

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Charlotte Dayton's beautifully sculptured face turned into a scowl as her car coughed again, sputtered, and died.

"Damn it!" She looked at the gas gauge for the tenth time. It registered the same three quarters of a tank. She pumped the pedal and turned the key in the ignition. The motor whined and refused to start.

"Balls," Charlotte muttered, giving up. She opened the door and climbed out of the car, glancing around. "Damn, why did I listen to George? Taking this stupid shortcut!" She talked to the wind as it tousled her thick red- hair.

Reaching inside the car for the latch, she unlocked the hood. She hauled the hood up with a grunt and peered inside.

She shook her head and straightened up. As she stood with hands on her hips, her eyes scanning the deserted area, she spotted a large house about a quarter of a mile down the road.

"Shit! It's the last time I listen to you, George," she said, annoyed, as if he were there. Her face grim with determination, she trudged down the road to the lone house. After a phone call, she would be on her way... again In no time.

She stumbled up the path to the house, her high heels catching in the pebbles. She groaned, walking uneasily up the narrow path, her well-rounded ass swinging in the tight-fitting designer jeans. She reached the crest of the path, her soft tits rising and falling underneath her sweater as she caught her breath.

Knocking on the large old fashioned door, she relaxed. Things could be worse, it could be night, and this God- forsaken house could have been ten miles down the road. The door creaked open.

"Yes?" A tall statuesque blonde appeared, her voice deep and sultry. Her wide blue eyes quickly took inventory of Charlotte's lush petite figure.

Charlotte caught the glancing appraisal and immediately sensed the erotic aura that surrounded the tall beautiful blonde. "My car broke down," Charlotte began. "Could I use your phone to call a gas station?"

The blonde's exquisite features broke into a smile, a sizzling smile that reeked of sex. "Come on in. The phone's over there on the table."

The tall blonde stood aside, allowing Charlotte to enter. She feasted her eyes on Charlotte's delicious swinging ass encased in the skintight jeans. Her tongue slid across her full lips, her body tensed like a large cat ready to pounce on an unsuspecting sparrow.

Charlotte felt the woman's eyes on her. For some reason it made her shudder as she picked up the phone and dialed information. She held the phone to her ear, a quizzical expression on her pretty face.

Charlotte's green eyes swept over the luscious blonde as she tapped the button. "Your phone's dead," she told her, swearing to herself that it wasn't her day.

“Really?” The blonde’s eyebrows arched, her long graceful legs bringing her to the phone. She listened intently, tapped the button a few times, and shrugged. “You’re right.” She tapped the button a few more times, still listening as she held the phone to her ear.

Charlotte was a full head shorter than the blonde woman. Her sparkling emerald eyes followed the curve of the elegant blonde’s neck, down over her huge melon tits to her slim waist, and stopping as the waist flared out into full, voluptuous hips. The woman’s sexual aura was overpowering and Charlotte stepped back, quieting the tremor in her stomach.

The blonde turned slightly. “I’m awfully sorry. I don’t know what to suggest.” Her exquisitely toned voice, everything about her, suggested only one thing: sex- pure animal sex. It was written in her deep-blue eyes, across her full red mouth, and exuded from every pore of her perfectly proportioned body.

Charlotte was aware of the blonde’s obvious leer. She felt as if she were being stripped of her clothing. It was a powerful sensation. “If you could drive me into town... I know it’s an imposition but I’d be willing to pay you.”

The blonde laid her hand on Charlotte’s slender arm. The contact was charged with electricity. “My brother is away for a while,” the statuesque woman explained. “I’m sure when he returns he’ll be glad to take you into town.” Her face glowed with animal magnetism, her strong features radiant. “Maybe he can look at the car himself.”

“I couldn’t-” Charlotte refused, then thought better of it. Her face brightened. “It would be wonderful.”

“Good,” the blonde said. “We can have a drink and get acquainted while we wait.” She turned and her clinging silk dress licked her knees as she strode elegantly into the living room. Her well-proportioned body turned to Charlotte. “I have just the thing to take the chill out of you.” Her blonde fluffy hair was like spun gold caressing her face.

Mesmerized, Charlotte followed. She was glad George wasn’t here, he would be drooling. This intoxicating woman appeared to be exactly what George liked. She was certainly the sexiest female she had ever met- not just sexy but blatantly sexy without trying, with a touch of danger thrown in to make the juices flow. Charlotte bit her lip, forcing back the thoughts from her mind. She blushed, her cheeks burning as the blonde turned, catching Charlotte’s gaze.

The same sultry smile came to the blonde’s lips, revealing a hint of pearl-white teeth. “Since we’ll be together, I think it would be nice if we knew each other’s name.” Her sensual body floated as she went behind the bar, her long, graceful fingers bringing out two tall glasses. She moved with total ease. “I’m Felicia.” She dropped ice cubes into the glasses and her eyebrows raised expectantly.

“I’m Charlotte. My friends call me Lotty.” Charlotte surprisingly felt her breath shorten and her heart skipping.

Felicia splashed scotch over the ice in liberal amounts, carried the drinks over to the coffee table and handed one to Charlotte. “This’ll warm you up.”

“Yes, it is a bit chilly out,” Charlotte said, then sipped the potent drink slowly. “Mmmmm. This is a coincidence. My favorite scotch served the way I like it, over the rocks. ”

Felicia was seated on the large comfortable velvet chair and motioned Charlotte to the couch opposite her. “Sit down... relax.” Felicia crossed her long sensuous legs, the silk dress gliding

effortlessly up her thigh. "Craig, my brother, will be a while."

The husky note in her voice was heavy. Her long fingers, the nails dabbed in a brilliant red, curled around her glass of scotch. Her other hand toyed with one of the buttons of her dress.

Charlotte settled into the soft luxurious comforts of the couch, draining the savory scotch almost to the end before realizing she had done it. "God, I needed that."

Charlotte's gaze reverted to the button of Felicia's dress for the third time, watching the long painted fingers playing with it. Charlotte thought again of George and was again glad he wasn't here.

This woman was dynamite!

"You're very beautiful," Felicia said abruptly, her voice heavy, laced with sex. "Craig will be very happy to help you."

Charlotte felt a twinge of discomfort. She forced a smile anyway, suspicious about what she might have to do for the help.

"I'm married," she told the blonde woman plainly, setting her empty glass down on the table in front of her. "George, that's my husband, will be very grateful for all the help you're giving me." She kept her warm smile on her face. "You married?"

"Not yet." The button finally came open. "Maybe someday I'll meet someone who can make me happy."

Charlotte leaned back comfortably into the soft cushions of the couch and relaxed. She hadn't felt this good in years. She sighed aloud and then was startled that she had. She began giggling, surprised at herself for acting so silly.

"I'll bet it'll take more than one man to make you happy." Charlotte's hand instantly flew to her open mouth, her eyes widening in shock. She swallowed uneasily, trying to comprehend her actions. Her thoughts being blurted out like that, without a moment's hesitation, she thought it absurd. She began giggling again. The sound of her own voice was strange, eerie.

Felicia laughed with her, a sizzling throaty laugh that oozed of lust.

"Maybe a couple of women, too."

Charlotte's head was whirling. "I-I... didn't-Women? You like women... sexually?" She gulped harder, a tremor sweeping through her groin. She felt funny, fuzzy around the edges and all warm and gooey inside.

"I like anything that will give me pleasure," Felicia purred, "whether it's a man, a woman..." She paused, looking Charlotte right in the eye. "...or animals."

"Animals?" Charlotte gasped incredulously, the room whirling even faster, her body tingling from her head to her toes. She tried getting up, but couldn't co-ordinate her muscles properly. Her limbs didn't seem to respond to her wishes.

"Ohhh, yesss," Felicia hissed in her catlike tone, her eyes glittering dangerously. "Animals and women can be very exciting." She stepped closer to Charlotte. "Have you ever made love to a

woman-or a dog?"

"No." Charlotte's answer came out of her mouth like a whisper, her voice raspy, her throat dry, parched. "It's so..." Her sentence hung lifeless in the air as her mouth dropped suddenly. Felicia was stripping off her dress.

"I see you're shocked," Felicia purred, an expression of delight and excitement in her eyes. She eased the dress off her shoulders. It whispered to the floor, a puddle at her feet. "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, touch me, feel my body, my tits, my pussy?"

Charlotte's eyes shone like glass with the effects of the strong drink. In Charlotte's mind, she wanted to leave, but another part of her seemed drawn to this beautiful creature. Charlotte shook her head, ineffectually clearing it of the buzz that was careening around in her brain.

"I can tell you want me," Felicia said, her soothing tone hypnotic and soft. "We can enjoy ourselves together until my brother returns."

"Nnnooo," Charlotte mouthed half-heartedly, finding the very thing Felicia suggested revolting and yet desirable at this moment. She had to get out of here! She attempted to stand up, but her limp body fell back to the couch, her head reeling, all of her senses heightened.

Charlotte couldn't help but notice the intoxicating perfume that this golden goddess wore. It seemed stronger now. Her stomach was fraught with butterflies and she knew her panties were soaked. She couldn't comprehend this. Never, never in her life had she felt this way. Fragmented thoughts plagued her dizzy mind. A woman, the mention of animals... Those repulsive, sickening thoughts whirled through her head like a storm. Yet she desired what the woman suggested.

She couldn't understand the dramatic change in herself. All of a sudden, it hit her like a bolt of lightning. The drink! Her eyes widened with the realization. She had been drugged!

Felicia saw it on her face. "Yes, my gorgeous little pet. I put something in your drink. Nothing dangerous. It is truly a wonder drug. Wipes away all will, leaves a person highly susceptible, clears away all inhibitions." She winked. "You're already thinking about how nice it would be to touch and kiss me," Felicia said knowingly.

Charlotte found herself nodding in agreement, unable to stop herself.

She anticipated the taste of the luscious woman's red glistening mouth. A hungry expression flooded Charlotte's face as she stared hotly at the tall, beautiful blonde.

Charlotte's eyes wandered to the goddess's tits-large, melon-shaped, encased in black lace, an ample amount spilling out. Charlotte's dreamy-eyed gaze swept down her golden body to the wispy band of lace that hugged Felicia's hips and concealed the delights of her pussy. Charlotte's eyes continued down Felicia's long never-ending legs, stopping at the smooth curve of her calves. She kept her eyes there, fighting the perverted urges that were growing inside her.

"Look at me, Lotty," Felicia mewed, her voice dripping with desire.

"Look at me and want, want what I have to offer."

Charlotte lifted her eyes slowly, drooling as she stared wide-eyed at Felicia's cunt wrapped in a package of black lace. She wanted Felicia's pussy, wanted it so badly she could actually smell the aromatic scent exuding from between Felicia's sensuously long legs.

Felicia stepped closer. She was within Charlotte's reach. Her perfume and body musk attacked Charlotte's senses and added to the power of the drug. "Take off my panties, Lotty. Look at my cunt."

Charlotte obeyed willingly. At this moment, the most important thing in her life was to feast her gaze on Felicia's blonde-haired pussy. Charlotte's hands touched the exotic woman's hips, static electricity seeming to sizzle from the tips of her fingers. Latching onto the elastic of Felicia's panties, she slipped the black lace down, baring her full hips and then a neatly trimmed triangle of silky blonde pussy hair. She swallowed, her head in the clouds as she let Felicia's panties drop to the floor. Felicia stepped back and out of her panties.

"Your pussy is beautiful," Charlotte admitted openly. She couldn't believe herself blurting out things she never would have even thought about in the past. "It makes my mouth water. I'm so hot!"

Charlotte gave up fighting her urges. Whether they were born of her own self, or induced by the drug, it didn't matter. They were there and she craved to satisfy them. Charlotte looked up at Felicia. "I'm hot."

"Then do something about it," Felicia said. "For now, I belong to you."

Her flashing eyes said exactly the opposite.

Charlotte staggered to her feet. Her legs wobbled for a second and she moved unsteadily, but it passed. Her green eyes burned into the twin mounds of golden tittle flesh trapped in Felicia's bra. She had to free them. Satisfying her impulse, her hands went to the goddess's shoulders, slipping the straps off. Trembling on her feet, Charlotte spotted the hook in the front and snapped it open. She heaved a sigh of relief. She was gorgeous!

"Ummmm," Felicia moaned, reveling in her freed tits. She was always hot, always turned on. She caressed Charlotte's flushed face that was almost level with her tits. "You're such a beautiful doll, so delicate, so fragile."

Felicia's deep sultry voice caromed in Charlotte's brain as her hands spanned the golden tits, her fingers sinking into the bloated softness. Charlotte was captivated by her creamy golden skin.

"Mmmmm, your tits are so big, so beautiful." Charlotte squeezed the tits and heard whimpering sighs of pleasure escaping Felicia's lips. It was music to Charlotte's ears.

Felicia took her hands off Charlotte's petite body, the bra floating to the floor. She stepped out of Charlotte's grasp. "It's not fair for only one of us to be naked."

Charlotte quickly and clumsily pulled her sweater off, tugging it over her head and tossing it carelessly to the floor. Her breathing was shallow, rapid, noisy. Her hands peeled the tight jeans off her slim hips and down her slender legs. She exhibited herself before the elegant blonde, modeling unashamedly, treating Felicia to a luscious look at her own small compact body- -a smaller version of Felicia's perfection.

Charlotte's lush curves, sweeping hips, jutting tits were sweet and innocent, with a sexual subtlety. Felicia's strong physical beauty was blatantly sexual, an advertisement for lust.

Eager to be naked, Charlotte snapped off her bra and kicked off her panties. Charlotte gasped, as naked as the tall jewel who waited patiently for her.

"You're even more beautiful naked," Felicia purred. "Kiss me." Her arms opened for the petite woman, her tits billowing as she breathed, her swollen nipples pointing.

Charlotte went into Felicia's waiting arms, melting against the larger woman, her head tilted back, her mouth open and anxious for the fiery red lips to kiss her.

Felicia encompassed the smaller woman with her embrace and plunged her tongue into Charlotte's waiting mouth. Felicia's hands pawed hungrily, kneading, exploring the smaller woman's flesh, feeding on the softness, the newness of another female. Her legs slipped easily between Charlotte's thighs, feeling the heat of her red-haired cunt mound. Felicia's thigh grazed the juicy pussy and was immediately drenched with cunt-cream.

