

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



*Author's Note: This is the first erotic story I've written, so please be gentle when reviewing it. I'd like to thank my new online best friend, Shady\_Lady, for not only being the inspiration for this story but also being my personal story editor. My future as an erotic author is in your hands, so please provide corrective and/or supportive comments. I hope this gives you half the tingle it gave me writing it.*

## **Chapter One - The Barbecue**

Have you ever met someone, and within the first few moments, just know that this person is going to have a significant impact on your life? Well, that's how it was when Michelle first shook hands with Ms. Julie Covington McGill.

It was the Friday before July 4th weekend in the office of Smith and McGill, a regional accounting firm that occupied three floors of the largest building in downtown Poughkeepsie. Michelle Lynch had just graduated from SUNY Albany the previous May and while her other friends were traveling and enjoying the summer Michelle was eagerly looking for a job to begin her career as an accountant.

Unlike many of her classmates, Michelle came from a modest background, growing up in rural Greene County, New York. She was the only child to John and Sarah Lynch unless you count Chico the black lab mix rescue dog that they got when Michelle was just a girl. Her father was a career Army officer who ran the local recruiting office and her mother was a public defender for the County. These government jobs provided great health and retirement benefits but the family struggled to make ends meet. Michelle had to work hard to earn and keep what little scholarship money was offered and graduated with over \$50,000 in school loan debt.

But on the day that she shook hands with Julie Covington McGill, Michelle had a gut feeling that her future was going to be alright.

Ms. Covington McGill was the managing partner of Smith & McGill, the fastest growing firm in New York. Smith had passed away several years ago and even though his widow had sold her shares in the business to Julie it was with the stipulation that her husband's name remained on the firm. With sole control of the firm, Julie expanded its reach within the tri-state area and grew the business to compete with and win business from the big New York City firms.

In her heels, Julie was almost 6 feet tall, and struck quite an image, in her dark grey custom tailored business suit, that hugged every curve like it was a second skin. Her skirt was cut a few inches above the knee and showed off her toned calves and thighs. Under the suit, she wore a simple cream-colored silk blouse with two buttons open at the top. The jacket and blouse did their best to contain her 40D breasts that swayed hypnotically as she walked toward Michelle to welcome her.

"Welcome love, you must be Michelle," Julie said in a lovely English accent, making the simple phrase seem like a verse of poetry.

"Yes...Ms. McG...I mean...Ms. Covington McGill...yes I am," Michelle responded nervously, hoping she wasn't gawking, as she returned the firm handshake and pleasantries. Up close, Julie's steel blue eyes and warm smile were all Michelle could focus on.

"You can call me Julie love," replied the taller woman, hoping to put Michelle at ease and reduce the formality of the interview. "You're even more impressive in person than you are on paper," Julie said, gesturing with Michelle's resume, which she held in her left hand.

Her kind words comforted and warmed Michelle like a well-worn sweater. At 5 foot, 3 inches Michelle never considered herself “impressive.” Her father wanted a boy so most of her young life she was a tomboy being shuttled from soccer to softball to volleyball to swimming, as the seasons changed. While naturally a shy person and this helped build a competitive edge within Michelle while keeping her small frame toned and fit. Michelle wore the ‘recent college graduate interview uniform,’ which consisted of a navy blue skirt and blazer from Macy’s with a white cotton blouse and sensible black wedges. Her blazer and blouse more than adequately covered modest chest encased in her best Victoria Secret 34B bra.

Julie turned to escort Michelle back to her office, and Michelle again found herself gawking and thinking, “God, I hope my ass looks that good when I’m her age.”

“Would you like a tea, coffee or a soft drink while we talk?” again, Julie’s poetic voice snapping Michelle back to reality.

“A bottle of water would be great, thank you,” Michelle replied, shaking her head to clear her mind and prepare to nail this interview.

The interview lasted for almost two hours. It started with the customary review of Michelle’s resume, transcripts and a bunch of job-related scenarios to test her knowledge of accounting and ability to think on her feet. But after about 45 minutes the topic turned toward Michelle’s interests and activities and the two found the conversation flowed easily and naturally and learned they had a lot in common.

While Julie’s formal education was in London, she was familiar with SUNY Albany, having been invited to be a guest lecturer many times over the past several years. They shared an interest in running and Pilates and discovered they were both ‘dog people.’

Michelle left that day firmly convinced she had nailed the interview, so when the job offer letter arrived at her parents’ house 10 days later, she was incredibly excited. The salary and benefits package was very generous and with a September 1st start date she and her mom had several weeks to hunt for an apartment in Poughkeepsie furnish and decorate it. The one bedroom was in an apartment complex on the outskirts of town. It was small, but it was clean and safe, and the price was right.

The commute to work in the morning wasn’t too bad, and Michelle was really looking forward to seeing Julie again, and to show off the new business clothes that she bought with her mom. She was wearing a beige skirt that went to mid-thigh and a pink floral print blouse that wasn’t too loud. Michelle was really happy that the dark brown sensible heels wear not only stylish but comfortable. Since it was still warm she did not bother with pantyhose but was really excited about the part of the outfit that nobody would see the hot pink thong and bra set that her mom bought her as a special ‘first day of work gift.’

When she walked into the lobby, Julie was there waiting and gave her a warm embrace to welcome her on her first day with the firm. Michelle enthusiastically returned the hug and drank in the aroma of Julie’s expensive French perfume. Julie introduced her to Mr. Nichols who headed up the audit group and would be Michelle’s immediate supervisor. He showed Michelle to her cubicle which included a phone, computer and about 30 files stacked in a three-foot pile on the desk.

“Welcome to the thrilling world of corporate audit,” joked Mr. Nichols. Turning to leave he said, “familiarize yourself with those files we start meeting with the clients next week.”

Michelle sat down on the comfy black office chair that tilted and swiveled. She opened the small box

next to the computer to find freshly printed business cards that read, "Michelle A. Lynch Junior Accountant Audit Division." She sniffed the box of cards like a fine bottle of wine as she rubbed her thumb over the embossed print. Feeling so giddy about starting her career she spun herself around in the chair two or three times with a subdued little shout of glee.

"I see you're settling in," came the velvet voice from over the cubicle partition.

"Oh, I'm so sorry Ms. Covington McGill," responded Michelle, feeling the heat in her cheeks rise, wondering if anyone has ever been fired 15 minutes into a job before.

"It's quite alright love," Julie said with her disarming smile as she peered over the top of the cubicle wall, "I did the exact same thing when I got my first job as well." She handed Michelle a cup of coffee in a company logo mug, "you'll need this to stay awake through those files, trust me," punctuating the remark with a wink.

She took the coffee and sipped it, light and sweet, just like she takes it. "How did she know?" Michelle thought to herself.

"Michelle, I'll be honest with you," Julie said while sipping her tea, "we work very hard here at S&M, and sometimes it can be very boring, but I just know you will succeed. You're smart, beautiful and from what your references told me a very hard worker."

"Thank you, Julie, I appreciate your faith in me, and I won't let you down," Michelle replied while fixating on the word 'beautiful' that Julie included in her remark.

"Do you have plans tonight?" Julie inquired.

"Well, I was going to pick something up on the way home to eat and try to get a jump start on these files," Michelle responded, hoping it was the answer Julie was looking for.

"Nonsense love," Julie admonished, "you will be my guest for dinner tonight, to properly welcome you to the firm and our town." She extended a hand-written note to Michelle, "My husband J.J. is a master griller, here's our address, we'll see you at 7:30, okay?"

"What can I bring?" queried Michelle, already nervous about dinner with the big boss.

"Just your youthful charms," replied Julie with a wink, "oh, and dress comfortably, this is pleasure, not business."

Michelle ignored the tingles she felt from Julie's comment, and threw herself into her work, busily taking notes as she read through the client files. Before she knew it the clock in the corner of her computer read 6:00 and she could hear the rustle of her coworkers packing up and leaving for the night.

On her way home, Michelle stopped at Caffè Aurora, and picked up an Italian pastry assortment, having been raised to never go to someone's house empty-handed. She threw her purse and briefcase on the kitchen counter and started undressing as she walked to her bedroom down the hall.

The shower took a while to heat up, and Michelle found herself daydreaming about the statuesque Ms. Covington McGill again, remembering her intoxicating fragrance. She stood under the hot stream and lathered her body thinking about how intelligent sophisticated and beautiful Julie was and how welcome and wonderful she made Michelle feel.

Not sure if it was the excitement of starting her career or the lovely Julie, but Michelle felt her nipples harden and pussy moisten as she washed her hair. Languishing in the spray of the shower she let her hands wander lower pinching her nipple and teasing her hardening clit. Michelle kept her pussy shaved bare mas she definitely got her mother's Italian genes when it came to growing hair and without shaving regularly, she'd have a wiry mass of pubic hair within a few weeks.

"Shit!" she said out loud, as she reluctantly withdrew her fingers from her crotch, remembering that Google said it was about a 25-minute drive to the suburbs where Julie and J.J. lived, and she didn't want to be late.

She toweled off quickly and stood in front of her closet in light blue bikini panties and a matching bra, surveying her modest wardrobe. "Dress comfortably," Michelle muttered over and over, repeating the directive from Julie while trying to find something appropriate to wear.

Michelle pulled the yellow and blue sundress over her head, smoothing it down over her tummy and thighs. She twirled a little to make sure it wasn't too short and then slipping on her open-toed backless wedge she pulled her hair back into a tight ponytail. She grabbed her purse and the pastry and hopped in her car punching Julie's address into her phone.

The navigation app got her there in good time and she drove through the gated entrance to the neighborhood at 7:15 pm. Winding through the large brick houses and manicured lawns she found the house at the bottom of the cul-de-sac and parked behind Julie's Mercedes in the long driveway.

"We're in the back garden," Julie sang out in her lovely accent while walking toward Michelle carrying two glasses of white wine.

Julie also wore a sundress; hers was a darker blue with pink accents, and a lot shorter than Michelle's. With the way her ample breasts swayed it was also evident that Julie was unencumbered by a bra.

"I hope you like pinot grigio," Julie added, handing Michelle the glass.

"I hope you like pustie, cannoli, and sfogliatella," Michelle replied, exchanging the white box tied with string for the glass of wine.

"Sounds scrumptious love," Julie said, taking the box and leading Michelle through the back gate.

"J.J., say hello to Michelle, the latest victim I've been telling you about," Julie called to her husband while ducking into the kitchen to put the pastries in the fridge.

Michelle blushed at Julie's words while walking toward the grill to shake J.J.'s hand. He was in a striped bathing suit sandals and a tank top. The grey flecks at his temples were accentuated by his hair and suit being damp from a recent dip in the pool. While it appeared that J.J. was close to her father's age, the tight biceps and broad shoulders that extended from his tank top showed that he worked out much more than John Lynch ever did.

Lifting her hand to greet Mr. McGill, she saw the expression on his face change from warm and friendly to concerned.

"KING! BEHAVE!" she heard J.J. yell as she felt something poking at the back of her dress, nearly causing her to drop her wine glass.

Startled, Michelle turned and was almost eye-to-eye with the big, tan and black dog, which was

enthusiastically wagging its tail.

"I love dogs!" exclaimed Michelle, crouching to pet his large head, and let him lick her face, "is he a German Shepherd?"

"No, he's an Alsatian," replied Julie, returning from the house with the wine decanter.

"But his manners are purely American!" added J.J., with a hint of an Irish brogue, causing the trio to laugh, then added, "no offense dear."

"Oh, none taken," replied Michelle, "my apartment doesn't allow pets so I had to leave my Chico home with my parents."

Julie topped off Michelle's wine glass and watched her pet and scratch King behind his ears, admiring the swell of the young woman's breasts.

"You keep that up and he'll never leave you alone," Julie kidded.

"Steaks are ready!" called J.J. from the smoking grill, as he put three thick T-bones on a platter and carried them to the patio table.

King laid down in the dog bed, knowing better than to beg at the table. Looking over at him first, then at J.J., Julie said, "you'll get your treat after dinner, won't you baby?"

Michelle smiled, assuming she meant the steak bones.

The three ate, talked, and drank freely during dinner. Michelle learned that J.J. was from County Cork in Ireland, the same place her father's mother was born and that he was an executive with IBM in charge of the international sales division. Between the wine, his brogue, and getting lost his emerald green eyes when he spoke, that's about all that Michelle remembered at least.

