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[Go to 1st part](#)

Chapter One

Janet escapes the massage parlor, only to be quickly reunited with her seductress when Sherri, the masseuse, returns her lost bra. Hubby is still out of town and the two women end up in bed together, each finding something new in their sex. This is the third part of the "Janet" series; although this story stands well on its own, you may want to read "Janet gets Lucky" and "Janet Gets a Massage" first to better understand the characters. (FF, beast)

Janet arrived home after rushing from the massage parlor where she had her first lesbian encounter. She pulled into the driveway and killed the engine, but didn't move from her place behind the wheel. She was simultaneously thrilled and terrified by what had happened, what she had let happen with Sherri, the beautiful masseuse. Her body trembled all over. Her mouth was dry while her pussy was slippery-wet. Her tiny thong, she noted with a nervous laugh, felt like she'd gone swimming in it. And her skin... tingled.

Janet gripped the wheel and closed her eyes, trying to settle her breathing and slow her racing heart. But that only made things worse, because with her eyes closed, she immediately pictured Sherri, topless before her, playing with her erect nipples and swollen pussy lips. This wasn't calming at all - in fact she was afraid she would hyperventilate and pass out at any moment. With grim determination, she grabbed the door handle and hauled herself out into the cool spring air.

She closed the car door and began to make her way, on wobbly knees, to the main entry of her house. Janet shuffled along while fumbling with her keys, looking for the one that would free the deadbolt. Beneath her breath, she cursed the keys for being so difficult. She also cursed her knees, the driveway, the sunshine, and that damn bird singing in the distance.

To the outside observer, like the next door neighbor who watched her unsteady journey from behind his privacy hedge, she may have looked a bit drunk. He might have noticed that her hair was a bit of a mess, her skin shiny from massage oil and sweat, and that her breasts swung freely beneath the loose fabric of her summer dress.

Had he looked carefully, which he probably did, he'd have seen a dark stain in the back of her dress, just below her ass, where her sexual secretions had soaked through on the drive home. And like any discrete voyeur, he would have focused his attention on trimming the hedge when she looked around before stabbing the elusive key into the lock, not wanting her to feel like she was being watched.

After turning the key the wrong way several times, Janet was finally able to work the lock and let herself into the house. She sighed with relief as the heavy door clicked closed. Janet leaned back against the cool, smooth wood and let her eyes adjust to the relative darkness. She stood there for a minute, pondering what she should do. Janet took stock of her situation. Hair - wrecked. Dress - dirty. Panties - beginning to chafe rather badly. Bra - lost! Skin - sticky. And thirsty - very thirsty.

Finally Janet was beginning to get herself back under control. She ran her fingers through her hair, putting it somewhat back in place. Then she strode to the laundry room, stripped off the dress and thong and threw them in the washing machine. "Better," she thought. She kicked off her sandals, and made for the kitchen, her pussy rings, now freed, clicking together with each step. The sound, so familiar, was soothing.

From the fridge, she pulled out a cold beer, twisted off the top, and tipped it up. "Oh... much better,"

she said to herself. "Nearly human again." She sipped the beer and stood staring out the kitchen window. Lucky, her newly adopted dog was in the back yard, chasing a squirrel. Janet smiled, remembering how Lucky fucked her senseless the day before. Her now quiet pussy twitched at the memory. "Later, baby," she whispered to the dog. Before letting herself get all riled up again, she set the beer down and headed for the master bath.

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## **Chapter Two**

Sherri contemplated her encounter with Janet as she drove. She glanced over at Janet's bra lying in the passenger seat, and then set her gaze out the windshield. Light strobed through the glass as it poured through the tall trees in alternating sunshine and shadow. Something about Janet was different from the others; she could feel it deep down. But what? She couldn't put her finger on it. Curiosity burned along side her ever present lust.

Sherri had, on that very massage table, seduced hundreds of men and women. She was a self proclaimed nymphomaniac, a slut in every sense of the word. For her sexual favors at the parlor, she made great "tips". In her off time, she frequently put on sex-toy parties for the girls (like Tupperware, but more fun) and entertained at bachelor parties for the guys.

She frequented porno arcades and services the glory- holes. Sherri felt that she was the ultimate sexual adventurer. There was nothing she hadn't tried: gangbangs, double penetrations, lesbian love, bondage, anal, extreme penetrations with beer and wine bottles, giant dildos, and double fists. Well, not everything, she grudgingly conceded - she wasn't interested in scat or golden showers. But everyone has their limits.

Sure, she frequently got paid for sex, but she also gave it away more often than not. So by definition, she wasn't really a prostitute, but could certainly be considered a whore.

"Janet paid me for the handjob," she said to herself. "But I'm going to give her the rest for free." She smiled at the thought of finishing what she'd started. With perfect clarity she could recall the lovely scent of Janet's inflamed passion. And those rings through her nipples and pussy lips! Sherri glanced at the post- it with Janet's address and giggled. Her destination was only a couple of miles further.

She couldn't understand why, but the sense of expectation continued to nag at her. Not the expectation of sex; she knew that to be a given. Sherri felt like Janet held the key to something different, a new path in her sexual odyssey. The prospect gave her a thrill beyond her normal state of constant arousal.

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Chapter Three

Janet shut the water off and stepped out of the shower. The room was warmed by a lingering steam that shrouded the mirrors and left every surface slightly damp. She didn't like to use the draw fan, preferring instead to repaint the bathroom every couple of years as the moisture did its damage.

