

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by phyllisroger

I had lived in my apartment for a year, me and my sexy dog, when a new neighbor moved in. I went to 'meet and greet' and when I saw her I thought how beautiful and sexy she was. She had these long legs, a lithe shape, full lips and a wonderful inviting smile. The way she tossed back her hair when she laughed made me want to get down on my knees and lick her off but I had another idea if she would only get down on her knees!

We had our meet and our greet. Vanessa was busy moving in. "Nice to meet my new neighbor," I said.

She said, "Hi! I'm really busy getting everything in shape now that my furniture has arrived. Why don't you come visit tomorrow afternoon, and we'll open a bottle of wine and get acquainted?"

I nodded and went to my pad wondering how 'get acquainted' we might get. Vanessa was this gorgeous woman and, as she told me, 'single.'

That night I couldn't keep my mind off my new neighbor and dreamed of sucking her off introducing her to my sexy dog who liked to fuck women principally me. I wanted to try new things over a glass or bottle of wine I would bring a bottle too so we could get really good and acquainted. I planned my outfit for that afternoon no bra, no panties, no stockings just my housedress which showed off my breasts. That's not a lot of planning, I giggled!

Her name was Vanessa, and we sat in her apartment, sipping on our fluids, making us each a little warm and cozy. "Would you like to see my place?" I said and so Vanessa, and I went to my apartment. "That's Duke," I said, as we walked inside. "He's very friendly," I told her. (If she only knew how friendly.) Vanessa kneeled down, cuddling his ears, he licked her face, and they briefly played with each other. "And a good watchdog," I said. "Sit down, and I'll open my bottle."

"Phyllis," she said, "maybe we've had enough. But well why not?"

I went to my kitchen and opened the wine, pouring it out into glasses and returned to the living room. Vanessa was on the couch, and Duke was next to her, tongue out. She petted him, took a glass, and we sat and chatted and drank. Duke wouldn't leave her alone, wanting attention all the while. I went into the kitchen to make some snacks taking my time letting Vanessa and Duke get 'better acquainted.'

"Duke!" she exclaimed. "Stop it, Duke, you're a dirty dog."

I lingered in the kitchen letting things in the living room marinate, and it was suddenly quiet in my lounge. I knew my dog and what Duke might be doing to neighbor Vanessa but it was quiet in there and I wondered hoping was there an 'ice-breaker' happening? I knew from experience that once Duke got my scent there was no way to discourage his attention and the silence in there was deafening.

I returned to Vanessa and Duke. Vanessa gave him a solid push and straightened her dress. She was blushing. I was aroused at the idea, and I thought she was too.

"Your dog won't leave me alone," she said, and I giggled it was the wine and the whole setting.

"He likes you a lot," I said.

She looked at me, saying nothing. I was wondering about my next move and sat beside her.

Duke was moving around between us. Vanessa playing with his ears, pushing at him but his tongue lolling out, licking her fingers. "I can lock him in my bedroom," I offered, "he gets carried away with a pretty woman."

Vanessa looked at me, questioning. "How about with a man?" she asked.

I started blushing and said, "He's a boy dog, and you know what boy's want." She took another swallow of the wine. We were both tipsy now, and I was blushing. "Actually it's a secret between us. I mean between Duke and me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, "between Duke and you."

"I'll lock him up," I said.

She put her hand on my leg "It's okay, he's just a dog, don't lock him up. It's not nice to tease an animal, but he was kind of teasing me while you were in the kitchen."

Now he was licking her ankle and her calf, and she pushed him away, but he was insisting now. He must have her scent, I thought. I knew what that licking felt like and now I was getting hot, not just blushing. I stood up, leaning down for our empty glasses.

"I'll get some more," I said.

When I leaned down I saw her looking at my breasts I mean they were almost in her face! I covered myself with my housedress after she had had a good stare and walked back into the kitchen, lingering on purpose.

"Duke!" she said. "Naughty dog!"

Then it was quiet, and I heard Vanessa gasp but not saying anything. I peeked into the room, and Duke was under her dress she was holding his head her legs open! Duke's head moving under the fabric of her dress. She saw me, pushed him away, adjusted herself on the couch now red in the face.

