, she wraps it around Frank's head. She ties it tightly behind his head. Vivian waves her hand in front of him, but he is either blind or careful enough not to react. She runs her hands down the front of his shirt. She doesn't stop until she reaches the top of his trousers.

Her breasts rub against him once more. But, she has a little more room to maneuver with her arms only reaching his waistband. She sways back and forth rubbing her nipples against the layers of fabric between them. She brings her lips up to his ear and purrs softly, "If you can see anything Cassandra will be very upset."

She slowlyundoes his belt. The click of metal and rough sound of leather pulling against each other makes Frank twitch. His fingers flex and make fists. His mind plays a game of tug of war with his reflexes. He knows he must restrain himself; but he wants to move, to help, to speed things along. Vivian, watching his every movement, tsks in his ear.

"If you are going to be a bad boy, I'm going to have to take care of those pesky hands. They might just get you into trouble otherwise."

She silently pulls Frank's hands through the slats of the chair behind his back. She grabs his wrists in one hand utilizing her free hand to reach into her purse again. It emerges with a pair of fuzzy purple handcuffs. The handcuffs she received from Cass replace her strained hand to keep Frank's arms in their place. They ratchet shut around Frank's wrists, but the fuzzy covering keeps the pain of the awkward placement at a minimum.

With her husband subdued, Vivian returns to her position over his back. Her bare pussy hovers inches above his moving fingers. She desperately wants to lower herself onto his questing digits, but she knows that would ruin the atmosphere of obedience on his part. Instead, her hands return to his waistband. A gentle tug and rustle of fabric informs Frank that his button is undone. The steady click of his zipper releases the pressure from his bulge is creating. She gives his rod a quick pat before leaving the area around his chair.

"Now you are all hers. I'll be waiting with my toy in hand for the show."

She walks around the table and pulls out a separate chair. She is careful to push down as she drags it out to ensure Frank hears the movement. Her pussy is practically a faucet as it anticipates its fulfillment, but she forces herself to wait. After a few minutes, she slips off her shoes. She sneaks, barefooted and silent, over to the door. She opens and closes it for the benefit of Frank's ears. Then, she steps back into her stilettos and walks back to Frank. The steady click of heels on tile announces her approach.

After forcing herself to wait, Vivian no longer has the patience for further delay. She strides straight to where Frank is sitting and settles herself on his thighs. Her fingers dip into his opened pants and free his rigid member. Her purse still holds one last present from Cassandra. However, the instant she sees the pulsing veins like bolts of lightning bringing life to his cock, she cannot smother it in a condom. It might give away the game, but she wants him bareback. More than that, she needs to feel his hot flesh pressing into hers.

Her hands stroke his not so little soldier making his helmet wave back and forth. Vivian licks her lips with hunger. She did not see Cass give Frank a blowjob. She was otherwise occupied. But she did

see Dexter, or was it Morgan, slam his dick into Cassandra's throat. The memory raises Vivian's need to taste fresh meat. And Frank is her gourmet meal.

She slides backwards catching herself with a spring in her calves before kneeling to the floor. Without warning, she slurps Frank inside her mouth. The first brush of her inviting mouth brings a gasp from his lips and a muted rattle from the involuntary flex of his arms. Vivian grabs his clothed hips and inhales his pole until her chin meets his zipper. Even then, she perseveres forcing her lips farther into the cloth cavity hiding his balls. Frank groans audibly. His breath hisses out of him. The heat and wetness encasing his prick is almost too much for his strained control.

She holds him trapped against her cheek with her tongue. Her head twists back and forth working her lips deeper. Her hunger produces an abundance of warm saliva to drip over his member. Her molars rub against his head, hard enough to send shivers up his spine without putting enough pressure to his sensitive flesh to cause pain. When he is thoroughly coated with her oral secretions, she massages them into his shaft with her lips and hand.

Mentally, Frank had already psyched himself up for another encounter with Cassandra. But nothing he imagined could prepare him for the reality. He imagines he can see her eyes boring into him while she works his pole. The impossibility of seeing her eyes while she is face down in his lap does nothing to deter his erotic fantasy. He can feel wisps of her hair waft into the crevices of his shirt and caress his skin. He just doesn't know it is Vivian's hair that is enticing him.

Frank can feel his climax approaching. He expects Cassandra to tease him before permitting his full release, just like the night before. He fights his burbling testicles and waits for the reprieve he expects to extend the pleasure. But Vivian craves his sperm. She has no intentions of prolonging his fun. She yearns to taste him, now. Her head bobs up and down taking in his length. The sound of her slurping lips helps broaden the chinks in Frank's control.

She cannot reach his balls inside their cotton prison, but she does not need to. The first oozing drops of pre-cum electrify her taste buds. It pools up out of his plumbing to be instantly licked away. Vivian delights in the first taste, but needs more. She flicks his opening with the tip of her tongue. With no ejaculate immediately forthcoming, she swallows the head into the back of her throat. Her teeth lightly scrape his shaft. The hard touch sends the shiver from his spine into his sack.

Unable to resist the siren call of Vivian's mouth, he shoots and he scores. The first splash hits Vivian in the back of her throat. With her job complete, Vivian returns the head to just behind her lips for her reward. Vivian traps the spurting helmet against the roof of her mouth with her tongue. She breathes slowly through her nose while the salty stream fills her cavity.

Crème de Frank delights her taste buds. The frequent jets of hot liquid fill her mouth and raise her desires to unimaginable heights. She waits patiently quietly smoldering with need until the monster is completely exhausted. The blood starts to retreat from his member once its task is complete, but Vivian is not going to allow that yet. She has more work for him to do. And more semen to collect in her belly.

She swallows the full load. Her tongue ruffles his sensitive tool and pulls its ejaculate into her throat. The semi-hard flesh roils inside her mouth bathed in its milky expulsion. Vivian quickly downs the first course and begins sucking in earnest. The blood flow reverses and she soon has a fully erect member at hand once more. Or at mouth as the case may be. But now that she has prevented his deflation, she has another mouth to feed.

She releases his cock with one last kiss. She does not leave it alone for long. She stands up and

aligns herself with his jerking member. She holds the wet pole steady with one hand and drops her weight onto it impaling her pussy. Finally, she has him trapped inside her again after far too long. Vivian revels in the fullness of a living dick fighting her vaginal canal's tightness once more. She grinds her ass into his pants. The rod moves within reminding her how amazing Frank feels when he is pulsing within her.

She cannot bring herself to move off of his prong. Instead she ripples the muscles clamping down on him without letting him escape. Frank is breathless with pleasure. He does not remember Cass being so tight the night before. Her kitten devours his recently used penis and breathes new life into his veins. Every passing second seems to increase the pressure. Her shifting pussy pulls and grasps him. He wonders if it will pull his whole body into her hungry maw.