Janet ran her hands over her scalp, forcing the excess water in her hair to cascade over her neck and back. The motion caused her breasts to rise and fall delightfully. With the oil washed from her body and replaced by the sent of perfumed, moisturizing soap, she felt refreshed and relaxed. Her skin was silky smooth all over.

Just as she reached for her towel, the phone rang. Expecting my call, Janet ran from the bathroom naked and dripping, leaving a trail of wet footprints across the hardwood floor. The towel was forgotten. On the third ring, she snapped up the receiver in the living room and nearly shouted "Hello!?!"

I laughed at the abrupt answer and said "Hi Hunny, just called to let you know I made it." I had just arrived in San Francisco on an urgent errand for my employer. "Did I catch you at a bad time? You sound winded."

"Hi, Danny. No, I just stepped out of the shower when the phone rang. I had to run to catch it."

"Oh?" I smiled, passing my amusement along in the tone of my voice. "So, you're... naked?"

She sighed, pretending exasperation. "Yes!"

I chuckled. "I see. Did you just get up?"

"No, I went for a massage and..." she trailed off. Janet knew she had to tell me what had happened, but wasn't sure how to start, or if this was the best time. Sensing she had something on her mind, I began to pry.

"What's up?" I asked. "Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's just, the massage kind of turned into..." She told me, briefly, about her encounter with Sherri. When she finished, we were both silent for a minute. "Are you mad?" she asked.

After a momentary hesitation, I said "No. Just sorry I missed it. I had hoped to be there for your first time with another woman."

As Janet and I talked about what had happened, a car pulled up at the curb out front. Janet watched as the driver's door opened and Sherri stepped out. She gasped. "Oh, my God!"

"What? What's wrong?" I asked.

"She's here," Janet replied, sounding distant.

"Who?"

"Sherri! From the massage parlor!" As Sherri walked toward the front door, Janet noticed she had something in her hand. The sun glanced off the fabric just right and she knew instantly what it was. "She brought my bra back!"

I could tell Janet was very rattled. "Oh Shit! What should I do?!?" I had the cell phone pressed to my ear, trying to divine what she was wanted me to say. In the background, I could hear the doorbell from fifteen hundred miles away.

"Get the door," I said.

Janet protested and rather pointedly reminded me she was naked.

I took the blunt approach. "So what? She's already sucked your titties and fondled your pussy! Get the door!" The doorbell rang again.

"But what am I going to do?" she whined.

"You're going to enjoy your new friend," I said. "You can tell me all about it when I get home tomorrow." Not wanting to give her any more time to think about it, I hung up.

Janet stared at the phone in her hand, disbelieving. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she said to herself. She shook her head and dropped the phone on the couch, then marched to the door.

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## **Chapter Four**

Just as Sherri was about to press the button again, the door opened. Sherri's jaw dropped when she saw Janet standing there naked, her body dripping wet. The late afternoon sunlight flooded through the open door and caused Janet's skin to sparkle and shimmer ethereally. She was so stunned by the sight before her that she could find no words. For several moments Sherri just stood there, staring, letting her eyes roam over Janet's curves. Then, as if offering the proverbial olive branch, she raised her arm and held out the bra.

Janet was amused by the effect her appearance had on the masseuse. In those moments that Sherri stood staring, Janet reconciled her trepidation against my encouragement and her own desire. A quiet calm washed over her. As Sherri reached forward, offering up the lost bra, Janet gently took her wrist and pulled her into the house.

Janet smiled warmly at her guest, closed the door, and said, "I'm glad you came."

With the door closed and the harsh daylight blocked out, Janet's body was cast in shadows, and Sherri found her tongue. "Me too," she whispered.

By now, only Janet's hair was still wet; her skin was only slightly damp. She let go of Sherri's wrist and began to untie the knot holding the tank-top above her firm belly. "You won't need this while you're here," she said.

Sherri raised her arms so Janet could pull the shirt over her head, exposing her small breasts. Then Janet reached down and pulled loose the bowed drawstring that held Sherri's shorts up above her hips. "Or these." They slipped over Sherri's slender curves and silently piled around her ankles. Sherri stepped from her sandals and shorts and stood before Janet in just her panties.

Janet knelt on the hardwood floor at Sherri's feet, her face eye level with Sherri's panty covered crotch. The panties were a soft, well worn satin that looked purple in the dimness but were actually a deep, dark red. There was little fabric involved in their design; just a triangle in front held up by tiny straps that disappeared over Sherri's hips.

From this vantage, Janet couldn't see where the straps met in the back, or the equally tiny strap that snaked its way between Sherri's ass cheeks, but she knew the whole thing could be no more than a thong. It was a style she knew well since she wore thongs almost exclusively – unless it was that time of the month.

Janet let her hands slide up Sherri's thighs until her fingers reached the small garment. As she hooked the straps and began to pull them down, she noticed a tattoo. A small upside-down rose was tucked in near the crease separating leg from groin. Janet wondered at the symbolism as she dragged the thong down toward the floor.

Janet didn't let go of the skimpy underwear when Sherri stepped out of it. Instead, she held it in both hands and rose from her knees, the thong in front of her face. She met Sherri's eyes. "You got them all wet," she said, then let them drop to the floor.

Together, the women were a study in contrasts. Sherri is taller by several inches. She wears her black locks down to her shoulders, whereas Janet keeps her dark blonde hair short. Sherri's eyes are a liquid blue, Janet's a gold speckled brown. Janet's large breasts are easily double the size of Sherri's, but her nipples, though pierced and sporting twelve gauge rings, are smaller.