Charlotte's dainty frame turned into a blazing fire of lust. She fused her body into Felicia's sucking her tongue-meat, scraping her cunt against Felicia's smooth thigh, and rubbing her tits urgently into Felicia's sizzling hot flesh.

Slowly, they both sank to the floor, their fiery bodies burning up on the inside, their passion fire melting them on the deep-piled carpet. Their passion-filled moans floated through the room as their hands and legs became entwined. Their mouths pressed urgently together, their lips working feverishly. Their bodies twisted on the soft carpet, wriggling in spasms, hands and fingers delving—one with the exuberance and curiosity of inexperience, the other with the deftness of an expert.

Charlotte gasped when her mouth came away from Felicia's hungry lips. "Oh, my God," Charlotte moaned, "I've, I've never... oooooohh. I'm so hot!" She pawed Felicia's golden body, delighting in her catlike murmuring purrs. "I want you so much, sooo muchhhhh..." Charlotte lost herself in the larger woman's bloated tits.

Charlotte slipped her body free of Felicia's embrace, kissing, licking and tasting the succulent flesh of the golden goddess for the first time. She was delicious! She worked her mouth down Felicia's swanlike neck, over her graceful shoulders to the firm and pulpy meat of her tits. Charlotte hummed, her hot busy mouth fervently sucking the silky-smooth flesh of one of the goddess's tits, her hand massaging and gently squeezing the other.

Felicia hissed like a snake, content to let the inexperienced Charlotte indulge in the sheer pleasure of making it with another woman. "Your mouth is so hot," Felicia told her, squirming on the rug. "You're making me all juicy between my legs. " Her long fingers weaved through Charlotte's red hair and pressed her head down firmly. "Bite! Bite!"

The small and delicate Charlotte nipped the massive tits, sinking her sharp teeth into the bullet-like tips. Charlotte sucked a swollen nipple with ferocity, grinding her mouth and teeth into it. Charlotte was purring deep in her throat, gurgling on her own saliva as she washed Felicia's tits in her drool.

With her slender hands, Felicia pushed the delicate creature down gently, urging the hot sexy Charlotte to explore her entire body. "My pussy, Lotty. Lick my pussy."

She spread her long legs and, while Charlotte feasted eagerly on her massive tit, Felicia stroked her own finger through her blonde pussy, coating it with warm cunt-cream. She brought it to Charlotte's lips. Her juice-coated finger went into Charlotte's mouth.

The pungent flavor inflamed Charlotte's mind and she delighted in the special taste of Felicia's cunt. Sucking the juice-laden fingers made Charlotte forget the soft tittie flesh and she gobbled the fingers into her mouth, sucking them clean.

"Delicious," she rasped.

"There's plenty more where that came from," Felicia moaned heatedly. "I have an unlimited supply right between my legs. Go down there and see for yourself." She pushed Charlotte down with more determination this time.

Charlotte was still dazed and wavered in the strange sensations of her drugged stupor. She allowed Felicia to guide her down to the delights of her cunt mound as she licked a fiery path over her belly, sloshing warm spit into her bellybutton. The musky scent grew stronger as she slowly descended to the object of her desire—the goddess's pussy.

"Eat me," Felicia moaned between jagged breaths. Her ass humped, tempting Charlotte. "Eat me!"

Charlotte busily slobbered over Felicia's thighs, en route to her sensitive pussy. Charlotte stopped, her mind swirling in a vat of bubbling passion. Her eyes became fixed on the reddened cunt and the white cream oozing from deep within Felicia's body. She licked her lips in readiness for the tender delicacy of Felicia's choice pussy-meat.

"Don't torment me," Felicia whimpered excitedly. "Do it! Do it quick before I lose my mind." This was no longer a game. Her lust had encompassed her in its web. She was trapped, unable to be freed until she was satisfied. "Lick it. Tongue my pussssyyy!" She opened her red swollen pussy tips for Charlotte. "EAT!" It was a hoarse gurgling demand. "EAT!"

Charlotte raised her head from between Felicia's long, sexy legs. Charlotte hissed, seeing the animal lust on the goddess's face. A sly grin spread across Charlotte's mouth as she spoke.

"When I'm ready."

"Ewwwwwwww, you little bitch," Felicia crooned, liking Charlotte's response. The tiny creature was a natural! Felicia tingled with the fantastic joy of knowing she would have her for an entire week. "Eat me!" One blissful week!

Charlotte, her inhibitions gone and her passion in control, jabbed a finger into the hot gulping pussy and gouged into the spongy wet walls. "You like that?" Charlotte rasped.

"Yesss," Felicia answered, her high-shrilled voice breaking. She rode Charlotte's finger in her cunt, her cunt muscles squeezing as much pleasure from it as she could. "Now your tongue. Use your tongue!"

Charlotte pulled her finger out from Felicia's pussy and wiped it clean with her tongue. With her head whirling round and round, she swooped down to the blonde woman's cunt, ready to feast on the velvety lips and oozing slit of Felicia's pussy. She clamped her mouth tight against the hot cunt, holding steadfast as Felicia contorted with wild spasms.

"Ahhhh, Lotty! Suck! Suck!" Felicia went berserk on Charlotte's clamped mouth, grinding and twisting in frantic gyrations, her huge tits jerking with her erotic contortions. Her hands sought out her own flesh and began clawing. "Tongue me!"

Charlotte was overwhelmed. Her small hands grasped Felicia's hips for a moment, then slid under her humping ass, her mouth still clamped onto Felicia's delicious pussy. She dug her fingers into the woman's ass cheeks and plunged her tongue deep into her pussy.

Felicia cried out in bliss. "Ohhh, YESSS!" She went crazy, thrashing on the floor, her mouth open,

moaning incoherently, her fists pounding the carpet.

Charlotte sucked with a vengeance, lashing her tongue across Felicia's oozing pussy and tasting the buttery sauce. She lapped up the flavorful pussy ooze, the seeping cream adhering to her face and mouth. Charlotte knew what to do. She sucked the swollen lips of Felicia's delicious cunt into her mouth, reveling in the scrumptious meal. She sucked on the woman's cunt the way she liked George to do it to her. Her mouth released Felicia's pussy lips and drew in the hard, bloated clit. Charlotte was at once rewarded with a piercing howl that made her shiver.

Felicia went into a violent rage. "Ohhh, Lotty! Bite my ditty! Chew it! Hurt meeee!"

Charlotte obliged with overwhelming fervor. She chewed on the frantic woman's clit as if she were chewing a piece of tough rubbery meat. She nipped it with gusto, turning her captor into a mass of whimpering squirming flesh.

"Lotty! Lotty! I'm sooo, sooo close!" Her hips hammered the carpeted floor, her pussy continually creaming, her tits bouncing, her arms and fists pounding the rug. "Ohhhh, I'm I'm... oooh!"

Charlotte reveled in getting another woman off with her mouth. It spurred her on. She sucked and chewed on the tender meat of succulent pussy with renewed vigor, plunging her tongue deep inside the pulsing cunt, then slashing it across the hard button clit again for the final assault.

"I'm cummmmminggggg!" Felicia moaned, her siren wail piercing Charlotte's ears. An explosion rumbling deep inside her pussy spread like wildfire to encompass the rest of her twisting body. Felicia soared. A tidal wave of orgasms swept through her lush body like giant waves curling and gaining momentum to slash their fierce power against the shore.

Charlotte needed no announcement of Felicia's climax. The gyrating, jerking body of the larger woman and the river of hot cunt-cream told her before the shrill cry. Charlotte rode the fury of Felicia's orgasm, her teeth clamped tight to the throbbing blood-gorged clit, where all the pleasure originated. Once Felicia's clit was tightly trapped in Charlotte's teeth, she used her tongue and beat it back and forth, until Felicia went mad.

Felicia, trapped in the pangs of orgasm, ground her pussy into Charlotte's mouth and mashed her clit between the eager novice's teeth. Felicia's head snapped from one side to the other, her face a burnt-red, her blue crystal eyes dilated, focusing on the spinning ceiling.

"I'm creammmmminggggg!" Felicia clawed the rug with her talon-like nails, her legs flailing, her heels thudding into the floor.

Scalding white cum gushed from Felicia's oozing pussy, drowning Charlotte in a pool of it. Charlotte drank it and found it to be the most delicious juice she had ever tasted, a sumptuous feast. She renewed her attack by gnashing her teeth into the woman's clit, hurling Felicia once again to the summit for another wild ride into ecstasy.

Felicia's back arched, her head thrown back, blonde strands of hair fanned out across the carpet. A violent orgasm wreaked its destruction on her jangled nervous system. She screamed hoarsely and tremulously, hot shivery spasms racking her body, tearing through her cunt and stomach.

The last wave of her orgasm washed over her and she collapsed back on the carpet, squirming and twisting from its aftermath. She tumbled with the crashing waves, lightheaded and swirling in the white water until her orgasm left her beached on the shore. Her magnificent body quivered silently, then she sighed, a soft purr.

Charlotte came up from between the woman's sticky thighs, her face drenched with the filmy cum-cream. "I loved it," Charlotte moaned, still not believing it. "I really loved it."

Felicia rolled away. "You're going to love this even more." Felicia scrambled down to the petite woman and licked her face and chin clean of her own cum juice.

The blonde goddess reciprocated, turning Charlotte into a bundle of bubbling energy. She sucked Charlotte until she climaxed.

When Charlotte came back to reality, she clutched Felicia's body. "I don't believe the things I'm doing," Charlotte confessed dreamily. "Is it the drug?"

"Partially," Felicia's husky voice purred.

"I hope it lasts forever," Charlotte said, floating in a state of euphoria and liking the freedom of having no regrets, no conscience.

"Soon you won't need the drug. You'll be like you should be — open with no repressive thoughts about sex, especially with animals."

"George wants me to make it with a dog," Charlotte giggled while she held Felicia, luxuriating in her softness. "Maybe you should give my husband some of this stuff you gave me. He'd be able to give me the drug and he'd have his wish." She giggled again as she thought about it.

"Maybe you won't need it," Felicia said, crawling out of Charlotte's arms. "When you leave here, you might have a whole new perspective about sex." Felicia reached into a drawer under the coffee table. "Look at these." She handed the naked Charlotte a packet of photos.

Charlotte's eyes bugged out at the sight of the pictures. They were of Felicia and a giant Doberman pinscher. The close-up shots of the dog's giant cock looked menacing, disgusting, yet Charlotte's mouth dried up, then watered in speculation.

"He's my pet. His name is Khan," Felicia explained in her husky tone. "My brother gave him to me a few years ago. His cock, as you can see, is abnormally large."

Still under the spell of the drug, yet slowly coming out of it, Charlotte leered at the pictures. She was fraught with mixed emotions. Disgust and desire struggled inside her.

"God, I'd like to have him fuck me." Charlotte tried gulping back the vile words, but her thought had already been spoken.

"You'll have plenty of time to enjoy Khan," Felicia promised. She stroked Charlotte's soft silky thigh flesh. "You'll learn to enjoy all the excitement of a dog, his long tongue, his long cock; everything. You'll fuck him, suck him and he'll lick your cunt." Her intoxicating voice was soft, having that same melodious quality that had been present earlier.

"I can't wait," Charlotte said slowly, suddenly feeling sleepy. "I-I..." She was drifting. She looked to Felicia for help. The beautiful image of the goddess turned fuzzy. Her head spun. The room spun. She didn't know what to do.

Felicia cradled her, bringing her tightly into her arms. She felt Charlotte shudder, then drop into a light sleep. She eased the dead weight out of her arms and gazed with hunger one last time at the petite morsel of delight sleeping soundly on the floor. After a few moments, Craig came into the

room.

“Take her up to her room, Craig.” She stood up, stretching her long catlike body. Every muscle, every inch of her glowing flesh was alive.

Craig smiled. “I got it all on film.” His long body leaned over as he scooped up the sleeping Charlotte into his powerful arms.

“We’re going to have a ball with our guest before she goes. A real ball.” Felicia still had her eye on Charlotte.

Craig laughed. “My cock is aching already.” His one hand was strategically placed under Charlotte’s ass, a finger in the wet oozing gash of her dripping pussy. “I can’t wait.” He turned and carried her away.

Felicia plopped back down in a chair and heaved a sigh, her hand going to her pussy. She settled back, her eyes closing. The hot torrid session with Charlotte had worn her out.

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## **Chapter Two**

Charlotte opened her eyes. She felt numb, fuzzy, still filled with the cobwebs of sleep. Drugs! She bolted up in bed. The sudden jerk practically sent her brain spinning. She moaned, half-asleep.

She sat on the edge of the bed holding her head. An image of what she had done flashed vividly before her eyes like a silent motion picture.

“Oh, my God!” she said to herself.

Warily, she glanced around. She was in a beautiful room. She stood, then realized for the first time that she was naked. A whimpering gasp escaped her mouth. Her eyes darted around the room for her clothes. Panic gripped her—she didn’t see them! She ran to the closet, threw it open. Empty. The drawers to the dresser—the same. Empty. She went to the door and tried the knob. It didn’t turn. Fear twisted its grip on her heart. Her throat tightened, it was impossible to swallow. She was a prisoner!

“Jesus... ooooh... GOD!” She shook, every nerve in her body caught up in her fear.

She spun on her bare feet, seeing another door. Relief swept over her, and she dashed over to it. Halfway there, she was stopped short by a clicking noise. She froze, her feet cemented to the floor.

“I see you’re awake,” Felicia’s sultry voice floated out of nowhere. “I hope you don’t have too bad of a hangover.”

Charlotte swiveled, looking around, searching for where the voice was coming from. “Where, where are you?”

“In another room,” Felicia purred. “Do you remember this afternoon? How delicious our first meeting was.

Charlotte gasped, the awful memory of what they had done flashed through her mind. Each detail of their encounter was crisp and clear and revolting. The hot torrid voice spoke to her through the loudspeakers with a jarring recount of her perverted lust.

"It wasn't me," Charlotte screamed to the walls. "It wasn't me! I was drugged, drugged! I couldn't help myself!" She began to cry, sinking to the bed. She sobbed into her hands.

"The drug only allows you to be yourself," Felicia told her through the speakers. "You were absolutely delicious, too. I hope you're ready to explore some other facets of your sexual personality."

She was appalled. Fear flooded Charlotte's face. "What, what do you mean?" She was trembling, frightened out of her skull.

"You remember," Felicia taunted. "Your interest in dogs and how exciting it would be to make love to one."