"He's a bad dog and caught me by surprise," she said with a guilty smile.

I brought our glasses and sat beside her. "It's okay," I mumbled and smiled. She tossed back her head and looked questioningly into my eyes. I just smiled and licked my lips, saying again, "It's okay."

Her eyes were flashing, and she reached out to pet Duke some more.

"I-I've heard you know stories. Stories about dogs," Vanessa said.

"What about them?" I asked.

"You know," she said, "women and dogs doing it."

Duke was at his water bowl, tail wagging, and his balls on full display. I took her hand, proposed a toast with my wine glass took a chance and said, "Vanessa I'll tell you a secret, they aren't just stories."

Her face was red, her eyes flashing, she clicked my glass, and we both drank. I could tell she was aroused and not just from the wine.

Duke was back beside her. "Just us girls, neighbors," I said and rested my hand on her leg. Duke was back under her dress.

"Do you ?" she whispered, her throat tight. I could only smile. Then she jumped again as Duke moved into her. "Really?" she said. "Not just stories?"

I looked at her, pulling her leg open. She squeezed my hand and lifted her butt, exhaling her breath. I lifted her dress exposing Duke and her I was surprised, she was naked, and Duke was at her pussy in earnest, eating her out.

"His cold nose shocked me just poking at my-my cunt "

I smiled at her saying the word.

"I never imagined " she gasped and groaned. I reached down to Duke's head. "Don't push him off," Vanessa said,

"His nose is on me and his long tongue." She flexed. "I'm I'm God I'm close I never felt anything like this " She lifted and pulled on his ears; I played with her cunt hairs, lifting her cunt lips to Duke who was in full action mode.

"Oh, oh, unh, " she said, grasping my hand in a death grip.

Now she was grunting and twisting in full orgasm it was so quiet except for her breathing gulps of air, her legs shaking. She came a second time and finally calmed, Duke moving off to his bowl, then sitting and licking himself. I felt Vanessa's cunt, petting her down, kissing her wet face, playing her clit that was slick with them. She put her hand on mine.

"No more," she whispered, "I can't take any more."

After a while I said, "We finished the wine."

Vanessa looked at me saying, "That's not all that was finished!"

She was a good neighbor and visited 'us' often after that

My initial fears and reservations about my new neighbor, Vanessa, had been answered months ago as she overcame her initial taboos about such things and willingly yielded to her seduction by my sexy dog, Duke. He was now servicing each of us from time to time, as we got even better 'acquainted.' It was a neighbor's dream come true. Our private 'Le Club Taboo.'

One day Duke and I went over for one of our sexy encounters with Vanessa, unannounced, knocked, she opened the door. What I could see in the kitchen was someone else. My eyes met with Vanessa's, she smiled.

"That's Sherry, my girlfriend from work."

I was getting nervous. "Maybe I should come back another time?"

Vanessa pulled me into her apartment closing the door behind Duke and me.

"I don't know," I said, looking down at the dog who looked up, tongue lolling, looked at Vanessa who

was blushing.

She mumbled, "Life is interesting," followed by her suggestive little giggle. "It's my neighbor Phyllis and her dog, Duke," she called out to the kitchen.

Into the room came another gorgeous creature with a plate of snacks. "I'm Sherry," she said and offered me a snack. "Wine?" she asked, and I nodded.

Soon the three of us were chatting, snacking and drinking wine, Duke on the floor in repose. Sherry looked at him saying, "He's a big boy. Vanessa told me about him."

My voice croaked a little: "She did?"

Sherry nodded and smiled. "He's probably a good companion, and you feel safer when he's around."

"Yes," I said, "he's a very good companion."

I put a little twist to the 'very' part, and Sherry gave a little grin (she had been told about him?! I wondered how much she had been told about my naughty dog Duke.).

We continued with our snacks and small talk. Later, Sherry walked into the kitchen, her bottom moving sensually under her little dress, returning another bottle of wine. I noticed how warm was the room not just warmth from the room but from our conversation and my thoughts naughty thoughts. (Vanessa had told Sherry about Duke what about Duke? Vanessa had said 'life was interesting' and I wondered what might happen. A collection of clues I pondered.)