Janet's hips and ass are marked by voluptuous curves, Sherri's by slender athletic poise. Janet's body is adorned by a constellation of freckles while Sherri's is devoid of any such marks. Sherri's bush is thick and lush, while Janet's is sleek and flat, flowing into a distinct vertical line pointing the way to her sex. They are both incredibly sexy, each in their own unique way.

Janet led Sherri through the house to the master bathroom she had just vacated. "While you take a shower," she said, "I'll go fix us a snack."

Sherri wanted Janet to shower with her. "I'm not hungry," she pouted.

Janet pulled Sherri's mouth to her own and gave her a tentative kiss. "You will be."

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Chapter Five

Sherri stepped from the shower and grabbed a towel from the nearby rack. She was drying her hair, the towel flying about her head when she felt something warm and wet engulf her left nipple. It hardened immediately and was flicked by what could only be a tongue. Her hands stopped and the towel went limp, hanging all around her head. She couldn't see anything, but she could feel everything.

Janet had taken control - Sherri wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not. Usually, she did the seducing and she was quite comfortable in that role. As Janet continued to suckle and bite her small tits, she couldn't deny the way her body was responding. Her skin flushed, her pulse quickened, and her freshly scrubbed cunt began to flow with fresh girl juice.

Finally, Janet disengaged her mouth and slowly pulled the towel from Sherri's head. "There's a ring above your head, hanging from the ceiling. I want you to reach up and hold onto it with both hands," Janet explained. "Don't let go." Sherri looked up and saw the large ring within easy reach. She took it in both hands as she'd been instructed. She didn't have to stretch or strain at all, but the position conveniently kept her arms away from her body, giving Janet unencumbered access.

Author's Note: Now you may be wondering why there would be a ring hanging from the ceiling in the bathroom. I know, it sounds a bit far fetched, like I couldn't quite get the story to line up right and I had to write in something ridiculous to make it work. But the truth is that I broke my shoulder last year, and use the ring in my stretching exercises. Really!

As they stood facing each other, Sherri's arms over her head, Janet began to slowly sweep the towel along Sherri's shoulders, neck and chest, leaving the skin only slightly damp in its wake. It was an intimate lover's task, one she took her time with. Janet was in no rush. In fact she wanted this to last. She wanted to explore her new friend's body, inch by inch, and learn its deepest secrets. In that she hoped to learn something more about herself as well.

So, for several minutes, Sherri just stood there, eyes half closed, hands over her head gripping the large ring. Janet circled around her stealing away the water. When Janet reached her hips, kneeling on the floor again, Sherri spread her legs in anticipation. Slowly, carefully, Janet slid the towel around one thigh, then the other, then pushed it along Sherri's pussy through her open legs. Sherri sighed as the semi-rough terry cloth dragged past her swollen clit. She couldn't believe how erotic this simple act was.

Janet studied Sherri's thick, wild bush, her large protruding lips and finally her puckered anus. Her face was mere inches away and the scent of Sherri's arousal was making her head swim. It was delightful. As before, the towel continued moving slowly from one area to the next. Finally, Sherri was lifting one foot at a time and Janet was working out the moisture between her toes.

With Sherri standing firmly on two feet again, Janet folded and hung the towel up where it belonged, next to her own. Sherri sighed as Janet began the ritual all over again, but this time with her bare hands. Janet's touch was feather light, a subtle caress that left ghost hands lingering on the skin. Sherri tingled all over and began to pant; her arousal was burning away like a raging firestorm deep in her gut. She imagined her uterus glowing from the infernal heat. A rivulet of her sweet lubrication began to wend its way down her smooth, bare leg.

Sherri felt Janet's lips again, this time on her own. The kiss was gentle, almost pleading. Then a tongue was licking her lips and she sent her own out to greet it. They danced this way for a moment more. Then the kiss ended and Janet whispered in Sherri's ear. "This is my first time. Teach me everything."

Sherri's eyes flew open, then narrowed. "You're lying. Either that, or you're a natural."

Janet smiled at the compliment. "You're dry now. At least most of you are. Can we go to bed?" Her eyes searched Sherri's for approval.

Sherri returned the smile and followed Janet from the bathroom. The bedroom held a large, king-size bed, two night stands, a tall hutch with mirrors inset in the doors, and a simple dresser. Every solid horizontal surface was crowded with burning candles. The room smelled of pumpkin spice and roses. The blinds were drawn tight to shut out the world; shadows danced on the walls, cast there by flickering flames. The bed's comforter was pulled half way down, so that only the sheets were visible, like an open envelope waiting for a letter.

Sherri sat on the bed and pulled Janet down on top of her. Janet crawled up her prone body until they were nose to nose, her legs folded along Sherri's sides for support. With Sherri's knees at the edge of the bed, her feet hung down toward the floor, slightly swinging. Their bodies pressed together, nipple to nipple, tummy to tummy, bush to bush.

Janet looked into Sherri's hypnotic eyes and dipped her head for another sweet, inquisitive kiss. This time, however, Sherri was free to assert herself. With both hands, she cupped the back of Janet's head and pulled. There was no pleading softness, no gentility. Sherri's was a demanding, forceful kiss. A wet, mouth opened wide, tongue battle. The women moaned into each others mouths, with Sherri only releasing her hold long enough to suck in a fresh breath, then resuming her oral assault. Sherri was in charge again.