A wailing sob racked Charlotte's lung. Desperation made her run to the other door, her small firm tits quivering as she frantically yanked on the knob. The door was locked, just like the first one. She rushed to the other door and tried it again.

"Let me get out of here! Let me go!"

"There's so much left for you to enjoy," Felicia continued. "You're my guest and it's my duty to see that you're made happy."

"My husband, my husband will miss me... the police... if I don't show up at my sisters you'll go to jail-" She was ranting, looking for the one thing to say that would force them to let her go. "I'll never say a word if you let me leave now."

The laugh was genuine, with a hint of the macabre laced through it. "Everything's been taken care of," Felicia said. "Don't fret. Enjoy your new home for a while and the pleasures I'll introduce to you."

Charlotte's fists drummed on the door. She was screaming and crying.

"You'll tire yourself out," Felicia said soothingly. "I would think you would want to save your strength for Khan."

Charlotte stopped her pounding. Sniffing back her sobs, a new fear surged inside her. "Khan? I, don't-" The name was vaguely familiar.

"You remember, Lotty. Khan is my special dog that my brother gave me a few years ago. I mentioned him to you."

"I, don't know about any dog," Charlotte spat, hoping it were true.

"You seemed so interested in making love to him, too." Felicia made clicking sounds of disapproval with her tongue. "It's a good thing Khan isn't listening," Felicia laughed. "His feelings might get hurt."

"Ohhh, God," Charlotte moaned. "Dogs." She leaned against the door, lightheaded, woozy. "I won't do it with dogs! It's..."

"Wonderful," Felicia broke in. "Dogs are wonderful lovers and can be such good company when you're alone. You told me yourself your husband would like you to try it."

"No!" Charlotte wailed, remembering that conversation only too clearly now. "Pleeeeeease let me go!"

Suddenly, there was another clicking sound. Her eyes darted to the door across the room.

"Yes," Felicia said, "I promised you a treat and here he is."

As she spoke a square flap in the door opened and a large black head peeked in. Khan pointed his muzzle, sniffing the new scent.

Charlotte let out a scream as the giant black Doberman pinscher came into the room, the flap in the door dropping back into position with another click. The white shiny fangs glistened perilously as the dog growled. His coal-black eyes burned into Charlotte's shrinking body. She cowered, trying to blend in with the woodwork.

"Take him away! Take him away!" Charlotte cried hysterically.

Her eyes filled with overwhelming fear and she gulped, frozen to the spot where she sat. She swallowed her voice as the dog took a step toward her. Whimpering sighs of helplessness emanated from her quivering mouth as her body trembled uncontrollably. Her heart beat in her throat, the thumping sound echoing in her ears.

She shut her eyes, expecting to wake up from this horrible dream, only to be disappointed when she reopened her eyes. The monstrous dog was still there, only closer.

Charlotte's eyes flitted about desperately, seeking safety. There was none, not even a window to leap through. Her face brightened, noticing the flap in the door where the dog had come through. Holding her breath, she inched around the room, closer and closer to the door. She gasped. Freedom was only inches away and the dog was only watching, not attacking.

She slithered down, her fingers crawling along the wall to touch the metal flap. She pushed. It didn't budge. She pushed again, becoming frantic.

"Sorry," Felicia's hot, sexy voice purred. "It locks automatically. It looks as if you'll just have to let Khan entertain you for a while." A deep throaty laugh followed. Then a snapping noise reverberated in the room. It was a signal to Khan.

The Doberman growled, his lips drawing back, showing his full set of sharp, dangerous teeth, the sparkling white fangs dripping saliva. When he saw Charlotte freeze, he came toward her, his paws padding silently on the thick carpet.

"Nooooooooo, noooo, noooo!" Charlotte whimpered like a lost child, sinking to the floor, her legs unable to function correctly. "Nooooooooo!"

She curled up into a ball, sobbing into her hands, her eyes closed, every nerve in her body twitching as she waited to be ripped apart by the demonic-looking beast.

Khan sniffed her thighs, his cold nose brushing lightly against the trembling skin.

"Aaaayieeeee!" Charlotte squealed, going into hysterics. Her body cringed more tightly into a ball. "Don't bite me. Don't bite me."

The dog, used to the screams of frightened women, never flinched. He continued to sniff out the new smell of the small-framed woman. The terror exuding from Charlotte's pores was almost as stimulating as the heavy musky scent of dried pussy juice. His cold, wet nose flared and his tongue swiped over Charlotte's thigh flesh. He lathered her curled-up legs with his warm doggie drool.

Once he was satisfied with the shuddering woman's thighs and calves, the huge black beast began licking her arms as she held them pinned to her chest. His tongue slapped out across her hands, glued to her frightened face. He growled, a low unearthly sound that brought hard sobs from the cringing Charlotte.

"Take him away... oooooohhhhhhhh... pleeeeeease!" She was scared senseless, afraid to look up, afraid that at any second the dog would bite a chunk out of her. "Go away! Goooo... aaawayyy!"

"You shouldn't be so snobbish," Felicia's familiar voice floated out through the loudspeaker system. "Khan only wants to be your friend. He loves women, especially pretty women like you, with nice soft silky bodies."

Felicia was watching the closed-circuit television, her pussy soaked with her seething cunt-cream. She leered at Charlotte's naked body shivering on the floor and rubbed her own juice-laden pussy, moaning to herself as her swirling fingers caressed her blonde cunt mound. She was always ready, ready for either man, woman, or beast. Her boiling juices flowed over her active fingers, her blazing stare fixed on the television. Her sultry voice flowed through the room that held Charlotte prisoner as she spoke into the microphone.

Charlotte wanted to lash out at the soft perverted voice that was filling her head with loathsome thoughts. The dog was licking her hands and face and becoming increasingly active with his lapping tongue. She blamed it on the seductive voice, associating the two.

The dog whimpered, his bluish-red tongue going into Charlotte's ear. His tongue was long and wet, with warm spit dribbling from around the edges. Khan nibbled on her tiny earlobe, then slashed his whip-like tongue across her neck, and nuzzled his pointed snout between her bent elbows. He sought the tender flesh of this new woman's tits, the flesh he had grown to like on Felicia, his mistress.

"Allow him to lick your tits," Felicia moaned to Charlotte, her voice tight and heavy with passion. "You'll love it. He's so gentle."

All the hideous memories of what she had done with Felicia bombarded Charlotte's mind. Khan persisted in his quest to get at her tits and it made her sick. This seemed like a dream — a nightmare — a hazy nightmarish dream of terror.

Khan growled, his stubby tail wagging furiously. He barked and shook his long head, his cold nose snuggling between Charlotte's forearms and finally touching the flesh of her bare tits. He continued, barking and nuzzling. His strength forced her arms apart for a moment or two before he pulled back and barked his disapproval.

"You better give him his way," Felicia warned. "Khan gets very angry when he's deprived of what he wants." She paused, her own fingers imbedded inside her pussy making her quiver. "He'll bite you, bite your arm if you don't give him your tits."

It was a threat Charlotte believed and her throat constricted. Her choices were limited- refuse the beast the flesh of her tits and be bitten, or give into him and suffer the depraved act of having a dog lick her.

Slowly, fearfully, she lowered her arms. At least she wouldn't be maimed, at least she hoped not. Her eyes shifted to the camera peering down at her, hating the thought of giving the bitch pleasure — pleasure she knew Felicia was having by treating her in this inhumane manner. She felt sick just thinking about the things they had done together.

How she had enjoyed the perverted things she had done to the blonde.

Now it sickened her.

“Aaieeee!” Charlotte whimpered as the dog’s hard tongue slapping violently on her tits brought her quickly back to the present. What was happening now was worse, even more sickening!

Her eyes widened. She stared at the black, hairy dog intently licking the flesh of her soft tits. Her eyes followed his tongue as it whipped across her tittie mounds. Each contact of his wet tongue brought a shuddering groan from Charlotte’s throat and a churning of her stomach. Her hand went to her mouth, and she was afraid she was going to be sick.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Felicia’s voice tormented. “It makes me jealous to see you enjoy all of Khan’s favor.”

Charlotte looked up at the camera. She was ready to kill the woman whose voice was tormenting her, whose drug had turned her into a vile animal like the blonde bitch.

Her hands clenched into fists. She moved towards the camera and its impersonal eye focused on her naked body.

When she moved, Khan growled, nipping her arm.

Charlotte froze. Being licked was better than being chewed alive.

The ferocious-looking dog was happy again as he slobbered his spit between Charlotte’s two tittie mounds. They were smaller than his mistress’s and he enjoyed the difference. His nostrils reveled in the aroma of a new pussy as he licked the naked woman’s tits, his tongue whipping over both fleshy mounds and across her nipples. They were pointed and rigid with fright. He whined, growling low, nuzzling his pointed snout in between her firm tits and tasting the succulent meat.

Charlotte was slumped against the wall in shock, her eyes seeing but not believing what was happening to her. Her heart was trying to leap to her throat. Her sour stomach was tight and tumbled in somersaults. Her mind was trying to comprehend all that was happening to her.

“Like having your tits licked by a dog?” Felicia asked. Her body tingled as she watched the cowering Charlotte with a hungry passion. “His tongue is marvelous.” Her eyes closed for a second and thrilled to the sexual joys that she and her pet shared. She heaved a shivery sigh and continued to watch the monitor.

Charlotte was horror-stricken. She cringed, utter horror sweeping over her face as she saw the ugly beast, tired of sloshing her tits with his vile spit, sniff down lower, catching the scent of her cunt. Afraid of touching him, yet not about to let him do those horrible things to her cunt, she pushed a finger against his snout. “Go away, go away.”

The giant Doberman took her timid nudge as a sign of affection. and licked her hand, whimpering playfully.

Charlotte screwed up her face in disgust and pulled her hand away. Her body twisted around, trying to protect her pussy from the shiny black beast with the dangerous coal-black eyes and the slobbering tongue.

Khan caught the scent of Charlotte’s pussy as it drifted up to him. He inhaled, his cold black nose

quivering. He nudged her with his huge head, trying to get at her pussy, his body slinking down. He renewed the search for her cunt from another angle but the woman's legs still hampered him.

Charlotte was afraid the dog would eventually squeeze through her legs to get at her cunt. She turned, uncurling her legs from her fetal position and covering her pussy with both hands to protect herself. All of a sudden, she realized in this position her tits were completely vulnerable to the peering eye of the camera and the gaping blonde bitch. Knowing this, Charlotte turned her head, slowly and furtively inching around to face the wall, trying to hide her body from the prying eye of the camera and her cunt from the persistent dog.

Khan, anxious for the taste of sweet pussy-meat, nipped Charlotte's thigh, his eyes glowing menacingly. He yearned for that special taste which his mistress had introduced him to and he had cultivated a taste for.

He nipped Charlotte again with his front teeth, turning her into a mass of trembling, squeamish nerves.

"Ohhhh, oaaaahh," she cried, believing this time she would be maimed by the brutish dog's dangerously sharp fangs. She began to cry again, going into loud racking howls that annoyed Felicia.

"Don't be a stupid little shit, Charlotte," Felicia snapped into the microphone. "Let the dog have your pussy."

"Noooo," Charlotte wailed. "It's vile, it's-" She was too scared, too intimidated to speak. The black beast was biting her legs on his way up to her pussy.

"It's fabulous," Felicia said softly. "Give him a chance." Her voice was suddenly laced with anger. "I'm getting impatient, Charlotte."

Charlotte trembled as the dog nipped her tits, catching her off guard. She turned sharply, falling back, more vulnerable now as her arms went to brace her fall. She tumbled to her stomach, still having the presence of mind to protect herself.

Khan pawed her smooth back as she lay frightened and trembling on her stomach, her legs fused together, her arms underneath her body. He growled again, snipping his teeth on her ass and making Charlotte cry louder. He sniffed the crack of her ass, his tongue darting out and swiping inside the wrinkled, deep crack.

"Nnnnnn," she whined through clenched teeth. The dog was feasting on her twin ass cheeks and the crack that separated them.

Khan soaked her ass cheeks as he had soaked her delicious tits. He bit her ass flesh, nipping it playfully and barking anxiously for the meat of her sweet-smelling cunt.

Charlotte's head was spinning. No matter which way she turned some part of her body was open to the dog's tongue. She found herself losing control of her senses. She was hysterical, crying, trying to crawl under the bed and find some port of safety from the vicious animal and the blonde bitch who was watching her every move.

Khan saw the naked woman trying to scramble under the bed and his mouth opened. Latching his jaw around her trim ankle, the black beast growled his warning. His jaw gripped her ankle as if it were a bone and he shook his head, holding her ankle with his teeth, but not breaking the skin.



A piercing laugh floated out the loudspeakers. "You better not try to hide under that bed. He'll rip off your leg."

With that warning, Charlotte stopped. She would surrender to her maniacal captor and her vicious dog. She lay on the floor, defeated, ready to let the dog have his way and be done with it. She closed her eyes, not able to move a muscle. She was a petite piece of white creamy flesh, readying herself for what she thought was the slaughter.

Khan growled deep and menacing, his huge head motionless, his jaw still holding her trim ankle, his black eyes alert and waiting for Charlotte to try to escape. Getting no resistance, his mouth opened and he dropped her ankle. There was spittle all over her flesh and an indentation evident in her smooth skin from the sharp tips of his teeth.

Leisurely, Khan licked her leg, working up the back of her calf.

Charlotte buried her face in her arms, shutting everything from her mind—the dog's slapping wet tongue and Felicia's dirty and perverted suggestions that came to her over the loudspeaker system.

Felicia settled back in the comforts of her chair, her hands delving between the lips of her juicy pussy. She was drooling. She watched her pet Doberman swipe his tongue over Charlotte's sweet creamy nude body. Felicia licked her lips, the taste of Charlotte's pussy still lingered.

Khan soaked the back of Charlotte's thighs, casually nipping her ass, his tongue working up a frothy lather between the cheeks of her creamy, firm ass. He nestled his nose between the back of her thighs, his head shaking, forcing the docile Charlotte's legs apart. His tongue hit the back of her pussy.

Charlotte wailed, terrified. She began to shake like never before. She quivered in sheer fright. She crunched her fists up and prayed.

At last attaining his goal, Khan growled with satisfaction. He buried his snout between the folds of her hot cunt and snorted, his tongue delving into the dry pussy-hole. He plunged his tongue-meat inside, his doggie spit lathering the hole into a wet foamy soup. He shoved his nose inside the sweet warmth of her pussy. Charlotte's whimpering cries of anguish were lost on the horny beast as he tried to shove his tongue to the very depths of her cunt.