"Oh, no, I have to drive home," Michelle said with a little slur, putting her hand over the top of her glass, as J.J. went to pour her more wine.

"Nonsense love," directed Julie, "you've had too much already, and we have a lovely guest room that you can use. I'll just tell Mr. Nichols I had you run some errands for me, and you can come in a little late tomorrow."

Michelle knew Julie was right, and besides, she was really enjoying their company, and there was nothing waiting for her in her small, drab apartment.

After a few more glasses of wine, Michelle was listening more to the lyrical nature of the English and Irish accents, than to the words of the conversation, and knew that she should excuse herself. Julie showed Michelle to the guest room, which had a huge queen sized bed, and its own en suite bathroom, complete with a new toothbrush and all the toiletries she could need.

"Good night love," Julie said to Michelle while giving her a motherly hug and peck on the cheek, "sleep tight!"

Michelle brushed her teeth, washed her face, stripped naked and slid into the Egyptian cotton sheets that caressed her skin like silk. No sooner did her head hit the pillow, than Michelle fell into a deep sleep.

"Oh god...YES....right there."

The moans coming through the adjoining wall stirred Michelle out of her sleep. Her first thought was that she was home at her parent's house, where she would regularly hear them making love in the next room in the middle of the night.

"Deeper..faster...yes, yes, yes...make me your bitch."

As her eyes adjusted to the dark, she saw the large bed and recognized the English accent, and realized where she was. Giggling at the thought of J.J. fucking Julie in the next room, Michelle allowed her right hand to slide between her thighs, and do what she normally did while listening to her parents fuck.

Michelle pulled the comforter and top sheet off of her, and let her bent knees drop off to the sides, opening herself up to her probing finger. She rubbed her clit with her thumb, while her left hand pulled and pinched her hardening nipples. Michelle lifted her wet digit to her mouth, tasting her silky juices; she wished she was home with her 8" rubber dildo. Slipping three fingers into herself, she fucked herself in rhythm with the moans coming through the wall.

She was already horny, not only from the abbreviated session in her shower after work but from the peeks she snuck at J.J. through the evening, especially when he took his after-dinner dip in the pool. His six-pack abs and hairy chest caught her eye when he stripped off his tank top and dove in. But it was the respectable lump in his wetsuit that clung to his crotch and thighs as he exited the pool that really got her juices flowing.

"I wonder how big it is hard?" she thought to herself, as she imagined her fingers were J.J.'s thick Irish cock drilling in and out of her wet, hairless pussy, feeling her orgasm approaching.

"I think Michelle's scent has him extra eager tonight."

The words through the wall took a while to register in her brain. Her hands froze as she ran the comment over and over in her head, obviously spoken in J.J.'s brogue. Curiosity got the better of her and she got out of bed. She looked around the room for her panties, but couldn't find them in the dark, so she quietly walked out of the room naked, hoping to hear better from the living room. She was not prepared for the scene that unfolded in the middle of the living room as she exited the guest room, and put her hand to her mouth to stifle her gasp of surprised.

J.J. sat naked in his leather recliner, with a glass of Irish whiskey in his left hand, and his uncut cock in his right. The large, pre-cum covered cock head, shining in the moonlight that poured in from the patio doors, each time it poked out of his wrinkled foreskin, as he slowly stroked himself. It indeed was big when hard, filling his hand with its girth, with several inches to spare on either side of his fist.

But the sight that had Michelle frozen in place, her pussy coated fingers still covering her mouth, was the sophisticated and elegant Julie Covington McGill, on all fours in the center of the Persian rug, head on the floor and ass high in the air, being savagely fucked by King.

Julie was facing J.J.'s chair but had her forehead lying on her crossed arms beneath her, and J.J. was riveted to the show that she was putting on. King was the only one who noticed Michelle arrival in the living room, and it seemed that he thrust into Julie even harder once their eyes met.

"Good boy....good boy....make me....your....bitch."

Julie's moans, and the way she was pushing back to meet his pummeling thick, veiny, pink cock, indicated that she was not only enjoying this, but it was obviously a regular thing. Her large breasts

hung down below her, and her nipples were rubbing on the coarse carpet, as King thrust in rapidly from behind her.

His paws were covered with socks, so he could hug himself to Julie's slender frame without scratching her. Her back was covered with dog hair and drool as he panted above her.

"It's IN!" Julie exclaimed, lifting her head to lock eyes with J.J. while reaching back between her legs to rub her clit. When Julie moved her arm, Michelle realized why she couldn't find her panties, which were held firmly in Julie's other hand.

"You 'knotty' bitch," responded J.J., as he emptied his glass of whiskey in one gulp, and picked up the speed of rubbing his cock.

Michelle originally thought it was just a mispronunciation of 'naughty' with his brogue and all, but then the two comments together dawned on her, as did the fact that she was actively rubbing her own clit while watching the debauchery unfolding in front of her.

"He's coming!" Julie announced as King's hips were pounded into her with a blur.

"So am I!" announced J.J., scooting forward on his chair and shooting ropes of cum on Julie's upturned face.

"So am I!" thought Michelle, as she swallowed a moan and grabbed the guest room door frame to keep from falling, her knees buckling from the thunderous orgasm wracking her small body.

J.J. slumped back on his chair, his dripping cock hanging lewdly between his toned, hairy thighs.

Julie wiped the cum from her face and eyes, savoring the taste as she licked it off her fingers.

King tried to extricate himself from Julie's well-fucked cunt, his knot keeping them attached, and he wound up facing the other way, ass-to-ass with Julie.

Michelle quietly ducked back into the guest room, nearly slipping on the small puddle of girl cum on the floor between her feet.

Sliding back into the cool sheets of the huge bed, she drifted off to sleep, wondering if her panties would be back in the room by morning.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Two: Michette**

Michelle tossed and turned in the queen sized bed, trying to sleep, but every time she closed her eyes, the scenes from the previous night would start playing again in her head.

Her elegant and sophisticated boss, a woman she described to her mother as a cross between a life-size Barbie Doll, and Mary Poppins, and someone she was hoping to be a life and career mentor, was obviously a whole lot different than she had imagined.

The images of King, Julie's full grown Alsatian, forcefully fucking Ms. Covington McGill, while her husband J.J. looked on and masturbated, kept Michelle from getting any sleep. She blushed with embarrassment at the memory of standing naked in the shadows, unable to pull herself away, and rubbing herself to an orgasm while watching the trio perform.



Pulling the covers off of her still naked body, she felt the cool night air on her sex, her pussy well lubricated from the replays running through her mind through the night. Running her fingers over her pert nipples, Michelle thought about playing with herself again, but then the thought of having to face Julie and J.J. in the morning hit her, causing an anxious knot to grow in her stomach.

Rolling over toward the nightstand, the red digits on the bedside clock read 3:45 AM.

“Get the fuck out now, while everyone’s asleep,” came the thought from the rational side of her brain.

“No, if you leave they’ll know that you saw,” came the reply from the emotional side. While smart and confident, Michelle was a pleaser who hated disappointing anyone, especially authoritative women, like her mom, and Julie.

“Get the fuck out NOW!” came the reply from inside her head, the rational side of her brain not being big on articulate debate.

Michelle swung her legs over the side of the bed, arched her back, and stretched her arms high above her head. While the night before may have been weird, this was one of the most comfortable beds, with the most expensive sheets, that she’s ever been in, and it certainly beat the hell out of the crappy full-size mattress she’s been using since middle school.

Leaning forward, she snagged the light blue bra off the back of the chair that sat in front of a rolltop desk, clasping it in front, then spinning it around her torso, tucking her 34B breasts inside, and sliding her arms thru the straps.

Scanning the room, her matching light blue panties were nowhere to be found.

“SHIT!” she said aloud, then covered her mouth to keep from waking anyone, the image from the night before, of Julie holding the panties in her hand while being fucked by King, flashed through her head.

“She can’t still have them, can she?” Michelle thought to herself, as she walked across the guest room, and opened the door a crack, peeking out into the dark living room. Confident that nobody else was awake, Michelle slipped out into the living room, in just her bra, hunting for the matching garment to her favorite Victoria’s Secret set.

She stood silently, staring at the spot in the middle of the living room, where everything took place just a few hours ago, and a shudder ran through her body. She looked on the fireplace hearth, the small table next to J.J.’s chair, the couch, but saw no trace of the powder blue bikinis.

Not one to easily give up, Michelle got on her hands and knees, and checked under the couch and J.J.’s chair, somewhat oblivious to the fact that except her bra, she was buck-ass naked. To see under the couch, she had to put the left side of her face on the floor, with her ass high in the air for balance, her arm sweeping under the couch in hopes of feeling the silky blue material.

What she felt, however, was something entirely different. In her determined search, she never heard King enter the room, until she felt his cold wet nose pushing into the crack of her ass, and his long, warm tongue swiping over her already wet pussy.

“KING! NO!” Michelle whisper-shouted, and quickly spun herself around, planting her ass on the living room carpet, and leaning back against the couch. This put her in a position of looking eye to eye with King, who was standing between her bent legs, with a somewhat sad expression on his face

from being reprimanded.

"I'm sorry, buddy," cajoled Michelle, rubbing his head and scratching behind his ears. His tail wagged at the change in tone and show of affection, and he licked her face, causing another shudder to run through Michelle's body, as she thought about where that tongue has been.

That's when she saw the light blue ball of fabric lying on the floor next to her. She picked it up and immediately felt the damp spot on the material, most likely from King carrying them out to her in his mouth. Then she saw the yellowish stains on the inside of the gusset and remembered Julie and King's combined cum dripping onto the fabric, the previous night. While badly soiled, Michelle was very happy about finding her favorite panties and knew that it was nothing a good washing couldn't fix.

"Good boy, King!" Michelle whispered enthusiastically. She leaned forward, and kissed King high on his snout, between his eyes, then held the top of his head against her chest and rubbed his belly. This is how Michelle has hugged her own dog since she was a little girl, and King seemed to be enjoying it just as much as Chico. What Michelle didn't think about, however, is that she never hugged Chico like this while being mostly naked, the realization hitting her about the same time King's long, wet tongue snaked out and swiped at her pussy again.

"Oh, you ARE a 'knotty' boy," Michelle said with a giggle, trying to imitate J.J.'s Irish brogue while holding King's head away from her crotch. "OK, boy, I got to get go.....HOLY SHIT!" Michelle exclaimed in another audible gasp, as she looked under King's body to see his pink, thick, cock hanging fully out of his sheath, almost touching the floor.

Without thinking, Michelle reached out and put her hand around King's throbbing member. Her first thought was how warm and hard it felt, and nothing like a human cock. "How in the hell did Julie take this whole thing last night?" Michelle thought, as her fingers parted when her fist moved over the thickest part of his shaft.

A warm, wet droplet of pre-cum hit Michelle's forearm, which immediately transported her thoughts and sensations from seven years ago. "It's 'Mitchette' all over again," she said in a breathy, reminiscent tone, remembering the events that transpired the summer after her sophomore year in high school.

Keith Manuel was the crush of every girl in the school, including Michelle. A junior, and captain of the lacrosse team, Keith stood 6 foot 5 inches, with broad shoulders and a muscular chest, and a perennially sloppy mass of blonde curly hair on the top of his head. And if the rumors were to be believed, he was supposedly hung like a horse.

But apart from the Adonis physique, Keith was not your typical jock. He was a sensitive, caring individual, who interacted with the nerds, goths, and gearheads as easily and as often as he would with the jocks and cheerleaders.

Michelle and Keith both worked at the local cineplex and became fast friends. They shared mutual ball-busting and flirtatious innuendos to pass the boring periods when everyone was in the theaters watching the movies and then worked their tails off in between. As things progressed over the summer, they started going out, and Keith was always a gentleman,

Then came the night of July 31st. Keith would be going away to a two-week lacrosse camp the next morning, and Michelle knew this was probably the night they would take their relationship to a new level. After a great day of water skiing on the lake, and sitting around a bonfire on the beach, Keith offered to drive Michelle home, and they both climbed into his mother's minivan.

Keith turned onto Michelle's street, but drove past her house, and parked the van in the wooded area outside the playground at the end of Willow Drive. This was their favorite make-out spot, and they both eagerly climbed into the back.