The instinctive need to be active is unbearable. Her slit screams at her to hump his brains out. But she still cannot bring herself to free him even the few inches to provide a proper thrust. Instead, Vivian glides her hips back and forth pushing him impossibly deeper and changing the angle of attack without separating from his crotch. She pulls his lips to hers and they meet in a crushing kiss. Passion burns between them and she starts gyrating faster.

After the kiss breaks, she craves even more stimulation. She leans backward exposing her crotch at the cost of a little exposed flesh from Frank. Her finger finds its way to her clitoris and starts stroking it furiously. Her ass bounces slightly, but she keeps pressing down into Frank. Her legs wrap around behind him for balance. They find his hands which stroke her ankles from their limited position.

Faster and faster Vivian rubs. She can feel her heart thump in time to her fingers. Her body flushes with warmth. Her toes curl up. Her legs tense up yanking her forward again. Despite being crushed between their bodies, her hand continues its furious work. Scant seconds later, her orgasm finally hits her. The climax rips her breath from her body. She snaps harder into Frank hugging with her free hand and kissing him repeatedly. Her pussy trembles around his pole, but he maintains his restraint.

After Vivian's orgasm, she starts to feel guilty for the deception. Now that she is temporarily sated, her neuroses start to return. Even with Frank's hardened penis clasped in her slit, she detests what she had to do to get it there. She reaches back to the table and pulls out the handcuff key. She pulls close to Frank and reaches behind him to free his arms. Her hips continue their slow circles on his rod. She may feel remorseful, but she is not silly to ignore her advantage.

After a bit of fumbling that includes a delightful tingling from his cock rubbing her walls, she manages to unlock one of the cuffs. Frank hesitates for a second not realizing that the lack of pressure equals his freedom. He tentatively shifts his arms forward. A slight hitch accompanies the wrist still encased in fur-covered metal, but he manages to pull his arms around and hug his lover. However, Vivian is not done yet. She undoes the knot in the blindfold freeing Frank's sight as well.

Frank's brain takes a moment to readjust reality to what he is seeing. He did not expect to find his wife's eyes staring back at him from inches away. Vivian doesn't know what to expect. His twitching cock rubbing the deepest parts makes her think he isn't entirely upset over the development. But seeing his momentary confusion startles a statement of truth out of her.

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to feel you inside me again."

The soft declaration echoes what Frank wants to fix in their relationship. However, he is half-way to another ball-emptying explosion and far beyond words for the duration. All he manages is an animal

grunt of desire before he takes the initiative.

Frank grips her bare thighs, sliding his hands inside her negligee. A growl of lust and grunt of effort mingle in his throat and explode out as he lifts her up and plants her ass on the table. He swiftly moves one hand to cradle her neck and gently help her lay down on the table. Her arm knocks her purse flying and her brain swirls trying to process the rapid momentum changes. Throughout the move, he remained firmly lodged in her vagina and the shifting beam hampers her reasoning faculties.

As soon as Vivian is settled, Frank pulls back and thrusts into her. Frank uses the hand still gripping Vivian's leg to pull her against him. The cool metal of the hanging handcuff links provide a subtle relief to the fires burning through them both. The fur lined cuff presses roughly into her thigh with every iteration. Frank slams into her like a man possessed. Vivian did not expect such a fantastic reaction to her deceit. But once Frank recognized the lengths Vivian had gone to in order to orchestrate their night together, he was overwhelmed with lust for his wife.

Their bodies meet repeatedly. The wet slap of moist flesh joins the scrape of wood on tile. Frank's vigorous movements shift the table beneath Vivian's ass, but they are heedless to the peripheral noises. The rapid lunges bring her orgasm swelling back into Vivian's nerves. Her legs wrap around him adding to the combined strength of his thrusts.

Filled with need, Frank rips the delicate fabric wrapping and hiding his wife's flesh open. He bends over altering the rhythm of his humping and takes a pert nipple into his mouth. Vivian's subsequent climax grips her and commands her to obey its call of ecstasy. She quakes under Frank's body. Her pussy squeezes his dick like a toothpaste tube. His continuous plunges push his head through her tightness and the familiar tingle starts arcing through his balls.

He releases her breast and kisses his wife again right when his seed starts flowing into her. For the second time that night, his balls unload into Vivian. They shiver through their climaxes together before Frank collapses onto Vivian. His legs shake. His back aches. He is completely exhausted. And he's never been happier.

Even after that wild night together, husband and wife both found their tongues tied on matters of sex. But it was a step forward in the right direction. At the very least their bodies were able to do their talking for them yet again. Gradually, they work through their nervousness and reluctance together. They are ultimately able to communicate their wants and needs more effectively without fear of judgment.

Their rediscovered union also cuts down on his prostitution expenses, though not completely. They still purchase the services of escorts on occasion, because Vivian still likes to watch. And occasionally join in. And when Vivian eventually works up the courage to tell Frank what really happened when she went looking for her earring and how amazing it was, he cannot believe how horny the thought of Vivian being taken by a dog makes him. After the ensuing lovemaking her tale inspired, he finds a large dog as soon as he can. For Vivian's protection of course.

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### **Chapter Thirteen - The Cat's Meow**

Selina preens in front of the assorted crowd. She has never been a part of something like this and has no idea how to read the crowd. Or the bidding. Sure she has had plenty of sexual experience, but people-watching never was her inclination. And people-reading is not her forte. So she simply tries to be the best version of a pretty kitty she can manage to entice high bids.



It doesn't take long for most of the casual offers to peter out. Soon only two consistent bidders continue to raise their hands for the Hostess's suggestions. One of them is the older gentleman that she borrowed the watch from. That little bit of sleight of hand took a lot of practice to work out, but it seems to have paid off in garnering interest. He is a handsome man, but the other offer intrigues Selina more.

The older man bids like he owns the world. A slow wave of the hand is all he motions to indicate his interest. Selina interprets this as the actions of a self-confident man. Or possibly someone who just wants to inflate the bidding price. And while confidence can make things interesting in that 'Take me hard' kind of way, it also tends to come with men that think they own you after paying for a nice dinner. At least that has been her experience. Self-indulgent misconceptions like that do not create an ideal quality in a date that actually is paying for her company. She wants to have fun, not have to call in the guards and have only her puppy to keep her company for the night.