She cried, afraid to move, afraid that if she did the dog would bite her pussy the way he had her ankle. She suffered the degradation of the animal's tongue as it snaked into her cunt and up through the crack of her ass, praying it would end soon.

Khan enjoyed the scent of her cunt as he worked it feverishly with his tongue and spit. He dropped to his haunches between the frightened woman's legs, devoting his tongue to her pussy. He licked, slurped, and reamed out her delicious cunt. His spit turned her once dry cunt into a white slimy mess. He squirmed on the floor,, his black body, sleek and glistening, beginning to get aroused, his mammoth prick beginning to peek out from the thick- skinned sheath that housed it. He whimpered excitedly, his black snout white with his foamy spit.

Growling with intense excitement from Charlotte's succulent pussy-meat, he forced his nose deep into her pussy. The harsh, rough action jerked her body and caused friction on her clit. The scent of her savory cunt was growing stronger the more he licked and nudged his nose inside. It acted as an incentive for the horny dog. He became more determined, stretching her pussy with his pointed muzzle, his teeth nipping her swollen cuntlips gently.

Charlotte was still crying, inwardly fighting the warm feelings that were beginning to wash over her. The dog's tongue was bringing out the animal in her that had always been lurking below the surface. She battled her surging lust, holding her own against the dog's persistent tongue.

Despite herself, she felt herself slipping. She forced her mind to think of other things as the dog's lapping tongue drew her like a magnet to the murky depths of depravity. She concentrated on her husband, George. Then she erased the thought. He would probably enjoy this. For the five years they had been married he had wheedled and hinted that he wanted her to do it with a dog. His familiar voice raged inside her brain. Now that it was happening he wasn't even aware of it. It was ironic.

The dog nipped her cuntflesh, presenting her with the real danger of being chewed alive. He barked, seemingly frustrated.

A grim angry mask dropped over Felicia's face. Charlotte had plenty of will power. Felicia's hand was between her legs and she pinched her own clit, feeling a small tantalizing orgasm wash over her.

Still seated in her chair, Felicia knocked on a door, feeling the wonderful tremors of her lingering orgasm. "Craig. If you're done with your dinner, come on out. I'm going down to the room and fix our sweet little guest." There was an acknowledging grunt from the other side of the closing door.

Wearing only black crotchless panties and a black lace bra, Felicia hurried down the hall. She took a key from atop the door and fitted it into the lock. It clicked and she opened the door, staring at the scene before her. It made her blood boil tantalizingly.

"KHAN!"

The dog instantly looked up from the delectable pussy he was feasting on. His stubby tail wagged.

Felicia snapped her fingers and Khan leaped to her side. He sat down, glancing up at his mistress for approval as she stroked the top of his head.

"It looks as if you're going to need something to relax you," Felicia said to Charlotte, with a wicked smile. "No need for subtleties now."

She brought a hypodermic needle out of the leather pouch and stepped towards Charlotte. "A simple prick of the needle and you'll lose all this silly prejudice about making love to my handsome dog."

Terror swept over Charlotte. "OHHH... NOOOOOOO!"

"Yes, my sweet," Felicia said, kneeling over the prostrated Charlotte. "When you come to your senses, you won't need this." She jabbed the needle into Charlotte's arm and smiled. Charlotte flinched and bit her lip.

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Chapter Three

"You bitch!" Charlotte spat at the tall exquisite blonde petting her sleek, black Doberman. "YOU rotten bitch!"

Felicia was smiling down at her, her whole body tingling, waiting for the subtle change to occur in Charlotte's behavior. "Don't be so nasty," she purred. "It's for your own good."

Already Charlotte was beginning to feel the effects of the drug. "Why?" she sobbed, "W-why?"

"Let's just say I have a desire to help people overcome their inhibitions so they can enjoy themselves to the fullest capacity. I can already see you agree with my ideals."

"You are a bitch, you know?" Charlotte was wavering. She could feel her muscles relaxing. Her heart was thumping erratically and she could feel herself succumbing to the influence of the drug.

"Yes, a hot bitch who likes eating your pussy."

A dreamy smile played at Charlotte's dainty mouth. "I wish it wasn't true, but I loved eating you, too." She saw the dog in a different frame of mind. The pictures she had seen of him and his mistress clouded her thoughts. They seemed so erotic now. "He's so sexy, in a demonic way."

"Isn't he?" Felicia agreed.

Felicia walked across the room and sat in a chair, spreading her legs. Khan went immediately between them, nuzzling his pointed snout in her blonde cunt mound. His cold nose wriggled happily through the lace of her crotchless panties to her seething pussy.

Felicia murmured dreamily as Khan's tongue slipped inside her cunt. "He's so fantastic! I don't know how you can refuse him." Her ass squirmed in the chair, her blonde pussy humping at her dog's snout. Her face was masked in lust, her long fingers pawing her fleshy tits inside the lacy bra.

Charlotte drooled. Watching Khan digging his snout into the other woman's cunt made every nerve in her body tingle. She yearned for the same!

Charlotte licked her lips and crawled over to them. "I won't refuse him now," she told her captor. Sitting on her haunches, the naked Charlotte petted the beast's black fur, her hands caressing him lovingly, hypnotically, every sense geared toward having this giant dog. "Let him lick me."

Felicia leered down at the kneeling Charlotte. "Only after you've salvaged Khan's feelings. You were very rude to him and he is very sensitive. You have to make it up to him." The dog's tongue was heaven between her hot pussy-lips. She squirmed in the chair and scratched the dog's head as he licked her.

Charlotte rubbed her tits against Khan's shiny coat and stroked the dog's flanks. His short-haired coat prickled her sensitive skin like tiny needles. "Ooooo! I want him. I want him between my legs."

"Touch his cock first," Felicia demanded in a light, dreamy voice.

"Touch Khan's prick."

"Yessss," Charlotte agreed. Her trembling hand slid down under the dog's belly toward his cock sheath. She was shaking, her mouth salivating as she remembered seeing his enormous prick in the photographs. Her hand touched the furry hard-skinned sheath. Her fingers skimmed around it, feeling its size and imagining what his cock would look like.

"It won't stick out," Charlotte whimpered, pouting, longing for the dog's cock more than ever. She needed the joy it would bring, the joy she saw on Felicia's beautiful face as Khan licked her foamy cunt.

"Play with it, Lotty. It'll grow. You get it hard and I'll let you have him for your pussy."

"Mmmmm," Charlotte moaned light-headedly, stroking the dog's cock sheath with more determination. She wanted to get him hard. She squeezed the sheath, stroking, pulling and jerking back and forth with her fingers. Rubbing her tits into his fur, she trembled, her inhibitions melting.

She was slipping lower—she had to see his prick!

"Felicia!" she gasped in delight. "It's sticking out! It's coming out for me!"

With her fingers gently stroking, urging the dog on, she glared at the emerging red tip of Khan's wonderful prick. It filled her with passion and she played with his sticky prick and dangling balls, thrilling to see his cock growing larger and larger right before her very eyes.

Felicia was floating on a soft sensuous cloud as Khan's tongue slurped up the sticky froth that constantly seeped from her cuntlips. She stared at the naked Charlotte who was laboriously working the Doberman into a frenzy.

"Is it hard yet?" she sighed, ramming her cunt into her dog's digging snout.

"Yesss," Charlotte answered triumphantly. "It's a damn tree stump! Ohhhhh, God, it's sooo thick and long." Charlotte was foaming at the mouth at the monstrous prick. Her dazed green eyes were saucers of desire.

Felicia felt another rippling orgasm surge through her. Khan's tongue was keeping her high in the clouds, lifting her up to another heavenly plateau. "You'll know, in time, how great his cock feels buried to his hairy balls inside your tight pussy."

Her body stopped humping her pet's snout as the last volley of tiny orgasms spiraled through her. Her massive tits heaved and her head swirled with bliss at this new and exciting plateau of desire. She pushed Khan away from her cunt.

Khan whimpered, licking Felicia's knees, dejected for being deprived the juicy delights of her pussy.

"Soon, my handsome pet, soon." She leaned over and grabbed Charlotte's arm. "You better stop fondling him, or he'll cream all over your hand and waste it."

Charlotte's breath had quickened. She was shaking with a craving desire to feel the dog's tongue once again on her pussy. "Let him lick me."

"Lie back," Felicia suggested in her husky tone that was always coated with a thick layer of passion. "You can have your first doggie treat."

Charlotte immediately fell back on the floor, squirming like a snake on the carpet, her legs wide. She used her fingers to open the puffy lips of her aching cunt. "Let him lick me. Make him eat me!" She was distraught, so overcome with lust she didn't know what to do or say.

Felicia got down on the floor. She ran her long slender fingers over his open panting mouth, playing with the cream of her cunt that was on his snout. "You want to lick this delicious woman?" she asked her pet. "She tastes great, huh?" She smacked her lips together in remembrance.

Khan whimpered excitedly, his cock fully extended, his stubby tail going a mile a minute. His tongue hung out of the side of his jowls for the chance to eat the red-haired pussy in front of him.

"Don't make me wait," Charlotte wailed, twisting on the floor. She was a bundle of passion, needing

and craving the dog's tongue to send her into bliss. "I need it so bad. I'll do anything you want." Her voice had a pleading note to it.

"You'll do anything I want anyway," the tall blonde replied with assurance. She bent down and kissed her Doberman on the mouth, feeling his hard tongue going into her throat.

Charlotte gasped at the erotic, perverted sight. Her misted eyes blinked. She gurgled, the sound of her own voice eerie.

Felicia's tongue whipped across Khan's tongue, her hand reaching under him and grabbing his stiff cock. "She did get you nice and hard," she cooed to him, continuing to tease the squirming Charlotte. "She was mean to you, too," she added, and leaned back. "Do what you want, Khan. She's ready for you now." She released the dog.

Khan instantly went to Charlotte's vulnerable pussy.

"Ooooo, my Christ!" Charlotte squealed. Having her cunt finally attended to was overwhelming. "Ohhhhh, Felicia, thank you." She squirmed and wriggled on the plush carpet, riding the horny dog's snout as he lapped up her oozing juices.

"Tell me all about it, my innocent little housefrau." She was delighted by the sight of Khan's bluish-red tongue going inside Charlotte's red-haired pussy. "Tell me all about it as it happens."

"Eeeeww, yes," Charlotte purred wantonly. "His tongue, I feel it digging-ahhhhh! It's slapping my clit now- ooaahh, God, it feels so good." She swallowed, moistening her dry throat that was parched with excitement. "Oooooohhh! His tongue is inside me again. It's wilds She humped up, her pussy, steeped with her oozing buttery sauce, banged into Khan's digging snout.

His long hard tongue delved inside the gooey opening and lugged out gobs of seething cunt-cream. His nose nestled in between her sudsy cuntlips and he furiously whipped his tongue in and out. His gawkish legs lowered his slender body to the carpet, his erect cock coming in contact with the rug. He was jittery, high-strung and aroused to the limit, but he continued to please the whimpering Charlotte with his tongue.

Felicia purred, delighting in watching her Doberman feasting on the exotic wonders of Charlotte's tender, sweet cunt. "Ream her, Khan. Shove your tongue deep!" She urged the beast with her frantic voice, her hand groping for his monstrous prick. She finally clutched it, squeezing the thick hunk of cockmeat, the sticky juices making her break out in shivery goose bumps. "Ohhhh, lick her, boy. Lick our horny guest good."

Khan was whimpering. His mistress's fingers around his cock stem was driving him wild, spurring him on to greater feats of cunt-lapping. Strenuously, with the compelling force to cum welling up inside him, he gave Charlotte the best tonguing he could muster. His mistress's hand manipulating his raging hard cock made him work overtime on Charlotte's cunt. He began to growl, his small front teeth nipping the soft loose flesh of Charlotte's pussy lips, his tongue alternately snaking inside and lugging out lumps of gooey cream. He snarled, his head shaking, cuntmeat In ms Jaws.

Charlotte's eyes were filmed over with lust and she was plunging into bliss. Her cunt humped in perpetual motion, acute tingling sensations attacking her. She was reaching her orgasm, but was unable to grab hold of it.

Charlotte went berserk. "He's, oooooo... biting my pussyyy!" She ground her cunt down, squirming against the wild frenzied actions of the dog's snout, reveling in the danger of what was happening to

her and the joy she was receiving. "Ohhhhhh, Felicia, oaahhhh! KHAN!

KHAN!"

The dog responded to his name by plowing his tongue into the steamy wet oozing depths of her cunt. His back end shook, his cock sliding through his mistress's tight fist. He reamed the red-haired pussy and flashed his tongue inside, his teeth against her clit. He pushed, growling, his pointed muzzle drenched in creamy froth.

"His tongue! His tongue!" Charlotte's eyes widened in rapture. "Felicia! His tongue is so fuckin' deep!" She clawed her own belly with her nails. "I can feel him all the way up in here!"

She struggled and squirmed, twisting against the horny dog's nose. Her soft tittie mounds jiggled with her erratic jerking, the nipples aching painfully, ready to burst the moment her cunt exploded. A gurgling moan erupted from her throat.

"He's tonguing me!" Charlotte howled. "Sooooo deep!"

Felicia swooned, her hand tightening around the thick stem of doggie cock. It was as if she could feel his tongue inside her own cunt. "Let me see you cummmmm," she moaned to Charlotte, her voice low, wavering with passion. "Cum on his face. Drown him with your juice!"

The dog growled, his head nuzzled between Charlotte's sticky thighs. He tried to free his cock from his mistress's tight grasp, but Felicia refused to release his cock.

Felicia rested her head on him, stroking him. "Eat her! Bite! Bite!" Her fingers toyed with his ass, teasing his asshole and clawing under him, turning him into a wild beast.

Charlotte screamed with agonizing pleasure. She was the recipient of the dog's violent reaction to his mistress's torment. He began nipping with more fervor on her tender cuntlips. He jammed forward with more ferociousness, driving his nose into her squishy pussy.

"He's stretching me! My GOD! He's shoving his whole fucking head in me!" Charlotte convulsed into spasms.

Khan tongued deep, snaking inside the hidden depths of her pulsating pussy hole, his snout stretched her open, wider and wider, attempting to shove his entire head into Charlotte's turned-on body. He opened his powerful jaw and shook his head. He jabbed forward, every muscle of his sleek, jet-black body rippling. The muscles in his powerful neck were taut and his growling snarls were muffled by soft cuntmeat.