The burning arousal in Sherri's belly rapidly spread through Janet as well, infecting her with a sexual fervor. She began to squirm atop her lover. Just when Janet thought the kiss would never end, Sherri's hands moved from her head to her shoulders and began to push. Their lips separated as Janet followed the silent instructions. She began leaving a trail of licks and kisses.

They started at Sherri's chin, then slipped down her neck. A lick found a sensitive spot below the collarbone, then another at the upper most cleft of Sherri's shallow cleavage. Janet's hands each found a small boob, where they caressed the supple flesh, then squeezed and pinched, twisted and pulled the erect nipples. Her mouth found each nipple, but only briefly, then carried on its slow descent under the constant pressure of Sherri's insistent hands.

Janet's southward journey ended when her knees found the floor. Her face was poised above Sherri's steaming crotch, her nose opposite the erect clitoris. Again, Sherri's hands set themselves at the back of Janet's head. Again Janet followed Sherri's manual direction, bringing her mouth, for the first time in her life, to the lips of a woman's pussy.

When their lips met, Janet instinctively opened her mouth for the cuntal kiss. Sherri's pussy lips, swollen and pulsing, spread like a blooming flower before her. Janet's tongue slithered out, hunting, and found the wonderfully rich flavor of Sherri's excited sex. The flesh was slippery, soft, yielding, and Janet knew without thinking, exactly how to love this pussy with her mouth.

Sherri groaned. "That's it, Janet. Eat my sweet pussy," she commanded. "You know how, we all do." Women, it is said, have a natural understanding of how a pussy wants to be touched, kissed, licked and sucked. Those women who would deny this do so out of ignorance, homophobia, or denial of their own desire for oral pleasure.

Sherri began rocking her hips, drawing her pussy over Janet's chin, mouth, and nose. Her viscous juices coated Janet's face. Each time her clit banged Janet's nose or tongue, she cried out joyously. For Janet's part, it became of game of sucking Sherri's long lips into her mouth as they went by, or tongue-fucking her hot hole, or even capturing her protruding clitty, pinching it with her lips. As Sherri became louder, Janet became more aggressive.

She wasn't eating Sherri's pussy to pleasure her anymore; she was doing it for herself. She was selfishly filling her own carnal needs, drinking in the sexual essence of her lover, devouring her womanly offering. She felt like she had been starving for this her whole life, like there was nothing that could possibly be more important than this sensual feeding.

Sherri could not have anticipated Janet's need. She couldn't believe how hungry the woman was for her. She felt like Janet was trying to draw her very soul out through the opening between her legs. She was thrilled with Janet's enthusiasm, and at the same time a little bit afraid of her raw sexual energy. Finally, the intensity of Janet's lust drove Sherri over the edge. Her orgasm burst over her, sweeping her away, like a tsunami breaking over a long, flat beach. Sherri screamed.

Before Sherri came, Janet could sense her impending loss of control. Sherri's head flew from side to side, her mouth forming a frozen O shape. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut, her brow furrowed. The pressure at the back of Janet's head, holding her face firmly to Sherri's fabulous pussy slacked off.

The gyration of Sherri's hips became uncoordinated, more like an electric shock induced bucking than the rhythmic grinding of the last few minutes. And her flavor changed, becoming more tart than sweet. Knowing what was coming and not wanting Sherri to get away from her, Janet locked her arms around Sherri's hips, interlacing her finger just below her precious belly button.

Sherri's legs clamped around Janet's head and her body began to twist and thrash as the orgasm overtook her senses. Her earlier moans and cries were replaced by an animalistic wail, a siren song to all sinners of the flesh. There may have been words in Sherri's mind, but what came out of her mouth was a series of unintelligible syllables strung together in a raging torrent of pure sexual

release.

Janet held on with all of her strength to the writhing, twisting body before her, her mouth never leaving the delicious pussy it had found. She would not be denied the wonderful cocktail that poured forth from the depths of Sherri's cunt as it spasmed in ecstasy.

Time abandoned Sherri. Her orgasm seemed to go on forever. Her whole body was wracked by wave after wave of exploding neurons; her ears were overwhelmed by her own screaming voice. Sherri's back arched sharply and her screams died away. Her eyes flew open. With her lungs finally empty, she found herself starving for air, unable to breathe. Her tortured clitoris rebelled. In that moment, it became so sensitive that Janet's oral caress became unbearably painful. "No more! Please, stop!" she yelled. Her hands found Janet's forehead and pushed it away. "Oh God, you're killing me! AHhh, FUCK, STOP!"

At last, Janet relinquished her prize and Sherri's spent body, held aloft in agony, fell to the bed. Her heart pounded in her chest, railing against her ribs. Her breasts rose and fell, her lungs whipping the air past her teeth and lips.

Janet stood up between Sherri's knees and stared down at her trembling body. When Sherri had recovered enough to return her gaze, Janet smiled and said, "I think I like your pussy."

Sherri groaned and closed her eyes again. "Really? I couldn't tell..." Then she broke into giggles. Janet joined her.

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## Chapter Six

Sherri wanted to have her way with Janet's body too, but her unusually intense orgasm left her too weak. Janet lay down on the bed beside her and they caressed and fondled each other for a while instead. Sherri took the time to study her surroundings a bit. Behind a large, low candle she spotted a framed photograph of Janet and me.

"Is that your husband?" she asked.

"Yes. His name is Danny," Janet replied. "He's out of town on business."

"Ummm... does he know about your lesbian tendencies?" Sherri's face formed a flirtatious look of challenge, and her hand found Janet's hot, wet pussy.