The other guy has potential. He is more eager and enthusiastic. Every time the other gentleman outbids him, his hand shoots up like a schoolchild desperate to flag down his teacher. She tries to get a better look at him with while flirting with them both. He is in his twenties. And just about as handsome as the other, but the smile on his lips makes him striking. Short blonde hair sits messily atop his head. She cannot tell with him seated, but he looks well-muscled.

Selina does not realize how new his body was to him. He is still getting used to the fact that he can run up a flight of stairs without being winded. Growing up, Jeff was essentially classified as a nerd by his peers. He didn't obsess over Star Trek or Wars, but DC comics were right up his alley. He is also brilliant. He spent much of his school life in classes above his normal grade level absorbing everything he could. He loved to learn and spend his free time reading comics.

Most of all he enjoyed his programming class. It provided an outlet for his love of problem solving and a creative outlet for him. But the twin barrels of eighteen years of low activity and bad eating left him overweight. He also had issues connecting socially with his classmates. Whether from age differences causing gaps or his social status forming impenetrable walls, he had few friends. He had even fewer girlfriends. In fact he had none.

After school, he skipped college and instead started putting his programming acumen to good use. His passion for superheroes translated into working on his own version of a super-powered role playing game. The projected paid off in a way he never saw coming.

A pretty little piece of code he worked up to crunch numbers on the in-game economy had real world applications. Somehow a major financial institution worked out what he had and offered him millions for the rights to his software. He figured he could always start over with this aspect of his labor of love and became a brand new millionaire. Looking at his newly inflated bank statement, he felt like Bruce Wayne, with the added benefit of not being an orphan.

He spent some time traveling and working sparingly on his pet project. But he was still lacking in social connection. In fact, when a beautiful woman started talking with him at his hotel bar one night he almost had a heart attack from shock. When she leaned in close and put her hand on his thigh, he could barely breathe. When she suggested they go up to his room, he threw money on the bar and left so fast he almost carried her to the elevators.

Once in his room, everything fell apart. He moved in for a kiss and the mystery woman pulled away. She sat on the edge of the bed. A come-hither smile plastered on her face. But the words from her mouth were all pricing and terms for illicit activities he had never even heard of. It took Jeff several beats to realize he had been picked up by a prostitute.

At that point in his life, he was eager to bust his cherry, and took no issue with paying for it. But the only experience he had with the process was television. He was suddenly terrified that she was actually a vice cop here to bust him for solicitation. He broke out in a cold sweat and headed for the door.

He was still somewhat uncomfortable with staying in hotel rooms and never unpacked his bags. His suitcase was still full and standing near the dresser. On the way by he grabbed his bag and never looked back. He did not even offer a word of explanation before leaving. Soon his room only contained a bewildered woman of the evening lying frustrated and unpaid on his bed.

The botched pick-up haunted his already meager social skills. He had no idea how to exorcise the discontent he felt with his relationships, but he knew he could work on his physical issues. He started hitting the gym and watching what he ate. Gradually, he worked his age-old flab into muscle. And while the payoff of his hard work made him feel better about himself, it did little to help his social calendar.

He was still incredibly shy even after his physical transformation. And flirting with women was beyond his talents. He yearned to feel the touch of a woman. Unlike his intellectual pursuits, the pursuit of tail did not have an easy answer waiting in his brain. He ran over ideas and scenarios again and again, and his brain frequently trod over the same pathway. Memories of his night at the bar came unbidden to the surface. The bright smile. Her gorgeous face. A warm hand on his thigh.

He never regretted running out on the prostitute, but his thoughts continued to wander back to his first brush with physical intimacy. The unintentional propositioning months prior seeded his wet dreams and gave him an idea. He saw nothing wrong with it, but he was terrified of being arrested on account of it. Money was not an object, but discretion was. He hunted through the internet trying to sort fact from fiction about escorts. His new life goal was purchasing a distinct and enjoyable experience.

His restless searching turned up an internet rumor that seemed to impossible to be true. A bachelorette auction where you aren't necessarily guaranteed an evening with the woman in question. But the winner was assured of a night to remember. His cock started leaping in his pants over the thought of a parade of beautiful women all up for bidding. The first digital whispers whet his appetite, and soon his sole focus was on tracking down the auction.

Jeff expended a good deal of effort trying to separate reality from fantasy. Especially with an event that prides itself on secrecy. But secrets only stay quiet for so long especially when large egos feel wronged. Mistress insulated herself from any direct accusations, but small details emerged through his relentless search. Jeff eventually discovered this year's event was taking place on the other side of the United States. He also only managed to straighten out the truth the week of the event. The moment he tracked down a ticket, he chartered a flight to Alaska.

When he arrived at the hotel he didn't know what to expect. The dinner was fantastic. The company was intriguing, and he enjoyed chatting with strangers over a fine meal. No one acted like the reason for being at the fundraiser was anything more than pleasant conversation.

That was, until the show started. The first few women were breathtaking. And their costumes and personas were fascinating. With all the research he did, he didn't think he would be that interested in watching a woman have sex with a dog. He never hunted any bestiality porn down to see what he would be in for. He did not have a puerile aversion to the practice; he just assumed it wasn't for him. However, seeing the giant canines juxtaposed with Jeannie and Elizabeth made his pants tighten unexpectedly.

But when the next performer was introduced he snapped to attention. Selina is not a very common name. Hell, when he wrote the occasional fan fiction, his word processor's spell check did not recognize it. In addition, years of reading the name in conjunction with Catwoman had linked it to the character in his mind. Clearly Jeannie was named for her character, or vice-versa. He prayed that her case was the same.

His prayers were answered when Selina swung out into the room. Even if the all black cat burglar costume wasn't a giveaway, the cat ears cinched it. He was probably the only man there that did not immediately focus on her bare breasts. He took in her whole character and thought he might have died and gone to heaven.

When she threaded her way past his table, she stroked his chin with her exposed fingers. The contact almost caused him to cream his jeans. Nothing and nobody was going to prevent him from winning her hand. He easily outbids everyone there except for the older man in front. But his persistence and sizable wallet wins the day.

He follows the other winners to the cashier before joining the queue for instructions. He tries not to be too eager. He is very self-conscious of his lack of experience. As the initial zeal wanes under his control, he starts to feel a little embarrassed as well. Despite the fact that everyone there was there for the same reason, or at least close enough, he has a sudden case of red face.

When his turn comes he can barely squeak out a word. The Hostess asks him the standard simple questions. He shakes his head about getting involved with the dog, but nods enthusiastically when asked if he seeks any contact with Selina. The Hostess gives him a warm smile and his keycard.

Before he heads off she tells him, "Selina's dog will be in the room when you arrive, but she will not arrive until after you do. Don't worry. He is very well-trained and will completely ignore you until she comes. But if you'd like to assist in the production you should wear the robe the hotel provides. Enjoy."