Felicia's eyes popped. She was caught up in Charlotte's cyclonic whirling passion, safely watching the turbulence from the eye of the storm, unaffected by its violence. She watched the storm wreak havoc upon the glassy-eyed Charlotte. Her spastic body wrenched and twisted, her eyelashes fluttering, her sporadic convulsions quickening as she floundered to-and-fro on Khan's digging snout.

Through hazy eyes Charlotte saw the exquisite blonde fingering her own cunt. Then her gaze shifted to the giant black Doberman between her legs. The overpowering stimuli were too much to handle. She soared to the peak, a dizzy realm of passionate bliss kept her head reeling into ecstasy. She opened her mouth, her words were trapped. She struggled in the stormy rage of her rapidly approaching orgasm.

A gasping cry came out her mouth and her eyes bulged in rapturous ecstasy. "I'M CUMING!" Her words ripped from her throat as her climax ripped through her pussy and spread throughout her body leaving devastation and destruction in its path. "I'm creaming all over Khan!"

Charlotte shook in spastic convulsions, thrashing on the rug in the midst of her orgasm. Her tits bounced with her uncontrolled quirky movements and her hands clenched and unclenched in rhythm to the contracting storm in her cunt. She beat her legs against the carpet, then raised them high in the air, spreading them wide apart an erotic vee, giving the horny Doberman ample room to lick and eat her.

The horny black beast didn't retreat from the fury of Charlotte's orgasm. He didn't flinch from her lunging pussy on his snout. He battled back, driving his tongue into her ramming cunt and stretching her gushing cunt with his muzzle. He shook his head, the milky river of Charlotte's cum washing over his black snout, through his open mouth, and out over his jowls. He was also caught up in Charlotte's raging storm. His black eyes glowed and he grabbed her extended clit, taking the blood-gorged button between his sharp teeth.

Charlotte screeched at the top of her lungs. The dog's nipping teeth sent her spiraling higher and higher until she began to babble incoherently in a continuous murmuring sound. She writhed and contorted in the throes of her orgasm, and Khan was controlling it.

The large black dog tore at Charlotte's tiny clit as if it were a piece of raw beef. Growling and snarling, he lashed his head from side to side, her clit raw flesh meat. Her sticky cum gushed over his jowls, making him look as if he were a rabid beast foaming at the mouth. He growled, sounding like muted thunder, and attacked her pussy again, biting her tender exploding clit and whipping his tongue across the protruding meat.

Charlotte shrieked, piercing the air with her cry. "He's chewing me up!"

She pushed down with her cunt, trying to devour his entire head as she climaxed onset and over again. She grabbed herself behind her knees, her legs still up in the air, leaving her pussy open to attack, an attack she welcomed with undying pleasure. Her head snapped from side to side, her red hair slashing her flushed face. Her eyes were glittering green emeralds blazing with fiery passion. She trembled as the dog continued to torture her in the pangs of her orgasm.

Charlotte's screams brought Felicia out of her stupor. She blinked, watching her dog turn petite little Charlotte into a screaming mass of exploding flesh. She was the onlooker and she devoured the sight, thrilling to the intensity of Charlotte's orgasm. It brought on a rippling orgasm in her own pussy and a quiet murmuring sigh was heard as it gently washed over her.

Charlotte was going out of her skull. The dog's tongue and frenzied biting were keeping her from coming down to earth. Her orgasm had wiped her out, but Khan was still driving her to the brink of insanity. Her head turned to Felicia. "Help me! Make him stop! Ohhhh, God, stop him!"

Felicia smiled like a cat. "Like it?"

Numb, Charlotte nodded. "Yes! YES!" She was struggling, trying to squirm away, but the dog refused to let her go. "Please!"

She began to gurgle on her own spit, thrashing as another orgasm caromed through her pussy. She screamed, then twisted away, wrenching her body and squirming in agony, trying to rid her body of the hungry dog.

Felicia snapped her fingers. "KHAN!"

The dog instantly raised his head.

Charlotte gasped with relief.

Khan barked. His own passion was overwhelming. Cum dripped from his snout and his tongue hung out, coated with a thin film of pussy cum. He sat up, whining to his mistress that he needed to be satisfied, his huge thick cock jutting out as his ass squirmed on the rug.

Free at last, Charlotte scrambled away from him, panting and blinking back her vision, still trembling in the aftermath of her horrendous orgasm. "I, thought I was going to die." Racking gasps filled her lungs with air. "Christ, I practically blacked out!"

The tall blonde's eyes were blue fire, the pupils totally dilated—two onyx gems staring at the red glistening cock between her dog's legs. A hunger grew in her body, a hunger for doggie meat.

Charlotte noticed this overpowering lust glittering in Felicia's eyes. Following the tall, exquisite blonde's vision, her eyes popped when they saw the dog's gigantic cock.

"Oh, my, God," she whispered, her jaw dropping. "Oh, my God, it's even bigger!" The photograph had showed that he was gigantic, but seeing his prick glisten like a fiery red club made her woozy. "God!"

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" Felicia droned, not once taking her eyes off Khan's gorgeous prick. "It's magnificent in action." She tore her eyes away from it for a second. "You want to see me eat him?"

A boulder clogged Charlotte's throat. She opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out. She nodded her assent.

"I'm glad," the statuesque blonde mewed, her voice still dripping with heated desire. She crawled over to her panting Doberman and stroked his fur with even smooth strokes, soothing him. "Lie down, boy. I'll take care of you right away."

Khan whimpered urgently, licking his mistress's face. Docilely, he lay down, his head lifting as his black eyes pleaded with her to end his suffering. His gargantuan cock scraped the carpet.

"Watch, Charlotte," Felicia mewed, pushing her dog over on his side.

"Watch me turn the beast into a whimpering lump of flesh."

Charlotte was entranced. She crawled over and saw the immense size of Khan's prick up close. "God!" she mumbled under her breath. "He'd split me apart for sure."

"You'll be begging for his cock soon," Felicia promised, stroking his belly with affection. "Soon, you'll crawl on your knees for his cock!"

Charlotte stared, her eyes wide with awe. She licked her dry lips, anticipating Felicia's mouth on that magnificent piece of cockflesh. She knew the words Felicia spoke were true. Deep inside, she knew it, but she still believed it was the drug that was making her see things the way Felicia wanted her to. It didn't matter now. Her only thoughts were on the dog, his cock, and what Felicia was going to do—eat him off.

Felicia's massive tits heaved as she breathed loud rasping breaths and stroked her whimpering dog.

Her long fingers finally curled around the monstrous stem of his colossal prick. Her hand held the dog's cock as if her life depended on it.

The dog whined, his long, powerful sleek body quivering, the taut muscles rippling. His head lifted, his eyes glowing like two burning coals. He whined again, his tongue lolling out. In a rippling flurry, he jabbed his cock through his mistresses tight gripping fist, seeking relief from the aching pain in his hairy swollen balls.

'Easy, boy,' Felicia soothed lovingly. 'I'm gonna suck it for you and make you all better.' Her voice calmed him. She wiped her tongue across her lips and crawled down to his belly, her mouth within inches of his prick.

"Come closer, Lotty. Watch."

Charlotte scrambled around for a better angle, resting her head in her hands no more than a foot away from Khan's prick. She drooled.

"Lick him good," Charlotte whispered to the exquisite blonde. "Lick him. Make him cum."

Felicia, her mind set on Khan's prick, concentrated all her attention on it. She stroked his prick with her hand, up and down, then like a snake, flicked out her viper tongue, catching Khan's cock tip, her tongue making the dog whine in a frenzy.

Seeing Felicia's tongue wetting the tip of the dog's prick sent shock waves through Charlotte's pussy. She gasped lightly, her eyes unblinking, staring in wonder.

Felicia moved her mouth closer, her lips clamping around the cockhead. Her hand released his prick and she swirled her tongue around the width, slowly sinking down, deliberately taking his cock inch by inch into her mouth. Her cheeks drew inward as she sucked, sending Khan off on a whimpering binge. She smiled inwardly, aware of Charlotte's own desire to do what she was now doing.

She stroked her pet between his legs, caressing his heaving balls, his inner thighs, and the thickset prick. Her mouth seemed to be devouring the entire length of his unnaturally large cock.

Charlotte watched in utter amazement. Her throat gagged as she intently watched Felicia's mouth devour the entire length of Khan's meaty cock. She choked as if it were her throat being stuffed with doggie cock. She reached out with a trembling hand, stroked the shaking dog's hind leg, and eyed the cock disappearing into Felicia's rapacious mouth. The role of onlooker was not for her. She wanted to be a part of what was happening.

Khan quaked, his cock in his mistress's hot mouth. His whimpering yelps grew louder as his mistress engulfed him with her scorching mouth. He humped her face, driving his prick into the depths of her throat. He tore into her gullet, his pointed cocktip spearheading the invasion. His huge hairy balls whacked her chin as his entire body geared for his impending orgasm.

Felicia gurgled on his cockmeat, taking his shaft to his balls and reveling in the power that surged through his hulking prick. She used her teeth to scrape against his sensitive cock, hearing Khan howl in blissful torment. She scratched his ass, her eyes shining brightly as her nails turned the giant humping dog into a whimpering puppy.

Khan pawed the rug with his front paws, his ass jerking and jabbing his cock relentlessly into his mistress's face. He raised his head to look at her, the black eyes rolling, the bloodshot whites appearing, his eyes floating up into his skull. His head dropped to the floor with a thud as he jerked

and trembled in spasms on his side.

Felicia doubled and redoubled her efforts to get her pet to cum. She sucked deeply, chewed on his stabbing cock and tortured his asshole with her finger. She pressed forward, taking him deeper with each lunge and whipping her tongue along the bottom of his prick like a leather belt. Her teeth gnawed, her lower jaw moved back and forth. She felt the dog's cock swelling in her throat and knew he was ready. She signaled to Charlotte of the dog's approaching orgasm.

"Yeaaaaah," Charlotte gurgled, her throat hoarse.

She balled her fists, swallowing her leaping heart as she waited. Her eyes were glued to Felicia's mouth and the red cock that stabbed her over and over again. It made her dizzy to watch and she sighed, swooning with a longing to do the same. She rested her hand on the dog's hind leg again, wanting to feel some part of him when he blasted.

Khan roared, whimpered, and whined, his body quaking with his orgasm. Foamy spittle drooled from his rubbery lips as his cock ruptured. Jet streams of glutinous doggie jism splattered the back of Felicia's throat and oozed down her gulping gullet.

She took the lumpy wads of doggie goo with hunger. The wads grew thicker, heavier as they spilled out of Khan's prick. It turned into a steady stream, flooding her mouth and overflowing her clinging lips. The stringy lumps of cum oozed down her chin and onto the rug as she sucked hungrily, trying to satisfy her never-ending thirst. She drew it out from deep within his rumbling balls, drinking, sucking, catching the pulsing rhythm of his spitting prick.

Khan jerked in spasms. His huge body became a tightly coiled spring that had unwound. He plowed his mistress's vacuum-like mouth, jabbing, whimpering, and howling. His lips were drawn back, his fangs were bared, and his eyes were rolling. He ripped into the tight gullet and creamed again, drenching her with his streaming load.

Charlotte was totally immersed in Khan's climax. Her mouth dropped with hunger for some of his spume. Her eyes popped, wishing she was the one sucking off his magnificent prick. She kept her eye on the red squirting cock skewering the blonde woman's throat and thrilled to the doggie cum that gushed past her lips. She was envious.

She placed a finger on Felicia's clinging lips and snatched up some of Khan's doggie jizz. She licked it off her finger and almost fainted. She felt a sudden sense of disgust mixing in with her overpowering lust. The drug was beginning to wear off.

Khan lunged, Felicia drank his spewing load. They battled each other, the squirting cock and the gulping mouth. Felicia took one long tremendous pull on his cock with her sucking mouth, hearing the dog howl. She still held him with her teeth even though she knew the beast was struggling to be freed.

Trapped in his mistress's mouth, Khan yelped, squirmed, and twisted. Familiar with her ways, he knew she would let him go soon, but he didn't stop struggling.

Felicia drank the last gob of cum and broke into a smile, relinquishing his cock at last.

Khan licked his shrinking cock, soothing it with his swiping tongue.

Doggie cum dripping from Felicia's mouth, she swiped her lips clean with her tongue and glared at Charlotte. "Well? Doesn't it make you hungry for some doggie cock?"

Charlotte shrank back, her conflicting emotions battling it out, repulsion intermixed with passionate lust. She nodded her desire for what she craved, then quickly shook her head in shame, not understanding and hating herself at the same time.

"You shouldn't fight your natural desires so much, Lotty. It isn't healthy." She reached out for her. "You want me to eat you?"

Wordlessly, Charlotte declined, shaking her head.

"You want Khan to eat you?" A hint of a smile was on Felicia's cum-stained lips.

"Nooooo," Charlotte finally said, but not with as much determination as she wanted. "Nooooo!"

"How about having that marvelous prick in your pussy?" Felicia coaxed.

"I saw the way you were drooling over it."

Charlotte began to cry, overwhelmed, her mixed emotions convulsing her. She was in turmoil. She shook her head weakly, knowing she was succumbing to her own desires, to the animal inside of her. She fought it, crawling to the bed to hide.

"Yes, Lotty, you sleep. I'll come back later tonight and we can talk.

Maybe you'll change your mind."

"Never!" Charlotte spat vehemently, but not really believing the conviction of her own words. "Never."

Felicia laughed, a deep sexy laugh. "Nearer is a long time, my sweet china doll. More like a few days." She went out, closed the door, locked it, and left Charlotte to think.

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## **Chapter Four**

Charlotte rolled over in the soft bed, luxuriating in the black satin sheets. She stretched with a gaping yawn and kicked the covers off her lithe naked body. She sat up, her face bright, relaxed, her eyes alert and full of life.

She stretched again, her tits rising, the nipples pointing toward the door. It had been three days since she had knocked on Felicia's front door, three days of discovering herself and her desires. At first, she had been overcome with shock, then shock gave way to disbelief, and the night before disbelief had been displaced by her own passions.

Without the drug, she had become the temptress, flaunting herself at Felicia and her handsome brother, Craig. After dinner, she had ended up in bed with them both for one of the most fantastic fucks of her life. Except for the rare moments with George when she had let her hair down, this one had been the best. A new beginning.