Kissing lead to petting, and Keith moved his hand under Michelle's sundress and started to rub her pussy through her panties. Previous attempts at this maneuver had always been thwarted by Michelle, but not on this night. She moaned into his mouth at his touch, and spread her legs a little wider, inviting him to continue.

Keith proceeded to rub her pussy and clit over the white cotton material, building up the courage to make his next move.

"Shit! Cramp!" Michelle said, as she broke the kiss and flexed and extended her left leg a few times, getting the blood flowing again. Keith prepared himself for the customary thwarting, but was surprised when Michelle pulled his face back to hers, and moved his hand back to her crotch, and said with a giggle, "now where were we?"

Keith took the advantage of the opportunity, and moved his hand under the waistband of her panties, over her brown, curly pubic hair, and his fingers found their way her moist pussy.

Michelle kissed Keith more passionately as he finger fucked her, adding his thumb to her clit for good measure. She rocked her hips with the motion of his probing fingers and bit down on his shoulder as she exploded in her first orgasm delivered by someone else's hand.

While Michelle laid back, eyes closed, lost in post-orgasmic bliss, Keith quickly removed her panties, and unbuckled and lowered his pants and boxers, releasing his extremely hard cock.

Michelle opened her eyes at the sound of his zipper and stared in disbelief at the purple cyclops head, that was staring back at her with its one good eye. The rumors indeed were true, and from Michelle's perspective, there were probably a few horses that wished they were hung like Keith. The veiny shaft was at least as big around as her wrist, and it appeared to hang down nearly to his knee.

"Oh my God, No," were the words that came out of Michelle's mouth, even though she had been looking forward to taking things to this level for several weeks.

"Please, Michelle," Keith pleaded, "it hurts really bad when it gets this hard, and you've already cum, so it's only fair." Keith's parents had taught him that "no means no" from when he hit puberty, so he would never force himself on girl, and especially not Michelle, but he was certainly going to make his case.

"I don't know Keith, it's so goddamned big," Michelle said hesitantly, her heartbreaking at not being able to go through with it.

"How about you just rub it, as I did for you?" Keith asked, hoping to get some relief.

Reluctantly, Michelle reached out and put her hand around his thick shaft, and started rubbing up and down. Keith put his head back and smiled, glad to have someone else's hand on it for a change. Michelle was shocked that she felt his cock actually growing thicker in her hand as she rubbed, which made her only more afraid and anxious about the situation.

When the large drop of precum building at the tip of Keith's cock finally succumbed to gravity, and landed with splat on Michelle's forearm, she freaked and just repeated the word "sorry," as she opened the sliding van door, and ran the half a block down Willow Drive to her house, leaving Keith

with an enormous erection and a serious case of blue balls.

When school started in the fall, everyone was calling her 'Mitchette' instead of Michelle, which confused and embarrassed her. When one of the other boys on the lacrosse team greeted her with "Hi Mitchette," she corrected him, saying "my name is Michelle."

"No, it's Mitchette," he replied with a sneer, "because you're 'all T's'....get it...ALL TEASE!"

Michelle was crushed, and the nickname stuck, but it served as a reminder of the promise she made to herself on that day, never to be a tease again. Eventually, it was shortened to 'Mitchie', and Michelle embraced the nickname, feeling that if she caused a situation, she shouldn't back out, no matter how uncomfortable it may be.

Just as tears began to well up in her eyes at the painful memory, Michelle felt another hot, wet splash of pre-cum on her forearm, which snapped her back to reality. Michelle opened her eyes to find that she had been subconsciously jerking off King while reminiscing about Keith Manuel.

She could feel King's hot breath on her face as her hand continued to rub up and down his throbbing pink phallus. "No more 'Mitchette,' isn't that right boy?" Michelle said to the panting Alsatian, moving her hand faster, and feeling his hips rock with her ministrations.

His cock was now continually dripping on her arm, and she was getting concerned at how much would come out when he eventually climaxed. Looking at the Persian rug they were on, and the cream sofa upholstery behind her, the last thing Michelle wanted was to leave any tell-tale stains as evidence of what she was doing with her boss's dog.

Sensing that his orgasm was approaching, Michelle looked around, but the only thing within reach, was her light blue panties, still sitting on the floor next to her. Just as she picked up the panties, King let loose with his first jet of dog cum, which hit Michelle in the torso, the watery substance dripping down to her crotch.

Michelle kept rubbing with her right hand while covering his cock with the panties in her left hand, as King let go with several more forceful jets of cum. When his hips stopped rocking, Michelle released her grip on his cock, and King walked over to his dog bed and laid down, licking himself while his cock retreated into its furry sheath.

She looked at the clock above the mantel and saw that it was almost 4:30, realizing that not only had she been jerking off this dog for almost 45 minutes, but it was also getting dangerously close to the time for Julie and/or J.J. to wake up.

Scrambling back to the guest room, her now dog-cum sodden panties in her hand, Michelle quickly threw her sundress over her head and slipped on her sandals. Not knowing what to do with the panties, having no pockets in the sundress, an evil grin came across Michelle's face, and she stepped into them and pulled them up under the sundress, the soaked material clinging to her pussy and ass.

Michelle grabbed her car keys off the dresser, and stopped in the kitchen on the way out, to scribble a quick note to Julie and J.J., thanking them for a lovely evening, and explaining why she had to leave so early.

She opened the back patio door to leave, but then something on the kitchen counter caught her eye. She walked back into the kitchen and put her hand on the side of the half-full ornamental tea press, then pulled it back quickly, the glass container still hot to the touch.

“OH FUCK,” Michelle said to herself, realizing that Julie must have been up before her, and quickly exited the house, quietly closing the patio door behind her.

King sat obediently under the Victorian vanity that Julie now used as a computer desk, which was situated in the corner of the large master bedroom, overlooking the front yard. As she watched Michelle’s Prius back out of the driveway, Julie pressed play on the video panel displayed on her laptop and uttered a simple command to King.

“Lick,” she said, as the screen filled with the recently recorded scenes from the living room, courtesy of the nanny-cam, inconspicuously hidden in the loop of the 6 on the clock above the mantel.

Focusing on the look of lust on Michelle’s face in the video, as she rubbed King’s cock to orgasm, Julie reached under the vanity and rubbed King’s head, which was now lodged between her spread thighs. “Your new bitch is taking to her training well, don’t you think boy?”

~~~~

### **Chapter Three: Soiled Panties**

Michelle watched the looming brick structure and manicured lawn of Julie and J.J.’s house disappear in the rear view mirror of her Prius, as it quietly made its way down the winding streets of the affluent neighborhood, in the twilight of the early morning hours.

The silver hybrid sat idling at the Stop sign at the end of Morningside Drive, and Michelle stared at the now tiny image of the brick house in the mirror, without a clue as to why.

Was she expecting Julie to come running after her?

Or J.J.?

Or KING??!!

She felt the temperature rise in her cheeks, as that last thought caused her face to flush red with embarrassment.

Or was she taking one last look at the place where her young life had been turned ass-over-teakettle? An un-closable portal had been opened to the deepest, darkest recesses of her soul, and she wasn’t sure if she should feel mortified, or liberated.

She eased off the brake, taking one last, lingering look in the mirror, as she rolled into the intersection, the axiom, “today is the first day of the rest of your life” running through her head.

“JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!” Michelle shouted at the top of her lungs, as she stomped on the brake, bringing the small vehicle to an abrupt stop.

If looks could kill, Michelle would be laying on a gurney, covered in a sheet, being wheeled into the morgue with a toe tag. She never saw the woman out for an early morning walk, even though she wore a reflective vest and was carrying a flashlight, and the black and brown Rottweiler, that she led by a leash, was hardly visible at all.

As the woman and her dog walked in front of the car, Michelle waved apologetically, with a sheepish look on her face. She did a double-take, as the woman passed into the beams of the headlights, and couldn’t get over the uncanny resemblance to her mother. Michelle had seen that same disapproving

look on more than one occasion throughout her life, and waves of guilt and remorse started tying a knot in the pit of her stomach, thinking of what her mother's reaction would be, if she knew what had her daughter had done in the stately brick house down the street.

But oddly enough, it was the look she got from the muscular animal, that evoked the more dramatic reaction within Michelle.

The Rotty's dark brown eyes sparkled in the glare of the low beams, and his tongue darted out and swept across his wide snout, as he stared back at Michelle. She shivered and pushed both hands in between her thighs, as her involuntary bodily response had her convinced that she had actually peed herself, but the wetness she felt between her legs was not urine.

The smug look on the dog's face made it appear as though he knew she was sitting there in panties that were soaked in canine semen, and if she didn't know better, she would have sworn he was smiling. She pressed her hand against her mound and could feel the hard nub of her clit throbbing beneath the damp, light blue fabric.

Their gaze was broken with a jerk of the leash, and the woman shot one last dirty look over her shoulder, as the dog trotted after her. Michelle jerked her hands out of her crotch as if the woman knew where they had been and was shocked to find herself watching the sway of the Rotty's balls, as he disappeared into the darkness of the early morning.

The headlights of the garbage truck turning into the development snapped Michelle out of her daydream, and she eased off the brake and steered herself back to her apartment complex.

"Aren't you two forgetting about someone?" J.J. said to the back of Julie's head, as she pushed play on the video one more time, and directed King's snout toward her clit. He was propped up on three pillows, slowly rubbing his mostly hard cock, while watching their well-trained Alsatian service his wife.

"Enough!" said Julie in a stern voice, and both J.J. and King froze at the command. King retreated to the dog bed in the corner of the room, and J.J. returned to lazily stroking his cock when he realized the command was not directed at him.

Julie shed the silk robe from her shoulders, as she made her way to their king-sized bed, wearing only the thin camisole which barely contained her ample breasts. Her pussy was waxed clean, and it glistened with the mixture of King's saliva and her own natural fluids.

Cat-like, Julie crawled up from the foot of the bed, in between J.J.'s out-stretched legs, and took his firm shaft in her hand, maintaining eye contact with him the entire time. Keeping her pearly white ass high in the air, she dropped her head and slowly dragged her tongue from J.J.'s balls, up the full length of the underside of his cock, watching the precum leak from the tip, before swirling her tongue around it. Julie repeated this delicious tease a few more times, feeling J.J.'s cock turn to hardened steel in her hand.

From his bed in the corner, King eyed his Mistresses firm haunches, tongue hanging out, eagerly awaiting the "Mount" command, but it never came. Instead, Julie walked further up J.J.'s body on her knees, pausing when the puffy lips of her soaked vagina hovered above the purple head of his aching cock. She lowered herself down on him, engulfing his rigid tool into her warm, wet cavity, and moaned a long, low sigh, as she reveled in the fullness.

Julie leaned forward and placed her hands on J.J.'s broad shoulders, and started fucking herself on his throbbing tool. J.J. grabbed the bottom of the camisole and lifted it over Julie's head, throwing it

to the floor, as he leaned in and took one of her erect nipples into his mouth, her large breasts swaying as his cock pistoned in and out of her.

"I...told...you...she...was...a...natural," Jule's words delivered in a staccato cadence, as she plunged and gyrated on her husband, "Did...you...see...how...she...handled...him?"

"I did," replied J.J., while moving his hands down to his wife's firm backside. "I almost thought...AHHHHH...she was gonna...MMMMMM...let him...last night." J.J.'s words interspersed with his pleasure, as Julie squeezed and released her vaginal canal, a by-product of the regular kegel exercises that she performed religiously.

"Ohhhhhhhh...she'll...let...him," Julie said, her eyes closed and head thrown back, her orgasm quickly approaching, "...and SOOOOOON," she added, shivering as her orgasm overtook her.

"Fuck yeah!" yelled J.J., thrusting up into his shivering wife, his cock pulsing and twitching, as he filled his wife with his hot white cum.

Michelle unlocked the door and burst into her sparsely furnished, one-bedroom apartment, and realized the stark differences in the worlds and she and Julie Covington McGill inhabited. She kicked off her sandals and stripped as she moved swiftly from the front door to the shower, wondering how long they'd be cohabiting the same office, let alone the same world, after what she witnessed the night before.

Her sundress laid in a pile on the floor, and the bra was flung on the bed. She grabbed the waistline of the panties, and when she felt the still damp material, her knees buckled and she nearly collapsed, at the intense shiver that ran down her spine, directly to her clit. Bracing herself on the sink, she peeled the blue fabric off her body and dropped them to the bathroom floor.

"Pull yourself together, Lynch," she said to herself, repeating her softball coach's words when trying to calm her down in the middle of a close match. She stepped into the tepid spray of the small, stand-up shower, and closed her eyes, hoping the water would wash away the events of the past 24 hours.

The images of King ravishing his willing Mistress, kept running through her mind, as she quickly soaped up her body under the lukewarm spray. Despite the throbbing between her legs, she resisted the temptation to rub herself and tried to deny the sheer thrill she felt when King's hot cum splattered on her chest and stomach.

She turned the handle, making the shower colder, as a means to deter her carnal desires. She knew if she got to the office before Julie, she could probably delay the awkward conversation that she knew would happen eventually.

Toweling off quickly, she brushed her teeth and quickly applied what little makeup she wore. She ran the deodorant stick under each arm and dabbed a little perfume behind her ears, and on each wrist, rubbing them together as she walked back into her bedroom, naked.

Pulling a clean bra out of her drawer, she fastened it in front and spun it around her torso, tucking her breasts into the cups while slipping her arms through the straps. Reaching back into the drawer, she grabbed the navy and red plaid bikini style panties but paused when she caught sight of the blue garment on the bathroom floor, out of the corner of her eye.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said to herself with a giggle, feeling like a schoolgirl sneaking a piece of candy behind her mother's back, "it would be so wrong, so filthy." She could feel her nipples harden as her

brain processed the internal argument that was happening within her mind.

Was she trying to punish herself with the thought of wearing the panties that were stained with Julie and King's cum, and damp with her own secretions? Or was she trying to hold onto the last remnants of the grandest display of debauchery that she had seen, and participated in, so far in her young life, and the titillating feelings of arousal and depravity that accompanied it?

While she was mulling this existential question, the one thing she did know, was that any normal person wouldn't even be entertaining this sordid idea.

"Fuck normal!" she exclaimed, throwing the plaid panties back in the drawer, and marching defiantly into the bathroom. She slid the soiled panties from the night before up over her knees, and ran her fingers along the leg hem, smoothing the material around her firm bottom.

She returned to her closet, and donned the mint green blouse, buttoning it up with a blush, as she noticed the bumps of her nipples were still clearly visible through her bra and the blouse. She stepped into the grey pin-striped skirt and covered the blouse with the matching grey blazer. Stepping into her sensible black heels, she pulled her hair back into a tight ponytail and grabbed her purse and briefcase on the way out the door.

Sitting at a dead stop on Route 9, her eyes darting between the dashboard clock and the flashing red lights of the school bus in front of her, Michelle was calculating whether she had enough time swing through the Dunkin Donuts for a latte and still make it to the office before Julie. She was startled when the music cut off, replaced by a loud ringing noise, and pressed the animated telephone icon on the dashboard next to the word "Mom."

"Hi Mom," Michelle said to the dashboard, relieved that it wasn't Julie calling.

"How's my favorite Junior Accountant, Audit Division?" her mother asked, reading Michelle's title off of the freshly minted, embossed business card she sent to her parents.

"Pretty good, I guess," Michelle replied with a sigh, as she drove past the Dunkin Donuts, the latte decision having been made by her mother's call.

"And Miss Julie Carrigan McGee," her mother inquired with a tone of jealousy in her voice, intentionally mispronouncing the name that she heard Michelle go on and on about in glowing detail, since her interview, "does she still walk on water and breed cancer curing unicorns?"

"It's Covington McGill, mom," Michelle corrected, "and she's not without her flaws," blushing as the images of her specific flaws started flooding back into Michelle's mind with that statement.

"What's the matter, is she working my little girl like a dog?" Michelle's mom said with a lilt, assuming her daughter's image of her boss was being affected by her current workload.

"WHAT?" Michelle replied a little too emphatically, stunned at the ironic accuracy of her mother's cliche.

"Honey, you knew that job was going to be a lot of work," her mother counseled, "and remember how much you told me you could learn from Jennifer Coventry McGovern?" Her mother couldn't help but tease. "Besides, while she's not a male, she is still the alpha dog in that firm, and a self-made woman, so just follow her lead, and she'll probably show you things you could never learn anywhere else."



"Again with the dog reference," Michelle thought to herself, wondering if her mother could read her guilty conscience through the cell towers.

"As always mom," Michelle replied, "you have no idea what you're talking about, but somehow you're absolutely right."

"I know I am dear," Michelle's mother said, choosing not to acknowledge the backhanded compliment, "let her train you, and you'll definitely get everything you want in the end."

"Yes Mom," came Michelle's monotone lectured child reply, which she had perfected since around the age of thirteen.

"And remember what you told me about their year-end compensation?", Michelle's mother said enthusiastically, "if you're loyal and follow her orders, you might wind up with a big, fat bonus, fit for a king!"

"Oh my god!" Michelle exclaimed, her mother's last remark sending another jolt of electricity directly to her pussy, encased in the King-soiled panties. "I'm at work now...gotta go...love ya!"

"Love you too, dear," her mother replied, but Michelle hit the End Call button before her full sentence was finished, as she pulled into the Smith & McGill parking area, which was empty, except for one other car, the large, gold Lexus parked under the sign, "Reserved for JCM."

