

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Saturday and dateless, Secret pranced naked, fresh from the shower and wringing wet. She admired her nubile figure in the dressing mirror, pleased by the sheen upon her body. Dark footprints soaked the carpet where she stepped. Water droplets fell like female rain. Sparkling gems of fluid that parachuted from her body in silent groans of despair at losing touch with her warmth. Luckier drops clung in the black web of her groin; translucent beads that jiggled erotically and caressed her flesh. Secret felt clean.

Boomer thumped his tail and panted happily nearby. He leapt with her, trying to participate in her joy. Secret giggled when his wet nose chilled her ribs or thighs. Gasp surprise when it poked dangerously close to her crotch.

“Boomer!” she scolded, dropping to one knee to confront him face to face.

“Boomer, stop it. Sit still!”

Boomer licked her face. Obeyed.

She towelled herself dry.

Secret stood and threw wide the closet doors. Surveyed her wardrobe. Fussed over what to wear for the evening. She picked out a short skirt and a fishnet bikini bra. Summer thongs for her bare feet. Threw the ensemble on the bed and left Boomer to sit while she dried her hair.

Secret was young. Nineteen. A college student. Determined to pay her own way through school and doing nicely. Grades were good. Sophomore classes no harder than the first year. Art History major and a walk-on position on the gymnastics squad. She'd loved the acrobatic freedom of the above-the-floor disciplines as a girl, but had suffered heavily through a voluptuous puberty and now excelled only on the floor exercises. Her early boyish shape had betrayed her and ripened swiftly into adolescence. Her hips had rounded along with her flat chest. She'd matured sexually too, moving from pre-adolescent masturbation to athletic couplings with any boy she chose.

Like so many girls that become women so fast, Secret made mistakes—or was taken advantage of. She was deemed a little too easy and then labeled slutty when one boy had bragged to his friends about the incredible blowjob she had given him after a party. He never told them that she had done it out of sympathy when he couldn't become erect. The other girls whispered the dirty deed around and taunted her.

‘Secret's got a secret!’ they'd hissed behind her back.

They'd titter and giggle evilly whenever Secret applied lipstick. Some teased, “Fixing a smear?” or, “Who's wearing the rest of it?” or “It doesn't go that far in your mouth, Secret.”

Secret ignored them. A pretty girl, already isolated.

Dry, Secret slipped on her thongs. She pulled her skirt up over her ankles, calves, and thighs, settling it snugly on her hips. She sprinkled a flowery perfume around her bellybutton. Secret pulled on the bra. Adjusted her breasts. The fishnet was her favorite. Black, with generous gaps between the thick threads. Her nipples both poked through, but tightly. She had to take hold of herself between long nails that were sharp. Secret pulled her nipples through and took her time lighting the

candles and incense before dousing the lights. Boomer followed her around, sniffing at the sulfur of the matches and the smoke wisps pouring off the incense.

Secret felt her excitement stir the moment she looked at the telephone. It was time to log in.

The receiver beeped rapidly through the auto-dial sequence and Secret adjusted the headset. She was a very animated speaker. Her hands helped her form words and feelings when she spoke. So she had bought a cordless headset for her phone and loved it. Light, unobtrusive, and crystal clear in her ear. A thin microphone curling along her jaw and coming to a perforated point near her unpainted lips.

Secret paced, waiting for the receptionist to answer.

“Phone Phantasy Hotline, this is Ginger,” the voice said in Secret’s ear.

“Hi Ginger, this is Secret. Can please you put me in the queue?”

Ginger took Secret’s phone number, an ID code for billing, and verified a shift length. With equal precision and coolness, they worked through a short list of sexual topics that Secret would not talk about. Secret knew she could make a great deal more money if she were willing to take callers requesting bisexual girls, but Secret just couldn’t carry it off.

She froze up when her callers broached lesbian issues. The burden of conversation was always on the fantasy-girl, but Secret stuttered and went blank in her imagination every time girl-girl talk came up. Her mind and body were virgin to the touch of other women and Secret couldn’t draw upon any past experience. She froze. And she certainly couldn’t handle calls from other women looking for phone partners.

Ginger processed the login and put Secret in the queue. They said goodbye, Ginger hung up, and Secret listened to the quiet on-hold music while she waited for a caller to come through. Boomer wandered over and she scratched absently behind his ears. He lay down at her feet and rested his massive head on his paws. Boomer was a huge, lovable mutt. Parts Shepherd, Lab, Greyhound and St. Bernard. Gentle as a kitten, but territorial and protective, and his sheer size and physical presence gave Secret a sense of security in the solitude of her apartment.

Secret then let the great animal sleep and cleaned up her loft while she waited for a caller to appear on the line.

The first call was a breather that wouldn’t give a name. So Secret described for him an impossibly gorgeous woman. She made herself taller and the details of her anatomy seemed to quicken his breath. Secret dwelled on breasts of vast measurements for him. Nipples that stuck out inches and quivered when aroused. Mouth-lips and vaginal-lips that hungered for a penis. His penis.

The breather got off swiftly and hung up.

Two minutes. Not much, but a start.

Secret took three more “minute-men” and wondered if the whole night would be like this. They usually were. Lonely guys, horny and a-social, picking out the Phantasy number from the glossy

magazine they had been trying to masturbate over. Secret felt sorry for them. Genuinely sympathetic. Like that first blowjob back in high school. She helped them, and got paid for it.

Then she got a weirdo that wanted to tie her up and rape her. She sat down next to Boomer and petted him while the weirdo did his thing in her ear. He went for over ten minutes. Then he hung up and Secret breathed a sigh of relief. The longer calls upped her averages and therefore her pay, but she didn't like the weirdos and the things they said to her.

"Hi, this is Secret, who's this?"

"Bob."

"Hi Bob! I'm so glad you called me tonight! What would you like to talk about?"

"Um, do you like oral sex?"

"Like it? Oh, Bob," she could husk seductively. "I LOVE oral sex! Will you let me go down on you Bob?"

"Uh, yeah, sure."

Secret slurped and sucked into the phone. She made kissing sounds and smacked her lips.

Bob grunted and hung up.

More breathers. More minutemen. More Bobs. Bobs were the easiest. Secret ate Bobs like they were candy bon- bons. They had never had a blowjob in their lives and Secret knew it instinctively. They had seen them in magazines or maybe in erotic movies, but they had never had one. So secret gave them the next best thing.

"Secret? What a pretty name."

"Thanks."

"My dick is a foot long."

"Oooh, that's so big!"

"You want it?"

"Yes! Can I touch it? Please?"

"Suck it."

"Oh, you knew that's just what I wanted to do, didn't you?"

"Yeah, now I'm gonna fuck you."

"Oh, be gentle. I'm so tight," whining.

"Here it comes. All 12 inches."

“Unnhh... ohhh...” and so on.

“Ok, bitch, now I’m gonna fuck your ass. All 12 inches.”

“Oh, in my little ass? All that meat?”

“Yeah. Bend over, bitch. Here come’s all my 12 inches.”

“Ok, I’ll bend over this nice soft couch here, ok? Then you-OH MY! You’re so huge!”

Game over. Click.

Secret wandered around in the candlelight. She went over to her bedside table and opened a drawer. She withdrew her favorite dildo toys and some lubricants. Body oils, flavored creams, an arsenal of personal pleasures. She arrayed them on the pillow and sat down. Her shift was half over and she despaired of getting a satisfying call. The stultifying sense of frustration was an uncomfortable itch within her. She could always masturbate in the end, but she looked forward to giving one lucky caller the real thing if only he could pull her into his fantasy with beautiful words, unselfish words.

She dabbed a flavored balm on her nipples and shivered. Not yet. She denied herself and the shift went on into the night.

“Secret?”

“Yes, lover?”

“What are you wearing?”

“My legs are tan and bare under my miniskirt. I have a see-through bra on my 38-DDs and I’m not wearing any panties.”

“Awesome,” real excitement.

“Thanks, lover. How about you? What have you got on?”

“Uh, nothing.”

“Perfect,” whisper. “Is it hard?”

“Is what hard?”

“Oh don’t tease! Is it all big?”

“What?”

“You know,” shy.

“Say it, Secret.”

“Your... your... your thing. Your organ,” shy.

"My what?" breathing heavily.

"C'mon, you know," blushing in her voice.

"Say it," almost there.

"Your, um, member?" girlish.

"My what?" unable to speak.

"Your, penis? Your," a touch of the virginal, near tears, "Cock? Your cock? Is your cock all hard? Is your cock all big and hard?"

Sounds of male climax. Click.

More Bobs.

More foot-longs.

A weirdo.

Some breathers.

"Secret?"

"Yes, gorgeous?"

"Do you give head?"

"Oh, absolutely! If you tell Secret what your erection looks like, she'll tell you what her mouth wants to do with it."

"Um," silence.

"What's wrong, honey? Isn't it hard yet? I can fix that," naughtily.

"Oh, uh, no. It's hard alright. That's not it."

"Then what? Are you shy? C'mon, let me have it right between my lips, hon. You can even cum in my mouth."