A knock on the door brought her back to the present. "C'mon in," she purred contentedly. Since she had succumbed to her passion, the door was kept unlocked.

Felicia pushed open the door and came in. Khan was by her side, obedient and ever alert. "How do you feel this morning?"

A soft dreamy expression swept over Charlotte's beautiful face. She fell back on the bed and laughed. "Marvelous, Felicia. Absolutely marvelous!" She slapped the bed and smacked her lips at the jet-black Doberman. "C'mon, Khan, canon up here."

Felicia tapped the monstrous dog on the rump and he leaped up on the bed, wagging his stub of a tail and panting happily, his long tongue drooping out the side of his mouth.

Felicia watched with an interested eye and a twinge of satisfaction. Her judgment about the petite woman and her dormant passions had been right. It made her feel good.

"Ooooo, you handsome pooch," Charlotte purred. She hugged the large beast with the glossy black fur. "Today is going to be our day," she told him, squeezing him affectionately around his thick neck and rubbing her tits into his fur.

Felicia sat on the edge of the bed, her large tits jiggling under her flimsy black lace robe. She stroked Khan's rump, enjoying Charlotte's enthusiasm. "You ready to come down to breakfast?"

"I don't know," Charlotte said, feeling deliciously naughty, just like when she had played hooky from school. "Maybe I'll just lay around in bed all day and play with my pussy-or yours-or Khan's cock."

"Feeling pretty good, huh?"

"Better than good! Terrific! Last night was something out of a dream. All week has been like a dream." An exciting tremor swept through her as Khan licked her face and neck. Instinctively, she backed away as some of her old fears surged through her.

"You still have a few of your fears to iron out," Felicia laughed. She pulled the Doberman over to her by his studded collar. "I guess you'll still have them for a while."

"Not for long," Charlotte vowed. "Not after seeing all the things I've been missing and how repressed I've been. If George could see me now!"

She giggled devilishly, fondling herself freely, kneading the flesh of her tingling skin, no longer shy, no longer ashamed of the sexual feelings she had always denied herself.

"George would be proud. Speaking of George," Charlotte said abruptly, "how did you ever fix it so he wouldn't worry about me when I didn't show up at my sister's?"

"I was wondering when you'd get around to asking," Felicia said, a grin on her face, her blue eyes sparkling devilishly.

"I was going to ask you, but I've either been fucking or sleeping. And last night-the three of us, you and your brother and me-we sort of got carried away."

"You mean, you got carried away," Felicia corrected. "It made me feel good to see you act so naturally-and without the drug too." Felicia stroked the quiet dog's head, her long fingers touching his jowls.

Charlotte leered at the huge black-haired beast, her eyes bright, glistening with a desire to take the dog on her own. She blinked. "About George... I want to know how you managed it."

"It was simple," Felicia paused. "George knows all about it." She let the statement hang.

Charlotte's face reddened with shock, then blazed with rage. "The rotten bastard!" she snarled

maliciously, her jaw tight. "The dirty rotten fuckin' bastard!" She was breathing hard, anger welling up inside of her small, compact body.

Felicia stroked Charlotte's slender leg. "Think about it for a moment, Lotty. George did you a favor." Her hand skimmed up the small woman's thigh to her pussy mound and the thick foliage of dark-red curly cunt hair. She kept her hand there, cupping the furry mound. "He loves you."

"Then why this?" At that moment she hated him, hated her husband with all her heart.

Felicia's hand began to move almost imperceptibly on Charlotte's pussy, caressing the soft mound with her palm. "If you think about it, you'll know why. You've been married quite some time now and George has asked you to do many things, but you've constantly refused him. You wouldn't try anything different, or even give him the notion that you would consider it. Your sex- life has been very dull."

Charlotte was calming down and the words rang true, only too true. She blinked, a tear rolling down her flushed cheek, and she heaved a heavy sigh. She found herself nodding in agreement.

"He could have said, the hell with you, and had affairs or divorced you, but he loves you. He wanted you free from your hang-ups and the way you were raised by your parents so that you two could enjoy the rest of your lives together."

Charlotte felt foolish. Every word Felicia said was true. She had been, except for rare occasions, very selfish in bed, accepting, never giving-only receiving.

"How did he meet you?" Charlotte finally asked. She squirmed, Felicia's thumb going into her cunt.

"I've known George for a long time. Craig introduced us."

"Did you ever fuck George?"

"I made it with him and my brother. And a few times with George and a dog." She smiled at Charlotte. "George certainly got off when I made it with a dog."

Charlotte was amazed and needed to know more. "Was it before we were married?"

"Yes."

Charlotte felt a load being lifted off her shoulders. If he could be faithful while having all the exotic delights at his fingertips, then he must certainly love her.

"I met him again a few months ago," Felicia continued to explain, her thumb turning Charlotte's pussy into a pool of oozing cunt-cream. "We got to talking and the conversation got around to you, and I suggested this. At first, he was reluctant. Then I explained that if his feelings about your latent sexuality were true, he'd be doing you, as well as himself, a favor. He agreed and we set it up for this week." She slipped three fingers into Charlotte's pussy, feeling the heated wetness. "I hope you understand now."

"Unnnnn," Charlotte hummed, her hips wriggling. She pressed down against the woman's fingers in her cunt- her tantalizing fingers. "You won't say anything about me fucking your brother, will you?"

"It doesn't matter. George understands. He knew that once you were here, my brother and I would both enjoy you."

Charlotte gulped. "He did this all because he wanted me to make it with animals?"

"No," Felicia corrected. "He did it because he loves you and wanted you to enjoy sex the way it should be enjoyed, the way you always inwardly wanted to enjoy sex, but were too afraid to admit to yourself. You did nothing here that you didn't want to do—the drug only heightened those desires that were hiding in you. We only brought them out in the open for you and your husband to enjoy."

Charlotte's head was spinning, half from the torturous fingers in her cunt and half from the knowledge she just received. "Then I might as well learn everything there is about my own sexuality."

"I'm glad you feel that way. George knew that once your barrier was broken and you were home again, you would be a more loving wife and he, in turn, would be able to be a more loving husband. What happens to you in this house will be an experience the two of you can enjoy over and over again in the future. Most of your visit here has been filmed. The films are a present from me."

Felicia took off her robe. "How would you like to have a taste of Khan's prick before we go down to breakfast?"

Charlotte's head whirled. "Whewwwww," she sighed. "I- I..."

"Think of George and how much pleasure you'll be able to give him once you come to grips with yourself completely. You've already accepted sex with me and three-way sex without the drug. Why not climb over that last hurdle and make it with my handsome Khan?" She placed her juice-stained fingers at Charlotte's mouth. "Taste your own cunt-cream."

Greedily, Charlotte sucked the creamy foam off of Felicia's fingers, enjoying the taste of her own cunt. "I'm nervous," she admitted, "but I want to—not only for George—but for myself." She stared at the dog, seeking courage. She wanted Khan, the ache in her cunt told her that.

Felicia climbed to the head of the bed. Her massive tits bounced as she became comfortable, crossing her long sensuous legs and sitting like an erotic golden statue, her eyes glittering mysteriously. "I'll watch."

Charlotte cuddled up to the dog, rubbing her naked body against his fur. She shivered with a growing desire for him. The dog's fur felt warm against her flesh and she wrapped her arms around his thick neck, letting her fingers trail along his mouth and teeth.

"I'm creaming myself," she sighed aloud, his stubby tail hitting her clit as it wagged. "Even drugged all I ever did was play with him and let him eat me."

"It was all you needed to overcome the initial shock of having sex with animals. You watched me eat him. It's just like eating George."

"I never ate George that much," she confessed.

"I know," Felicia said, then winked. "You two are going to have a lot of catching up to do once you return home."

Charlotte giggled in nervousness. A growing passion soon replaced her uneasiness.

Khan whimpered, squirming on his side, waiting for Charlotte to do something. He lifted his head and licked her face.

Charlotte purred, accepting his affection as she climbed over the giant beast. The thick red hair on her head was tousled and her green eyes mirrored her enthusiasm and lustful desires. Her tits jiggled delicately as she plopped down next to Khan, one of his hind legs between her thighs.

“Gonna suck you, my handsome stud,” she said as she licked her lips, stroking his cock sheath. “Gonna suck you off like your mistress does.”

Khan slapped his tongue out and curled it into Charlotte’s open mouth. He plunged into her throat, then out over her soft lips, trembling in anticipation of what was going to happen to him. He whimpered like a small pup, his hind leg getting juicy from Charlotte’s seeping pussy.

Khan glanced over at his mistress at the head of the bed, his black eyes glassy. His tail wagged slightly, relaying to her that he was happy. Accidentally, his hind leg jabbed into Charlotte’s clit.

“Oooooahhh!” Charlotte cooed, humping the beast’s leg. She reached down for his cock again, rubbing his balls urgently. “Ooooo, Khan, get nice and hard for me. Let me see how big I can get you.” She devoted all her attention to the docile animal, exercising his devil- cock from its sheath.

She flicked out her tongue, swiping up the drool from Khan’s rubbery tongue and slapping her tongue across his pointed fangs. A hot sizzling ripple raced up her spine. Her hand scratched him behind the ear while her other hand kneaded his cock out of the sheath, bringing it to life.

Khan was wriggling in bliss, the woman’s hand making him crazy. He licked her face affectionately, soaking her in doggie spit. His tongue slapped across her eyes and mouth and he whimpered, jerking his head as Charlotte tried to grab his tongue with her mouth.

“Ohhh, Khan, you do make such a good lover.”

Charlotte was swimming in a sea of passion, exotic passion, and she was thrilled. She gouged his large paw through the puffy lips of her scalding hot pussy, scratching her clit with his nails. She jerked in heavenly spasms, her head snapping, her eyes rolling.

Felicia anticipated the last few days with Charlotte and the things they would share with Khan. Her fingers played at her own cunt until her seeping cream coated them. She licked them clean, purring, her blue eyes glued to Charlotte and Khan.

Charlotte dragged the dog’s paw through her moist pussy. A spasm rippled through her cunt and was followed by a rumbling tremor when his claw came in contact with her exposed purplish-red clit.

“Uhhhhh, doggie, nice!” She was in heaven.

Closing her thighs, she clamped the dog’s leg against her cunt and clit and grabbed his thick sheath, finding his cock sticking out halfway. She stroked him with wild fanaticism, her small, delicate hand riding up and down the thick red glistening cockmeat. She was creaming all over his leg and getting his prick stiff and hard at the same time.

Khan, used to the attention of women, lay docile, his hips moving subtly, whimpering with pleasure. His front paws rested on Charlotte’s shoulders and he licked her face again.

Longing to see his cock, Charlotte sat up, her glassy eyes riveted to the red cock that jutted out from between his hairy back legs. Her mouth was dried up, parched from excitement, and her eyes watered with a sense of euphoria. She had tackled her fear!

She gazed hypnotically at her hand that had held his cock shaft. It was sticky and gooey from his prick and she brought it to her mouth and licked the palm of her hand. She purred out loud, her cheeks flushing red, her blood boiling in her veins, carrying the lust for the massive beast and his giant cock to every part of her trim, naked body. She was cured of her fear of making it with a dog, in fact, she loved it, even craved it!

Khan looked at Charlotte with longing, wanting something done to his aching cock.

Charlotte knew what he wanted but ignored his whining pleas. She wanted to play, to enjoy what she was doing, before tackling his prick and sucking it. She straddled his mouth with her cunt and jabbed, banging her clit into his muzzle.

"Bite it, pooch! Bite me!"

"Don't tease him," Felicia moaned, her own lust brimming at the surface. "It's not right to tease. Give him what he wants."

Charlotte turned her head to face the naked woman. "What does he want?" she asked breathlessly, a hot leer on her beautiful face.

"He wants your mouth." Felicia realized that conversation added to Charlotte's stimulation. "He wants to put his nice hard doggie cock in your mouth so he can cream your throat with his cum."

"Ooooo," Charlotte sighed, dizzy with the idea of drinking the cum of a dog. "Ooooo, Felicia! I don't know if I can really do it."

"You can," Felicia purred. "You just want to be coaxed."

Charlotte tossed back her mass of long red hair and laughed in total abandon, completely free of restraint. She humped her cunt at the dog's snout, reveling in his tongue snaking inside her creaming pussy as he licked her.

"Ooooo, he's eating me! Licking my cunt!" She was ready now, anxious to begin the real delight. She dropped to her side, wriggling down to his cock, her hands gripping the tremendous hard-on that jutted out strong and fierce. "He's sooo big. He'll choke me to death!"

Felicia came down to the foot of the bed to show Charlotte what to do. "Lick it like this," she said, her tongue slithering up the length of the dog's cock. Khan shook.

Charlotte nodded and followed suit, her tongue sliding up the sticky length of Khan's giant cock. She shook from the first contact, pulled her head away and gasped.

"Ohhh, my God, I did it! I really did it!"

"Not quite," Felicia giggled, her huge tits crushed beneath her as she lay on her belly, her rounded ass perched high, her fingers gouging out her own cunt. "Do it again." She humped her fingers, her eyes on fire, glaring at Charlotte and the dog's cock. "Do it again or I'll suck him off and you'll go hungry." She was hot, bubbling hot, her fingers sticky with juice.

"Oooo, noooo," Charlotte gasped, going back to Khan's cock. "His prick belongs to me this morning." She licked his prick, bringing her tongue up from his balls, over his extended shaft and across his seeping piss slot.



Khan shivered, his taut, muscular body rippling with power. His whimpering cries were ignored for the moment as Charlotte continued to use him as a toy.

"Easy, Khan," Charlotte purred, stroking his furry balls and the tight knot at the base of his cock. "Be patient and I'll suck you dry." She giggled, hefting his huge balls in her small hand. "God, he must have a gallon of the stuff in him."

"It'll seem that way when he's coming," Felicia said, keeping herself at a delicious peak, waiting for Charlotte to stop being frivolous and get down to a real blowjob.

With her heart pounding, Charlotte opened her mouth, clamped her lips against his exposed cock, and sucked, her tongue swishing across his prick. She gulped, keeping her mouth around his hulking cock and sliding her fused lips back down to his balls. Her courage mounted as she slid back tip his pointed prick with her clinging lips.

Khan whined. Tiny yelps of ecstasy and helplessness came from his huge powerful-looking body. He jerked his back paws and tried to attain a foothold with his front paws. He didn't succeed. He had to cum, but Charlotte's slow pace wouldn't allow it.