~~~~~

## **Chapter Four: A Trip Home**

"FUCK!" Michelle yelled, while gently banging her forehead on her steering wheel. Not only was she at work an hour and a half early, as the gold Lexus in the reserved parking spot clearly indicated, but she had also failed at beating Julie to the office. "And I didn't even get my fucking latte!" Michelle whined, feeling the insult being added to the injury.

"Morning," said the security guard, never bothering to look up from the Daily News Sports section, as Michelle passed through the lobby. She punched the UP button, and fidgeted with her hair, thinking of what she could possibly say to Julie while waiting near the bank of elevators.

DING!

The loud bell announced the elevator's arrival, which brought Michelle back to reality. She stepped into the marble-walled compartment, and her finger hovered near the 8 button, the main floor for Smith & McGill. "No, no, no," Michelle thought to herself, "if you go to 8 you'll have to walk right by her office on the way to your desk."

Punching 7, Michelle leaned back against the elevator wall and smiled, proud of herself for her covert plan, while the elevator doors slowly closed. Michelle realized she could swipe herself into the Smith Room, the large conference room on the 7th floor, named for the recently deceased principal partner at S&M, and then take the back stairs up to 8, without ever passing Julie's office.

With a quick swipe of her ID, the lock on the large oak doors disengaged, and the motion sensor triggered lights illuminated the darkness, as Michelle stepped into the Smith Room. She paused for a moment to let her eyes adjust to the suddenly brightened room, before making her way to the staff door on the other side of the large mahogany conference table. Michelle turned the handle on the staff door but didn't open it. Instead, she turned back into the Smith Room and stared at the four-by-

three-foot oil painting of Old Man Smith that hung on the North wall.

If even half the stories were true, Old Man Smith was a cross between Teddy Roosevelt and Ernest Hemingway, with the accounts of his many business accomplishments only outdone by the many tales of his worldly travels. And the bi-speckled image looking down upon her definitely looked the part.

The full-bellied man, sitting confidently in the burgundy leather chair, with his majestic Irish Wolfhound, Finn, by his side, stared back at Michelle, as the wheels in her head were turning. With his big head of wavy white hair, ample jowls, and the bushy white mustache, Michelle thought he looked more like a walrus than a President, but it was Finn who caught her attention this morning.

Michelle had heard the office rumors about how Julie really got to the top, passing them off as idle gossip, but something about the way Finn was sitting, proud and proper, and looking every bit as entitled as Old Man Smith, was reconciling within her brain, with the events she witnessed the previous night.

“He was such an incredible lover, passionate, and insatiable. You never forget your first, and I miss him terribly.”

The lyrical words arrived at Michelle’s ears just ahead of the aroma of the fancy French perfume, and she felt her muscles tense, and the hairs on her arms stand on end. She replied without turning to face Julie, who she could sense was drawing nearer.

“You and Mr. Smith, ma’am?”

Even her laugh was elegant, as Julie chortled at the proposition, “Well, isn’t that what the rumors say, dear?”

“NO! Ummm, I mean, I don’t know. What rumors ma’am?” Michelle blushed beet red, and blurted out her responses, while realizing that the more she denied it, the more it confirmed that she had heard the rumors.

Turning the young woman by her shoulders, Julie’s face beamed as she looked down on the shorter Michelle, “I’m just teasing you love, for disappearing last night. I was looking forward to having you for breakfast.”

Michelle felt her body shudder at the innuendo, and she squeezed her thighs tightly together while staring into Julie’s steely blue eyes, which sparkled with hunger and desire.

“So what brings you to the office so early this morning?” Julie asked, still holding Michelle by the shoulders, “couldn’t sleep because you had your hands full?”

“Yes ma’am,” Michelle replied, “wanted to get a head start on the Weissmann Account,” hoping the convenient excuse sounded believable. “I’m heading home this weekend, and I want to have the file in order by Friday.”

“Well then, let’s get to it,” encouraged Julie, stepping toward the staff door, and then pausing, smiling, as Michelle scrambled to open it for her. Michelle followed Julie up the stairs, hoping that they were done discussing the previous evening, and happy to have lived through the awkward conversation.

The rest of the week was uneventful. Michelle poured herself into her work, and Julie was out of the

office most of the time, meeting with clients. Michelle was really looking forward to going home for the weekend, not just because of the promise of her mother's home-made macaroni & cheese, but because she was mentally and physically exhausted from the events of the week, and thought she could use a big-ass dose of "normal."

The traffic on the NYS Thruway cooperated, and Michelle made it home by 7:00 pm on Friday evening. When she pulled into the driveway of the modest house on Woodbury Road, Chico was the first to greet her, the black lab mix wagging his tail and licking her face, before she could even step out of the car. Her mother, Sarah, came out in her apron and gave Michelle a huge hug, and her father followed behind her, kissing his daughter on top of the head, and carrying her suitcase up to her childhood room.

John Lynch mixed a pitcher of whiskey sours, while his daughter talked a mile a minute about her first week at work. The conversation continued over dinner, the meal, warmth and laughter, the very definition of "home." Sarah Lynch couldn't help but pry a little, asking Michelle if she had met any eligible young men, while they cleaned up after dinner.

"Give Mitchie a break, hun! John chided his wife while pouring the last of the pitcher into his empty glass, "she's only been there a week." Michelle's father was always quick to protect his little girl, giving his wife a playful swat on the bottom to make his point.

The long week of work, drive up from Poughkeepsie, and her father's killer whiskey sours took their toll on Michelle, and she kissed her parents good-night, before turning in for the night around 11:00 pm. She slept soundly in her childhood bed, with her Poughkeepsie problems miles away, and the security of having Chico curled up at the foot of her bed, and her loving parents in the next room.

Her dreams soon shifted to the images of her boss on all fours, presenting herself to King, and the way she moaned and begged for her loyal pet to fuck her harder. "Yes! Right there! HARDER!" Julie's words filtered through Michelle's brain, as if hearing them for the first time. "Oh my God, that's so good. What's gotten into you tonight, John?"

The images and sounds seeping from subconscious to conscious, where the incongruence of her boss moaning her father's name stuck in the rational portion of Michelle's brain, pulling her from sleep. Michelle's body jerked involuntarily, and she woke, confused and sweaty, and with her hand inside her panties, two fingers buried in her moist pussy.

"What's gotten into you tonight, John?" she repeated to herself, her body still shaking off the last vestiges of sleep, and the noises from the next room bringing her back to reality.

The faint, rhythmic squeaking of the springs on the king sized bed in her parent's room, could only mean that John and Sarah Lynch were sharing their routine weekend love-making session, although it seemed especially passionate on this occasion.

Michelle had been listening to her parents' middle of the night love-making sessions ever since she was old enough to realize what was going on in the next room, and usually masturbated herself to orgasm, enjoying the sounds of love and pleasure coming through the walls.

Michelle smiled at the fact that her parents were still active sexually, and very in love with each other, even as she felt a pang of jealousy, since it had been quite a while since Michelle enjoyed a good, hard fucking, the situation with Julie Covington McGill adding to her frustration, as she had been in a constant state of arousal since the night of the barbeque.