Jeff makes his way to the indicated room. After taking a deep breath, he unlocks the door and heads in. He enters into a small hallway much like Brittney does. But unlike the college student, Jeff is staying at the hotel only a two floors below the room he recently entered. Therefore, the setup does not surprise him when he turns on the light.

The only difference between his room and this one is the large black dog sitting comfortably in the corner. He lifts his massive muzzle from the fluffy dog bed he is perched on when Jeff enters, but he quickly loses interest. Jeff leaves the large canine to his nap and turns to the bathroom. He finds the bathrobe right behind the bathroom door on the same style hook he has in his room. He lifts it free, but takes a brief moment to consider his next step.

Jeff is not sure if the Hostess meant for him to strip completely or not, but he figures there is no point in keeping his clothes on. They should hopefully be coming off sooner or later, may as well be sooner. He disrobes and leaves his clothes in a pile on the counter. He puts on the hotel robe to cover his nakedness. By the time he opens the bathroom door, he is staring straight at Selina wearing a her cat ears, a smile, and nothing else. Although the paw prints are still plainly over her nipples, the rest of the costume disappeared between the stage and the hotel room.

"Bruce," she purrs. "There you are."

Jeff wants to respond with something suave and sophisticated. Something along the lines of, "So good to see you again Ms. Kyle." But all he can manage is a startled stammer. Selina takes care of the issue by jumping into his arms and planting a kiss on his lips. His brain slowly melts under the

heat of her embrace. The last time he kissed a girl was a middle school game of spin the bottle. Selina is considerably more skilled than his partner at the time.

Her body shapes itself to the fluffy cotton of his robe. Her arms wrap around his back. Her tongue teases his lips with little licks. Her fingers crawl up his back and caress his neck. Jeff does his best to keep up with her, but his mind is still trying to catch up to the fact that he is making out with Catwoman and she called him Bruce. The existence of Batman and Catwoman notwithstanding, it was the closest he has ever been to pure ecstasy.

He strokes his hands across her bare back. Jeff is unsure of what to do, but he tries to make up for the lack of experience with plenty of enthusiasm. His hands roam over her bare skin and find their way down to her round ass. He gives it a little squeeze and she wriggles closer to his warm body. Blood surges to his tackle making it twitch in its cotton coffin.

She is fitted so close to his body that his erection has nowhere else to go. It presses against Selina rubbing her with the fluffy robe. One of her hands slips between the press of their bodies to grip his shaft. Even through the barrier, her touch makes him shiver. He yelps in surprise and jumps back. Selina smiles like the cat that ate the canary.

She laces her fingers through his and escapes through the doorway. She leads the stunned millionaire to the bed. Her Dane raises his head again at the sudden commotion, but he remains where he is. She stops when they are near the foot of the bed. She spins around abruptly and resumes kissing him. The unannounced affection puts Jeff off his footing. He is so off-balanced, that he nearly falls forward onto the bed when she suddenly disappears from his arms.

Between one breath and the next, her lips disengage and she ducks under his arm. Her lithe body curls around to his back. She squashes her breasts against the covering, but he can still feel the twin points of her nipples digging into his flesh. Her arms coil around him. And quick as a wink, her hand dives into the fold of his robe and wraps around his naked member.

Jeff's knees turn to Jell-O. The cool fingers grasping is burning pole are too much for him. He falls forward bracing his hands on the soft mattress. His ass pushes back into Selina's crotch, but moves with his forward momentum. She rides him downwards keeping herself plastered to him. Her torso rides the slope of his back down increasing the weight on his wobbly legs and rubbing her erect nipples into the cotton robe.

As Jeff starts to regain control of his limbs, her hand begins to pump his cock. She initially moves slowly and methodically. Her fingers provide little pressure, but flit across the tight skin of his sausage. They trace the ridges of his throbbing veins while he breathes deeply. He can focus on his testicular and motor control while she blindly explores him.

Selina maintains her slow speed, but she starts to tighten her fist. Jeff breathes heavily and feels blood rush to his cheeks. She starts to vary her grip testing his reaction. She pops the head between thumb and forefinger and rubs it along her palm. Her smaller fingers tickle the underside before she grabs the base again for another pull. After a few strokes, she varies the tension by grabbing the thick tip between her first two fingers. With a few gentle hip thrusts, she drives Jeff's cock between the tight curl of her fingers.

Gradually, the robe starts to come undone as much as Jeff does. Even her unassertive strokes are enough to loosen the tie on his robe. The knot comes free and the flapping edges bring in a cool breath of air. Jeff can feel his arms falter a bit under the strain. He dips down briefly, but he is already very close to the bedspread. Selina's nurturing drags his dick alongside the silken comforter.

Electricity spikes through him at the unexpected brush with his sensitive head. Jeff feels a tug in his gut at the contact with the slick comforter. Desperate not to cum, his arms lock bringing him away from the sensation and into Selina. She purrs in his ear and gives his shoulder a quick nip. She decides her teasing has done what she wanted. With a satisfied growl, her hand-job intensifies.

Selina tightens her hold even more and increases her pace. A rush of air bursts from Jeff's lungs. His breathing is quick and shallow as the novel sensation of a woman's hand on his cock robs him of any willpower. Her steady rhythm pulls Jeff into her repeatedly. Her nipples rub against his robed back and her hips push into his ass.

The all too familiar tingling starts to massage his balls despite his efforts to thwart them. Her index finger extends out to stroke his helmet almost driving Jeff to his knees. The only thought that gives him the strength to carry onward is that if he fell he might lose his connection with Selina. Wild dogs wouldn't stop this pleasure and he damn well is not going to let his fatigue do it either.

Burning kisses mark a trail along his neck and shoulders. She bites him a bit more firmly pulling him up with her teeth. The unannounced pain stays his orgasm briefly. However, the soft lips and warm breath on his skin quickly recover the lost ground. He moves into the bite standing on shaky feet apart from the bed.

Selina aids his balance with her free arm. She only briefly releases him to yank the robe off completely. His arms are limp at his side letting the fabric slip easily off his body. And her hand working his cock keeps him upright. The bite becomes a kiss that travels a meandering path over the newly exposed skin.

The warring stimulation buffets Jeff back and forth. His body arches and curves in response to Selina's lips. But the hand on his penis roots him to the spot like a pin through a butterfly. He can feel his climax approaching. His testes send waves of warmth through him.

Selina coils her unoccupied arm around his head. She twists his neck around to face her. His eyes are half-lidded. His breathing precisely mimics a panting dog. She licks her lips in anticipation. Striking faster than a cobra, she latches her lips onto his and darts her tongue inside. The sudden fullness inside his mouth triggers the oncoming eruption. His gametes spew forth painting a viscous line up the large bed.