Janet laughed and said, "He should; I was on the phone with him when you showed up. In fact, he insisted I answer the door in the nude."

"Oh, I like him already. When's he coming home?"

"Tomorrow," Janet replied. "But I'm not sure I'm willing to share your pussy with him." She laughed again and reached for Sherri's still swollen cunt. "I may want to keep you for myself."

Their taunting and joking continued on for a bit longer, but eventually gave way to increased kissing and petting, and finally licking and playful biting. This time, Sherri was on top.

Sherri maneuvered Janet around until she was right in the middle of the large bed. Slowly, gently, she drew Janet's arms straight out from her sides, massaging and kissing them before finally putting

them down. Repeating what Janet had said to her earlier, Sherri said, "Leave your arms there; Don't move them." Sherri then looked around for something to use as a blindfold. But there was nothing in sight. Neither woman had entered the room with clothes, and Sherri didn't know if Janet had any toys like that. "Close your eyes... no peaking."

Janet's head, feet, and hands were set like the four points of a compass. Sherri, again very gently, pulled Janet's feet apart. She made just enough room so that as she could look up between Janet's thighs and see her heated pussy. She wanted to keep her eye on the target.

With Janet settled to her satisfaction, Sherri knelt on the floor, her face level with Janet's feet. Janet moaned when she felt Sherri's mouth envelope the big toe on her left foot. Sherri teased the toe, licked it, bit it, then suckled on it like a cock. Janet couldn't figure out why this was so erotic, but she couldn't deny how it turned her on. With the toe in her mouth, Sherri used her hands to caress the arches of Janet's feet.

Janet pulled an arm in and began to fondle her own hard nipples. Sherri pulled her mouth away and admonished the horny woman. "No you don't. Put that hand back where it belongs." Janet pouted but complied. "Be patient," Sherri said, "it'll be worth it."

Janet sighed in resignation and Sherri began again, this time on the next toe in line. She carried on like this, loving all ten of Janet's toes with her mouth, all the while watching Janet's body becoming more relaxed. By the time she let the tenth little toe fall from her mouth, Janet was a rag doll, lying limp on the bed. Her breathing was deep and regular, her heart rate steady. "Perfect," Sherri thought.

Sherri began kissing her way up Janet's ankles. Occasionally she would find a spot she particularly liked and would linger there, nibbling and licking, teasing the flesh. Janet would sigh her approval. But as Sherri's masterful mouth moved up her legs, the sighs began blending together into a near feline purring.

Janet's arousal was building, but ever so slowly. Her body was like jello, perfectly relaxed. All her attention was focused on Sherri's oral caress, everything else forgotten. She wanted more, but didn't want the moment to end either.

As she lay there, perfectly still, eyes shut, arms and legs spread wide, her senses began to sharpen. She could clearly hear Sherri's soft breathing and the minute crackle of candle flames. As still as the air in the room was, she could still feel it sliding over her like invisible hands. A hundred different smells colored her thoughts. She was easily able to distinguish the wonderful fragrance of Sherri's sex mingling with her own familiar scent. The intensity of these feelings was nothing short of sublime.

Sherri continued to watch, gauging Janet's readiness. As she passed Janet's knees, paving a sensual highway with her lips and tongue, she spread Janet's legs further and witnessed the blooming of her vaginal flower. Janet's long, pierced pussy lips spread open, revealing the wet pinkness of her coital passage. Testing, Sherri playfully bit Janet's inner thigh. Janet's pussy reflexively closed momentarily then spread itself open again.

At last, the long journey was over. Sherri's head hovered above her lover's dripping pussy. She inhaled the sweet, sexy aroma of Janet's readiness. "Would you like a finger?" she asked softly.

"Mmmmm. Yes, please," Janet replied.

Sherri put her index finger to the entrance of Janet's hole, and teased the opening with it. She ran it

up the pink slit, feeling the muscle beneath the fleshy lips on either side. It glided easily in Janet's copious girl cream. Janet moaned, and rolled her hips up slightly. "Would you like it inside of you?" Sherri asked.

"Please, yes," Janet answered.

"Tell me," Sherri coaxed.

The silence drew out as Sherri continued to tease. "Tell me," she said again.

"Please, put your finger in me," Janet said finally. Her voice was soft and full of desire.

"In where?" Sherri asked.

"Pussy," said Janet. "Put it in my pussy."

Sherri was too slow granting Janet's wish. "Please?" Janet was ready to beg.

Sherri knew that for what she had planned, she had to keep Janet in tune with what her pussy wanted. It would keep her relaxed, even as the feelings became more intense. Slowly, she let her finger tease Janet's hole one more time, then eased it inside the dark, wet cavern. Janet voiced her relief in a long, low groan.

Janet kept waiting to feel Sherri's mouth on her pussy; the anticipation was becoming difficult to bear. Sherri's finger was gliding deliciously in and out, periodically rubbing her G-spot. At last, she declared her need. "More. I want more."

"You mean another finger?" Sherri asked.

"Oh, yes please," Janet answered quickly.

"You have to tell me, exactly," Sherri said.

Again, Janet replied immediately. She was very excited. "Put another finger in my pussy... please!"

Sherri withdrew her single digit and Janet whimpered. "Nooooo...."

Sherri's dazzling blue eyes sparkled as she grinned. "As you wish," she said. She pushed two fingers in this time. As she did, she could feel Janet's pussy twitch and pulse around them. But she didn't clench. Sherri was pleased by her control. "Do you like that?"