"Really, John. you're going at it like a teenager tonight," came her mother's hushed, giggling voice through the thin walls of the three-bedroom colonial.

"Shhhh, Mitchie is right in the next room," her father replied, as the rhythm of the bedsprings increased with intensity.

Michelle shivered at hearing her father use her pet name while in the midst of fucking her mother and moved to sit in her desk chair, which was in the corner of the room by the ventilation duct, slipping off her damp panties along the way. Michelle spread her legs wide, and leaned back in the faux leather office chair, circling her clit with her thumb, and pinching her nipples with her other hand.

Sarah Lynch released a sustained moan, as she felt her husband's cock swell inside her, at the mention of their daughter's name. She actually knew why their weekend session was hotter and more passionate than usual, but never had the courage to discuss it with her husband, as she implicitly trusted that he would never act on his obvious incestuous fantasy.

"I'm sure Michelle is sound asleep," replied her mother in a broken cadence, with softer moans peppered in between each word, "especially with how strong you mixed those whiskey sours."

John Lynch felt the involuntary twitch of his hard cock deep inside his wife, when she mentioned their daughter's name, as he fucked her from behind, feeling guilty and a bit ashamed about whom he was imagining in his mind.

Michelle closed her eyes and threw her head back, shocked, not only at hearing her parents discussing her in the middle of sex but at how incredibly aroused it was making her feel. She slid her hips forward and lifted her feet to the seat of the chair, and pushed a third finger inside herself, lamenting the fact that she had forgotten to pack her toys for the weekend trip home.

Michelle knew if she needed a good cum, to release all the confusion, frustration, desires, and self-doubts that had been building through the entire week, but she wanted, no needed, something more than her fingers to get her there.

"Oh my God! Chico! No!" Michelle exclaimed a little too loudly, startled at the warm tongue passing up from the crack of her ass to her clit. Michelle grabbed the head of her black lab, and moved his snout out her crotch, as she heard the squeaking from the next room come to an abrupt halt.

Michelle's heart raced as she sat in utter silence, feeling guilty about interrupting her parents' love-making, and feeling incredibly confused about the fireworks that went off in her brain at the two short licks delivered by Chico's tongue.

"You can't stop NOW!" demanded Sarah in the other room, the urgency in her voice a clear indication of how close she was to cumming.

"What about Michelle?" John Lynch whispered in reply, nodding his head toward the shared wall.

"FUCK MICHELLE!" Sarah emphatically replied, a little louder than seemed necessary, her words carefully chosen to encourage her husband to properly finish what he had started.

With another telltale twitch of his manhood, John Lynch slowly began to fuck his wife again, squeezing and rubbing the globes of her firm, white ass, as he picked up his pace, his cock harder than ever.

Michelle still held Chico's head in her hands and stared into his expressive brown eyes, which stared back apologetically, at being scolded by his mistress. "I'm sorry, boy," Michelle said, scratching him behind his ears, as she once again heard the rhythmic squeaks from the next room, "you just

surprised me is all.”

Chico’s eyes smiled back at her kind words, and his tongue flicked out and swiped over the moisture on his nose, as Sarah’s moans again wafted softly through the wall. Michelle was at a crossroads, and while she wanted to maintain her “good girl” image, the aching need emanating from her core was telling her to seize this opportunity.

“You heard the lady,” Michelle said with a laugh, making a quick decision, releasing Chico’s head, and looping her knees over the arms of the office chair, her need for release more urgent and desperate than her need to be “normal.”

Chico’s warm, rough, wet tongue licked her from stem to stern, with a talent and persistence that she had never experienced before, and Michelle had to cup both her hands over her mouth to stifle her moans of ecstasy. Apparently, the Lynch women shared a tendency for vocal and expressive love-making. Michelle moaned into her palms and gyrated her hips, as Chico’s tongue pushed deep into her gaping cunt, the squeaks of the rocking office chair drown out only by the loud and urgent squeaks coming from the master suite.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” the two Lynch women moaned almost simultaneously, as their orgasms echoed each other in the adjacent rooms. Michelle was holding Chico by the ears and rubbing her clit on the end of his snout, as one orgasm after another crashed through her small frame, like waves crashing on a wind-swept beach. Chico’s tongue continued to lap at her pussy and ass, as she writhed, and shivered, and bounced on the chair.

John Lynch reached forward to cover his wife’s mouth, as her pussy clenched on his pistoning cock, her orgasm overpowering her, as his cock let loose with a huge load deep within the very cavity that produced his daughter. Sarah bit down on his hand, gently, and John swore he heard similar moans coming from the room next door.

Like an active volcano, Michelle kept erupting with wave after wave of orgasms, a stronger one hitting as soon as the previous one subsided, and finally worked up the strength to push the lapping dog’s head from between her legs.

Michelle’s body flowed out of the chair and onto the floor, like molten lava, and she hugged Chico’s panting body to her tightly, feeling his fur against her torso, and his rapidly beating heart through her skin. That’s when she saw his veiny red cock hanging fully outside of its furry sheath.

“I can see this can be habit forming,” she joked to herself, as she moved her hand under Chico’s body, and gripped his hot, wet, dog cock.

On the other side of the wall, John stroked Sarah’s hair, as she lovingly licked and sucked his deflating cock, looking up at him with an expression of pure satisfaction and devotion. At their age, she knew he was “one and done,” but she always ended their sessions like this, because she loved him, she loved his cock, and she loved the taste of their combined juices.

As if mirror images of each other, separated only by a thin wall, Michelle slid down Chico’s body, still petting his head while whispering words of gratitude, and took his needy cock into her warm, eager mouth. Unlike everyone else in the Lynch household, Chico had not yet cum that night, and Michelle couldn’t stand the thought of him going unsatisfied. She winced at first, due to the bitter taste of the watery precum, but then began sucking the dog in earnest, reveling at how different it felt in her mouth and on her tongue than any other cock she had sucked before.

John closed his eyes, and allowed his imagination to engage, conjuring images of the lips and tongue

on his cock being those of his 22-year old daughter. He had no way of knowing exactly what her lips and tongue were currently doing, no more than 6 feet from where he lay,

Michelle coughed and spit out the first mouthful of Chico's ejaculate, the taste, force and sheer volume taking her by surprise. She kept jerking his cock and stared at his fully expanded knot, which was now about the size of her fist. She shivered at thought of something so broad being stuck inside her, trying to catch more of Chico's cum in her mouth, as he squirted the last of his dog cum on her face, neck, and breasts.