"Sounds great, Secret. But it's being sucked already."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, um, my wife is deep-throating me and I think she needs your sweet lips on her pussy. We've got you on speaker-phone and she's listening too. So just tell her what you're going to do with her cunt and that'd be great."

Secret instantly paled. She blushed brightly. Froze. Hung up. Paced in dismay.

Then she got four more lesbian requests in a row and she had to call Ginger back.

"Oh, c'mon, Secret. Give it a chance," Ginger said. "I can keep you in calls all night if you'll do girl-girl."

"I know, but I just can't," Secret fretted.

"You're such a ninny, do you know that?"

"Yes."

"But you're stickin' to your guns? No lesbian stuff? Are you sure?"

"Yeah," biting her nails.

"OK. I'll keep them away from you. Sorry."

"That's ok, Ginger."

Bobs. Breathers. Foot-longs.

Secret fed Boomer and stroked his fur thoughtfully while he ate. Would a lesbian fantasy really be so hard to do? Secret often masturbated in front of her mirror. She liked to watch the reflection of her body in the candle-lit glass. Was it that much different than loving her own body? How often had she longed to suckle her own breasts? Tried to bring them close enough to reach with her outstretched tongue? How many times had she been unable to climax from mere fingering and lusted for the ability to take her own mouth and eat herself out? Maybe if she sat before her mirror and made love to herself she could provide a narrative to a caller seeking lesbian sex.

Maybe.

Foot-longs. Breathers. And Bobs.

Secret satisfied dozens of anonymous erections and was pacing furiously as the last half-hour of her shift began. Boomer sensed her agitation and whined, swishing his tail. Secret looked at the sexual aids on her bed and knew she wanted some hard cock. The next caller was going to get to hear her come for real if he was willing to stay on the line. She moved to the bed and picked out a small but hard dildo and began to oil it up.

The phone line clicked mechanically, startling her where she sat.

"Hello, this is Secret. What's your name?"

"Ann."

Secret froze.

"Hello?" the sweet voice said. "Are you there?"

The voice was a contralto and rich, with the silken undertone of cigarettes. Thirtyish? Fortyish? Mature, anyway. And Secret had no illusions that this might be a weirdo guy playing at being a woman. There were those who could carry it off in certain timbres for a while, but not in this particular voice.

"You're a woman," Secret said stupidly.

A quiet laugh fluttered in Secret's ear, "Yes, I am. Is that ok?"

Secret set aside the glistening dildo and placed her hands in her lap like a teenager nearly caught with her fingers in her pants by the teacher.

"Who were you trying to reach?" Secret asked.

"Ah, I asked for a-is this the fantasy line?" some hesitation.

Secret considered saying no. That would end it.

"Yes, this is the Phantasy Phone Hotline. Did you want to speak with a guy?" Secret asked.

"No, I asked for a woman. Aren't you her?"

Secret said, "That's ok. It's just that I only do guys."

"Oh," the disappointment touched Secret and she felt tactless.

"But we can talk," she found herself saying. "If you like."

"Yes, I'd like that. What'd you say your name was?"

"Secret."

"Really?"

"Yes. With a name like mine, you don't have to make one up."

"You really do have a sweet voice, Secret. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Ohhh."

"Is that ok?"

"It's perfect, Secret. You're just what I'm looking for."

Secret felt deeply flattered and terrified at the same time. She said, "Ann? Are you sure? I mean, ah, I've never been with a woman."

The laughter was rich and warm and amused.

"Are you serious? Did you get that line in a porno movie?"

Secret didn't know what that meant. She said so.

Ann replied, "I'm sorry, Secret. That's such a cliché, though. I thought you were trying to seduce me."

"What?!"

"No, no, I'm sorry. I understand," Ann soothed. "So you aren't a lesbian?"

"No," Secret admitted.

"Neither am I."

Secret flushed in embarrassment.

"You're not?"

"No," Ann said. "I'm bisexual."

Secret was a moment understanding the distinction. She absorbed this in awkward silence.

"I'm not bisexual either," Secret eventually offered.

"That's fine."

In the silence that followed, Secret wondered where this was going. She decided to go through with the call as best she could.

She got up and kicked off a thong, which woke Boomer. He lifted his large head, but dropped it again; slept again.

"Secret?"

"Yeah, I'm here," she answered.

"Can I ask you something?"

"You want to know what I look like?" Secret actually considered giving an accurate description.

"Yes I would, but can you tell me what you do first? When you're not answering phones, that is."

"Well, I'm an actress. I mean, I wanna be one. An actress, that is."

"So, you're really pretty then?"

"You have to be pretty nowadays. It takes more than talent now."

Silence.

Ann said, "So what do you look like?"

Secret looked at herself in the mirror and described what she saw. Hair, eye color, height, weight, she tossed the words off nervously as she looked herself over. She was improvising, offering innocent, non-sexual details to fill the time.

Ann interrupted. "That's really detailed. Did you write that down?"

"Oh no, I'm ad-libbing."

"Wow, I thought you would be reading from a script..."

"Oh no, I have little bios written up for different kinds of callers, but I almost always give my own physical stuff. It's easier. Shall I describe my body for you?" Secret felt silly the instant the words left her mouth.

"Maybe later. But for now though, I'd like to ask you about your first sexual experiences. Is that ok?"

Secret thought momentarily and said, "I used to work in an office setting, but I only work from home now. It's too embarrassing for me to do this when there's a room full of people who can hear me."

"What?" Ann wondered loudly. "No, no, I meant your early experiences in the flesh, not on the phone."

Secret had unhooked her skirt and it fell to the floor like flower petals. She scooted across the bed and sat herself directly in front of the mirror and imagined what it would be like if the reflection came to life and ravaged her.

"Oh," Secret said. "OK."

"Great. So can you tell me if you began masturbating before you had your first boy? I mean, you do masturbate, don't you, Secret?"

The fishnet bra stayed on. Secret liked the nettish feel of it on her breasts.

"Yeah, I masturbate. I started that when I was thirteen or fourteen? Years before boys." She felt ok with the question. Girl talk.

"Did you put your fingers inside?"

"Well, no, not at first. I think I was taking a bath and got carried away with a bar of soap or something. Just rubbing, you know?"

The miles and miles of distance between them gave Secret a sense of confidence. She could do this. The woman's voice was perfect and clear in Secret's ear, but she was far away, too.

"Did you come that first time?"

"I don't think so. I got scared and stopped before it happened. I didn't know what was happening, you know?"

"Yeah. Me too," Ann confided. "But you tried again?"

"That night. In bed. I used my hands between my legs. I didn't know what was going to happen, but it felt so wonderful that I kept rubbing. I found my little clit and realized that was where the good feelings were coming from." Secret found that she had risen from her place on the bed and was pacing, gesticulating with both hands, trying to express herself through the line.

"Did you come?"

"Yes!" Secret laughed. "It was like nothing I'd ever felt! It felt soft and sorta crampy? You know? It scared me; when the orgasm first hit me I squealed out loud like I'd just wet my pants or something! I was so surprised!"

"Oh, I know exactly what you mean," Ann said.

"I think I quit right away that first night, but I think I did it every night after that. Except for my period."

"Exactly. Me too," Ann said. "Can you remember when you started using your finger inside?"

"Oh, sure," this was easy. "Me and my girlfriends were talking about boys and we were talking about what it would be like to be with one. In bed."

"And?"

"Well, one of the older girls told us she had done it. I think she was lying, but anyway, she told us about penises and erections and fucking. So that night I ended up poking my pinky into my vagina to see what it was like. To be with a guy, you know?"

"Uh-huh."

"That was the first time."

"Did it hurt? I mean, were you very tight?"

"Yes, very tight. I still am tight. But it was ok. I did it a lot. Fingering, that is. It was fun to fantasize about boys and finger-fuck myself. I learned how to come that way too."

"Lucky girl," Ann said.

Secret stepped over Boomer quietly and stood before her mirror. She looked at herself and felt the first silky warmth and tingle of her arousal. That first scent of delight tickled her stomach and the gooseflesh sprouted bumps there, causing her pubes to stiffen from their roots. The skin of her loins tightened.

Ann spoke into her ear, "But boys are bigger than fingers..."

Secret blinked.

"Right?" Ann asked.

"Yes."

"And you wanted to see what they were like."

The young memory of lust was still a fresh feeling in Secret's soul. She touched fingertips to her body.

"Yes."

"So you tried two fingers? Maybe three?"

Ann knew.

"Yes..." Secret closed her eyes and remembered the fullness of two fingers. The satisfying tightness of three if her knees were wide and she inserted them sideways.

Ann said, "And boys are longer than fingers..."

Secret winced, "Yes..." she just *knew* what Ann would ask next.

"Tell me what you tried next?"

Secret felt wetness. She felt wild arousal in her stomach and between her legs. The thing popped into her mind.

"A carrot," she whispered. And came quietly as the memory of the orange vegetable poking her surfaced.

Ann whispered, "I used my hairbrush," and Secret fell to her knees on the carpet and creamed herself at the thought.

"A hairbrush?" Secret whimpered.