Janet moaned her affirmation. Sherri's breath swished the hairs around her clitoral hood, sending tingles up her spine. Her nipples hardened into tight points, making her rings stand at attention. Liquid heat was spreading from the center of her womanhood, consuming her rational mind as it went. She had a serious case of cuntal-vision, where she could focus only on the sexual act playing out between her wide-spread legs.

As Sherri thrust her fingers in and out, she was mesmerized by the dancing rings in Janet's pussy lips. Sometimes, they would drag on her fingers, pulling the lip along inside, other times they just wiggled along with the fucking rhythm, occasionally clinking together. Sherri delighted in how they behaved like tiny wind chimes, tossed around by her breezing fingers.

Janet's hips began to rock in time with Sherri's digital phallus. But still, her pussy remained pliable. Sherri was quite happy with the way things were going until Janet forgot the rules again. She

withdrew her fingers and said, "If you want them back, you'll put your arms back where they belong..."

Janet whimpered in protest, but did as she was told. She was rewarded by not just two, but three fingers sliding into her happy hole. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Please don't stop." Janet had no idea where this was going, but she was really enjoying it. Yet, she really wanted Sherri to touch her clit so she could cum. Or at least her tits, that would have probably worked too. She couldn't figure out why Sherri wouldn't let her touch herself, but the loss of control was supremely arousing. She continued to rock her hips - it seemed she was allowed to do that at least.

The sexual tension continued to rise within Janet. But she needed more. Again she called out, "More."

Sherri made her work for it again. "More what?"

Janet was panting now. "More. Fingers. In. My. Pussy."

"You have to say 'pretty please'", Sherri replied.

Janet's pussy was getting impatient, driving her crazy with need. "Oh, Sherri, PRETTY PLEASE!"

Sherri added her pinky and delivered the penetration that Janet craved. Her hand was completely horizontal, opening Janet as much as possible. She could feel Janet's pussy reach its stretching limits as she slid her fingers in past the knuckles, but she could still feel a little give left as she moved. "It's going to be tight," she thought.

After making Janet wait for so long, Sherri finally stuck her tongue out and flicked Janet's engorged button. Janet cried out and her pussy clamped hard on the invader filling her twat. Sherri waited for the pressure to abate, then flicked Janet's clit again. Again, her hand was squeezed tight. Sherri repeated this for several minutes until Janet's frustration made her scream. "You're driving me nuts! Why won't you make me cum?"

"I won't let you cum until you've asked for me for another finger."

"Another... you mean your thumb? You're going to use your thumb too?" This idea fanned the flames of Janet's desire to a fever pitch. "Yes, now! Put your thumb in my pussy too. I want it so bad! PLEASE!"

Sherri knew Janet was nearly ready. She began working her thumb in. Soon she could feel the bridge of her hand, that widest point, ease in beyond Janet's cream coated lips. With just the slightest additional pressure, her hand slipped all the way inside Janet's warm inner sanctum. As her hand was engulfed it curled into a tight fist in one fluid motion.

Sherri began working her fist around in Janet's pussy. The woman's cunt muscles were clenched tightly around Sherri's wrist now, like the nether mouth wanted to keep that hand forever. Janet's voice exploded from her grimacing face, "OH YES... OH FUCK.... OH FUCK.... OH FUCK MEEEEEE!"

Sherri let her thrash about and scream for several minutes. The rules were no longer necessary and she didn't object when Janet began pinching her own erect nipples and pulling painfully on the rings. Girl cum squished out where their flesh was joined, and for every thrust Sherri gave her, Janet fucked back with her delirious cunt.

The very notion of having a whole fist in her cunt drove Janet crazy. She felt so wonderfully full, just

like when Lucky tied with her. But the sensation was wickedly different too. As Sherri moved her hand around every which way, each knuckle and bump stimulated nerve endings previously untouched. Janet was adrift in one long, continuous orgasm, her body convulsing around the raging tempest that was her pussy.

Just before she blacked out, Janet saw Lucky peaking in through the bedroom door. She smiled weakly at him, then slipped into unconsciousness.

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Chapter Seven

The squirrel Lucky had been after had finally disappeared into the tree tops. He was sitting there, staring up, tail laying still on the ground, when he heard his new mistress scream. He looked over his shoulder toward the house and perked his ears. When he heard her voice again, he decided to investigate. That's what dogs, especially German Shepherds, do.

Lucky slipped inside through the dog door, and moved quietly toward the master bedroom, where he could still hear his mistress calling out. Her sweet scent filled his nose. His doggy cock began to peak from its sheath, making ready to play. He remembered how much fun his new bitch was from yesterday, and was more than willing to service her again.

Sherri watched Janet closely as she fought the invisible monster consuming her body. When Janet's screams trailed off and her body went slack, Sherri was both a bit shocked and at the same time supremely pleased with herself. Sherri laughed and boasted to herself, "I've knocked her out with my fist!" Her mission was a complete success.

Yet she was trapped. Every muscle in Janet's body had relaxed in the wake of her orgasmic storm, except for her greedy pussy, which had remained steadfastly clamped around Sherri's wrist. Sherri pulled her knees under her to ease the strain on her arms and shoulders and settled in to wait for her eventual release. As far as restraints went, she found this one very pleasant.

After Janet fell silent, Lucky stealthily padded further into the room. His keen olfactory senses told him that someone else was there. He could smell two pussies, one belonging to his mistress, and the other one unknown to him. The new aroma was heavenly! He rounded the corner and saw a new woman before him, already in the mating position, with her pussy, obviously in heat, pointed directly at him. He wasted no time in closing the distance between the door and his treat.