I reached down and patted my leg for Duke who stood and came to my side tongue out. I gave him part of a snack saying, "Good boy."

He sat at my feet and licked at my ankle.

Sherry said, "You let him do that?"

I said, "They say a dog's tongue is very clean and it feels nice."

Duke was warming to his task and licked again. "He has quite the tongue," Sherry said looking at us.

The tip of Duke's cock was peaking out, and I looked at Sherry. And yes! She was staring at us and IT. Then she looked up and smiled. She was blushing.

"I've never had a dog," she said and glanced down again at the pulsing red tip of Duke's cock.

She was obviously fascinated, pretending not to look.

Vanessa was blushing, too, grabbed the remote and turned on the TV saying, "There's a good movie in a few minutes." We watched, and it was an old one: "Women in Love." Sherry said,

"Yes. I saw it once. It's a 'chick flick,' but I'd like to see it again."

The room was dark now, the sun has set, and the black and white film came on with the credits and then the story. It wasn't long before Women in Love was showing two women expressing themselves.

"Movies have come a long way since that was made," Sherry said.

"It is so suggestive and subtle." "And sexy," I added. "But these days," I continued, "they would be not only necking and naked and also finger fucking!"

Sherry smiled at my words, nodded and drank some more wine, all of us quiet, watching as the two women in the film got close and kissed and caressed fully clothed. I imagined they were naked, petting each others' cunts, even imagining a dog in the room. What naughty, taboo thoughts! I was getting aroused by the women even with their clothes on my imagination was churning. I patted Duke on the head, and he stood and licked at my knee. I looked at Sherry, and she was watching Duke.

"Sometimes he's a bad boy," I remarked, "really bad."

Sherry smiled and watched the licking, his red dick easily seen, protruding a little more. I noticed Sherry's breathing had changed and her breasts were moving irregularly watching the women in the film but now just watching Duke and me and that long tongue, the red dick throbbing. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Sherry was staring not at the movie.

Sherry asked, "What do you mean 'bad'?" All I could do was smile (seductively?) and then she insisted, "How 'bad' is bad?"

I was blushing, and Duke was actively licking at both my knees, his cock half out my legs together fending him off. I was afraid of how my mouth might answer her question, giving her a clue or spilling the beans with my tone. I pushed Duke away. I didn't answer, just beautiful Sherry's questions (and Duke) were getting me hot. I stood and went to the bathroom to cool down, giving Vanessa the eye, letting her deal with her friend's questions, as I passed between her and Sherry. Vanessa looked up and smiled my eyes were questioning, 'Would we admit Sherry into our private Le Club Taboo? Would Sherry instead be shocked and bolt?'

So many answers to her questions, just in my look and silence. Vanessa smiled and also blushed.

While in the restroom I heard them talking but couldn't hear the words. Mind you, I had no idea of what would happen among the three of us but was titillated by what might happen? Sherry was really sexy and pretty, and Duke's tongue would set her on fire if she would only let it happen. What with the wine, the sexy movie, and Duke licking my knees, his dick out in plain view, Sherry fixated on it asking questions, and I wondered whether the scene had been set.

In a way, I wished Sherry wasn't there as Vanessa, and I would surely have a hot time in Le Club Taboo my body was ready, and my mind was whirring. I cooled down, a little. In another way, I hoped Sherry would join in our forbidden pleasures.

Excited about the possibilities, my mind inflamed, I returned to the living room. My cunt was wet, my body was ready, but my behavior was discrete because of Sherry maybe she'd be disgusted, bolt and leave us. As I looked in the room where they were, and what a scene it was my naughty thighs were massaging my cunt as I walked to the couch.

The scene: that naughty, bad Duke was now 'friendly' with Vanessa Sherry in full stare. Sherry's breasts were moving in and out with labored breathing, her dress above her knees which were parted slightly was she getting hot, too?. I wondered what her pretty body was feeling like mine? Was it the movie, Duke, or something else?