Still laying in the large wet spot on the hardwood floor, Michelle kissed Chico on his head, as his satisfied cock shrank and retreated within its protective sheath. Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, Michelle smiled, and wondered aloud, "What would John and Sarah Lynch do if they knew their "good girl" was a filthy dog fucker?" She allowed sleep to overtake her, and drifted into a deep and heavy slumber, spooning with her childhood pet.

~~~~

## **Chapter Five: Fit For a King**

Monday morning, Michelle returned to work with newfound confidence, refreshed, relaxed and incredibly satisfied. While there were intermittent pangs of guilt mixed in, she was mostly convinced that what she did over the weekend did not hurt anyone, and quite to the contrary, made her, and Chico, feel pretty fucking good.

The week flew by, between the never-ending stream of files, and being pulled in several different directions by the senior associates, but Michelle took it all in stride, having had scratch an itch that she hadn't realized had been bothering her for a while.

It was already Friday, and Michelle had been waffling all week about a return trip home, rationalizing to herself it was just to see her parents and get another home-cooked meal. As she was about to call her mother and tell her to start cooking another crock of her world famous macaroni & cheese, her computer dinged with an appointment notification, reminding her that she had a meeting with Julie Covington McGill in the Smith Room in 15 minutes.

Gathering her black leather portfolio, with the gold engraved "MCL" monogram plate on the cover, a graduation gift from her parents, she refilled her coffee and walked down to the Smith Room.

Julie had been set up there all morning, files spread across the large mahogany conference table, next to her laptop and floral teacup.

"Lovely dear, you're early," welcomed Julie, "you don't know how much I appreciate that."

Julie explained that S&M was in danger of losing one of their oldest and largest accounts in New York City and that she would have to be on site in meetings all next week.

"I need everyone to cover for me while I'm gone," Julie continued, "are you familiar at all with the Greene account?"

"The new eye doctor account?" Michelle responded, proud of herself for paying attention to the new business portion of the last all staff meeting.

"Yes, Mitch Greene, the Ophthalmologist," Julie corrected, "and it's just a simple review of his financial statements for the past 3 years, and make internal recommendations for tax and

investment plans. Do you think you can handle it?"

"Of course ma'am," Michelle beamed at her boss believing in her enough to trust her with a new account, "anything to help you out."

"Do you mean that, anything?" Julie asked, taking Michelle a little off guard, "because I'm kind of in a pickle with King."

Julie went onto explain that J.J. was out of the country on business himself, and their usual kennel was booked solid due to vacations, and none of her other options had panned out, so she was in dire need for someone to dog sit.

"I know it's a lot to ask," empathized Julie, "especially since I have to leave in the morning, so you'll need to be there over the weekend too, but you'll have full use of the hot tub and pool, and I just restocked the wine fridge." "Besides, you and King got along famously when we had you for the barbeque," Julie added, "I think he really likes you."

Julie's words cause a slight shiver to run down Michelle's spine, blushing at the thought of if she only knew just how famously they had gotten along. "OK Julie, I can do it," Michelle replied, slightly disappointed that there'd be no return date with Chico this weekend, but truly eager to help her boss out of this bind.

"You're a godsend, my dear Michelle," Julie responded elated, "I've been holding off confirming and hotel and train reservations until I got this resolved."

Motioning to her laptop, Julie instructed Michelle to find the email from Mitch Greene Ophthalmology with his financial statement attached, and print them out so they could review them, while she left the room to make a few calls, to confirm her reservations and her arrival time with the client.

Michelle sat in front of Julie's laptop and giggled at the evil thought of sending some prank emails to her coworkers from Julie's account, to bust their balls, even though she knew she'd never do such a thing. Instead, she clicked in the search box and set herself to locating the email with the financial statement attachments.

"Optamologist" Michelle typed in, and clicked the magnifying glass, only to find no results found.

"Ophthamologist" Michelle tried again, and again no results found.

"Why couldn't he have been a fucking plumber?" Michelle said under her breath in frustration, concerned she was failing miserably at the first simple assignment that Julie had given her, "at least I know how to spell plumber!"

Clicking back into the Search box, she decided to take another approach, and typed M-I-T-C-H, and shrieked with pride as the screen filled with 69 matching results.

The third email in the list was the one with the financial statements attached, and she dutifully opened each, using the password supplied in a subsequent email, and sent them to the printer outside of the Smith Room.

With Julie still on the phone with the client contact, Michelle decided to review the other results, to learn more about the history of this client, without burdening Julie with having to provide it. As she stepped through the results, scanning the email for pertinent information, then clicking the right

arrow, so the next message in the result set would load, she gasped and stared at the screen for a long moment.

As Julie returned to the Smith Room, holding the “hot off the press” financial statements in her hand, Michelle quickly clicked forward, typed in her email address, and clicked send, knowing she’d have to review that message in a lot more detail in private. Michelle clicked into the Sent Items folder, deleted the last entry, and clicked back to the In Box, as Julie settled into the chair next to her, and the two women began pouring over the reports.

The worked through lunch, eating the salads that were delivered while going over the client’s financials. Around 3:00 pm, Julie felt satisfied that Michelle had enough information to be successful, and started re-stacking the files, so she could carry them back to her office.

“About King,” Julie said, changing the subject, “he should be alright by himself until around noon, so come by tomorrow at that time to walk and feed him, and then you have full run of the house until I get back on Friday afternoon.”

“No problem, Julie,” agreed Michelle, “I’ll probably just be working on the Greene file anyway, and I’d much rather do that poolside than in my tiny apartment.”

“Oh, and one more thing,” Julie added, “King is very possessive, especially when we’re away, so please don’t have any boyfriends over while gone.”

“Oh, I don’t have a boyfriend, ma’am,” Michelle replied blushing.

“Girlfriend?” Julie queried with a raised eyebrow, just to watch the young woman’s face turn redder, then laughed to break the tension of the tease.

\*\*\*\*

Saturday morning found Michelle packing a suitcase of clothes for work, comfortable clothes for after, and of course, a few bathing suits for the pool and hot tub. She was dressed in her lycra running pants, a sports bra, with a light tank top over it, as she planned to take King for a run, knowing how much he enjoys his daily outings with Julie.

She got to Julie & J.J.’s house just before noon and punched in the security code to open the leftmost door of the three car garage, passing J.J.’s classic candy apple red 1961 Jaguar X-Type convertible on the way into the expansive home. King greeted her at the door without barking, as if he was expecting her, and Michelle rubbed his head and let him lick her face, blushing a tad at the silly thought that she was cheating on Chico.

She crossed through the kitchen, on her way to the guest room, with King padding after her, and paused in the middle of the living room, standing in the very spot where everything unfolded several weeks ago. Michelle felt a tingle go through her entire body and blushed at the ironic realization that she was wearing the very same light blue panties under her running pants.

She snapped herself back to reality and dropped off her suitcase in the guest room.

“C’mon boy,” she called to King, clipping the retractable leash to his collar, and doing a few quick stretches, before heading out for her daily run. Julie had mapped out her usual route, which was mostly on the local rail-trail, which was the old train route along the river, that had been converted to a biking/running path.



The leash was purely precautionary, as King knew the route better than Michelle did, and he was so well trained, he would never leave her to chase a squirrel or another dog. Michelle was listening to the rock music that played on her iPhone strapped in the upper armband and did not hear the cyclist call "on your left" from behind her.

The cyclist did his best to try to avoid the young woman with the big dog, without careening off the edge of the path, but unfortunately, their shoulders collided as he passed, knocking Michelle to the ground, and sending the cyclist tumbling off the path to the left.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," the young man apologized, as he dusted himself off and hurried toward Michelle, to make sure she wasn't injured.

"It's okay," Michelle replied, while pulling herself back to her feet, wincing at the sharp pain that shot through her lower back, "it's my fault really, I never heard you coming."

"GRRRRRRR"

King stepped in front of Michelle and growled at the cyclist, as he crossed over to their side of the path. The young man stopped dead in his tracks, and Michelle pushed the lock on the retractable leash, so King could not get any nearer to him.

While she was embarrassed at her part in causing this accident, she also felt a warm feeling of gratitude wash over her body, from the way King protected and defended her.

"I didn't know they allowed wolves on this path," the young man nervously joked, as the dog that clearly outweighed him by at least 20 pounds bared his teeth and repeated his protective growl.

"It's okay King," Michelle assured, patting his head, as he covered his teeth and sat at the ready by her side. "I appreciate your concern, but I'm really alright."

"Have a great day then," called the young man, as he picked up his bike and peddled on down the path.

Michelle took a step and then grabbed her lower back, feeling the knot, and knew she should cut her run short, to work the muscle spasm out of her lower back. Turning back toward home, Michelle and King set out at a slower pace, the knot in her back loosening some as she jogged down the path.

When they got back to the house, Michelle filled King's bowl with fresh water and poured herself a big glass of Pinot Grigio. She carried it into the living room, and while looking up at the clock above the mantel, she flipped on the TV, to see her favorite game show Jeopardy was on.

Michelle sat gingerly on the couch and removed her iPhone from the strap on her upper arm, and fiddled with it, as she called out many of the answers along with the contestants, being sure to form her responses in the form of a question. She sipped her wine and blurted out answers, rarely looking up from the small screen of the phone.

She slid off the couch onto the floor, and deposited her phone under the glass coffee table, while she cycled through yoga poses, to work out the kink in her back. She could feel King's eyes on her intently, as she went from cobra pose to child's pose, stretching her arms out in front of her, the black lycra stretched tightly across her firm, round ass.

\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, Julie sat at the walnut desk in her suite, wearing only the plush Ritz Carlton terry cloth

robe she donned after her shower. She was reviewing the past 12 months of billings for the at-risk client, while periodically checking the video stream from the nanny cam in the smaller window in the upper right corner of her laptop screen.

“She’d better not spill that wine on my carpet,” Julie said to the otherwise empty room, as her young apprentice bent and stretched dangerously close to the coffee table, which held the half-full wine goblet. Julie dropped her hand under her robe, and circled her clit a few times, resisting the temptation to play her two new favorite videos, the one where Michelle masturbated in the doorway of the guest room, watching Julie being fucked by King, and of course, the one from the next morning, where she jerked off King and caught his cum in her light blue panties..

\*\*\*\*

Still alternating between child’s pose and cobra, Michelle looked up at the large flat screen TV, as the Double Jeopardy round started, and the “Mmm” 5 Letter Words category caught her interest.

“I’ll take Mmm 5 Letter Words for \$400 Alex,” said the three-day defending champ.

“This weighty word was coined to describe the loud guitar bands of the late 80s and early 90s,” read the overly smug host, calling out the name of the contestant who buzzed in first.

“What is METAL,” said Michelle and the contestant in unison, as King looked up from his dog bed at the gyrating young woman on his living room floor.

“Same category for \$800 please Alex,” said the contestant.

“This term of respect and also be used to describe the proprietor of a brothel,” came the clue.

“What is MADAM,” replied Michelle simultaneously with the librarian from Topeka, her legs, thighs, hips on the Persian rug, and her arms pushing her torso up into cobra pose.

King sat up in his bed, confused at who his new mistress was addressing, knowing there was nobody else in the house.

“I’ll stick with the same category for \$1,200,” said the thin, middle-aged woman, currently in third place with \$10,000.

“And it’s our first Daily Double of the round,” announced Alex, “how much would you like to wager?”

“Let’s make it a true Daily Double, Alex,” replied the woman from America’s heartland, which caught Michelle’s attention, as the risky wager belied her conservative nature.

Michelle pushed her hips back to her ankles, and rested her forehead on the soft rug, her chest laying on her thighs and arms relaxed at her sides.

“This is the predecessor to Washington, McKinley, and Lincoln.”

The wheels in Michelle’s brain were turning swiftly, trying to locate the answer, while feeling the kink dissolve from her back, as she held herself in child’s pose. With the timer ticking in the background, Michelle felt as desperate as the contestant from Kansas, who was about to lose everything, if she couldn’t come up with a response.

Still tightly tucked into child’s pose, a feeling of excitement and elation came over her, as the light bulb went off in her head, the correct answer arrived in her brain.

“MOUNT!” shouted Michelle into the floor, wiggling her butt a little in celebration.

Hearing the word he had been hoping to hear since his young mistress slid off the couch, King crossed the room in a flash, and lurched himself up on Michelle’s back, his front paws trapping her arms at her sides, as his hips thrust at her spandex covered bottom.

“OH MY GOD KING,” shouted Michelle in surprise, as she realized she was in nearly the exact same spot as Julie had been several weeks ago, “WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” She could feel his penis poking into her thighs and the cheeks of her ass, unconcerned with the thin barrier provided by the running pants.

\*\*\*\*

The swift movement of King in the small video panel caught Julie’s attention out of the corner of her eye, and she clicked the maximize icon, and then the speaker icon while undoing the sash on her robe. She watched her protégé struggle for leverage under the weight of the heavier dog and wondered if tonight was the night that King would claim his new bitch.

\*\*\*\*

Michelle could feel the wetness of his cock soaking through her thin running pants, as she flailed her hands at the wrists, her arms rendered useless from the tight grip of his forepaws. His hot breath on her neck, the weight of his warm, furry body on her back, and his relentless thrusting at her most sensitive area was having an effect on Michelle, as she remembered how great Chico made her feel last weekend with just his tongue, and how raw and passionate it looked, when Julie fully submitted to King in this very room.

Thrusting her hips a little higher in the air provided the leverage that Michelle needed to extract her arms from King’s tight grip, her forearms stinging where his sharp nails left scratches, red welts already appearing on her pale white skin. With her arms now free, King moved up her back slightly and clasped his paws tightly around her torso, his cock now pushing the material of the running pants deeply into the crack of her ass.

\*\*\*\*

Julie sat riveted to the screen, unsure of how this scene would unfold, but thoroughly enjoying the passion of the struggle. She marveled at the luck of having both Michelle and King facing toward the nanny cam, the high definition lens capturing their facial expressions, and omnidirectional microphone picking the accompanying sounds. Julie held her breath when Michelle freed her arms, concerned that the show may be ending before it ever really got started.

“OK Boy,” Julie barely heard Michelle’s breathy words over King’s panting, as she saw her reach back and insert her thumbs into the waistband of the running pants, “you protected me earlier, so I guess I owe you.”

Julie grabbed the pink lifelike dildo, complete with an inflatable knot, which sat at the ready next to her laptop, and slowly inserted it into her dripping pussy, as she watched Michelle roll her running pants down her thighs, her light blue panties tangled within, presenting herself to her new master.

\*\*\*\*

It only took King three more thrusts before his throbbing dog cock pierced the puffy pudenda of Michelle’s soaking wet vagina. “OH MY FUCKING GOD,” she moaned loudly, a look of pure ecstasy

on her face, as she arched her head off the floor.

Michelle knew this was toothpaste that could never be put back into the tube. She had willingly crossed the line from polite society into the seedy underbelly of bestiality, but with the way King's thick cock was jackhammering her pussy, his expanding knot teasing her opening, she couldn't feel an ounce of remorse or regret.

"Take me, lover," Michelle encouraged, as she started fucking herself back on his bucking hips, "fill your bitch with your beautiful dog cock!"

As if on cue, on King's next thrust, his knot slipped into Michelle's pussy, her eyes rolling back in her head at the brief feeling of sharp pain, quickly replaced by an incredible feeling of fullness that she had never experienced before. His hips kept up their incessant attack on her womanhood, but now his cock was locked inside her, so his movements just caused the knot to rub assault her G spot in a way no man's cock ever could.

\*\*\*\*

Julie's feet were now up on the walnut desk, on either side of her laptop, as she rammed the rubber dog cock into herself with the same urgency and abandon as King was unleashing upon Michelle. What she could guess from the images on the screen, and her own history was that Michelle had been experiencing an endless wave of mini-orgasms since King's cock first entered her. Julie could see that Michelle's face and hair were now covered in sweat, and from her look of concentration, knew that the mother of all orgasms was building, as his knot continued to expand inside her.

The piercing scream that came through the laptop speakers forced Julie to turn down the volume, as Michelle's body twisted and convulsed on King's cock, in what apparently would be the most powerful orgasm of the young woman's life. Julie could tell by the way King twitched and lurched that he was filling Michelle's womb with his hot cum, and this caused Julie to explode in orgasm almost simultaneously with the two stars of her new favorite video.

Julie sat with her legs splayed wide, glued to the video screen, as she came down from her own orgasm, and saw Michelle reach under the table to retrieve her phone, with King still firmly knotted inside her.

DING!

The loud bell announcing the arrival of a new email message from UAlbanyGirl startled Julie, as the envelope icon in the corner of the screen displayed the red number 1.

\*\*\*\*

Michelle put down her phone, and tried to regulate her breathing, as King's cock spasmed within her, continuing to fill her with his hot seed. She flipped between pure bliss and sharp pain, as King tried unsuccessfully to extract himself from the young woman, his knot still too engorged to pass through her tight opening.

\*\*\*\*

Julie did not recognize the from address but knew exactly who it was from. She clicked on the new message icon and the message with the subject line of "FWD: FWD: Mitchette" appeared on the screen.

Scanning the body of the message, Julie saw that it originally came from her Smith and McGill email account, with a forward to the UAlbanyGirl account just yesterday, around the time she and Michelle were working on the Mitch Greene Ophthalmology account, and now another forward, back to her Smith and McGill account.

Julie was more than familiar with the attachment, but she clicked it anyway and watched a new video window open up in the lower corner of the live nanny cam feed, which showed a bottomless Michelle rubbing King's cock, in the middle of the living room at the Covington McGill house.

Her attention was again grabbed by action in the larger video pane, as King disengaged himself from Michelle, and she reached back to cover herself, as the copious amount of the dog that he had deposited inside her, flowed out of her battered, gaping pussy, over her hand and onto the ornamental rug.

\*\*\*\*

Michelle rolled over into a sitting position and raised her soaked hand to her mouth while looking down at her still leaking vagina, tasting the combined mixture of the juices that coated her fingers.

She then looked up at the clock above the mantel, with a broad smile on her satisfied face.

"Sorry about the rug....see you on Friday!" she said to the clock, and then blew a kiss directly into the shiny black lens, cleverly concealed within the loop of the 6.