Just as she lay her head down on her forearms, Sherri felt the bed shift slightly. Suddenly, something warm and wet, yet kind of rough, traveled from her clitoris to her puckered brown asshole. It was so wide that it seemed to touch everywhere between her legs at once. As she puzzled over the mysterious, delightful sensation, it happened again, and then again. "Mmmmm... that's so nice...."

Between her own incredible orgasm and then taking Janet to untold heights, Sherri was pretty tired. Her mind was working a lot slower than usual, her thoughts enveloped in a comfortable endorphin induced haze. She knew something was out of place, but couldn't quite place it. "That thing touching me, making me feel so nice, acts just like a tongue," she thought. She seemed to have found the cognitive path to understanding, but was slow to make the journey. "A big tongue," she thought. "Not like Janet's..."

Sherri's mind cleared in a burst of adrenaline. Her eyes opened wide and she looked back between her legs. "Oh shit!" Framed by her shapely thighs was a view she could never have imagined. There was a dog!

In the time it took for Sherri to figure out what was going on, Lucky had delivered a dozen fast licks. He pressed his tongue deep, letting it slip between her fleshy lips, searching out her delicious juices. Sherri, whose body seemed purpose built to fuck at a moments notice (not a bad thing considering her insatiable hunger for sex), was already lubricating excessively. Unknowingly, she told Lucky, in the only way that mattered, that she was ready to be bred.

Sherri, a hand still buried inside Janet's unrelenting cum cavern, could do nothing but stare incredulously at the sight between her legs. To her amazement, the dog hopped up onto her back and wrapped his forepaws around her waist. She got just a glimpse of his glistening red cock before it speared her waiting, mutinous pussy and vanished inside her. "Oh my God!" she yelled out. "He's fucking me! I'm being fucked by a dog!"

Sherri had made enough noise by now to rouse Janet. When Janet heard Sherri call out again, sensing panic in her voice, she looked up to see what had happened. Her eyes met Lucky's as he lay over Sherri's back, tongue lolling out to the side. Janet glanced slightly lower, seeing Sherri's stunned expression.

When Sherri felt Janet stir, she looked up, thankful that she would finally get some help. She shouted, "He's fucking me! You have to help me!"

Janet grinned and said, "You have to say 'pretty please'."

Sherri stared at Janet, her mouth and eyes opened wide in surprise. But before she could say anything, Janet put her hands to the back of Sherri's head and forced her down onto her happily fist filled pussy. Janet giggled and, mocking Sherri again, said "it will be worth it."

Lucky was particularly well aimed and found his new bitch's hole in one swift thrust. He couldn't know that Sherri had made it easier for him by stretching her cunt with all manner of large objects over the years. She had a particular love of fucking herself with Corona bottles, bottom first. This had made her love nest an abnormally easy target.

Sherri couldn't believe what was happening. Her face was being mashed down onto Janet's clit, making it nearly impossible to breathe. Her hand was still imprisoned in the woman's suckling cunt. And a dog was using her like a bitch in heat, furiously pounding her sloppy pussy! And there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it!

Every woman has an inner whore; Sherri's, however, is particularly dominant. Once past the initial shock of this unexpected turn of events, she considered more rationally her situation. She quickly resolved each of her previous complaints.

"OK," she thought, "I've got my face on a pussy, but I really do love pussy. And I've got my fist inside a pussy, and I really love that too. And then there's being savagely fucked; I love that most of all. I can't get away and I'm being used like the slut I am; also perfect for me. I even like dogs! Hey, I think I like this!" With that, her unease fled and she began to truly enjoy the moment.

Now that Sherri was fully engaged in this new (to her) sexual act, she began to participate more actively. She found Janet's clit with her mouth, and began to nurse on it like it was a secret, third nipple. She would suck and nibble, and lash at it with her talented tongue. This set Janet's hips rocking again, which caused Sherri's fist to move about in her rapturously creaming pussy.

At last, Sherri began to flutter her pussy muscles against the rapidly pounding cock inside of her, a well honed skill that all of her male clients and friends raved about. She can literally massage a cock to orgasm with her fantastic pussy without ever letting her lover thrust. Sherri is quite proud of this

special ability.

As soon as Lucky's prick found itself buried deep inside his new mate, it began to swell from pencil thin to a well sized cock any man or beast would be proud of. And when Sherri started to respond to his instinct driven power fucking, Lucky was in dog heaven.

Sherri recalled how thin and long the dogs cock had been when he first penetrated her. Even with her loose pussy, she could tell he was of minimal girth. It felt kind of like a big finger, but much longer. He had obviously swollen up once the fucking began though, because now he was as big as any cock she could remember. And she loved the way he pounded her greedy cunt with his rapid fire thrusts. Each time he entered her, she distinctly felt the tip of his pointed prick stab at her tiny cervix. This was really driving her crazy. She could also feel a noticeable lump pass by her pussy lips each time his cock moved in or out. That too was rapidly driving her to ecstasy.

Just three minutes after Lucky had sunk his dog bone into this new woman, she began to shake and jerk beneath him. He felt her warm, wet, fuck mouth clamp down on his cock, which incited his knot to swell. His own climax was approaching and he began to growl out his satisfaction.