I went to the kitchen and opened that extra bottle of wine for us. We were all warm, the movie was developing and returning to the couch I looked at Duke and Sherry, her dress above her open knees. She had removed her shoes, and I could see her legs were bare, wondering what else was bare and

what more excitement there might be. I took a deep breath and poured out the wine. My cunt was tingling in anticipation, but I sat down with my knees clamped tight shivers!

Trying to behave myself my body raging my brain telling my body, "Be cool, damn you!"

As I sat down, Sherry looked over at me saying, "It's a good movie, Phyllis. I first saw it with my boyfriend at a drive-in movie it got very hot I got very hot and..."

"And what?" I said.

"You know..." she said and was blushing. I could care less about the movie just then and didn't respond. Duke was working on Vanessa's knees. She looked at me and smiled. Sherry continued, "What an active tongue I've heard about dogs."

The ice was broken, and I said, "Naughty dogs?"

"It's what you said, Phyllis about Duke and naughty. It's not only his tongue, but it's also his cock pulsing with each lick! I've never seen a dog's thing before."

So innocent calling it a 'thing!' I was losing control and got bold.

"It's just between the three of us," I said, giving her permission. Sherry looked at Vanessa and all the licking. I said to Vanessa, "You can always tell him to stop at any time, and I'll pull him away." That moment had come, and I didn't know what would happen but took a chance. Duke was excitedly working on Vanessa's knees, and I said, "Duke!" patting Sherry's bare knees.

Sherry flexed at my touch. Duke looked up and came over to her. It was the moment. Would Vanessa and I initiate a new member into Le Club Taboo or would Sherry get scared and leave? She was startled by my patting her knee and looked deep into my eyes.

"Really?" she mumbled.

"It's just us three," I said, reassuringly and Duke responded and licked at her, hitting her calf. I petted his ears.

He knew it was okay, that it was the three of us; he licked Sherry's calf again. "It feels strange, funny tickles nice ooo his nose is cold and nice."

She could leave now but didn't. It was the moment when doubt, body, mind collided but the licking was good, is good and she was ready.

I watched her as Duke went to work and then it was too late for her. The fears, the taboo, the forbidden were dashed. Sherry relaxed, surrendering to her feelings of lust. "I don't know. I " she mumbled and laid her head against the couch closing her eyes. Duke kept licking, now on her knees and above. Le Seduction Finis! I moved her dress to her waist. She looked at me and smiled. She had skimpy little panties; I massaged her legs as Duke had gotten her scent, licking at her thigh. She turned her face to me, her eyes full of questions and excitement. I smoothed Sherry's legs, opening them, giving Duke permission for his treat and he didn't disappoint, licking her thighs, one side and then the other.

"His nose is so cold," she said, closing her eyes. I took her hand, and Vanessa took the other. "This is naughty. I shouldn't be doing this UH! It feels so good. He's right there! OH, GOD!" Her legs were apart now, and she scooted down. I pulled her tiny panties to one side. Sherry exclaimed, "OH! God!

That nose OH!"

I watched Duke's tongue as he licked her, nudging his nose on her clit and slurping that long, urgent tongue into her cunt, slurping with more licks and Sherry lifted up for more. "This is wrong," she said and lifted again, opening more. I petted her cheek. She was hot with tears and flexed more. I released her hand, which went to Duke's head and ears, rubbing them, chuckling at his mouth and tongue, urging him into her legs splayed.

"OH! OH!" she exclaimed, playing with Duke's mouth, caressing it. It was such a scene, and the movie droned on.

I glanced at the screen the women were kissing I leaned in and kissed Sherry. Her tongue was thick in her mouth. She mumbled, "I'm close UH Oh God it's good! He's good. He's so naughty and hot and his licking me OH! OH!"

I smoothed her cheek and whispered in her ear: "He's fucking you with his tongue. It's so strange and good."

Then with inaudible grunts, she stiffened and held and convulsed and came, grabbing both our hands, holding herself, then releasing with more grunts, her body twisted on the tongue and more 'oh's' and it made me so hot I wanted some, too.