"Up to the bristles," Ann bragged. Then Ann continued, "After the carrot?"

Secret bit her lip, closed her eyes, said, "Other things."

Ann adopted a teasing tone, "Like what?"

Secret felt an erotic shame at the confession. "A banana — because it was thicker and curved. A hot dog- -'cause it was soft and fleshy and pink. Like a penis would be."

"What else?" Ann prodded.

"I don't know," a vague memory darkened Secret's inner eye and she hesitated.

"Yes you do. C'mon, Secret. Tell me," Ann pressed.

"A tube," Secret admitted softly. "Of toothpaste."

"Really?" Ann giggled in frank surprise. "Why?"

Secret knelt in front of the mirror and looked at her body. The signs of deep arousal were obvious. This call had taken a hairpin curve that she'd never anticipated, but it was exciting her anyway. She wanted to abandon herself to Ann's interrogatory probing. Wanted to share the things she was seeing in her mind. She wanted to be truly naked. She kicked off her last thong and crouched on the carpet.

"I wanted to feel something squirt inside me. Like a guy ejaculating?" Secret remembered the mess she'd made. Remembered the tingling new orgasms that came when she'd applied the shower head to clean the toothpaste out of her vagina.

"Wow," Ann said with admiration. "Never thought of trying that. I just used hot water from the shower head."

Secret erupted with laughter. "How do you think I got the toothpaste out?"

Ann's rich laugh echoed in Secret's ear.

"Oh Ann, it was awful! The toothpaste foamed like crazy when I put the nozzle down there!"

Ann grew hysterical.

"I had blue foam just gushing out of my pussy! It ran down my legs and up my butt and it tickled! It was like bubbles inside! I couldn't stand still, even!" Secret stood up with the memory buzzing between her legs. Her breasts rebounded heavily in the fishnet.

Ann had lost it entirely. She was cackling and choking with laughter that made Secret feel good.

"I had to squat down in the tub and spread my knees as far as I could. I set the nozzle down so it would shoot up into me by itself and then I used my fingers to peel back my lips."

Ann managed to ask, "My gosh, how much did you squirt in yourself? The toothpaste, I mean?"

"Oh, just as much as I could! I got the tube in and squeezed as hard as I could, you know? I wanted to see what it was like. I didn't know then how much comes out of their balls."

Ann hooted at this.

"I'll never do that again!" Secret said with conviction, listening to Ann's wonderful laughter. She felt like a performance artist who's performance was the truth and Ann's laughing was like applause in her ears. She relaxed and returned to stand in front of her mirror.

Imagining that her reflection was actually Ann emboldened her to kneel down quietly and apply a fragrant oil on herself. A dangerous sense of anticipation accompanied the smooth sensations she roused in herself. She found herself becoming curious about the girl in the glass.

"So what was the kinkiest thing you ever put inside yourself?" Secret asked her glistening reflection. The question was blurted and Secret felt that the conversation was now two-way.

"Me? Oh, I don't know. Ben-wa balls?"

"Been there, done that," Secret replied.

"Um, a candle?"

"Was it lit?"

"No!"

"Try again, Ann," Secret felt a hint of competitive pride.

"Ah, ice cubes?"

"Been there, too."

"Oh, I know. The leg of my Barbie doll!"

"Really? I used Ken!"

They both laughed loudly and Secret reached for the thin dildo with the veins sculpted along its

length.

“How about a pop bottle?” Ann asked.

“That’s not fair. I’m not big enough for things like that.”

Ann said, “Oh, Secret! You simply have to try it! It’s divine!”

“No way, I’d burst!”

“Oh, don’t be a cow. I’m not talking about a quart bottle, you know. Just a regular bottle; with a long neck?”

“Oh.” Secret said, looking at the sizes of her suddenly small toys.

“Do it for me? I think I could come just dreaming about you with a bottle.”

Secret’s eyes widened. She asked impulsively, “Are you naked Ann?”

“Of course I am!” Ann answered loudly.

Secret bit her lip. Impulse drove her.

“Ok, I’ll do it.”

Ann groaned excitedly. “Oh god, hurry!”

Secret bounded to her feet and dashed for the kitchen. She nearly stepped on the slumbering dog, but leapt over him agilely.

“Hear that?” Secret opened the fridge, rattling the door so Ann could hear the bottles clinking.

“Yes!”

Secret noisily withdrew a bottle and plunked it loudly on the counter-top. It sounded full.

Then she jerked open a drawer and the silverware jangled loudly as it slid around. She snatched up an opener.

“Listen,” she whispered.

The opener plinked dull on the cap. Vacuum suck. Fizzing. All of the sounds right by the mouthpiece.

“Oh gosh,” Ann’s voice cracked. “You’re really gonna?”

“Will it really make you come?” Secret asked.

“Yes!”

“Then I’ll try it,” Secret stared at the bottle, surprised at herself. It wasn’t that big. The neck was tapered and thin.

“What do I do?” she asked impatiently.

Ann was breathing harder. “Set the bottle on the floor.”

Secret obeyed.

“Now squat down like a baseball catcher.”

Secret’s toes spread and she put her full weight down on her heels.

“Okay, now what?” Secret regarded the misted glass dubiously. It would be cold.

“Scoot forward until you’re right over it,” impatience.

“Ok.”

“Now, put both of your forefingers inside yourself- just a little bit-and spread open your labia. Big lips and little lips, both.”

Secret kept her balance by placing her elbows on her thighs and did as Ann instructed. A cool draft of air kissed at her pinkness.

“Now lower yourself down, just like it was your boyfriend. Take your time, but sink down as far as you can take it and tell me everything you’re feeling as you do it. Ok?” Eager hunger.

“Okay,” Secret said nervously. She was reassured by the beads of perspiration on the bottleneck. Then she took the bottle.

“Oh, my gosh, it’s freezing!” she gasped as the cold ring of glass touched her skin.

But she lowered herself quickly, forcing the icy neck into her cunt with a loud cry.

“Jeez, that’s cold!” she huffed. The penetration of the frosty glass made her anus pucker, and she was glad again of the drops of condensation that had lubricated the glass neck.

“It’s inside me, Ann,” she reported. “About four inches. Maybe five.” The bottle widened beneath the neck.

Secret relaxed and felt her opening grow taut around the thick throat of the bottle.

“I’ve never had this much inside me, Ann. It’s incredible! There’s goosebumps like crazy on my thighs, and my pubes are stickin’ out like hairs on a pissed- off tomcat!”

Ann’s breathing was ragged and loud in Secret’s ear. Secret wished she knew what to say to help her out, but she had no idea. So she just kept talking.

“Um, it looks amazing. My lips are wrapped tight on the bottle. My clit nub is visible too. And I think my nipples are going to cry.”

Ann sounded wild. Female cries of pleasure floated into Secret’s ear.

“It feels kinda good, you know?” Secret added. She leaned forward and placed her hands on her knees for balance and spread the knees wide. She explained this to Ann, who was obviously having an orgasm.

“I’m gonna try fucking it, ok?”

Ann cried out.

"I'm bouncing on it," and she was. She found a rhythm that kept her balance and allowed her to fuck up and down on the base of the neck. An inch of glass thrust in and out of her pinkness.

"Oh wow," she uttered, grinning at the new sensations in her crotch. Her bouncing reverberated through her body and the sound of thick glass on linoleum reached Ann.

"I could really get into this," Secret chuckled. "The fat part of the bottle is hitting right under my clit and it's beautiful!"

Secret fucked the bottle, letting her pleasures sound out of her mouth for Ann to drink. Secret recognized the sounds of a multiple coming from Ann.

"Ann, um, I like to fuck kinda hard, you know? So I'm gonna lean forward here and put my hands on the floor so I can pump harder? Ok?"

Ann kept coming and didn't say a word. Secret placed her hands on the cool tiles of the kitchen floor and kept a firm, vaginal grip on the cold bottle, pinning it securely to the floor. The forward angle of her weight caused the shoulder of the bottle to squeeze against her clit and she squealed in delight. Then her ass became a slow, steady piston that rose and fell solidly. Several inches of the bottle began to blur in and out of sight. The glass bonked solidly on the floor on the down-thrusts and Secret felt the dull impacts in the bones of her pubis.

Ann's frantic cries told Secret that the sounds had reached Ann's mind and had probably painted an image of a young, sweating girl humping fiercely on a bottle, desperate for climax.

The bore of the bottle-neck was utterly filling and fulfilling in Secret's vagina, but she wished she could go deeper with it.

"I can't take this much longer," she whimpered to Ann. "It's gonna make me cream," she rasped.

Secret pushed harder and the bottle almost slipped. She held tight with her cunt muscles. Then she shifted. She knelt down, doggy-style, and placed her shoulders and face on the linoleum tiling. Her nipples brushed the smooth, cool surface of the kitchen floor through the black fishnet. Her hand darted under her belly and between her spread thighs. Grasped the bottle and humped like a she-devil in deep heat.

Ann's orgasms had faded, finally, and her voice came back in Secret's ear.

"What are you doing?"

Secret husked back, "Fuckin' it. Doggy..."