Sherri reached maximum overload and came in a fantastic full body rush that took her breath away. Though she couldn't suck the pussy in front of her with her breathing so labored, the pounding force of the dog was causing her fist to fuck deeply into Janet's now writhing body. She screamed out the arrival of her orgasm, then heard Janet's voice join hers in a chorus of raw female passion. Sherri's pussy automatically began milking her animal invader, then clamped tight when the dog jammed himself in to the hilt.

Then she felt something totally new. Lucky was still thrusting, but just barely. The lump Sherri had so enjoyed working past her lips was now buried inside her clutching pussy and was growing! This sensation sent her over the edge again, she having only just barely left her previous orgasmic peak. The size was comparable to a fist, which she'd had inside her pussy many times, but never with so much pressure against her cervix. It felt like the dog's incredible cock was trying to push further into her while pulling out at the same time.

Sherri's pussy was already at its limit, stretched further than ever before. So, as Lucky's knot continued to expand to its full size, his red cock forced its way past her cervix, placing the squirting tip just inside the entrance to her womb. Like a liquid train, his climax arrived, hosing down the inside of her uterus in a quantity far exceeding any man's.

The final penetration of her cervix and the splashing of hot doggy cum so deep inside herself caused Sherri to burst through another orgasmic barrier. Never before had she cum so hard. Even Janet's voracious attack on her pussy didn't push her this far.

Every cell in her body vibrated in the carnal celebration. Her mouth hung agape, a string of saliva hanging down to Janet's flat bush. Her cunt made tiny ejaculatory squirts onto the bed below. At last, when her overwhelmed mind could take no more, her glazed eyes rolled up into the back of her head and she collapsed in a heap between Janet's legs.

Everyone became still all at once. Lucky, still shooting his load, stared down at Janet's heaving breasts. Sherri had lost all motor control, only the placement of her knees held her ass in the air. Janet, finally spent again, lay back and made a conscious effort to relax her pussy to free Sherri's hand. The only sound was breathing and an occasional, nearly inaudible, moan.

Twenty minutes later, Janet had managed to expel Sherri's limp hand, and crawl up to the pillows where she promptly fell asleep. Lucky's knot had deflated enough to pull free of his new bitch's

pussy, and he extracted his cock. He laved her still twitching cunt clean of their combined cum, then lay down in a corner of the room and looked after his own hygienic needs. Sherri, a complete fucked out wreck, simply fell over on her side and curled up like a baby. She was already asleep.

The candles continued to burn down throughout the night. Both women slept the sleep of the dead, the flames of their lust temporarily doused. Even Lucky only stirred once during the night to go outside and relieve his bladder. The snack that Janet had prepared earlier went untouched, safely stashed in the fridge where she'd thoughtfully left it.

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## Chapter Eight

The sun was just breaching the eastern horizon when my plane touched down on the dew covered runway. I had tried to get a redeye home before midnight, but had to settle for this dreadfully early shuttle instead. There's nothing quite like going to the airport while everyone else moving about is heading home after closing the bars. I was both envious of the partiers, and a little afraid of their less than sober driving.

A limo, a town-car really, dropped me off in front of the house. The whole place was dark, still shrouded in long shadows. From behind me, I heard our neighbor call my name. "Morning, Danny!"

I turned to face him. "Morning, Jim."

"Is Janet alright? She didn't look to well when she got home yesterday."

"I think she's probably fine," I said. We made small talk for a couple of minute. Normally I like to chat with Jim in the morning, but I wasn't really in the mood today. I guess I had my mind on other, more interesting things. "I'll talk to you later, Jim."

"OK. See ya, Danny."

I made my way up the walk, past Janet's car, to the front door and slotted the key into the deadbolt, turning it free.

As I stepped into the dark entryway, my foot caught something on the floor and sent it flying. I flicked on the light to investigate. There on the floor was a sandal, its mate now resting against the baseboard on the other side of the room. In a heap was a pair of shorts, a very brief shirt of some sort, and small triangle of shiny fabric that could only be a thong.

I retrieved the thong and held it to my face, slowly drawing its musky perfume through my nose. "Not Janet's," I said quietly to myself. "Her friend must still be here." I smiled at the thought of catching them together, and headed toward the bedroom.

Sherri had awakened with a start when she heard the front door open. Sometime during the night, she had crawled up the bed to cuddle with Janet and share the pillows, pulling the covers up over them both. She peered over Janet's shoulder toward the bedroom door, hearing the sound of my heavy footsteps approaching. Lucky stood at the door, looking down the hall, wagging his tail.

A few candles were still burning, casting just enough light for me see. I ruffled Lucky's ears and looked over at the bed, where, from just beyond Janet's sleeping form, two striking blue eyes looked back at me. I asked quietly, "Want some coffee?"

"Mmmmm, that would be great," Sherri replied.

"How about some breakfast?"

"Oh, hell yes. I'm starving." Sherri was about to wake Janet.

"Let her sleep," I said. "We'll wake her when it's time to eat."

Sherri smiled and slithered out from under the covers, her nude form accentuated by dim candlelight and shadows. She borrowed my heavy bathrobe and followed me out to the kitchen where she found a seat at the breakfast bar, watching me. "So, you're Danny."

I smiled and offered my hand across the bar. "And you must be Sherri. Nice to meet you. Did you enjoy my wife?"

"Did I ever! She is so beautiful and so hot for it. And that dog!" Her face showed the animated excitement of a kid in a candy store as she recounted the previous night's events. Janet and Lucky are definitely Sherri's kind of candy.

When she was done, I looked over and asked, "So... got any plans for today?"

Sherri looked over her shoulder toward the bedroom. "Oh, yeah."

*To be continued?*