Now Duke was finished, a few final licks Sherry, too, and then we three gradually calmed down. We were all hot and wanted more but not this night. No dog fucking the first time that would come later. Sherry had been initiated into Le Club Taboo. The coronation would be another time.

Finally, Sherry whispered, "Just between the three of us? Promise? What a movie," she said changing the subject. We both nodded. Then later back to the topic on all our minds, "A onetime thing?" Sherry asked.

"Whatever you say," we said in unison. Sherry's breath returned, and she straightened her dress. Duke was at his water bowl.

"I'm not so sure about one time," she said, "it was really good, better than good."

I winked at Vanessa. She smiled. We both knew. Another weekend and visit and who knew what more surprises. But even then with pretty Sherry, I knew more would come later it was too good not to want to do it again, and I thought of my zoo initiation, in private, a total surprise, how it was too good not to want it again and more.

Later that night, I lay back on my couch having watched the unimaginable with Duke and Vanessa's friend, the delicious Sherry I had never imagined such things happening. Remembering how Duke and I were an accident as one day when I was relaxing in my quiet room, and he came to explore. One thing led to another from licking and tickling my toes, to my ankles, to my knees and thighs and in the privacy of my apartment. All alone, who would know, and that probing nose and licking tongue had aroused me aroused my cunt. Then Duke licking my wet pussy as I lay there throbbing and enjoyed it all the taboo joy without any inhibition. Naughty dog Duke had initiated me.

Who would know? And Duke wouldn't tell, would he? It had seemed so natural and was just my dog and me and the shaking orgasm that took me to new heights impossible and yet it was not a man or all the emotional overlays and hesitations of a normal relationship. It was just two animals: animal

female me and male animal dog and enjoying and cumming, flexing, with 'yessing' and 'ohs and ahs' and releasing to nature's instincts, so private.

After that first time, I lay on my couch in my living room thinking about it all, feeling dirty and excited and more. Something I knew was forbidden, taboo but so much pleasure. I couldn't let such a thing happen to me, a good girl. But it was so good, and the next day I wanted more than licking. I wanted penetration, serious fucking. I had to teach Duke to mount and used my hand to lead his cock into me. That first time was so hit and miss, mostly miss. But when he finally entered my wet cunt nature took over. Animal nature as he became frantic, fucked deep, and hard, I lifted in response, and we were animals and cumming hard as his paws gripped my waist. Held and fucked, I repeatedly came until I was exhausted and filled. Finally, Duke lifted off, panting. I, too, dizzy!

I just rested my head on a cushion feeling the wet run down my legs, cooling. Finally getting back my breath, wiping the tears on my cheeks. Duke at his bowl and resting, licking his throbbing cock. I was in some other place that first time.

Then my fears of discovery when visitors came and Duke had to be locked in my bedroom. He would whine a little and then sleep. Later Vanessa came into my life. She was so hot to look at, and then things happened as I hoped they would, and we had many good times. Was it Sherry's turn to join the two of us or was it 'her onetime thing?' The feeling a woman has when she enjoys a spontaneous, unexpected, full and complete rocking orgasm? Wow is the only word for it and having one so intense a full body orgasm who among us would not want more?

What an evening it had been with Vanessa and Sherry, I had my hopes but remembered my own experience that first time, how I was both embarrassed and excited and the many other times that followed. Sherry was a gorgeous sexy woman she had shaken and pulsed, cum hard and enjoyed, this naughty thing. I could hardly wait for the next time, which would surely come or cum?

Vanessa called the next day and said, "Next Friday?"

I replied: "Will Sherry be there, too?"

All Vanessa could say between giggles was, "Guess!"

I could hardly wait. Le Club Taboo had a new member.

The next meeting of Le Club Taboo couldn't come soon enough for me as visions of Duke coupling with the beautiful cunt of Sherry was a vision dancing in my head and making me wet just thinking about it, but I had to wait a week until our next Friday at Vanessa's pad. But how to get to "home base" with Sherry after we'd done 1st, 2nd and 3rd base all in one evening and we didn't even see the whole movie! Ha! Vanessa and I would have to feel our way to the whole ball game. It was all I could think of during the week as Friday approached with anticipation.