Selina keeps up the pressure as spurt after spurt adds a layer of fluids to the hotel comforter. She does not relent until his rod softens and starts to shrink. She is left with a dazed and drained man in her arms. She steers him around the foot of the bed and up towards the head. She gives him a little pat on the butt and he stumbles forward.

He climbs onto the bed, but he is still a little too bemused to be coordinated. With a soft smile, Selina arranges him in the center of the pillows sitting up against the wall. His legs stretch out framing the stream of fluids she extracted from him to coat the bed. The trail of sperm glistens in the right light and almost looks like a guide arrow pointing towards his softened member.

Once Jeff is settled, Selina kisses his cheek and whispers, "Look at this mess. I better clean it up for you."

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Chapter Fourteen - The Cat's Cream

Selina drops to the ground beside the bed and to Jeff's befuddled post-orgasmic melting brain; it

looks like she disappeared completely. She crawls along the floor and around to the foot of the bed. One hand reaches up and takes a swipe at the splash damage on the end of the bed. The fingers wave goodbye as they sink beneath his view again.

The sound of smacking lips and hungry moans clears some of the cobwebs out of Jeff's head. His curiosity grows with every passing second. He decides to make his way towards Selina even if it requires smearing his cum beneath his knees. But her brown locks slowly rise above the dirty sheets. Her eyes are soon to follow and bore into Jeff keeping him where he is.

As she rises higher, he sees her long pink tongue hanging out of her mouth. Selina curls forward dragging her tongue over a glob of leftover semen. She slurps it into her mouth and swallows with a look of pure ecstasy on her face. Her hands ease up onto the bed and she heaves herself forward. Her progress is slow as she stops every inch or so to suck up the spattering of cum.

Once she worms her way far enough that her ass is visible just over the corner of the bed, she leans up on her elbows and says, "Thank you for leaving me so much milk, Bruce. As always, it is exquisite."

She licks her lips a few times and drops flat on the bed once more to hunt down more kitty treats. He does not think it is possible, but a sudden movement distracts Jeff from the writhing woman. The Great Dane lifts himself off the doggie bed and rounds the king sized human one. He is large enough that Jeff can make his head out easily even with the awkward angle, but when he reaches Selina, his muzzle drops out of sight.

Suddenly, Selina whirls around and hisses like a furious tabby. The sound startles away the last of Jeff's fuzzy-headedness. She turns back to Jeff without moving and pouts, "I thought I told you not to bring Ace along."

Before Jeff can think of any response, the lines of anger in her face smooth out. She twitches a bit and her eyelids flutter. "No, no! Bad boy!" The words come out of her mouth, but they do not have the emphasis of a command. Curiosity burns through Jeff, but all he can see are a pair of jet-black ears poking up behind Selina's ass.

He shifts a little and lifts himself off of his knees to gain a little extra height. What catches his eyes nearly knocks him onto his ass again. Ace is methodically licking Selina's bare ass. His muzzle nods down towards the bed and presses into her crack. Selina shivers a little as he works higher. By the time he reaches the top of her shapely rear, Jeff can see his tongue running along her butt crack.

After each iteration, the long tongue hangs for a second before slurping into his mouth for another round. From what Jeff could see, its length puts Gene Simmons to shame. And he certainly has no qualms about using it on the gorgeous cat. From the weakening protestations, Selina appears to be rapidly moving past her canine issues as well.

She could not be happier. From the first lick of her magnificent dog, she fell in love with Ace's tongue. She pushes her ass into his muzzle urging him deeper. She forgets about Jeff and her character for a moment and lifts off the bed ever so slightly. With the extended position, his slow swipes slap against her clit with every lap. Her eyes wander upwards and remind her of their audience.

His eyes are glued to Ace and his fantastic tongue. He is also already semi-hard. Selina may revel in the tongue running furrows between her lips, but she knows that the show must go on. He even moved himself into a better position for the next scene. But she cannot deny Ace his feast. Or herself the quickly rising orgasm.

She decides only partially selfishly that Jeff will need some more time to properly recuperate. And that will be exactly as much time as she needs to enjoy her puppy. She pushes harder into his muzzle forcing his cold nose into the button of her anus. Ace holds his ground. His snout wedges her crack open, but he no longer has the freedom to lick at his leisure.

Jeff cannot see the action of the canine tongue, but he can hear it. He wants to change position. He needs to see what is happening. But he is frozen. Not in fear, but in lust and his unwillingness to break the spell Ace has over Selina. The wet slap of tongue on flesh readily diverts blood flow to his cock. The sound is soon eclipsed by the crescendo of Selina's moaning.

"Good boy," she murmurs half into the stained comforter. Ace has discovered a sweet spot for his tonguing. His snout jams tightly into her flesh and his tongue constantly rolls out over her clitoris. Selina has no idea how he manages it, but it feels like he is running a belt sander over her clit. Only the paper is wet, warm, and just rough enough to make her scream for more.

The thick canine tongue constantly swipes between her lips and over her love bud. Her climax swells inside her body making her tremble. She can taste the approaching explosion in the back of her throat like the scent of ozone that precedes a lightning storm. The licks become a countdown to her inescapable orgasm.

Five, her thighs shake faster. Four, warmth spreads out through her. Three, her clitoris sparks like a live wire. Two, her belly tightens in anticipation. One, the rest of her muscles follow suit, pulling her tight as a drum. Zero.

The regularly scheduled orgasm is supplanted by a sudden pressure. Rather than give her the last necessary clitoral rub, Ace spikes his tongue into her pussy. The thick muscle worms its way into her vulva. Selina gasps and cries, "Naughty dog. Come on. Make mommy cum."

Selina teeters on the verge of fulfillment. The probing tongue is surprising enough to prevent it, but it only delays the inevitable. The searching tongue stirs her pot. Selina fights the push of his might and braces herself for the onslaught. Every time he does this for her she is amazed by the depths he can reach. It feels like he is digging so far he could lick her tonsils from the inside.

The Canine tongue pulses inside her. Her hands grip the silken sheets as she rushes towards the breach. Ace consumes the river of nectar that flows over his tongue. Right when she is about to vibrate apart, the thick tongue slurps out of her and runs along her clitoris again. Selina's eyes fly open and a garbled cry escapes her lips. Her orgasm hits her like a freight train flattening her to the bed.

And Ace continues his assault. He is a dog on a mission. Her exquisite scent floods his nostrils and coats his taste buds. He wants more, and he knows how to produce it. Selina quivers with every stroke of his tongue. It takes her a few minutes to collect herself, and Ace's attentions are not helping.