~~~~

## **Chapter Six: Home Cumming**

Michelle looked at the clock in the lower right corner of her monitor which read 3:30 pm, quitting time on Fridays at Smith & McGill during summer months. It had been one hell of a week, between managing two new accounts at work during the day and taking care of the boss's dog every night. Literally!

She selected "shut down" from the menu, and packed her cell phone in her purse, and a few files to review over the weekend in her case. She exchanged a few "have a nice weekends" with her coworkers and headed out the door.

But in reality, Michelle had no idea what kind of weekend she was going to have. Julie was due back home tonight, and the two hadn't spoken or even exchanged emails since Michelle blew her that kiss via the camera in the living room clock.

To make matters worse, Michelle had put a Post-It note over the "6," blinding the camera lens to the activities in the living room, however, she was sure to let King take her there each night, so that Julie, or whoever might be tuning in, could hear the panting, moaning, cries of ecstasy, that were coming out of the young woman's mouth, courtesy of King's thick red cock, and his amazing bulbous knot.

Michelle grabbed the lower portion of her sundress and shook it vigorously, while sitting in the car, waiting for the air conditioning to kick in. S&M had casual Fridays too, but jeans and shorts were excluded, so she was wearing her most comfortable floral print sundress. Pulling the hem up to her waist, she looked down and giggled, seeing the outline of her pussy lips through the light blue panties.

Yes, 'those' light blue panties.

The ones from the barbeque and the following day. Albeit freshly laundered and no longer stained, the thought of wearing them on the day Julie was to return kept Michelle's pussy moist and tingly throughout the day.

She pulled out of the lot and headed toward the gated community that had been her home for the past four nights. Michelle had packed her things this morning, but she was still in a rush to get back to the McGill residence, to do some last minute straightening, and get in her after work run with King. Not exactly sure when Julie would be pulling in, Michelle knew she didn't have time for the "after the after work run" activities with King, but the thought of how much she had been enjoying his massive cock battering her pussy the past four nights, and the sadness at not knowing when or if she'd be able to enjoy him again, had Michelle dripping with anticipation and frustration.

"Maybe if I hurry," Michelle schemed to herself, as she pulled into the three-lane driveway and parked behind the leftmost garage door, "and cut the run short, there might be time for a quickie." Further justifying, "I mean, he's going to be expecting it, and I'd hate to disappoint him."

Punching in the security code, which she now knew from memory, she threw her car keys on the kitchen counter, while pulling her sundress over her head, and called out for her new best friend, as she made her way toward the living room.

"Kiiiiing....here, boy!" she sang out sweetly while making kissy noises, her dress bunched up around her head, as she tried to untangle the zipper from the chain of her necklace. Most nights, King would already be between her legs, his long, wet tongue licking her pussy over her panties, so Michelle was getting concerned as to where he might be.

Finally pulling the dress off of her head, Michelle stopped in her tracks and dropped the dress on the floor beside her. King was in the doorway to the living room, panting and happily wagging his tail at his new bitch, but obediently sitting by his mistress, who was fiddling with a small, yellow square of paper.

"Sounds like you had yourself a very full week," deadpanned Julie, with a curious look on her face, which Michelle could only read as 'intense.'

Julie was dressed in a navy blue pair of linen pants and wore a pink silk top, which proudly displayed her deep cleavage. Traveling clothes, indicating that Julie had obviously caught the early train home.

Michelle stood frozen to the spot next to her dress, her pussy twitching in her panties, and her chest heaving below the matching light blue bra. Like a deer caught in headlight, Michelle could not tear her gaze from Julie's deep blue eyes, as she tried to interpret her expression. Was she pissed about not having been able to watch the events of the past few nights? Was she jealous of King finding a new bitch? Was she going to fire Michelle, or worse, report her to the authorities?

As Michelle could feel the blood rushing to her chest and face, she could also feel her nipples hardening and her pussy dripping, while staring into the large pools of blue that were her boss's eyes. While only a few seconds had passed, Michelle felt like they had been standing and staring at each other forever, and the longer it went on, the more threatened and uncomfortable she started to feel.

"Throw them off guard," the words of John Lynch to his preteen daughter, echoed in the back of Michelle's head. She was heading to middle school, and her young body had just started to develop, so her father wanted to prepare his diminutive daughter for dealing with boys. "If you ever feel threatened," the sage words of wisdom from many years ago continued, "say or do something to

throw them off guard. They won't expect it, and it will confuse them long enough for you to regain control of the situation."

Still locked in a death gaze with Julie, Michelle started replaying the events of the past several weeks in her head. While Julie was definitely the boss at work, the image of her on all fours, submitting to King in her living room, while her husband looked on and masturbated, painted a much different picture of the private life of Ms. Covington McGill. At that moment, she assessed that Julie was really a sexual submissive at heart, and Michelle knew what she had to do, understanding there was a significant chance that it might backfire on her.

After what seemed like an eternity, Julie took two steps toward Michelle, the loyal King following closely at her heel.

"STAY!"

Both Julie and King came to an immediate halt as the bellowed command echoed off the Italian marble tile of the kitchen floor and countertops. Michelle was startled by the loud command too until she realized that it had come out of her own mouth.

"You may be in charge at the office," Michelle continued, walking confidently in her bra and panties toward Julie, "but as King has unmistakably chosen, there's a new woman of the house here at 2359 Morningside Lane."

Michelle was just making shit up as she went along, and was shocked at how much wetter she had become, since turning the tables on Julie, who was still standing obediently in that same spot, eyes cast to the floor. Michelle was proud of herself for properly assessing the situation, and silently thanked her father in the back of her mind, before deciding to go for broke.

"Isn't that right, boy?" Michelle said to King while petting him on the head, then letting him eagerly lick her hand.

Michelle pushed her dog saliva covered fingers into Julie's mouth, and let her suck on them, before slowly removing them and tracing down the exposed flesh of Julie's cleavage. "Isn't that right, BITCH?" Julie's head snapped up, as the word 'bitch' stung her ears, and Michelle's grip on her left nipple caused a tremor to run through the older woman's body.

"STRIP!" barked the increasingly more confident Michelle.

Julie obediently raised her hands from her sides, to begin undoing the buttons of her blouse.

"Not you, you stupid cunt," berated Michelle, "ME!"

Michelle couldn't believe the words that were coming out of her mouth, but could clearly see the effects they were having on Julie, whose own nipples were poking through the thin material of her pink blouse, as she walked toward her new mistress.

Michelle licked her lips as if preparing for a kiss and lifted her arms, to allow Julie to reach around her, to undo the clasp of her bra. Julie's large breasts pushed against Michelle's smaller ones, as she fiddled with the clasp, before finally getting it undone. Julie gently guided the bra straps over Michelle's shoulders and off her arms, then neatly folded it and placed it on the kitchen counter, staring at the shorter woman's pebble-hard nipples, and dark pink areolas.

"DOWN," came the next command from Michelle, a little more gentle and loving, but still firm

enough to make Julie immediately sink to her knees on the kitchen floor.

Julie reached up with her hands and slipped a finger in each side of the waistband of the light blue panties, but stopped when she heard the sounds of disapproval from above.

"Tsk, ts, tsk," Michelle reprimanded, "Pets don't have hands, do they slut?"

"No mistress," came the softly spoken reply in the lyrical English accent, the first words that Julie had uttered since originally confronting Michelle.

Michelle put her hands behind her and braced herself on the marble counter of the kitchen island, as she watched the woman who hired her, still dressed in her elegant traveling outfit, which probably cost as much as a week of Michelle's salary, bite and gnaw on the light blue panties, trying to grasp it with her mouth enough to pull them down. Michelle stifled a giggle, as Julie's teeth raked across her unbelievably wet and ready pussy, sending shocks up the young girl's spine, each time Julie bit down on her clit.

Julie attacked this duty with the same determination as any other challenge put in front of her and soon had the panties down to Michelle's knees.

"Good Pet," Michelle cooed, patting Julie's head, as the panties dropped to her ankles with a quick shake of her leg. Stepping out of the damp material, and spreading her legs a little wider, Michelle just said "LICK!"

She saw King's tongue dart out and swipe across his snout, eager to comply with the familiar command, but with a quick disapproving look from Michelle, he realized she was not talking to him.

Julie's tongue was licking up and down Michelle's slit before she even pulled her attention from King. With a long, slow moan, Michelle bent her knees slightly, opening herself more to Julie's talented tongue, and lovingly caressed Julie's head while she attended to her new mistress.

The tingles and shivers being delivered courtesy of Julie's warm wet tongue were briefly interrupted by a funny thought that shot through Michelle's head. She was remembering a comment she had made during one of her recent sessions on her favorite online erotic chat site, to BadJay, an older guy with the internet's best-cross-referenced porn library. After sharing links of clips and gifs while chatting, Michelle typed, "Apparently, according to porn, I'm not having nearly enough sex in the kitchen!" The undeniable irony struck Michelle, as she felt the early rumblings of her first orgasm building deep inside herself.

"Shit, Pet, I thought you'd be good at this?" Michelle admonished Julie, while reluctantly pushing her head from her crotch. While she was thoroughly enjoying the tongue lashing being applied to her pussy and clit, she knew in order to maintain her dominance, she needed to keep the subservient Julie in her place.

Playing her part, Julie looked up at Michelle dejected, fully aware of the roles each of them were fulfilling.

With three quick kiss noises, Michelle beckoned King. "C'mere boy, show this half-assed lesbian wannabe how it's done."

In a flash, King bounded between Michelle's open legs, nearly knocking Julie to the floor, as he slid on the smooth kitchen tile. His long, rough tongue darted out and licked in between Michelle's dripping folds, pushing its way into her well-lubricated channel. She held his large head between her



hands and ground herself on his snout, his cold wet nose on her clit, as his long tongue reached back and lapped in between the crack of her ass. Michelle locked eyes with Julie again, as she screamed out in a toe-curling orgasm on King's tongue, wanting her to see how much better of a cunt lick he was than her.

"Good boy!" Michelle encouraged King, petting his head and scratching his neck, and added, "NOBODY licks my pussy as good as you do," throwing a knowing glance down at the still kneeling Mrs. McGill while stressing the word 'nobody.'

Julie once again looked down at the floor dejected and didn't notice what was happening, until she heard the "click" of the plastic clasp as it fastened around her neck. Michelle had removed King's spiked collar and placed it around the neck of her newest Pet.

"LEASH!" said Michelle, and King trotted over to the hook by the door to the garage, from which his matching spiked leash hung. The well-trained Alsatian balanced on his hind legs while expertly removing his leash from the hook and dutifully brought it over to his new Mistress.

King looked confused, as Michelle fastened the leash to the collar around Julie's neck, and settled back into his dog bed, resigned to the fact that his evening walk would be further delayed.

With a moderate jerk of the leash, Michelle said "COME," and started walking toward the living room. Julie, now on all fours, padded behind her new mistress obediently, the firm globes of her ass swaying as she crawled onto the living room carpet.

Michelle had led her to the same spot where she watched King fuck Julie on the night of the barbeque.

"STRIP!" commanded Michelle, which drew a quizzical look from Julie, not wanting to be called a 'stupid cunt' again. "Yes YOU," Michelle responded to the look, "I'm already naked." "I want you stripped and in position, by the time I return from my room," adding in a stage whisper, as she turned and walked away, "you stupid cunt."

Julie eagerly complied, stripping off her clothes and folding them neatly in a pile next to J.J.'s chair. She put her hands in between her legs, and couldn't believe how aroused she was at being treated like a worthless whore. She hadn't been this aroused with another woman since the years before she met J.J. when she lived with an older lesbian woman, who taught her the ins and outs of sapphic love while putting her through college.

Julie let out an audible gasp as she saw Michelle walk back into the living room, the thick, 8-inch dildo hanging lewdly between her legs from the velcro strapped harness. Julie recognized the strap-on as the one her former lover gave her upon graduation, when Julie set out on her own accounting career, nearly 20 years ago. That dildo had driven Julie to countless orgasms, as her lesbian mentor taught her how to take its full length in her pussy, and her ass and Julie involuntarily salivated, remembering the taste of the rubber phallus coated with their combined juices.