Ann understood. "Good girl. Can I help?"

Secret wanted to come. She asked Ann to help.

"Just don't break it, ok sweetie?"

That element of danger sent a delightful surge of adrenaline through Secret and she humped the bottle hard. When Secret reached a certain plateau of sexual frenzy, she began to cry out.

She was at that point now.

"Oh - oh - oh - oh," the staccato bursts of sound almost coughed out of her diaphragm. Each clitoral

impact with the bottle's shoulder made her bark. Her body lurched arduously downward, almost painfully. The abdominal muscles clutched and her hips hugged down; thighs and hamstrings bulged under the surface of her upper legs. Her buttocks flexed tightly and it seemed that every fuck-muscle in her powerful pelvis labored in sexual concert. Sweat streamed off of her. Rills of perspiration gathered under her shuddering breasts and ran down the crack of her ass.

"oh.oh.oh.oh.ohmygodohmygodohmygod," sang the butterflies feasting on her cunt.

"whoa-whoa-whoa," the buttery good-pains danced on her swollen clitoris and its retractable hood.

Ann cheered, "You fuckin' go, girl!"

Secret began to grunt now. Colored feelings streamed through her insides like fluttering kites tethered to her cunt. The orgiastic cords pulled through her body, flying through her vagina and bursting like pond-ripples on the inner surfaces of her womb and clit and ovaries and all things female.

The violent thrusts shook the bottle and it wiggled in the vice of her fingers and puss. The soda became angry and roiled. It boiled and a geyser of syrupy bubbles washed up out of the mouth and gushed into her like an ice-cold seltzer douche.

Secret screeched and let go. The freezing froth filled her and the bottle surged out like a dying rocket to clatter away on the floor.

"Jee-zus Christopher!" she bitched.

"What happened?" Ann cried. "Did it break?"

"Fuck!" Secret spat. "No, the pop fizzed out!"

"You're kidding!" Ann exclaimed.

"Sonofabitch, I was having the mother of all cums, too!"

Ann tried not to, but she began to giggle and laugh.

"Shut up!" Secret cried in frustration as she tried to recapture the escaping climax with her hands clasped to her vulva.

"I'm sorry, but you shoulda emptied out the pop, Secret."

"Now she tells me!"

Ann laughed. "Did it come all over you?"

"Yes! I'm a mess!" Secret complained. "My pussy, my thighs, my legs, my kitchen floor..."

Ann barely stifled a fit of laughter, "Well, at least he didn't come in your mouth!" Then she lost it and howled at her own joke. Secret couldn't stay mad any longer either, and she began to giggle hysterically.

"It's even on my goddamn tits, Ann!" And secret freed her breasts then, removing the sticky black bra, and they swung as she threw the garment aside.

Ann's rich laughter filled Secret's ear.

"Lick it all up like a good little girl," Ann teased. "Mr. Coca-cola has given you your protein supplement."

Secret groaned. "That is so gross! Besides, it was Tab. Just one calorie."

Then they roared like harpies until they couldn't breathe.

"Well now what am I going to do?" Secret pouted when she finally caught her breath.

"What?"

"I'm...unsatisfied..." petulantly.

"Oh. I don't know. I sure came."

"Are you gonna hang up on me?" Secret asked, vulnerably.

"Aren't we done?"

"Ann, please. Don't tease," doubtfully.

"I'm not teasing."

"Ann! My cunt is all buzzed and I can't get up to that level again. Can't you help?" Plaintively.

"Help what?"

"You know...help me...come?"

"Oh."

"I mean," and Secret felt ratty, daring. "I'll do anything you want," this always inflamed the male callers.

Ann chuckled low in her throat, "Oh, really? Anything?"

Secret whispered, "...anything..."

"You're on, sweetheart. I'll make you cream like never before, but you'll pay a price for it. Are you sure?"

"Yes," Secret husked. "But hurry?"

"You're gonna tell me all your naughty secrets?"

"Promise!"

"OK, doll, you still in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"Still in the nude?"

"Yes."

"Lap full of sticky pop?"

"Yes."

"Mmm, sounds delicious."

"Um, Ann?"

"Yes?"

"Are you really like that? Bisexual?"

"Uh-huh."

"So you've had sex with other women?"

"Yes, silly. Of course I have."

Secret's aroused state allowed her to consider the idea in a purely physical sense. She had never given herself to girl-girl fantasy, but it had a seductive allure to her now. She told Ann this.

"Oh, it's very exciting, Secret. Especially if you are lucky enough to be seduced by an experienced lover. It's sweet to grope and giggle at pajama parties, but if you're serious, you gotta use your mouth."

Secret was instantly subjected to images of sapphic sex. The still photos in magazines and the small handful of erotic films she'd rented began to unroll in her mind. She leaned back against the fridge and pulled her knees up near her nipples. Fingers still sticky with Tab fluttered on her exposed skin.

"Ann, have you ever played with a girl on the first date?"

"Sometimes, sure. Why?"

"If you were here with me now..."

"I'd swallow you whole."

Secret's eyes closed and she let her mind run wild with visions of domineering women devouring her nakedness.

"You don't mind...?" she didn't know what words to use.

"The taste?"

Secret didn't answer.

"Girl, put your finger in your pussy for me, ok?"

Secret obeyed.

"Wet?"

She was.

"Take it out and taste yourself."

Secret did as she was told. A thin flavor was there behind the taste of the Tab. Bland. Not unpleasant.

"No big deal, Secret, right? I taste the same as that."

Secret's thoughts reeled. Realigned. She saw herself with another woman between her thighs. She felt the tonguing as a wet kiss. She saw the other woman's body and was curious. She rose up fluidly and left the cool brightness of the kitchen, careful not to step in the puddles of brown soda and to not disturb Boomer as she stepped over his bulk.

She hurried to her mirror and settled down before it to look at the full body there in the reflection.

"If I was there with you Secret, I'd blindfold you and turn the lights down low. You'd never know where my fingers and tongue would go next. You're nipples would be raw in my mouth, and your thighs would be sore from my pinching."

Secret ate Ann's words and plunged her fingers inside herself. The sounds of her urgency were unmistakable.

"Oh, you are bothered, aren't you? Would you let me finger you, Secret?"

Secret made yes sounds.

"Would you let me kiss you on the lips?"

Secret felt the taboos rise up in her like dark bats. She felt her passion ebb and frantically circled her clit with her finger, trying to sustain its flame.

Ann heard the hitch in Secret's breath and said, "Just a peck on the mouth, Secret. Then I'm suckling your nipples...your navel...your tummy..."

Secret's other hand groped at the places Ann wanted. Lust blossomed up to obliterate the taboos swarming before her eyes. She saw Ann's mouth, a cherry-red 'O', leaving lipstick traces smeared on her body.

"Are you gonna let Annie taste your pie?"

Secret groaned severely. Her hips twisted sideways and she felt her vagina pulling on her fingers. On Ann's tongue.

"-oh my gosh-", she whispered.

Ann held Secret in her grasp now. The right words would tumble Secret over.

"Do it," Secret begged.

"Tell me your deepest secret first," Ann intoned.

"What?" Secret whined.

"Annie wants to eat you badly, Secret, but you have to let me peek inside your soul first."

Secret panted with frustration. She masturbated hard, but couldn't get over the hump yet. She whimpered into the mouthpiece.

"Open up those old doors in your mind for me and tell me something you've never told anybody else. Something naughty. Something you did for sex that was naughty."

Secret's face puckered with confusion.

"Something you did when you felt as horny as you do now."

Secret blanched and paled at the thought. She concentrated on her body and the image of Ann's mouth between her legs. But she couldn't put a face to Ann yet. It was a dark shadow without features.

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean, Secret. That naughty little secret tucked away in your memory. That *thing*."

Secret remembered things then. She saw early sexual milestones, sweaty and awkward in backseats. Parties, swimming pools, cold green lawns.

"I swam naked-" she began.

"Not good enough, sweetness. Skinny-dipping doesn't count in this game. Something more sexual. Something you wanted. Something bad." Ann was relentless.

"I was with two boys once," Secret offered.

"Nuh-ah," Ann cut her off. "You were probably drunk."

Secret had been very drunk, indeed. And very sore the next day.

"I offered to blow my professor for a better grade?"

"Did he accept?"

"No."

"Then try again."

Secret sifted through her sexual escapades rapidly, trying to find one to appease Ann's criteria. She stayed clear of the bad one though. Nobody could ever know about that.

"I let a guy cum in my mouth..."

"Did you swallow?"

"Yes," she lied.

"You're lying. I can tell," Ann said stonily.

"I'm sorry," Secret burst out. "Really, I am."

"I forgive you."

Secret rolled over onto her stomach, hoping the new position would help. It didn't. The floor was so suddenly prickly on her skin.

"Ann, I can't," she pleaded.

"Yes you can. You must. Feel my chin in your pubes, Secret? My tongue doing figure-eights in your snatch? Talk to me, Secret. Out with the dark thing and I'll tell you what I can do with my lips and my teeth."

Secret's hips humped the floor and she felt she'd scream if Ann withheld any longer.