"Sherry just called," Vanessa reported. "She's running late."

I was wondering if she had cold feet, such pretty legs, and feet. Would all my dreams of Duke and Sherry be dashed and we'd have to look for another new member of our little club?

After arriving at Vanessa's we sat there, waiting, drinking and snacking but mostly thinking, Duke nibbling the occasional snack. Vanessa said, "Sherry may be having second thoughts in her mind, but her body will take care of things and tell her what to do."

Then there was a knock on the door and in came Sherry. She was so pretty and hot and wore a skimpy dress. She was full of smiles and apologies saying, "I stopped for some special snacks and a bottle of wine. I thought we might need an extra bottle and didn't want to run out." With other rambles and excuses for being tardy.

I didn't give a shit why she was here, and it was now. I crossed my legs and shivered a little thinking about the exciting evening we might enjoy in the evening ahead.

"I brought Duke some biscuits," she said and went over to give him a couple. He looked at her and started to snack. "He has such pretty eyes," she said.

"To go with his other parts," I joked.

She looked at me and smiled: "I'll open the wine. Are we watching another hot movie?"

She was in the mood, and when she bent over to feed Duke her dress was so skimpy I could glimpse her crotch. What I had in mind for that lovely crotch! Actually, what Duke would learn about her body.

Sherry went into the kitchen and uncorked the bottle, returning to pour our drinks.

"I know, Vanessa," she said, "I'm taking over your kitchen." Vanessa smiled. Sherry continued: "Last Friday was special for me."

"And all of us," I replied.

Sherry's face went red, her eyes flashed and that beautiful smile, saying, "I know. It was naughty and nice like the Christmas song. Maybe Santa won't come for naughty me with his presents!"

I laughed at that, sipped the wine and said, "He'll come for you or maybe his helper. It was both naughty and very nice. You know, Santa has a dog."

Sherry swallowed her wine, saying, "Hopefully he's a dog like your Duke!"

"You mean OUR Duke!" and we all laughed at that looking over at Duke at his water bowl oblivious to our chatter.

He lay down, head on his paws, tail wagging, looking at us.

Then Sherry spoke, and my heart dropped to my toes. She said, "Vanessa, Sherry. I've thought a lot about last Friday and what I did.

What we all did, and I couldn't get out of my mind that I shouldn't have done that. It's not your fault, either of you. It was my fault, just something that happened and it was wrong. I felt dirty, and I guess it was a onetime thing."

"It also felt good," I said, and Vanessa poured us some more wine.

Sherry was blushing and said, "It felt very good the best, but still that doesn't make it right."

I said, "Well it's our secret then, but right or wrong? If it works, why fix it. I love that dog's tongue on my cunt and his cold nose nuzzling my clit. It's hard to think it's wrong when it is so delicious. Even my boyfriends were never that good."

Vanessa chimed in: "Stop it, Phyllis. You're making me wet, and besides, I just enjoy it all and don't think about the right or wrong part of it. It relaxes me, and there aren't any complications."

"I'm not judging you, either of you," Sherry said, and we all had some more wine.

Vanessa went to the kitchen for another bottle. It was getting warm in the room. Duke was resting in the corner of the living room, looking at us with those eyes. Vanessa poured some more, and we sat and talked.

Then Vanessa moved things along. Sherry was her girlfriend from work, after all, and so Vanessa took the lead, patting her leg. Duke looked up and trotted over to her side.

"We're talking about you, poor doggie," petting his head and playing behind his ears. His tongue was out now, and he took a tentative lick at her calf and then another lick. "Duke. You are a naughty dog, don't you know that? You're just like Sherry's boyfriend at the drive-in, very naughty."

Sherry chimed in, "Yes, I remember that boy, and I have to confess he really got me going pulling down my pantyhose and fingering me it got me hot and wet and the best orgasm ever (she paused) until Duke!"

Duke was busy on Vanessa's calf saying, "Did you hear that Duke? You did well even if it was wrong."