She recognizes she made a slight miscalculation. She wanted her fix so bad she forgot that Ace is practically an addict. Once he gets a taste, he is the only one that decides when he will stop. But the show must go on. She looks towards Jeff who is still mesmerized by her performance. He has sat back on his calves and his boner sticks up from his lap like a searching meerkat.

Summoning as much strength as she can muster, Selina pulls herself onto the bed. She ignores the trail before her and makes a beeline for Jeff. Ace chases his kitty as if she is a bolting rabbit. He keeps the pressure on and in her crevice until she moves too far away. The instant it becomes necessary, he lumbers up onto the bed and continues licking.

Jeff locks onto the slavering beast. His mouth waters watching him go after Selina with such gusto. Even without having the pleasure of tasting a woman's treasure before, he can tell Ace is enjoying himself. He is so intent on watching the horny canine, that he misses Selina nearing him. The whole scene feels unreal, like he is watching a television show. So he is completely taken by surprise when Selina engulfs his cock in her mouth.

His head snaps down to see a sea of hair in his lap. The hair tickles his skin as Selina settles deeper onto his erect pole. Her tongue swirls around his shaft guiding it deeper. The immense delight distracts him from what Ace is up to. He thought her hand milking him before was unbelievable, but nothing in his life had prepared him for this.

He fell back against the wall, but the motion only exposed more of his member to her hungry lips. His arms flailed weakly for something to hold onto to keep himself under control. The sheets seem too slick for his numbing fingers to find purchase. He finally settles on stroking Selina's hair. His fingers entwine through her hair and massage her scalp.

He has the urge to pull her roughly onto his spire, but her mouth is draining his strength. Besides, she is already kissing the base of his pubes. She inhales him completely lashing the thick veins running up his rod with her eager tongue. Ace's tongue running over and through her canal inspires her to use her tongue extensively.

However, Ace finally appears to drink his fill. His muzzle rises over Selina's ass. The sudden silence pulls Jeff's attention to the dog. His whiskers drip with Selina's nectar. He licks his chops, but he has other ideas about what to do with her. He steps over the upturned ass before him. He keeps walking forward until he is almost touching noses with Jeff.

With the curve of Jeff's back, he can see along the canine's black chest all the way down to Selina's wiggling butt. A flash of bright red catches his eye. He can see Ace sliding his hips forward and a thick tube sliding between Selina's cheeks. The tip pokes up along her back before sinking out of sight. It takes Jeff several moments to realize it is his canine cock.

Jeff had never seen a dog penis before and the realization startled him. But he does not need to worry about it for long. Ace was not showing off, he was just slowly taking his aim. And one more attempt is all he needs to bury the first few inches into Selina's well-licked hole.

Selina grunts slightly around the human phallus as Ace wedges his in place. His body curls up tight around Selina. His paws grip her waist. With no further preamble, he starts humping away. The force drives Selina into Jeff. Her lips tighten and slam against his pubic hair. The renewed vigor forces Jeff's head back with bliss.

The thump of his skull running afoul of the nearby wall resonates through the room, but the surging hormones prevent the pain from registering. His fingers tighten in Selina's hair, but neither of them is in control anymore. Ace pounds his fat instrument into her repeatedly filling her pussy and mouth with meat. She shoves her hips into his thrusts which has the added benefit of freeing a few inches of Jeff before she is pushed back into his belly.

Her tongue spins Jeff within her like a washing machine. The constant stimulation calls to the dregs of his unspent seed. Desperate to prolong the inevitable, he extends one weak arm to Ace. He scratches the dog behind his ears, but the distraction proves to have the opposite effect.

He can feel the thrumming strength as the dog pistons in and out of Selina. His handshakes with the vibrations of Ace's movements. The tactile proof of their consummation brings the image to his head. With a growl of release, he expels another batch of sperm. This time he fires directly into Selina's

mouth.

She gobbles down the gift, but Ace is still pounding away. Jeff is now thoroughly exhausted after two back to back orgasms. In spite of the woman still in his lap, he drifts off into la la land. His drained penis slowly softens in Selina's mouth while Ace's keeps expanding.

She can feel his knot butting up against her opening. It rubs against her clitoris and revives the embers of her past climax. His furious thrusts keep the home fires burning, but that massive bulb always finishes the job. The pressure increases with every passing moment. Selina holds her breath in anticipation. Her tongue toys with Jeff's flaccid tool, but he hardly stirs.

She sees an opportunity to try something she read once and seizes it. She opens her mouth wide and with a careful scoop of her tongue pulls Jeff's scrotum inside her mouth with his soft member. A slight shiver is the only indication that Jeff realizes she swallows his twig and berries whole.

No sooner has she succeeded, than Ace triumphs over her tight pussy. His knot breaches her outer lips which seal shut behind it. The thick ball nestles into her g-spot and rolls over it with Ace's continuing thrusts. Selina's moans vibrate Jeff's balls. His penis stirs, but like its owner, it is too exhausted to follow through.

It only takes three good humps to bathe her in orgasmic endorphins. Her holes reflexively squeeze the penises contained therein as her climax electrifies her skin. A few deep woofs are the only warning the young woman has before a blast of canine sperm splashes her cervix. Lost in the throes of ecstasy, she purrs like a lioness in heat as the sticky fluid fills her up.

The spurts of burning seed prolong her orgasm. Only after the last shot is added to the collective does the buzzing of her skin start to fade. It takes her another fifteen minutes to free herself from Ace's tying, but she enjoys every minute of their time ass to ass. She also uses her trapped time to suck up the mix of saliva and cum left on Jeff. She keeps an eye on him, but he gives no indication of consciousness.

Once Ace pulls out, he lumbers off to his bed to clean up. Selina stretches out the kinks from being forced into an odd position for an extended period. She tugs the covers out from under Jeff who finally rouses just long enough to slide down deeper under the warm sheets before falling back asleep. Selina curls up against him and drifts off herself with a smile on her lips.

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## **Chapter Fifteen - The Cat's Curiosity**

That night, Jeff has the most incredible dreams of his life. He had often dreamt of being with a woman, but his past midnight fantasies were fueled by nothing more than memories of porn and the touch of his own hand. Now that his brain has real knowledge of the touch of a woman's hands and lips, the roiling pleasure of his sleeping mind envelops him in a world of carnal delight.

He floats in darkness. The only sounds are the moans of women in the throes of ecstasy. A thousand velvety hands caress every inch of his skin. Full lips kiss where the fingers trail off. The phantom kisses slowly travel down his body until they gobble his swollen member whole.