"I was home alone," she started.

Ann was silent. Listening for deception.

"I was naked. I had the house to myself."

"How old were you?"

"A teenager. In middle school, I think. Ninth grade?"

Ann waited.

"I woke up wet. I don't remember what I had been dreaming about, but it must have been pretty hot, you know? So I got off quick."

Ann waited.

"Then I got up and showered. I masturbated again in the shower. I kept playing with myself in the shower. I used the shower head and made myself come a bunch of times."

"And?"

"I didn't get dressed afterwards. I dried off and went back to my room. I made some phone calls to my friends and even fingered myself a couple times talking to some of the boys. They didn't know I was naked or playing in my vagina and that made it more exciting." The memories were remarkably fresh. The adolescent climaxes had an urgency about them that Secret could still feel. She rose up on her hands and knees, spread her knees to an aching splits that pulled deep on her groin muscles.

"Nobody home?"

"Nope. It was a Saturday and everybody was out. Just me."

Ann heard the half-truth in this and let it go for the moment.

"Then I went downstairs and had breakfast. I made sure all the curtains were pulled so the neighbors couldn't see me walking around in the nude."

"What did you eat?" Ann emphasized the word 'eat' and Secret felt the word like a breeze blowing through her silky pubic curls.

"Cereal. With milk."

Ann asked, "Did you drink the milk from the bowl when you were done?"

Secret took her hands off of herself. She wanted to let her lust build until she could satisfy it with a quick fingering. She remembered the milk in her mouth. Felt it run over her lips and flow over her body. It had passed over her chin and chilled her young flesh as it coursed between her taut breasts. The milk had matted her sparse thatch of hair and tickled the tender parts of her loins.

"Yes, but I let it spill."

Ann's breath changed and Secret moaned with the knowledge that her nubile body was in Ann's imagination now. Maybe she could get her to talk her to an orgasm without really revealing anything. She looked at her taut body poised in the mirror.

"You let it spill from your lips?"

"Yes. I let it run all over my body. I poured some from the carton and watched it wash over my tits. It looked beautiful."

"Cold?"

"Oh, icy! My nipples got really hard and I got goosebumps too! But it made such a mess!"

"Did you masturbate again?"

"Yes."

"Were you keeping track?"

"Yes, but I lost count in the shower."

"So you towelled off then? Mopped up the floor?"

Secret heard the emphasis on the word 'mopped' and new what Ann was thinking.

"No, Buster licked up the floor for me. So no, I didn't fuck myself with the mop handle, Ann. Ok? You're terrible!"

Ann pounced.

"Who's Buster? I thought you were alone."

Secret felt her belly knot. Dammit!

"Buster was our dog." She said it as nonchalantly as she knew how.

"So you towelled off?"

"Yes," Secret said too loudly, too relieved at the glancing inquiry.

Ann caught her.

"What kind of dog was Buster?"

Secret's stomach turned over.

"What?" she felt cold, suddenly.

"What kind of doggy was ol' Buster?" Ann's voice swaggered.

"Um, he was a terrier. Did I tell you about the fruit I was going to put on my cereal? The banana?"

Ann was undeterred. "So little Buster lapped up your milk, did he?"

"Huh? Yeah, he did. I took out this banana and was going to cut it up, you know? For my cereal?"

Ann said, "Did he lick it clean?"

Secret was trembling. Why had she started this?

"The floor, I mean? Buster licked the floor clean for you?"

"Yeah. So anyway, I peeled the banana, right? I peeled it and was going to slice it up when I realized how much it looked like a thick penis in my hand."

"What about the milk on your feet? Did Buster flick that little terrier tongue on your milky bare feet?"

Secret ignored the question. "So when I sat down to eat, I spread my legs and tried to use the fruit on myself. I dipped it in the milk and just shoved that banana up my hole," Secret spiced her words with force.

"I'll bet that little tongue tickled your ankles, huh? Right up your calf too?"

"I left the banana inside and held it there, about half-way inside, with just my cunt-muscles, while I ate the cereal."

"So did you kick him away or did you squat down to pet him?"

Again, Secret ducked the interrogation. "When the milk ran off my body it poured out over the banana-cock and streamed down like it was ejaculating."

"You knelt down, didn't you, Secret? Knelt down to pet ol' Buster. That's when he started slurping the milk off of your virgin white thighs, right? Lick lick lick?"

"What? No. I didn't. No. I masturbated with the banana. I stuffed myself with it until I came. It broke off inside me!" Secret giggled fearfully at the memory.

"And you let him lick your smooth little thighs, didn't you? It tickled. It was harmless. You squatted there for him. Even spread yourself so Buster could bathe you, clean you. Good ol' Buster."

Secret let one hand slide down her torso, nails lightly scratching, teasing at the undersides of her breasts and the points of her nipples. The kitchen floor was cold and cruel on her elbows and knees; only she wasn't in the kitchen. Not now. That was then.

"So you let Buster give you a little bath? Is that it Secret? Is that Secret's secret?"

"No," Secret protested. Her hand grasped a breast and squeezed roughly.

"You're lying. You spread your legs for your dog! Leaned back on your hands like a crab with your teenage nips pointed at the ceiling. Little Buster bustled right in between your cheeks and pushed that wet nose up and sniffed your girlish scent didn't he. You let him screw you!"

"No!" Secret clutched at her breast hungrily, clenched her eyes at the accusation, lowered her head to the floor at the memory.

"You have to be honest or I'll hang up instantly," Ann threatened. "He got inside you--"

"No! I never! He just licked--" She caught herself too late.

Ann laughed softly. "Gotcha..." she whispered wickedly.

Secret remembered the shameful desire she'd felt when Buster had happily gathered the droplets of spilled milk off of her thigh. She'd giggled at the tickling and his wagging tail. Offered her left thigh to his eager little mouth when he'd finished cleaning off her right. He'd gone straight up her leg after the milk and lapped heavily at the drops caught in her curls. He was oblivious to the feelings she was experiencing. He was locked in his little dog-skull and hunger made him scoot up to feather away between the cheeks of her milky ass with his rough tongue. She saw her hands reach down for him; reach to stop him; freeze at the electric eros of pleasure his tongue sent through her when it flitted about her anus.

Even now her arm snaked over her hip and up across the expanse of her pale ripe flank. The hand was open and found the cleavage between her cheeks. Found the delicate pucker of her asshole. Poked. Inside. A dangerously sharp nail slithered through her anus and played. The sensation was incredible and she felt her outer cunt-lips engorge with red blood. They slipped out quietly, heavy flesh unfolding, like rose petals bent with dew.

Secret had watched, wide-eyed and blushing, as Buster's tongue found her pussy and darted over the delicate folds of her external genitalia. His cold nose flared and glistened like a blackened cock-head with sweaty twin urethra-nostrils. The tongue lashed and ate rapidly. Then Buster noticed the heavy droplets of milk suspended in the crown of curls above Secret's slit.

He couldn't reach. He hopped and barked. He jumped up and Secret felt his paws on her crotch. He perched on them, balancing on his hind legs, where he eagerly lapped up the creamy globules while Secret experienced the unwelcome surge of an orgasm sweeping through her. Her breath had caught and she'd watched the muscles in her thighs grow taut. The cunnilingus was new to her flesh and it was a turgid flood that wouldn't subside.

A second wave of pleasure washed over her and as it ebbed she noticed that Buster's tongue was licking directly in her slit now. It licked without hunger now, slower, lapping at the oils beading like water on the red-wax of her inner walls, at the salty surface of her skin. She had allowed it to happen and had lowered her hips until Buster's bestial tongue was sliding and slaking over the surface of her clitoral hood.

Naked and squatting in a puddle of milk on her kitchen floor, she'd creamed with a wide-mouthed, silent cry, of newfound bliss. She could see her new body arched and smooth and pale in the florescent kitchen lights. Thighs bulging and shoulders canted sideways as her young tissues buzzed in extended orgasm.

The memory flooded through her with a shattering reality. The rough surface of Buster's tongue was an indelible scar on her mind and it was rushing thick and wet up her thighs even now, slithering like a powerfully muscular pink snake around her aching vagina.

"Oh SHIT!" Secret shrieked.

Ann's dirty narrative stopped.

“What?”

“Boomer! Get away! Get!”

“Oh, fuck!” Ann cried out with relish. “Another dog? its goin’ after that Tab, isn’t it!” Ann’s wicked, delighted laughter rang in Secret’s reddened ear.

“Let it clean you up!” Ann said. “Tell me what’s happening, Secret! What’s it doing back there?” A twisted appetite.

“I can’t believe this is happening...” Secret’s voice was pure shame and near tears. She turned over and crossed her wet legs so Boomer couldn’t get between them. He was wagging his fat tail and he moved over her figure to lick the blots of sticky Tab from Secret’s bare stomach. Secret allowed this and petted the animal’s massive skull. It wasn’t his fault for finding her backside pointing up at the ceiling. She could catch a hint of her own scent on Boomer’s breath. She kept her thighs squeezed tight and hidden from his happy, lapping tongue. He seemed utterly content to cleanse her body and enjoy the salty flavors mixed with the sweet soft drink.