Khan's head turned to his mistress for help, his eyes pleading. Felicia was too involved in watching Charlotte's mouth and too busy with her own pussy to be concerned. The horny beast dropped his head back to the mattress, a pawn to the passions of the two beautiful women.

Felicia sat up abruptly. "Let him fuck your mouth," she exclaimed, her face aglow with desire. "Get on the floor. It'll be so much better!"

Charlotte lifted her head. Her eyes were hazy, flooded with a passion that knew no bounds, and she swallowed uneasily. "I'm afraid..."

Yet, she craved it. An image of Khan mounting another dog formed in her mind. Her mouth would be the other dog. She would be the bitch. She nodded her approval before she could change her mind. Quickly, she got down on the floor.

"Like this?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes," Felicia hissed. "Lean your head back." She climbed off the bed and snapped her fingers. Khan leaped to her side, whimpering annoyingly. She stroked his head. "You're gonna get it now, boy, don't worry. The right way."

Charlotte trembled, waiting for Felicia to help the dog into position.

"Hurry," she urged, her voice straining, cracking. "Hurry!"

The tall blonde led the giant Doberman between Charlotte's outstretched legs, allowing Khan to lick her face before she helped him up. "Okay, my horny pet, she's all yours." She tapped the bed with her hand, and Khan barked, immediately understanding. He had done it this way often enough.

Charlotte moaned and uttered a childlike gasp. The monstrous dog slapped his huge paws on the bed and blanketed her head with his body.

Charlotte gazed in panic and lust at the gargantuan cock angled for her mouth. She wiggled into a better position.

In the blink of an eye, Khan was jabbing her face, aiming haphazardly, furiously trying to plant his doggie cock in her mouth. Whimpering and dancing on his back legs, Khan stabbed Charlotte's face, seeking entry to the wetness of her mouth. But he couldn't find it. His prick jabbed her teeth, her cheeks, her chin, everywhere but where he wanted.

Finally, as Charlotte adjusted her head to accommodate him, he found his mark and his prick delved headlong into her waiting mouth. He let out a woeful howl, mercilessly jabbing, relentlessly thrusting.

Charlotte gagged and choked, his prick spearing down her throat, stretching her wide. She understood why Felicia had chosen this way for her first experience in doggie sucking. There was no way she could change her mind -she belonged to the dog and there was no opportunity to get away. She was grateful to the blonde for her decision. Charlotte knew the dog's first jab would have thrown her into a panic and she would have taken her mouth away.

His cock tearing into her throat made her concentrate on him. The initial shock had passed and she gripped his haunches, holding him, feeling the power of his slamming body. Her hands flowed up and down his humping frame, her fingers digging into his fur. She experienced strange and wonderful sensations as her mouth was stuffed with doggie cock, and she wallowed in it. She was actually sucking a dog's cock! It staggered her mind.

Having found the warm wetness of Charlotte's mouth and throat, Khan went insane. Having been tortured for so long, he fucked her face savagely, burrowing his cock in her throat with his massive, pointed cock tip leading the way. He leaned forward for maximum depth, his huge paws firmly planted on the bed, his back paws prancing, maintaining his balance as he wildly fucked the sucking mouth in front of him.

Charlotte found herself shaking in desire. The doggie cock in her mouth was more than she had asked for- wildly exotic and wantonly exciting! She used her tongue, experimenting, enjoying, sucking, her teeth grazing along his thick prick while he rammed her to the hilt.

Khan howled in raging excitement as her teeth dug along his sensitive prick, his mighty body lashing his cock into her throat at a reckless speed. His prick swelled and his balls ached, his heavy load multiplying.

Charlotte was delirious. She sucked and whipped her tongue along his cock, grating her teeth along the length as he whipped it in and out of her mouth. Reaching under him, she caressed the balls that would soon rupture and drench her with their burdensome load of cum. She could already feel the warm doggie jism oozing down her throat.

"Play with his ass," Felicia cried in a hoarse tone. "Play with his asshole!"

Felicia's words finally penetrated Charlotte's fuzzy lust- sopped brain. She was so caught up in the dog's fury, that her pussy was creaming against itself. She reached around him and placed her finger on his wrinkled ass opening, grabbing his stubby tail with her other hand while he jabbed his cock brutally down her throat.

Khan went berserk. He lunged to rid his asshole of the finger. The action drove his cock farther down her throat, his heavy balls whacking into her chin. He growled, his rubbery lips drawn back over his pearl- white fangs. His taut, lean body glistened with a black sheen and his snarl appeared demonic.

"Finger him! Finger-fuck his asshole!" Felicia shouted deliriously.

Charlotte obliged with fervor. She plunged her finger in and out of his ass, feeling the rumbling explosion in his ramming cock that would soon drench her in doggie jizz. But she still was not prepared for the next thirty seconds.

Khan's neck stretched to the limit as he glared toward the ceiling, his black eyes rolling. The next flurry of blows brought a fireball of jism out his spitting cock tip. He roared his rage, his prick gushing a bubbling outpour of doggie goo into Charlotte's gurgling throat.

Charlotte drank it. Thick clumps of jism splattered against the back of her throat and before she could swallow it all, more followed. A steady barrage of thick wads turned into a river of cum. It flooded her mouth, her throat, and gushed from her nose. She choked and spluttered, doggie cum seeping out the sides of her clinging lips with each horrendous plunge of his prick.

Even with the awesome load, Charlotte never faltered. She swallowed as much as was humanly possible, her cheeks full of doggie cum. It poured down her throat. She took the dog's savage pace, her finger still imbedded in his asshole. Her finger was held deep, crooked, her nail scratching his tight ass wall.

Khan became enraged at not being able to rid the finger in his ass. He yelped, humping her face, his hind legs performing some kind of erotic dance to keep his balance. His ass jerked in an effort to dislodge the annoying finger. His prick plowing her tight throat with a constant deluge of hot molten doggie spume.

Charlotte swooned under the devastating attack. She used her teeth on his plowing prick, driving and urging him to greater feats of speed. She sucked his thick cock and drank his river of cum before it dried up into a last few dying spurts.

She held him, refusing to let him go. She was in shock, her teeth clamped onto his prick. Her body was stunned, cum dribbling from her nose and her lips.

Khan growled his discontent and battled the imprisoning mouth. He sprang forward, landing on the bed, his aching prick finally free from the maniac who had tortured him.

Felicia stared at Charlotte, an expression of disbelief on her face. Charlotte did it on her first try! She saw the cum oozing from the dazed woman and pounced on her, licking her face, sucking her mouth, and drinking the cum that Charlotte, in her lust-dulled state, had forgotten to swallow.

Finished, Felicia sat back on her haunches with a hot, sultry grin on her face.

"How did I do?" Charlotte asked in a daze.

"Fabulous!"

"You think George will like it?"

"He'll cream his pants. Now, you go shower and come down to breakfast."

Charlotte nodded, still overwhelmed. She hauled herself to her feet. She swung her ass on the way to the bathroom as if she were selling it on a street corner.

"You certainly know how to pick them, George," Felicia muttered to herself. The spent Doberman walked slowly by her side as she left. "You certainly have got one fantastic wife!"

## Chapter Five

Charlotte finished showering and wrapped a towel around her wet, naked body. She fluffed her hair and left for the kitchen, starving for some food. Sucking Khan had given her a ravenous appetite.

"You look delicious in that towel," Felicia said, looking up as Charlotte padded into the kitchen. "Doesn't she, Craig?"

Craig's smile widened. "Fantastic!" He set his coffee down to admire her.

Charlotte basked in their compliments. She felt wonderful, excitement coursed through her veins. She felt their eyes on every move she made as she fixed herself some toast. She dropped into a chair, taking her first bite of the hot buttered toast.

"God, I'm hungry."

"You shouldn't be with all that cum you drank this morning." Felicia turned to Craig. "You should have seen her, up in the bedroom, turning Khan into a puppy with her mouth. I thought she was going to bite his damn prick off."

Craig leered across the table at their guest. "I remember her mouth on my prick. She's as good as you, Felicia."

Their conversation swelled Charlotte's ego. "Maybe I'll suck you off again today, Craig," she said to him, holding his eyes with her own.

"I'll be looking forward to it." He stood up and kissed his sister, then walked over to Charlotte. He whisked off the towel she wore with one quick yank and grinned. "You look better this way." He squeezed one of her firm, pliant tits and planted a kiss on her cheek. "Keep it hot and wet. I'll be back in a few minutes. I need a shower."

After Craig left, Charlotte looked to Felicia. "I don't believe how relaxed I am. Christ, last week, I was a... now look at me." She shook her head, the random half-thoughts conveying their meaning clearly to Felicia.

Felicia nodded. "George is going to love the new you." She wriggled out of her robe and stood up. "If you're gonna be naked, there's no reason for me to wear anything." She rubbed her tits. "C'mon into the other room."

Charlotte followed the tall, exquisitely built blonde. She anticipated something exciting. "Do you have something planned?" she asked Felicia.

"I do, yes." Felicia dropped to the couch and spread her legs, Khan going between them and dining on the oozing lips of his mistress's pussymeat. "You ready to fuck this horny devil?"

Charlotte's legs buckled as she stumbled to a chair. "Ohhhh, Felicia, isn't sucking him enough for one day?" She was trembling. "I still haven't gotten over taking his prick in my mouth."

Felicia laughed, parting the lips of her cunt as Khan slipped his tongue deep inside. "Ooooo, Christ!" She squirmed on the couch, her cunt muscles milking his tongue as it invaded her pussy. "Don't be a shit."

Craig came into the room, his groin tightening into a ball as he saw his sister's legs spread wide and Khan feasting on her blonde cunt. He walked over to Charlotte, his gargantuan prick pressing against the towel that was wrapped around his waist.

"You can pull my towel off me," he laughed to Charlotte.

Charlotte tore her eyes away from Felicia's pussy and the hungry dog's snout and gazed at the tent Craig's cock formed in the towel. She giggled and grabbed his prick.

"You're as bad as the damn dog, always hard and horny!"

"Why don't you do something about it?" Craig moaned as her hand mauled his prick.

She yanked the towel away, caressing his long thick prick as it jutted out like a thick spear. "You're so damn big, Craig." She drooled at his giant, veiny shaft. "My pussy is still sore from last night."

Craig tossed his head back and roared with laughter. He grabbed her slim waist with one of his bear-like hands and pulled her small, almost childlike, body up.

He was taller than his sister and Charlotte's head came only to his nipples. He put his hands under her arms and lifted her up as if she were weightless. He plastered his mouth on hers, plunging his tongue beyond her lips into her throat.

Charlotte melted against his huge towering frame, locking her legs around his hips. She sucked greedily on his invading tongue, her arms wrapping around his neck. "Ohhh, Christ, Craig, you're so damned strong." She wriggled against his massive body, her tits scraping into the coarse hair of his chest.

His hands dropped to her ass, cupping each rounded cheek. "You're a sexy little piece, Lotty. George is very lucky to have you."

She toyed with his mouth, licking her tongue across his face, biting impishly on his lips with her teeth. "He's a lot luckier now, than before I came here." She wriggled her ass. "I feel your cock, Craig."

"Slip it in," he groaned, holding her in his powerful grip.

Charlotte tossed her full head of dark-red hair back, the soft strands swishing across her bare shoulders. She looked over at Felicia and Khan. "Should I?" she asked her.

Felicia looked up, a dazed, tormented expression on her face. Khan's tongue was turning her blood to boiling steam. She nodded. "Fuck him blind." She lashed her pussy at her pet's snout. "Make him cry uncle." She spread her swollen pussy lips to accommodate Khan's muzzle jamming all the way into her pussy. She screamed, trembling in spasms.

Charlotte bit her lip and wiggled down, taking the bloated head of Craig's cock between the velvety folds of her cuntlips. "Unnn, you're stretching me." She leaned back, confident of his strength. Her tits ached, the nipples were sore. She scratched her nails along his wide chest, leaving thin red lines in their wake. "You want it all in me?"

Craig leered at the sex kitten squirming in his arms. "You keep scratching and I'll drop you. "

"If you do, you won't get fucked," Charlotte giggled, her ass squirming, her body begging to be filled

with his bloated prick. She twisted her hips, taking more of his thick cock into her pussy. She latched her arms around his neck again. "I'll hold, you play with my tits." She was the complete female animal, no more hangups or shyness. She was totally at ease. "Squeeze them."

Craig pawed the soft flesh of Charlotte's tits. He enjoyed the tiny package of dynamite. She was the opposite of his sister, small, like a child. He kneaded her tits, feeling the bullet tips pressing against his palms. His prick throbbed in the heated furnace of her pussy.

"Ahhhhh," Charlotte cried, wriggling down and gulping the rest of his prick into her pussy. She twisted and churned, her hips rotating in frantic circles, her pussy muscles pulsing around his buried prick.

"Sweet little baby," Craig groaned, his voice deep and powerful. He spanned her hips with his fingers as she clung to him precariously. "Gonna give you a wild, crazy ride, sweet thing."

She looked at him, her emerald green eyes glittering desirously, her mouth glistening as she licked her lips. "Yessss," she hissed, her limbs curled around him like the tendrils of an octopus. "Rip me apart, Craig. Give a nice, fast fuck ride." She held tight around his neck, easing up her grip with her legs. "Do it! Do it! Fuck me!"

Staring her directly in the face, Craig raised her off his prick until only the head was immersed in her cunt juices. "Ready?" he groaned.

"Uh huh." She trembled in anticipation. Her pussy pulsated and the tight walls waited greedily to be filled with cock again. "Yeaaaaah!"

He caught her as she sucked in air and slammed her lithe, lightweight body down on his cock. His cockhead pierced her tight, spongy cunt and stretched her to the limit. He held her tight, his cock stuffed to the hilt, rocking her hips back and forth and screwing her down on his prick.

She squealed in joyous delight. She creamed, warm lubricating juices flowing from her cushiony pussy down over his buried cock, greasing it for action. Her body twitched and her hips rotated in sync with his brutish jerks.

"Ohhh, Craig, you fuck great!"

Craig's head spun deliriously. The hot little bitch on his cock was a wildcat. He gritted his teeth, the muscles in his jaw hardening. He lifted her up, then slammed her down, again and again. He watched her joyous expression turn to lust, then crazed desire. He picked up speed, his huge, muscular arms plunging her body down on his enormous cock, then lifting her up the next instant.