I reached across Sherry and patted my dog on his head he was in full lick mode on Vanessa, his red doggie dick pulsing like it had the Friday before.

Vanessa looked at us, "He's making me hot."

She looked at the two of us for permission.

"Me too," I said, and we both looked at Sherry, her dress above her knees which were together.

"Hmmm," is all she said but I knew what she was thinking: that dog's tongue had given me a great orgasm, and it was wrong, wrong, wrong but good, good, good.

Sherry licked her lips and drank some more. That alluring tongue, her body was remembering how naughty and good it was and watching him lick must have sent her chills. I could see her mind resisting, and her body consenting, both at work on the scene nice doggie, nice tongue, nice long, licking tongue. She was thinking of that tongue licking the wet folds of her cunt, and her body was feeling that battle within, what was wrong and also what made her shake in ecstasy, pushing down the feelings that were bubbling up in her brain and taking over. How could she forget a hard cum that brought tears and thrills? And there in front of her, next to Vanessa, this dog was licking and Vanessa petting him, his red dick out and pulsing, all of this attending the woman sitting next to her.

"He's good at that isn't he?" I said.

Vanessa said, "Phyllis, he's making me really hot. Do you mind if I?"

Sherry chimed in, "Go ahead if you're feeling like it, why not? It's just the three of us."

I was thinking we were moving right along and Vanessa wasn't the only one hot. I was and how could Sherry not be aroused too? I knew, just like me, she was having memories of the previous weekend. Vanessa opened her legs, and Duke licked up under her dress. Vanessa laid back her head,

her dress moving on top of Duke's head. We couldn't see under her dress, but we knew. I looked at Sherry who smiled and had more wine. I took her hand.

"I've had boyfriends," I said, "who didn't do to me what Duke does it's so wrong, it's good."

Sherry nodded and smiled, and I could read her mind. The scene Vanessa and our little private movie in the living room was arousing Sherry and me, breaking down her qualms. I leaned across and lifted Vanessa's dress to her waist. Duke was at full tongue.

"God! Oh!," Vanessa exclaimed and squirmed, grabbing Sherry's hand and squeezing it tight "He licks me so good. God! Duke, you are one naughty dog and so good!"

She lifted, and we could see Duke at work on her cunt, putting his tongue inside for more taste of her spend he seemed feverish, and so was Vanessa who was mumbling and making little grunt sounds, her eyes closed, her head back, legs, beautiful legs, splayed and inviting. She lifted her bottom to that probing tongue.

Sherry reached and smoothed her hand over Vanessa's tummy, petting the hairs on her cunt, letting Duke lick between her fingers, petting Duke's head in encouragement.

"Oh oh," Vanessa said as Sherry's cool hand was stroking her.

I was hot and wet, opened my legs, lifted my dress to my waist, squeezed Sherry's other hand and with my free hand started stroking myself. My head was back my eyes closed. We were giving Sherry a double triple dose of sexuality. After a brief time, I peeked over at the two of them. Sherry had released my hand and was also busy with herself. I grabbed her hand, stopping the movement under her dress. Our eyes met, and we smiled.

I said, "It's okay."

Vanessa was having a serious orgasm but was now cooling and looking at her girlfriend Sherry, asking her in silence 'was it wrong? If it was, it was wrong and really good.' I was still fingering myself and lifted Sherry's dress. She was naked! I smoothed her tummy and her pretty blond cunt hairs.

She looked at me, saying, "That feels good."

I giggled and said, "It's only the three of us, and I know what feels really good."

Sherry laid back, closed her eyes and let me stroke and stroke. She was wet, and I slipped my fingers into her slit.

"You're a very wet girl."

She opened her legs to my touch, flexed. Duke was sitting next to us, and I looked at him. He came to me but I pushed him to Sherry, and he began licking her thigh, nosing her leg.

Sherry sat upright at the first lick.

"It's just us," I said, and she looked at me, "Lie back," I said, "it's not nice to tease dumb animals."

She laughed and shook her head and lay back opening her legs. Duke went to work on her cunt. She was mumbling about his tongue and, "I shouldn't be, ooh, doing this. God, his cold nose, it's all so good."