Ann was still giggling in Secret’s ear. Secret endured it and chuckled herself.

“Am I a pervert?” she asked, throwing her arm across her face in embarrassment.

“Of course, we all are.”

“No, be serious Ann.”

“I’m sorry, Secret. But it’s harmless, I think.”

“Really?”

“Sure, why not? You were young and dogs are naturally affectionate. And, unlike men, they understand what ‘no’ means.”

Secret giggled.

“Did he make you come?”

“No! How can you say that?”

“Well, what did he do?”

“He just licked me a little, that’s all.”

“Where?”

“Shut up!”

“No, really, did he touch your pussy with his tongue?”

“Yes. Why does that matter?”

“Did it feel good?”

“Ann!”

"Well, did it?"

"OK, it felt good, if you must know."

"Is he still doing it?"

"No!" a half-lie since Boomer was slowly lapping away at her smooth hip like it was a porcelain salt-lick.

"Why not?"

"Ann!! What do you think I am?"

"Horny as a bedbug."

Secret flushed. And sat up.

"What are you doing now?" Ann asked.

"I'm just sitting here on the floor. Legs outstretched, leaning back on my hands."

"Where's the dog?"

"He's still here."

"Do you trust me, Secret?"

"I guess so, why?"

"Then close your eyes. I've heard your secret, now I'll make you cream."

"Ok." Secret closed them.

"Imagine that I am there with you and that I've got a black, silk blindfold over your eyes."

"Ok."

"And another binds your hands behind you."

"Ok," Secret pulled her wrists together behind her. Her breasts arched grandly upon her chest. Both nipples relaxed and quiet in the dark pools of her areolae.

"Will you let me touch you?"

Secret's tummy fluttered and she felt an exciting taboo feather tickling her navel.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Good," Ann cooed. "Will you obey me?"

"Yes," Secret willed herself to continue.

"Good. Then spread your legs for me."

Secret's breath deepened. She pulled her knees apart. Boomer moved out of the way, but returned

to her hip and began to lick under her ribs and on her side. The slow strokes of his tongue were obviously enjoying her salty flesh. If he kept on, his rough tongue would find the side of her breast. She blotted him out of her imagination and it was Ann nuzzling her instead.

"They're spread."

"Wider. As wide as you can."

Secret smiled and gracefully eagled herself north and south. Her athletic legs still had their strength and limberness.

"Ok, now what?"

"I'm going to eat your cunt."

Secret winced with desire and felt Boomer's powerful efforts actually lift her left breast with its upwards motion. Her jaw dropped and her breath rushed out as the breast fell back into place. Boomer sniffed at her breath and licked her face. She leaned away. He found her neck.

"Now, Secret, lift your knees up a little and feel my hands on your calves."

Secret obeyed and felt herself opening. Boomer sought out the scent under her arm and stuck his wet nose there and licked, causing Secret to giggle.

"Good girl," Ann intoned. "My hands are under your knees and sliding up over them to feel your lower thighs."

Secret saw the woman kneeling there between her limbs like an erotic cloud of shadow.

"What do you look like, Ann?"

"Not telling," she teased.

Boomer's presence changed. Secret could hear him sniffing the air and heard him pad around her. His tongue was on her belly, suddenly, roughly plying the expanse of skin beneath her navel and swiftly nuzzling the soda-pop mess in her bush. He almost nibbled and bit at the sweet thatch and Secret froze.

Ann's voice spoke in her ear, "I'm nibbling your nude thighs, Secret. I can see your labia awakening for me. Red as blood, like a rose unfolding its petals for me to admire. Offering its perfume for me to inhale." Ann's words made Secret feel beautiful between her thighs.

Boomer was less gentle and had stepped over Secret to get at the melange of flavors and aromas swirling in her groin. She felt his hirsute hip near her shoulder and felt his heat radiating onto her bare body. She let him get down there and secretly willed him to taste her there.

"I'm going to open my mouth wide, Secret. Can you see my full lips forming a circle? See my teeth and my pinkness? They're descending on your muff and I'm kissing your hole."

Boomer's powerful tongue pressed through her hairs and bathed her of the mess from the soda bottle. Then he caught the full reek of her womanhood and his tongue lapped at the gash to get at the source. It was an awkward effort that had no understanding of Secret's desire. It popped in and out of its mouth, drilling at her, but not satisfying her like a lover should. Secret lifted her hips up into the animal's face, trying to direct its wonderful tongue to her hole.

"I'm pulling at your lips with my teeth, Secret. Can you feel the tugging?"

Secret moaned as Boomer's pink snake slithered through her folds and darted inside her. She even gasped. Her pussy ran suddenly with wetness and the dog learned. Its tongue poked through her vaginal curtain again and sank deep. Secret's hips bucked up and she tried to grasp the thick organ with her internal muscles but the rough thing slipped out.

"Now your beautiful clit," Ann husked in her ear.

Boomer's tongue was like wet sandpaper and it went at Secret like she was a fountain. The thing probed within her and found her fluids. It penetrated like a bear after honey and Secret's body was buzzing with arousal and rutting urgency. She was delirious with sexual hunger and coital sounds escaped from her.

Ann's question burst in on Secret's consciousness like a floodlight. "Is he hard?"

Secret's eyes flew open and she looked around, half- expecting that Ann was really there, watching her take this secret pleasure.

"What did you say?" Secret gasped. She could see Boomer's frame and could no longer pretend it wasn't there. His front paws were straddling her right leg and his wide chest was a furred wall above her hip. His back legs were along her side and his tail nearly swept into her face as it cut through the air.

"I asked you if you were getting Boomer hard."

"What?" Secret said in disbelief. How could she know Boomer was so near?

"I can hear his tail swishing by the head-mike, my sweet. And you sound like a bitch in heat so I can just about imagine what's going on between those lovely legs."

Secret blanched and stared with disgusted fascination at the sturdy red thing slurping at her vagina.

"Well? Is he getting excited or not?" Ann asked.

Secret's peripheral vision stole her attention and she looked.

"Oh my gosh..." she said, loudly.

"Is it visible?" Ann asked.

Secret's eyes bulged. Boomer's penile sheath had an incredibly bright red dart protruding from it.

"Is that his...?"

"Bingo," Ann clucked. "Doggy bone. Canine penis. What's it look like?"

Secret craned her neck for a better look and said, "It's really red."

"That's normal."

"And it comes to a point like a pencil does!"

"How far out is it?"

"I don't know!" Secret gawped. "I'm not going to measure it!"

"Well, what kind of dog is he?"

"He's just a big mutt. Some Lab and Bernard and a few more. Greyhound, I think."

"Ohhh, nice doggy, eh? Man-sized?"

"Maybe...Oh, jeez, more is showing. His pecker is really hanging out now. I just saw it get twice as long. He's bigger than a man, I think. Not as thick, but a lot longer. Nine inches?"

"Men get that long."

"Well yeah, but not many. I've never seen one. Have you?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Once."

"Did you, you know?"

"No. I sucked him off, but we didn't have intercourse."

"Why not?" Boomer was still licking on Secret's mound, but the appearance of his penis had distracted her from his attentive tongue.

"I was a virgin. First time with a guy and he turns out to have this monster in his pants. I blew him in self-defense, if you wanna know the truth."

"Gosh," Secret said stupidly.

"Yeah, 'gosh'. That's what I thought too. I wasn't letting that thing inside my tight little virgin. I sucked him off twice and escaped with my hymen intact!"

Secret laughed and tried to get off.

Ann said, "So are you gonna let me listen in?"

"What?"

"Are you going to let me listen to you do it or are you going to hang up on me?"

"Do what?"

"Secret, I know you're thinking about it. Maybe not consciously, but somewhere in that pretty little actress head of yours you're trying to imagine how you can do this without actually doing it. I wanna listen in."

Secret went still and ferreted out the meaning in Ann's words. She tried to drive the thought away. An ugly image flashed in her mind and she blinked it away. But with a sickening realization she found herself committed. She knew she was going to try this unspoken thing. She felt clammy and horribly nervous and terribly aroused. She wanted badly to turn over, get on her hands and knees,

close her eyes to it and let it happen without making it happen or actually participating.

"This is wrong," she said.

Ann wove the silence like a web and then said, "Get up on your hands and knees."

In the mirror Secret watched her body react as if on marionette's strings.

"He'll know what to do, Secret. His instincts will guide him. You can just close your eyes and let it happen. It'll be just like a dream. I promise."

Secret did as she was told. Her hips flinched when the cold nose of the animal prodded at the backs of her legs and sniffed at her sex. She closed her eyes tight, and pressed her cheek to the soft floor.

"Are you sure?" she whined, flinching from the abrupt prodding.

Ann remained quiet and suddenly Boomer was on her. He mounted her and Secret felt a sharp object pressed on her buttock. She grunted in a visceral anticipation. Her flesh crawled with equal doses of carnal desire and revulsion. Bristly hairs ground into her back and the bowed chest of the hound rested in her spinal furrow.