He reluctantly wakes from his intense dreams. His focus is fuzzier than it normally is in the morning. Something feels off. His fuzzy brain takes a moment to realize what feels so unusual. At first he thinks he is still dreaming, but the licking and sucking continues even as the rest of his orgasmic cocoon fades with the sunlight streaming through the window.

His eyelids fly open to see a mound over his crotch hidden beneath the sheets. He lifts the cover to find Selina. Her striking amber eyes gaze up at him along the length of his body. His typical length of morning wood disappears into her delicate lips.

With Jeff staring down at her, she extracts his wood with a loud pop. The smile she gives him is even more beautiful than the sight of his cock in her mouth.

"You're awake," She exclaims.

She rockets up to her knees flinging the covers away from their naked bodies in her exuberance. Jeff focuses on the light in her eyes and the bounce in her breasts. While he is suitably distracted, Selina shifts her knees and hips forward along his thighs.

Suddenly a burst of heat envelops his dick. The heavenly sensation draws his attention from her angelic features down to his crotch. He sees the head of his penis, wrapped in protective latex, peeking out from between their bodies. Selina's lower lips cradle the sensitive shaft pouring the heat of her body into him. As he watches, she settles her hips tighter to his.

The movement makes Jeff gasp. The gasp grows into a steady moan when Selina grinds her body along his pole. The domed head disappears under Selina only to reappear with a soft squeal of approval. She rubs her clitoris against his hard flesh increasing the flow of feminine juices slowly coating his hardness.

Jeff is completely stunned. He has never felt so good in his life. And he does not know whether to do something himself or sit back and enjoy Selina's admirable talent. Frozen in indecision, Selina grabs his hands from where they lay slack on the bed and intertwines their fingers. With the added support, she grinds harder into Jeff.

Jeff closes his eyes in bliss. The steady hump of her hips drives him crazy. She repeatedly rides over his thick meat. She steadily works his knob almost bringing him to orgasm. Hearing his breath coming hard and fast, she slows down to relax him.

Jeff eases back from the precipice reveling in the touch of Selina's skin and sex. Selina releases his hands and they flop bonelessly to the bed. With her hands now free, she runs her fingers over his chest. The pattern she traces is apparently random, but she gradually works one hand down towards the juncture of their bodies.

Once there, she slides under his cock and presses it into her dripping crevice. She presses the head to her entrance. She can feel herself open for him. With one smooth movement, her beaver swallows his wood whole. Jeff's eyes fly open as his member is wrapped in its first full pussy insertion.

Selina smiles devilishly and lets Jeff acclimate to the caress of her vaginal canal. She appreciates the flare of pleasure so obvious in his face. Dropping forward, she plants a kiss on his grinning lips. While their tongues parry and thrust inside the confines of their mouths, Selina begins to work his tool ever so slowly.

She senses that he needs time to keep himself under control and enjoy their physical connections. She just does not know she is taking his virginity. Jeff growls in lust and tries to drive his hips into her.

Selina smoothly curls her ankles over his thighs and pins him to the bed before he can make another attempt. Without releasing him from her pussy, she waits until he gives up the fight. She breaks the kiss and pushes herself up off the bed.

The entirely intentional change in position forces his member deeper despite the bend in her legs. Selina ticks her finger side to side and clicks her tongue like she is reproaching a child. Jeff cannot focus very well, but the metronomic sound pierces the fog eating his rational mind.

Selina lies down over his chest once more and brings her lips to his ear.

“Oh no, Brucie,” she whispers. “This is my rodeo. I am going to ride you until you break. And you are just going to have to lay there and take it.”

She does not wait for a response, nor does she need to. Her legs slide back into a more comfortable position and the gentle glide resumes. Jeff grips the bedding and fights the urge to join her motions. He tries to think unsexy thoughts, but the steady bounce of a gorgeous young woman on his cock makes it extraordinarily difficult to concentrate.

Helpfully, a sudden shift in the mattress draws his attention away from the warm embrace of Selina’s muff. With her enthusiastic wake up methodology, Jeff had completely forgotten about Ace. The massive Great Dane is hard to miss now. He watches over Selina’s naked shoulder as the black dog snuffles along the bedspread.

Even with the huge animal sniffing around their bodies, Jeff only loses focus on the beautiful Catwoman on top of him for a moment. She smiles down at him and settles her weight fully on his crotch. His lower head bumps against her cervix and the gentle rippling of her temple speeds his breath.

Jeff grits his teeth and wrestles back the urge to unload into the latex covering separating him from the dripping walls of his first lover. Selina smirks at the tightness in his jaw. She knows exactly what he is doing. Her body tilts forward over his prone body even as the first tentative lick from Ace moves across her bare ass.

This time, rather than talking to Jeff, she kisses his lips. Even frozen in tight control, Jeff feels the sweet softness of Selina pressing herself to him. His mind shifts from his crotch to her lips and he melts into her kiss.

At the same time, Ace has found the source of the delicious nectar he scented. And unlike in their frequent practices, Selina is not the only one covered in it. The juices drip over Jeff and the heady aroma fills the nooks and crannies of Ace’s mind. Eager for his treat, Ace begins to clean every ounce from their bodies.

Jeff is so engrossed with Selina’s warm lips that he is able to forget where his dick is buried. When the canine tongue rolls over his secretion slicked balls, a new wave of pleasure drives his jaws open wide. The thick, rough tongue lifts his sensitive testes with its force. Ace continues his lick over the tiny gap between the humans and curls up the crack of Selina’s upturned ass.

Selina shivers and darts her tongue into Jeff’s open mouth. She knows what Ace is up to and the anticipation makes her body ache. Her sexual instincts war within her. She does not know whether she should drive her ass into the attacking muzzle or drive her hips into her human lover. Ace, for his part, jams his nose into the crack of her ass seeking the treasure dripping from her pussy.

Jeff can barely keep up with the electricity flaring through his nerves. The repeated lapping at his balls, the pulsing cleft around his cock, the agile tongue filling his mouth, each one threatens to push him over the edge. However, the combination of the three serves to distract his short sexual attention span. Every time one singular sensation brings him to the brink of orgasm, another pulls his attention away before he explodes.

When Ace stops licking, the remaining two actions nearly break his control, but suddenly the pressure on his penis eases, and the invading tongue retreats into Selina's mouth. She continues the amorous kiss, but she is clearly distracted.

Selina knows what is coming. Even with the warm doggy drool dripping down her ass, experience taught her to prepare for the imminent assault. When the heat of Ace's breath left her rear, she loosened her tight control. She cannot look beneath her to find out how ready her pet is, so she needs to prepare for him at his largest.