Duke's cock was hanging out and dripping "Scoot down more," I said, and she did, her cunt at the edge of the couch and Duke frantic, dancing on his hind leg.

"He's so good I'm close again," Sherry said.

Her body had taken control of her. Sherry had lost all resistance. Her body was in complete control. Her mind was in pre-climax mode desperately aching for the climax of sexual release, and she was at the precipice of deep orgasm wanting to fall into that dreamlike state. She was in the grip of desire; didn't care anymore about wrong or right. I nudged her down to the floor, and she was under my control without questioning only feeling that ache and need for release; wanting release. Then I helped her lift onto the couch, face down, ass presenting to sweet doggie Duke who was again licking at Sherry shivering, convulsing Sherry the wine and her body and human desire took over and were in total control. Vanessa and I were petting Sherry's back, her bottom and she lifted to Duke's incessant delicious licking.

Duke took his cue and climbed astride, mounting her little-wet body. "Phyllis," Sherry said, "What?"

"Just be still," I said, "it's just us girls."

"But," Sherry said, and I patted her back, Vanessa holding her, spreading her bottom cheeks, Duke now humping at her and searching for the sweet spot "Phyllis," Sherry said, but it was only a whisper filled with desire.

I reached and held Duke's dangling, poking cock, pointing and guiding it to that lithe body of our friend Sherry who was about to have a very good time. Duke and I were a team, and now his cock was at her cunt I rubbed it along the lips of her slit. Sherry flinched and then held very still and mumbling, her face buried in the couch and then Duke found her, entered her cunt and gripped her waist with his paws.

"No, no," Sherry said.

I petted her back with one hand saying, "He's inside now, just relax. It's too late. Relax, it's okay."

Sherry let out her breath, mumbling the last gasp of resistance to the inevitable, "It's not okay."

However, Duke was holding her tight and thrust again.

"He's so big," Sherry exclaimed, "Oh God! He's deep and hot, and, oh, fuck..." She exhaled a deep breath and, "Oh, Duke, unh, he's so deep, he's fucking me! Fuck me, dog!"

She stopped speaking, took deep breaths and began grunting as Duke was pumping and grabbing her waist tight. Sherry was lifting to each stroke, and her body was hot as she lifted again and let out a guttural cry of lust. She cried again and oh goddings as she shook and Duke went stiff and frantic releasing into her, fucking and filling her hot shaking body.

Sherry was all sweaty and then she relaxed saying, "Enough, enough, I'm, I'm finished. He's gotta stop. I can't take any more."

I pushed on him, Duke's cock slipped out, his cum was running out of Sherry's cunt. Vanessa and I continued petting her back, covering her with her dress as she finally cooled and just lay there, kneeling on the floor, her body on the couch as though in a trance.

Finally saying, "I've never felt anything like that, Phyllis. I've never cum so hard. I think I fainted at

one point from the sheer joy of feelings; letting my whole body explode.”

I helped her up. She sat up and collapsed on the couch, leaning her head against me.

“You knew what was going to happen, didn’t you?” she whispered to me.

“It’s our secret,” I said.

She snuggled into me and rested. “I like secrets,” she said quietly, “I feel so naughty and so good.”

Sherry snuggled and napped. I looked at Vanessa. We smiled at each other.

Sherry was now a full member of our little Le Club Taboo. Her initiation was complete. We looked at Duke. He was at his water bowl. His dick was partially out. He sat and started to lick it clean of the sweet juices of our friend and new club member, Sherry. Vanessa got a damp towel and wiped Sherry’s legs clean as she opened them once more.

“I’ve never cum like that in my life not even that night in the drive-in.”

I laughed at my exhausted Sherry, whispering in her ear: “It’s a onetime thing, sweetie.”

She took a deep breath, sighed, quietly saying, “I hope not.”

It had been a memorable Friday with more Fridays to come. I was surely more than sure. No one, nobody, nobody, ever forget a ‘onetime thing’ do they? Would we have new members in Le Club Taboo?

The End.