Ann heard her and said, "Don't let him get it into your ass, hon, that'll hurt you."

The hot prod was blindly digging around behind her.

"What do I do," she whined hungrily to Ann.

"Help him get it in. Reach back there and take it."

"Oh, no! I can't do that! I don't want to touch it!"

"Honey, just do it!" Ann's voice coaxed.

As Secret's hand groped blindly for the organ, she said, "Have you ever done this?" A sticky cylinder met her fingers and she felt an unyielding hardness beneath the rubbery surface. She placed the conical glans to her swollen vulva. Boomer did the rest; Secret's fingers dug fiercely into the carpet and her lips peeled back from her clenched teeth.

"Uhhh-awwww-eee-yyyyyiii," she squeaked from a high place in her throat.

"Me? Lover, I'm addicted in the worst way," Ann replied. "I'll tell you what, Secret. When you get close to your climax, I'll send you plunging over the bestiality cliff with a little secret of my own."

Secret barely heard a word. Thankfully, her vagina had wept its private oils in copious rills and the sopping tissues took the initial penetration well. The burrowing snake stunned her with the depths it could reach. She felt it slide along her canal and wondered if it would ever stop going in. Then the hairy sheath crowded against her labia and the probe struck bottom.

She wasn't sure if she said it out loud, but Ann answered her and she knew she had.

"Oh, yeah, that's your cervix he's humping. Isn't it just wild?"

Secret thought it was wicked. In the heart of her carnality, she found the animal's craving for her cunt as an electric pulse behind her. It was fucking its strange shape into her with an instinctual

rhythm that she'd never felt. It was rapid and hard and the thrusts were deliciously close to painful. She spread herself wide and took the animal's lust inside. She wanted it to last forever. She took each lurching injection with a short, rapturous grunt. She felt the quick, sharp humps and felt her buttocks and thighs reverberate with each hump.

She experienced a brief, vaginal orgasm, but it floated away before she could seize upon it. The dog's front legs curled insistently around her hips. They dug into her belly from below and hugged fiercely at her.

"Ann?"

"Yes vixen?"

"Something is happening to his penis," Secret reported the swelling along its length, the slowing of the fucking motions.

"Oh, he's probably starting to knot up," Ann said.

"What?"

"Didn't I tell you? Some animals knot. Once they get inside their mate, the root of their organ blows up like a fist. It keeps the organ locked inside the vagina long enough for the mating to finish."

"What?" Secret looked over her shoulder at the panting animal mounted on her back. Its tongue slavered out of the side of its jaws and dripped on her back.

"Oh, yeah. Well, maybe you ought to get away while you can. If he knots up, you might be stuck there for a while."

"Dammit Ann! Why didn't you tell me? I can't move! He'll tear me apart!"

"What?"

"It's too late! He's stuck!"

"Oh."

"What do you mean, 'oh'?"

"Well, it's ok. I mean, when he gets done, the swelling'll eventually go down and his penis will slip out."

"When he gets done?"

Ann giggled evilly. "When he get's done breeding with you."

"Done what? Breeding?" It dawned on Secret. Boomer was going to come!

"Ann! No! You've got to help me get him out! I don't want him to--"

"Too late, pet. Boomer's gonna impregnate you pretty quick here. Open your muff and close your eyes, you're gonna get a big surprise!"

Secret tested the knot, but it was too big. More like a tangerine than a walnut. A big knob of

Boomer's cock was lodged just deep enough to defy expulsion. It felt gorgeous inside of her, but it wouldn't budge. She was glad his humping had subsided!

"Ann, are you serious?" Secret was in an orgasmic panic. She felt her own orgasm very close, but feared Boomer's was too. "Is he really going to come? I mean, can an animal do that in a woman?"

"Hey, you're a great fuck, Secret. Of course he's going to come! He should be ejaculating any time now. It'll be like having a garden hose inside your cunt, Secret. Animals, especially canines and equines, have enormous loads."

"You mean he's actually enjoying doing this to me? Boomer's erection will orgasm because of me?" The thought made her face blush deeply.

"Yes," Ann confirmed Secret's culpability in this base sin. "Your wet muff made him hard and mounting you will make him shoot too."

A burning shame rushed through her. How had she let this happen to her? It inflamed her pale skin, rouging her face and cheeks brightly, splotching her chest and roiling bizarrely in her belly. The embarrassment and mortal shame mated with the carnal feelings in her loins. A fresh eroticism birthed inside her tortured frame.

Secret regretted, for the first time, taking the position at an unlimited call-length company. The pursuit terrified her. Bad luck paired her with a practiced interrogator. Being outside an office and in her own home had somehow unshielded her. Exposing her to herself...and her pet.

Why hadn't she hung up?

Nobody could know about this. She'd forgotten the encounter with little Buster. But now she had revealed it to this anonymous stranger in shameful detail. She felt naked. Nakedly pubescent, trapped in daylight and in public with nothing on her nubile body. Caught masturbating in a dark place suddenly as illuminated as a packed gymnasium or church. Crying with frustrated, masturbatory pleasure, climaxing and orgasming, pants-down humiliation painted starkly on her exposed face.

Secret moaned a whimper into the air. She felt her cheek pressed coldly to the linoleum tiles of the kitchen floor-no, it was carpet and it was here and it was now. The damp sweat pouring down her body, the cheek adhering to the floor while her body rocked.

"Is he cumming? Is his dog-cock spraying yet?"

"I can't tell you," she whispered.

"You have to," the phone crackled.

"No..." she pleaded, and tore off the headset. It bounced away.

Boomer lurched painfully into her, forepaws raking on her hips. Her mind's eye saw the conical tip of Boomer's organ worming in to the depths of her canal, injecting itself through her cervix to spit an explosion of thick dogness within her uterus. She saw her womb: innocent, feminine, and young; a tranquil snowglobe, suddenly stirred with an inky injection of dark bestial semen. An octopus cloud in the pure, fluid suspension.

Secret experienced an awful, cramping climax in a deep place. Her hips curled under one of the animal's brutal humps and Secret clenched her teeth. Her breath coughed out and she felt her belly ripple. Fingertips of internal spasm feathered her abdominal walls, tickling and insistent. Boomer punched inside her cunt, spilling a torrent of incredibly hot liquid through her.

The animalian humps and spasms behind Secret filled her with loathing and base lust. The canvas of pleasure and wanton delight didn't care how the sexual syrup was brushed on, only that it become covered and complete and unending. Secret prayed for the eternity of pulsed bliss. Her aching nipples stung her orgasm like great wasps of ice. The rough floor kissed them as they swept back and forth with Boomer's instinctual mating thrusts.

Secret cried out. Wordless cries. Inarticulate cries. Orgasmic 'nnn' sounds and wet-tongued she-noises.

Boomer became startled and he lost his precarious hold on Secret's backside. Through the gauzy pleasure-fog, she felt one rough paw scrape up and slide across her back. Boomer tipped momentarily and fell to four paws, but his knotted dog-cock locked him inside her vagina. So he stood sideways against her. She felt pain. The phallic angle pressed in sharply, stretching her flesh. Boomer tried to get away and Secret's pussy was pulled along with, bulging at the lips as Boomer's knot tugged. Boomer yelped and lifted a back leg, got himself completely turned around. His swollen organ twirled and rotated inside of her loins, his knot-thing revolved.

"Boomer!" Secret cried in panic and clutched at her groin with both hands. She seized his organ and held him in place. The furred testicles bounced on her knuckles. The black orbs riveted her attention and another wave of pleasure consumed her while the conscious part of her realized how sensitive and tender testicles were. She knew that if she clutched at them and squeezed hard enough the erection and its knot would subside and fade and deflate until it slipped out of her.

Twin thoughts rode along the currents of her orgasm. The deep-felt need for the ecstasy to last forever warred with the idea of painfully pinching Boomer's balls to end it all. Instead she gently caressed the spongy orbs, telling herself that it was wrong to hurt him for being what he was and hoping that it wasn't a rationalization, a lie to justify her carnal appetite. The animal huffed nervously.

The animal froze. Its back was to her now. Its red penis-flesh bent backwards to extend between its back legs; still buried inside Secret's vagina. Secret felt Boomer's powerful tail slapping frantically against her buttocks. Stiff bristles of hair thumped on her back. The hard balls pressed into her ass.

The voice of the caller was a tinny whine from the phone. Secret didn't know what to do.

"Stay," she commanded and Boomer quit fighting. He held still, whimpering pathetically.

Expecting a "sit" command to follow the "stay", Boomer tried to lower. Secret felt her cunt convulse around the swollen ball occupying its entrance. Her eyes flew open and shock took her.

"Oh fuck," she said, not knowing what else to say.

The downward weight of Boomer's genitalia pressed directly into Secret's g-spot. The inverted erection drove the knot against Secret's pubic bone, grinding an amazing sensation through the sandwiched nerve bundle.

Secret grunted. Groaned. A groan scaling up into a disturbed screech of surprise and angry delight.

“Oh my god...” Secret’s mouth said silently as she spread her knees wider and wider to lower her plugged self floorward with the dog-cock.