"You think she fucks any better than she licks pussy?" Michelle asked of King, who had relocated to the dog bed in the corner of the living room.

Julie had obediently assumed the position, arms out straight, chest and face flush to the floor, and ass high in the air. Michelle knelt behind Julie, and roughly stuck her hand between the older woman's legs, feeling the copious amounts of fluids that were coating her hanging labia.

"Oh, she wants it bad, King," Michelle continued, wiping some of Julie's juices across her exposed

pink pucker, “and I know she likes it hard and fast, doesn’t she boy?”

The next sound that filled the air was the shriek from Julie, as Michelle thrust the entire length of the flesh colored latex dildo deeply into Julie’s pussy until Michelle’s thighs were pushing against the backs of Julie’s. Grabbing a handful of ass in each hand, Michelle started bucking her hips into Julie from behind, trying to match the rhythm and passion with which she watched King satisfy his mistress on the night of the barbeque.

Not realizing what came over her, Michelle grabbed a handful of Julie’s hair and started slapping her ass with the other hand, like she was riding the favorite quarter-horse at the Travers Stakes at Saratoga. Julie’s ass was beet red, and she was moaning and bucking back against Michelle, her own orgasm racing Michelle down the home stretch to the finish line.

Michelle released her hair, leaned forward, and sharply pinched both of Julie’s nipples while continuing the rapid assault on her cunt from behind. This triggered Julie’s orgasm, and with another loud moan, and some British slang curse words, she shuddered around the dildo, as her juices squirted down both hers and Michelle’s thighs.

The wiggling Brit caused the base of the dildo to flick across Michelle’s clit, and she too exploded in her second orgasm, collapsing on the back of her submissive boss.

“That was fucking amazing,” exclaimed Michelle, breaking character, as she pulled the dildo out of Julie, and rolled over onto her back, cuddling the still shivering body of her boss in her arms.

“You’re telling me?!” replied Julie, nuzzling into Michelle’s neck.

“I’ve wanted to make love to you since the day you shook my hand in my first interview,” confessed Michelle.

“I knew early on that I fancied you too love,” added Julie, “but I’ll be honest, this dominant streak took me by complete, yet oh so delicious, surprise.”

“Me too!” giggled Michelle, “I was shocked to see you home early and scared as to how you’d react, so I just tried to take control of the situation, as my dad taught me.”

“That you did love,” replied Julie, as she rubbed her somewhat sore, but incredibly satisfied pussy, then pushed her wet fingers into Michelle’s mouth, “good thing J.J.’s not expected home until Sunday night, so I’ll have a day or so to recover.”

“Not bloody likely,” responded Michelle, in her best attempt at an English accent, “you still haven’t officially let King welcome you home.”

The two women laughed and kissed, and caressed each other’s naked bodies, thrilled to have found each other, and ecstatic at how well they fulfilled each other’s needs.

~~~~~

## **Chapter Seven: J.J.’s Surprise**

After a long hot shower, together, which included a lot of mutual soaping and wandering fingers, the two women climbed into the king sized bed in the master suite together and made slow, passionate love to each other, as just Julie and Michelle.

Michelle properly apologized to Julie for criticizing her pussy eating skills, by expertly licking her boss's pussy to a thundering orgasm, while wiggling two fingers deep within her ass. Not to be outdone, Julie licked Michelle's ass from behind, while rubbing the young girl's clit, until Michelle squirted all over Julie's hand and the bed. The two then snuggled together in the bed, enjoying their post-orgasmic bliss, and drifted into a deep sleep.

The ringing of the cell phone on the nightstand pulled both women from their slumber, and recognizing the ring tone, Julie reached over the sleeping Michelle and tapped the green button to answer.

"Yes, this is she," Julie said into the phone while sitting up in the bed, her large breasts becoming exposed as the sheet dropped off of her, while she listened to the voice on the other side of the conversation.

"OK, I'll be right down to pick it up," concluded Julie, as she clicked the disconnect button and got out of the bed.

"Where are you going?" asked the mostly sleeping Michelle, squinting at the bedside clock, before adding, "It's 10:05 PM"

"I have to go down to the Amtrak station and pick up my luggage," Julie laughed, as she realized that the way their afternoon encounter unfolded, she never really got a chance to explain to Michelle how she ended up home early.

She went on to tell Michelle how she had checked her luggage at the train station, before her morning meeting with the client, so she didn't have to wheel her overnight back into their offices. The meeting went incredibly well, and of course, the talented Ms. Covington McGill not only saved the client from leaving Smith & McGill, but she also worked out a deal for the accounting services for a new subsidiary the client had just acquired.

"So I offered to treat the client to lunch at Keene's on West 36th," continued Julie, "as I knew he liked the martinis there, almost as much as the aged beef." "Well, one martini lead to two, and it was midway through my third, that I realized I was just down the street from Penn Station," Julie added, "so I called Amtrak and booked myself on an earlier train home."

"Why didn't you just take your luggage then?" asked the drowsy Michelle, this long story making her even more sleepy.

"Homeland Security, love," replied Julie, while rubbing Michelle's back. "Once they take and scan luggage for a particular train, they cannot release it, so while it was okay for me to switch to an earlier train, my luggage had to wait for the eight-forty-five."

"That's a nice story," said Michelle through a yawn, as she rolled away from Julie and hugged the pillow tightly to her chest, adding "hurry back," before drifting back to sleep.

"You know I will love," replied Julie, as she let her hands rub lower, over the globes of Michelle's firm ass, knowing her words fell on the deaf ears of her sleeping companion.

Julie pulled on her linen pants and pink blouse, foregoing the bra and panties, knowing that going out like that would have her good and randy by the time she made it back to Michelle. She clicked the button to raise the garage door that held her black Mercedes Maybach and exclaimed "bullocks!" as she saw the late model silver Prius parked in the driveway behind her car.

Stepping back into the kitchen, Julie grabbed the set of keys off of the counter held together by the

large golden ML key chain and headed to the boxy hybrid, that probably cost less than the tax on her Maybach. Too tired to shuffle cars around at this hour of the night, Julie set off for the train station in Michelle's car, listening to the One Direction CD playing over the speakers.

\*\*\*\*

J.J. paced anxiously outside the Arrivals gate at Stewart International Airport, watching the animated Uber car flash on the map on his cell phone, showing it was now just 7 minutes from the airport. Although he had watched it countless times since Julie had sent it to him on Tuesday, he looked around to make sure nobody was around and tapped open the video window, which showed Michelle on all fours, stretching in her running clothes, then eventually submitting herself to King.

"Are you Mr. J.J.?" called the man from the white Toyota Corolla, in a thick Middle Eastern accent, startling J.J., as he quickly clicked CLOSE on the video panel. The smiling face in the Uber driver's profile that appeared matched the smiling face of the man loading J.J.'s luggage into the trunk, so J.J. jumped in the back seat, and the car sped off, destined for 2359 Morningside Drive.

"In town for business or is this home?" asked Ahmed, after politely directing J.J. to help himself to cold water or a mint, which sat in a basket in the middle of the back seat

"Heading home to surprise my wife," replied J.J., proud at having finished his business trip early and getting back home two days ahead of schedule.

The two men rode the rest of the way in silence, and J.J. couldn't resist playing the video one more time, after triple-checking that the volume on his phone was on mute.

"It's the next left up there," pointed out J.J., moments before the robotic woman's voice from the navigation app said basically the same thing, "the street where that Prius just turned out of."

J.J. declined Ahmed's offer to carry his luggage into the house, and slipped him an extra \$20 tip, for getting him home so quickly. Julie had been texting J.J. all week about how frustrated she was at hearing Michelle and King fuck each night, but not being able to watch since Michelle had covered the camera lens with a something. Julie had sent the audio files to J.J. as well, but it was the video of King ravaging Michelle that had he and his wife so horny.

Quietly setting his luggage in the foyer, J.J. put his finger to his lips while whispering "shhhh" to King, who had bounded downstairs to greet his master. J.J. knelt down and let King lick his face, as he rubbed and patted the big dog's head. After a few minutes, J.J. stood and started stripping, as he made his way to the master bedroom.

He knew how horny Julie would be, and how much she loved to be woken up by the expert ministrations of his talented cock, and fucking his wife's glorious pussy was all J.J. had been thinking of since he boarded the flight in San Francisco, 9 travel hours ago.

Completely naked now, J.J. paused in the doorway of the master suite, and let his eyes adjust to the darkened room, lit only by the moonlight flowing in from the corner window. He had only been gone a week, but J.J. couldn't get over how his sleeping wife's ass looked even firmer and more rounded than he remembered. J.J.'s cock was at full erection, as he slowly and quietly climbed onto the bed, and pressed it in between the sweet ass cheeks of his sleeping wife.

"Mmmmm...that's didn't take long at all," moaned a half-sleeping Michelle, as she pulled her knees to her chest, opening herself up to the strap-on that she had used on Julie a few short hours before.

J.J. continued to rub his cock in between the firm globes of his wife's ass, as the string of words, devoid of any English accent, did not register in his brain since all the blood in his body seemed to be rushing from the big head to the little one.

Michelle rolled onto her belly, her face still buried in the pillow, and arched her back slightly as she parted her legs. She was half-thinking and half-dreaming about her college roommate Kelly, who used to fuck Michelle with a strap-on and couldn't remember it feeling as real, or heavenly, as Julie pressed hers deep into Michelle's open pussy.

J.J. swallowed a moan, as his cock pushed into his sleeping wife, her pussy feeling much tighter, probably from the way she was laying. The muffled moans and whimpers coming from the pillow spurred J.J. on, and he massaged his wife's ass as he settled into a slow, steady pace of fucking her properly.

Michelle bit the pillow and moaned, as she snaked a hand under herself to rub her clit, the rubber dildo sawing in and out of her pussy from behind, bringing her so close to orgasm. While she was sure she was just dreaming, she thought she felt the strap-on actually twitch and expand inside her. Michelle was now bucking her hips back against Julie, as she felt her slips her wet index finger into her ass, as she continued to fuck her with the strap on.

J.J. wasn't sure if it was the video he had been watching on a seemingly endless loop, the long trip, or his wife's suddenly clam-tight pussy, but he could feel the sperm boiling up from his balls, and knew he wouldn't be able to last much longer.

Remembering how good the base of the strap-on felt rubbing her clit while she fucked Julie, Michelle started to gyrate her hips, hoping to return the favor to her equally over-sexed friend.

The circular motions of her hips and the way she was squeezing and releasing her vaginal muscles on his cock send J.J. over the edge, and he started pumping his wife full of his warm, wonderful seed.

Between her finger on her clit, and Julie's finger in her ass, Michelle lifted her face off the pillow and said, "Oh Julie, that feels so fucking good," as her orgasm washed over her, and she felt the latex dildo twitch twice and start filling her pussy with cum.

"WHAT THE FUCK??!" Michelle and J.J. scream almost simultaneously, as they each realized that the other wasn't who they thought it should be.

Michelle rolled back toward the room, still clutching the pillow, and came face to face with J.J.'s leaking yet still mostly erect cock.

"WHERE'S JULIE?" they both asked each other, again simultaneously, and quite comically, like out of a bad prime time sitcom, which caused the startled pair to break out in a fit of embarrassed, yet satisfied laughter.

J.J. had sat back on his heels, his cock still proudly at full mast, and Michelle pulled herself to sit "criss-cross-apple-sauce," still clutching the pillow to cover her naked body, and hide J.J.'s cum dripping from her pussy.

"I'm really sorry about that love," J.J. said, while wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "I thought you had gone back home today."

"I was supposed to..." replied Michelle, trailing off as she couldn't decide how to explain why she didn't, "I thought you weren't supposed to be home until Sunday?"

"I was, but I cut my trip short and came home early..." replied J.J., then paused himself, as he tried to figure out how to explain just why he came home early, his cock twitching as he thought of the video of Michelle and King.

"I'm right here," called Julie from the doorway to the master suite, her pants around her knees, and her blouse undone, as she held King's head to her bare crotch, "looks like there's two in the McGill household now who owe me a proper Welcome Home fucking."