Twin monstrous paws hook over her hips. Hot breath tickles the back of her neck. Jeff gasps quietly as additional weight settles above him. Selina closes her eyes and smiles in anticipation. Ace is already getting the party started. He humps at the waiting woman drawing ever closer to his target.

The tapered end of his penis bumps against her goose bump covered flesh. Selina coos with every stab. A few wayward thrusts make contact with the puckered bud of her anus, but Ace is too excited to aim properly. Selina curls her hips in an effort to keep man and dog from both plowing the same furrow.

After several breathless moments, Ace rams his pole into her ass. In a single beat, his powerful limbs pull Selina onto his member. His hips do the rest. He pulls Selina down farther onto both of her lovers. The sudden fullness forces her pussy to tense and dance in pleasure. The ripples make Jeff see stars.

Selina is no longer capable of holding back. The unabashed pleasure of Ace and Jeff filling her completely elicits uncontrollable contractions from both holes. Man and beast grunt their combined pleasure to the walls of their room. Ace is already fully erect. His knot knocks on Selina's back door. With a last burst of conscious effort, she lets him in before succumbing to the bacchanal raging through her body.

Jeff is busily fighting his own losing battle against an oncoming storm. The horny pooch is unstoppable and insatiable. He drives into the tender ass before him as if he is trying to repopulate the world after the apocalypse. With his knot inside her, he cannot move in and out of Selina very far, but he moves her whole body with the force of his thrusts.

Selina rides the orgasmic roller coaster and allows Ace to guide her hips forward and back. Every hump seems to drive the burning hot cock deeper into her bowels. Every wind-up rams Jeff fully into her pleasure cove. The competing poles shift like dueling pistons. Selina screams out as a powerful orgasm races through her synapses.

Selina bucks between her lovers as the lightning bolts of pleasure surge through her. Her body spasms uncontrollably. The walls of her love canal quiver like a collapsing coal mine. The vibrating clutch of Selina is far too much for Jeff's no longer virginal cock. He spurts into the protective latex a split second before Ace spurts into Selina's unprotected ass. The hot rush of fluid brings nothing more than a soft gurgle of delight from the exhausted Catwoman.

Moments stretch into minutes and eventually Ace's prodigious member deflates enough to slip free from her tight asshole. A few dribbles of semen escape before the gates slam shut behind the retreating invader. Ace licks Selina's cheek and lumbers off the bed. Off in the corner, he lies down and sets to cleaning himself.

Selina levers herself up on shaky arms and looks down on the slack-jawed face of a thoroughly drained ex-virgin. She smiles and lays a kiss on the tip of his nose. Before her limbs can betray her, she slumps to the side leaving only her leg over Jeff's waist. The warmth of Ace's deposit spreads

through her body. It also reminds her to grab Jeff's condom before it spills all over himself.

She gently retrieves the filled semen shield and drops it into the bedside trash. Jeff recovers long enough to kiss Selina between her exposed shoulder blades before slumping back into a prone position. Selina curls up next to him and gives his cheek a quick peck. He barely stirs at her touch and she knows that he is down for the count again.

She rolls out of bed and pads naked into the bathroom. Jeff watches her pert ass disappear behind the door before hearing the rush of running water coming from the shower. His mind reels. He cannot believe how incredible he feels despite his exhaustion. More than that, his brain unravels a possibly insane idea while he nestles into the covers. A possible future with everything he could possibly want flashes before him if only he could reach out and grab it.

Ten minutes later, Selina emerges from the foggy bathroom. She rubs a towel over her scalp to dry her hair. Her lithe body still glistens with the heat of her shower. When she speaks, her voice has changed tone enough that Jeff realizes the fantasy is over.

"Feel free to stick around, but unfortunately I have my day job to get to. College doesn't pay for itself you know."

Jeff sees his plans crumbling down around him. Selina pulls a bag from the small closet. She pulls out some regular clothes and replaces them with her costume. She throws on a t-shirt and jeans in the time it takes him to start thinking again. She blows him a kiss and calls to Ace. She has her hand on the door when he finally overcomes his shyness and blurts out, "What if I paid for your tuition."

He shuts his eyes as the words escaped. He chides himself for vomiting out the first thing that came to mind. He does not see Selina's eyes narrow as she turns back to the naked man. The Hostess had warned the women that some clients might think their money can buy anything. She made it clear that any further transactions would be up to the individuals to work out as they see fit.

Selina has no intention of perusing additional financing through her body. The thrill was purely in the performance for her. After the one night she planned on going back to her studies with a healthy payday and hopefully good memories. She thought that Jeff was a good guy, but now she suspects he is about to taint her happy memories.

"What kind of girl do you think I am?" she snaps.

Jeff is so naïve that he does not recognize her anger or how thin the ice he treads is. Instead, he takes the question very literally. Being asked a direct question releases the lock on his frozen mind.

"I have no idea," he says honestly. "I only met you last night, and I have no clue how much of what I have seen is truly you. I do know is that you are self-confident enough to play the part of my favorite heroine and gorgeous enough to put all other depictions of her to shame. You are open enough to have sex with a complete stranger with reckless abandon and make him feel for just a moment like he truly is a hero.

"Beyond that, I don't have a clue, but more than anything I want to find out. That's why I want to be your friend. I've been in your shoes. Paying tuition, studying, and trying to have a social life can drive you crazy. Personally, I missed out on the last one. I figured if I helped you take care of the debt part of the equation, you would be free to spend some time with me. Even if you never so much as kiss me again, it would be worth it to have a chance to get to know you."

The righteous anger bubbling up in Selina deflates at his words. She stands dumbfounded at what

this complete stranger is suggesting. She was prepared for him to be a rich prick. She was not ready to deal with the sadness in his voice.

Her bag and Ace's lead fall forgotten from her hands. "So you are trying to tell me you would be willing to pay for my tuition and you expect nothing more than conversation in return?"

"Tuition, books, hell I will even buy a house for you to live in with Ace. I have a lot of money that I do not have a clue what to do with. I plan to try and make myself happy and I know this will."

Selina melts before the passion in his words. She crawls up the bed and molds her body along his. Her head rests against his chest listening to the thump of his heart.

"I suppose we can give it a try for a semester and see what happens."

"That's more than I could hope for. I do have one question though."

"What's that?"

"What is your real name?"

Something about a naked man offering her a free ride asking for her name strikes a chord with her. Selina laughs and says, "It actually is Selina. My parents were huge fans of the Dark Knight and really did name me after Catwoman. That's why I named my dog Ace and came up with my performance."

"You may be the perfect woman after all."

Selina simply smiled and cuddled up closer to Jeff.