Unknown ecstasy swam up and breached inside Secret. She felt hot liquid dripping out of her and closed her eyes in new shame. Pee. Hot urine accompanying the g-spot pressure? She stole a look at her wet thighs and was simultaneously relieved and revolted by the presence of a slow, grey semen instead of watery gold. The powerful sensations coming from her g-spot were a backdrop to the vision between her thighs. Hairy legs, grotesque red shaft, black testicles. Bestial. Bestiality. Secret was confronted with a building orgasm of power and the ugly fact of its true source.

Secret was being fucked by an animal. No, she had had chances to end this; she was a participant. Willing and even eager. She was fucking an animal, it wasn’t fucking her. Secret was having intercourse with her pet dog, Boomer. The messy evidence was there between her legs. The phone fantasy had transformed. The decadent words of the stranger had whispered over the line and into her apartment, through the handset and into her ear. A base dialogue of perversity that she’d willingly participated in. Her bathrobe lay in a collapsed heap nearby, discarded in the process of granting one of her callers a special favor.

“I hope you’re enjoying this,” she announced to the headset on the floor. A tinny sound crisped from it.

Secret came up out of the fog and looked at what was happening. The g-spot feelings coursed through her but she held off their promise of deep release. She felt very lucid. As aware of the neon lights reflecting off the walls as she was of the terrible animal anatomy stuffed in her hole. She looked at herself in the mirror and saw Ann’s eyes hungering there in her own wide sockets.

Nude. On hands and knees. Sweating. Nipples hard as diamonds. Mouth dry from ragged breaths. Her precious black hair plastered on her shoulders and forehead. Salty perspiration stinging her grey eyes and tangling on her pink tongue.

‘I am an adult,’ she thought, listening to Boomer pant anxiously behind her.

She was over a threshold of acceptable behavior and knew she could never go back. An animal’s penis had entered her. She had let it nose her, lick her, and finally she had let it fuck her. And she had allowed it to debase her. It had ejaculated non-human sperms inside of her. Alien cum slimed her thighs and coated the full surface of her inner walls. The long penis had driven deeper than any man had ever reached within her and it had blindly knocked on her womb-door. The inhuman load of cum had crashed like a wave on the beaches of her cervix. And Secret had surrounded the reproductive lie of cross-species coupling with the most intense orgasm she had ever felt in her entire life.

Many orgasms had blossomed inside of her body and she had relished them all, liking the shame, liking the wrongness. Liked the feeling of bestial urge that drove her. Her cunt-scent had been noticed and this pleased her. Its bright color had been found. Its wetness lapped at eagerly; a tentative dabbling at first, then a hungry tongue-wash that had driven her so wild with pleasure that she had laughed out loud. Her cunt was a female hive and the dog’s enormous tongue swept a frenzy of rough tastebuds over her tender lips to taste her female nectar.

Then: the unbelievable sensations of a living thing snaking through her snatch and slaking its thirst by licking the beads of gathering wetness directly from her vaginal walls. She’d spread her legs as far as she could. Opening herself, parting herself so that red ribbon of hot, sinuous tongue could dart deeper and deeper. That had gone on for a brief forever, the climax stamped on her brain in the

vivid colors of a cold, wet, black nose nuzzling her anus; a bubble-gum- pink dog-tongue inserting through her slit, the dangerously sharp canines pressed on her hairy lips, and the short, lower, jaw teeth clamping upward on her clitoral mound. All of her womanhood was in contact. And the orgasm had come and gone while the dog kept up its oral feed on her oozing genitals. She had realized that as long as her cunt secreted its translucent milk, Boomer would feed and pleasure her.

Secret had suddenly blazed with exotic discovery.

Secret remembered the shuddering climax that had creamed her when Boomer mounted her from behind. She had wondered if this might happen. What would Boomer try if she closed her gash to his hunger and clutched her cunt tight from his mouth? Would he want her? Her hands had laid flat and splayed on the soft carpet. She'd dared herself and shut her crotch. The dog had made petulant sounds, tried to nose her thighs apart. Then its massive skull had rested on her lower back. Its chest pushed like a stiff brush on her loins and a small voice of crazed excitement had echoed in Secret's mind: 'It's going to mount!'

The anticipation had made her crave. The thought of this mindless creature mounting her was indescribable and it made her tummy quiver. A vacuum of desire puckered just inside of her mound and she arched her back in greedy invitation. Her torso bowed like a sagging roof and the animal clambered on. Secret felt paw-pads and claws, hirsute limbs, a velvety belly and she bucked wildly for the cock to find her. A creamy buzz waffled through her and she experienced an orgasm of pure lust that tantalized her. Nothing was touching her puss but an orgasm pulsed up out of it as if ten-thousand mouths were eating her crotch for brunch.

His rubbery prod had poked stupidly on her exposed legs and cheeks. But even before he'd penetrated her with that incredibly long red prick, the orgasm had begun. And it had flowered within her in waves and waves of endless pleasure. A small part of her mind compared the sensations with the ones men had inflicted on her and she found the men lacking in some essential way. This new, consuming climax stunned her senses and altered her needs in a basic way that frightened her. The undeniable knowledge that this kind of inhuman coupling might become her preferred form of sexual intercourse terrified and repelled her.

Throughout the encounter Secret had revelled in the mindless need the dog expressed with its thrusts into her girlish slot, her human vagina. The knotting had begun and Secret had pushed back her body to meet this new engorgement of Boomer's amazing organ. She'd allowed the balling to go deep enough to ensure that that new shape along his erection would surely fit.

And now, as she felt she'd pass out on the precipice of her ache for more, Boomer pulled out and his nose was instantly back between Secret's thighs. Licking, slurping, guzzling and nuzzling the matted mess of jism and girlcum that coated her sin. Boomer cleansed her thoroughly and she was grateful for that even as she groaned in empty despair and reached for him. She let him lap away until she felt dry. Slickness was replaced with a rough friction between her skin and Boomer's stippled tongue. Boomer sniffed and licked. Her thighs dried, her ass dried, and lastly, her pubic hairs. Boomer licked away at her swollen gash until she felt raw and made him quit.

He tried remounting her, but she pushed him away. He simply sat down and licked his own pecker clean. Secret couldn't watch any longer. She swept up the headset and placed it back on her head.

"Who are you?" Secret demanded.

"My name truly is Ann. And I just got lucky with you, that's all. I speak with many of you phone-

fantasy people every night. But it's rare that I find a kindred spirit like you, Secret."

"I'm not like you, Ann."

"An hour ago, that was true. No, you weren't like me. But you are now."

Secret felt the flames burning the last bridge behind her.

"It'll never happen again."

"Perhaps," Ann mused. "But I doubt that. Once is never enough for women like us."

"You mean women like you."

"I can hear the denial in your words, Secret. But I hear emptiness underneath them. An unfilled space, echoing with curiosity and newfound delights. Echoes of need. The coveting longing for volume and girth and sensual gluttony."

Secret writhed. Unbidden, the image of herself taking the animal missionary style flooded up into her soiled consciousness and made her crave and loathe at the same time. How delightful to feel the energetic piston lift up within her and—she banished further thought.

"I can only suggest that you pace yourself, Secret. I am not yet forty years old and look where I find myself, day after day. I promised you my secret and here it is."

Secret pushed her matted hair back out of her eyes and listened.

"The sun is up here and I'm in the stables. Your voice has been in my ear while I aroused the stallion. Your virgin sounds with Boomer were the erotic music that fed my steady intercourse with the arm-lengths of horse. I felt your tightness as my own, but with the impossible girth of a grander beast above me. You knelt like a dog and took one while I reclined and pulled like a mare for fulfillment. My nipples are nearly raw from my own, harried and masturbatory pinchings.

"Picture this: I am a small gal. Petite and pink. My hair is blonde. Bright yellow or gold, depending on the light. And a living drapery of equine ivory still hangs wet and steaming on my breasts in the cool dawn. It runs in thick streamers from my chin to my neck; polka-dots of white semen dot my cheeks and lips. I had my orgasms with you and then pulled the creature out of me and knelt so that I could drink from him. But it always comes too fast, too much. And so the dregs shower me, coughing silently from the black pipe pulsing in my hands as I hold it. My face, flushed pink, contrasts beautifully with my golden hair; and the white raindrops puddle there between the pink and the gold.

"The pungency makes me giddy. Hot and fragrant, it feeds on my small bosom and drifts up into my nostrils in a heady, equine cloud. I am an addict and men no longer suffice.

"You cannot imagine my appetites. My hungers. My insatiability. So enjoy your private doggy-trysts while you can, Secret. Enjoy it while it lasts; while it's...enough. I now need—"

Secret began to retch. She terminated the connection and tried to wipe the image from her mind. Crashed into the shower and drenched herself in scalding torrents that couldn't sere quite deep enough to quell her revulsion. She stayed under the shower for an eternity and saw the water droplets shedding off of her lovely body as if they were a steady rain of innocent tears.

She slowly soaped and shampooed herself until her skin squeaked. She douched repeatedly and smelled her fingers until they stank no longer of...

Secret remembered feeling clean.

END