Charlotte's entire body bobbed at a reckless pace as she was hurled up and down. Her tits bounced, her dark-red hair swung to- and-fro and her cunt slammed down onto the solid lump of gorgeous cockmeat.

His tree trunk legs held them both, his feet firmly planted on the floor. The hammering ache in his balls enraged him, spurring him on. The shuddering warmth of her cunt engulfed him, compelled him to cum.

She squealed in heavenly bliss, jerking and twisting as he speared her pussy with every bulky inch of his long cock. Her tits swelled with passion, her head snapped from side to side, and her arms held him tighter as her body flew up and down. She urged him on, using her body and her drumming cunt muscles to torture his plowing cock.

As he relentlessly impaled her on his prick, she twisted and gyrated her hips, making each slam more exciting. She lashed her body at him, grinding her cunt down and catching his rhythm. "Cream meee, you hard giant! Cream meeee!" she panted heavily. "Squirt it all the way up into my throat." She humped forward, her clit scraping against his tough groin as he rammed her down hard.

Craig strained. His thighs ached and his arms pained him. But he didn't stop. Her voice and her hot, sizzling impish grin burned into his brain. His cum- swelled hard-on enlarged and hardened. His heavy balls rumbled to be relieved of their heavy aching load. He brought her up and slammed her down at blinding speed, his balls erupting, his prick spewing jet streams of cum into her gulping pussy.

"I'm cumminggg!" His voice roared like thunder and ricocheted off the four walls. His spouting prick saturated Charlotte's pussy with its continuous load. "I'm cumming!"

"I can feel it," Charlotte squealed, his cum flooding her pussy. "Ooooo, Craig!" She went insane on his cock. She tried to claw her way to the peak, scratching her way to an orgasm that seemed to float somewhere out of reach. "Fuck me! Harder! Faster!"

The muscles in Craig's arms surged with power. He plummeted the slim, naked woman up and down on his spearhead cock, his cum overflowing her pussy and running down his huge balls and taut thighs. His eyes bulged, grunting gasps rasped from his heaving chest and lungs. He growled like a mountain lion, humping and slamming his cock into Charlotte's pussy with all his might.

Charlotte attained the summit and hovered, unable to go over into bliss. She began to wail helplessly. Racking moans blended with Craig's deep thunderous roars. She felt the hot cum squirt in deep, then ooze out of her clinging cuntlips. Her grasp was weakening from around his neck. She was becoming hysterical. Her hands came away, and she fell back, a piercing scream filling the room.

Still climaxing, Craig held onto her body, his bearlike hands clasped around her trim willowy waist. He grunted loudly, his body shaking as the last of his orgasm tore through his groin and blasted from his prick. His chest was heaving and his eyes were glued to Charlotte as she swayed uncaringly on his dying cock.

He eased her up. Using the last remaining ounce of strength he possessed he took her quivering, twisting body off his prick. "I've had it," he panted. "Christ, you totally drained me, sweet thing."

Charlotte was distraught. She slithered down his long muscular body like a wriggling sensuous snake. She whimpered, trembling in a nebulous cloud, unable to descend, needing to climax, needing the release of her mounting passion. She licked the droplets of cum that ran down his thickset thighs. Her tongue darted out, lapping his sticky balls and tasting her own flavorful pussy cream along with his gooey cum. Her tongue busily lapped up his limp meaty cock as it hung like a fallen tree against his thigh. She sucked it, trying to breathe life back into it.

Craig grunted and flung himself down in a chair. "Go use your mouth on Khan," he moaned, pushing her away from his exhausted prick. "He'll fuck you."

Charlotte's face brightened as she crawled over to the giant dog who was lapping noisily between Felicia's thighs. She licked his hind leg, nibbling on it, insane with passion, completely engrossed in her own wanton desires.

Felicia saw the crazed Charlotte and giggled. "Don't bite him." Her tone was heavily laced with lust. "I saw what you did to Craig. You ready for Khan?" She squirmed her soft ass on the couch.

Charlotte hissed and stood up on wobbly legs. "First, I wanna give him a ride."

She straddled the giant Doberman, rubbing her cum- filled pussy along his back and soaking his glistening black coat with a mixture of cum and pussy cream. She glared at Felicia who was receiving the tonguing of her life.

Khan's tongue invaded the steamy depths of Felicia's pussy. Hot shivery waves of bliss swept over her elegant body as the Doberman's tongue reamed her. She reached down between her legs and grabbed Khan by the ears, riding his digging snout in agonizing pleasure. She ground her clit into his hard teeth.

Charlotte watched the mask of passion drop over Felicia's face. "Ohhhh, God, Felicia. Cream the fucker! Cummmmmmm! Christ, cummmmmmm!"

Charlotte humped her pussy along the dog's lean back, her clit in torturous contact with his short-haired coat. Backwards brought sighs, forward, against the grain, brought whimpering sobs. Her eyes bugged out as she watched Felicia soar into her orgasm.

"I'm cuming on Khan's mouth!" Felicia screamed, humping the dog and suckling his reaming tongue with her cunt muscles. "I'm cuminggggg!" Her eyes rolled, focusing on Charlotte's lithe naked frame straddling the dog, her small, perfectly formed tits bouncing wildly.

Charlotte drooled, her eyes glued to Felicia's lush, statuesque body in the throes of orgasm-her huge creamy tits jerking, her head lolling on her shoulders, the blonde hair whipping back and forth across her face, hips jerking and thighs clenching tightly onto the beast's buried head. This erotic spectacle kept Charlotte at the peak, swirling in a pink haze of lust, but she was still unable to take the final leap into rapture.

Felicia arched her back. Her legs parted and she shoved downward with her cunt, smashing her clit into the dog's mouth and jowls. Another series of orgasms washed over her and she lost sight of Charlotte's naked body, greying out. She shuddered and collapsed-back on the couch with a mass of tingly fires throughout her body.

"Ohhhh, shit," Charlotte moaned, riding the dog's back as he licked his chops clean of his mistress's cum- cream. She jerked her body on his back and tiny shock waves exploded at the base of her skull as she sought to cum without him fucking her.

She screamed as one orgasm rippled through her pussy with the promise of more to come. It toppled her from the dog's back and she sprawled out on the floor, writhing like a snake.

"I have to cum!" She caught sight of the red prick hanging between Khan's hind legs. "Oooo, Khan! It's just the two of us." She rolled to the tame animal, reaching for his cock. "Everyone else has creamed-

Felicia on you, Craig in me." She stroked his prick, rubbing it into a hard throbbing steel girder.

Felicia dropped down to the floor beside Charlotte, caressing her skin and massaging the soft flesh between Charlotte's thigh. "His cock is the answer to your problem," she purred. "It feels nice in your hand. It'll feel great in your cunt."

"I know, I know!" Charlotte squealed, enjoying her self- torture. "I know it will."

She rolled under the dog's belly and lifted her head to lick his balls.



She nipped the tip of his cock, making him whine.

Quickly, she rolled out. "I'm a hot bitch in heat, and he's my stud." She hauled herself to her hands and knees, whimpering madly for Khan's doggie cock to plunge into her hot pussy. "I'm all empty now. It oozed out all over my legs. I need another load." Her tits swayed as she wriggled her ass in Felicia's face. "Help him to fuck me. I want his cum in my pussy."

Felicia purred, stroking her dog's back and getting her hand wet with pussy juice. "C'mon, boy." She let him sniff the swollen lips of Charlotte's cunthole. "Sniff it out good, boy. This is what you're going to get."

Khan, sensing he was going to get his nuts off, barked. He drove his muzzle into Charlotte's pussy and lapped up her flowing cunt-cream, drinking the last oozing drops of Craig's cum. His meaty cock ached and he was anxious to mount the naked woman.

Felicia calmed him with her hand. "Hold steady, Lotty." She calmed Charlotte with her voice.

"Ohhh, God," Charlotte wailed, trembling as she presented her body to the huge beast. "Ohhh, God, get his cock inside me. I'm going crazy!"

Felicia helped the monstrous Doberman up onto Charlotte's back. "Hold steady," she soothed the nervous bundle of sex.

"I can't," Charlotte moaned, feeling the weight of the dog as his front paws rested on her back. "Ohhh, GOD! He can't get his cock in me!" She began to shake as the spearing cock tip whacked into her ass cheeks and the back of her thighs. "Help him! Help HIM!"

Deftly, Felicia guided Khan's thick meaty cock into Charlotte's pussy. She kept her fingers there feeling the dog slicing through soft cuntlips. "Better?"

"Ooooo, GOD in heaven... yesssss!" Charlotte cried. "He's tearing me apart. His cock is, aaaooohhh! Felicia, oooooh!"

She held steady, bearing the dog's lunging weight and riding the fury of his stabbing prick. She turned her head, not believing what she saw. She was getting fucked by a dog! This was no drugged illusion, no trick, this was really happening to her. Seeing the dog behind her plunging his cock into her cunt almost made her faint.

Khan yelped as his elongated cock sliced through the cushiony hole of Charlotte's pussy. He held onto her, his front paws clamped on either side of Charlotte's back, his hairy hind legs dancing in place. He maintained his balance while fucking Charlotte's wet pussy hole with quick and careless plunges.

Charlotte thrilled, taking a doggie cock made her happy. She shoved back at Khan's lunging prick, gulping his cock with her body and rocking her hips back and forth, turning the dog into a whimpering, yelping beast.

Felicia mauled Charlotte's tits and pinched her blood-gorged clit. She squeezed the dog's cock when it appeared from out of Charlotte's gooey cunt and shivered when his cock slid through her fingers back into the snug, tight pussy. Felicia dropped down onto her back, drooling at the sight of Khan's hairy balls slapping back and forth with his lunging body. The sight was so overwhelming, Felicia was about to cream.

Charlotte was in seventh heaven. She didn't care what Felicia was doing. All she cared about was the dog and the fantastic fuck he was giving her.

"C'mon, Khan, fuck me! Fuck meeee!" Her voice rose an octave, Khan's cock slamming deep. "YESSSS!"

Khan whined, blanketing Charlotte's white, creamy body with his muscular frame. His powerful hind legs kept him steady, his body heaving forward, thrusting his prick at a fantastic speed into Charlotte's small, vulnerable frame. His front paws squeezed as he leaned forward, his tongue lolling out, drool dribbling onto her back. He fucked his prick in to the root time after time after time.

Charlotte felt the fur of his body, his wet tongue, his hot panting breath, and the unending joy of his thick cunt-splitting cock. She rocked. She found herself being drawn toward her orgasm, an orgasm that had eluded her. She stiffened her arms as the brute-force of Khan's horrendous jabs almost knocked her off balance.

She turned her head and saw that Craig was watching. "He's great! GOD! Soooo fast!" she said to him.

The dog's blinding speed had Charlotte reeling. She pushed back, wriggling her ass, hearing the beast yelp. "Oooo! Oooo! OOOOH!" She was delirious now, rocking in the cadence of Khan's violent jabs. His lunging cock expanded to full-size, bloated by his heavy load of cum.

Khan's fury swept them both up in its path. His prick whipped through her grease-lined cunt. His balls were swinging like lead weights, the cum bubbling like an active volcano. He was ready to spew his lava and drench the cunt in his path.

Charlotte sensed the new and demanding urgency in the dog's slamming body. "He's gonna cum! He's gonna cummmmm!"

She became insane with that one thought. It set her own orgasm into motion. Swiftly, she attained the summit and was catapulted into endless space. Just knowing the dog was about to spray her pussy was all she needed to take that final step.

"I'm cuming!" she screamed, her high-pitched voice shrieking. "I'm cummmingggg on a dog!"

She went off the deep end. She began to thrash and jerk against the dog's heavy pounding body like a bronco trying to throw its rider. She humped and churned, drool seeping out of the corners of her mouth.

"I'm cumming everyone!"

Charlotte's shrieking announcement and the gushing pussy-cum that drenched his ramming cock drove the horny animal into his own cyclonic orgasm. He barked, his prick spewing a geyser of doggie jizz into Charlotte's climaxing pussy. He lifted his head to howl his bliss, his black eyes shining, his tongue swaying as he pummeled Charlotte with his gushing cock.

"He's creaming me!" she cried hysterically. "He's creaming my pussy! I can feel it!" She turned, seeing the dog's face. "Oooooooo! Cummm you fuckin' beast! Cum all over me with your gorgeous cock!"

She rode the fury of the high-strung animal. Her cum mixed with his, drenching her climaxing cunt

to the limit. It oozed out of her cunt like lava, wetting the back of her thighs and the dog's swinging balls. It splattered Khan's hairy legs as he lashed in and out of her cum-drenched pussy. She opened her mouth to scream as another violent orgasm swept through her pussy, toppling her over. She dropped to her face, her ass perched high, her pussy still being pounded with all the fury of a hurricane.

"AGHHHH!" she screeched, clawing the rug with her fingers and rocking her ass back and forth, impaled on the dog's prick. As he continued to ram her into oblivion, she battled him, forcing herself back up on the palms of her hands, her arms stiff and straight, holding her weight. Her pussy felt like raw meat. The room was spinning. Everything turned fuzzy.

"AAAAAYIEEEEE!" she screamed, her voice trailing off. She surrendered to the soft cloud of unconsciousness and blacked out. She tumbled to the floor, the sudden drop deprived the beast of her wet cunt.

Khan barked, the last drops of his cum spitting from his pointed cock tip.

Charlotte trembled as she lay on the rug, her battered body completely satisfied. She was fucked out, exhausted, but happy. Whimpering cries came from her open mouth as she slowly came out of the grey numbing world she had drifted into. She rolled and sat up, propping herself against a chair.

She looked first at the dog licking himself, then at Craig smiling, and then at Felicia, who was also smiling. "I hope you all enjoyed the show."

"Immensely!" Craig said, rubbing his limp cock. "It almost makes me want to fuck you again."

"Oh, no," Charlotte moaned, clamping her legs together. "No more fucking for me until I shower and have a nice cozy nap. I'm beat."

"What about me?" Felicia purred. "You could at least let me lick you clean."

Charlotte staggered to her feet. "See your brother. Have fun with him.

I'm going up to shower, then sleep."

On achy legs, she staggered upstairs, a warm feeling in the pit of her stomach. A few minutes later, she stood under the steady raining spray of the shower, thinking about how much she had changed in such a short time and how much George would like it.

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Chapter Six

George relaxed in the soft club chair, his eyes glued to the large television screen. His prick ached painfully. "Jesus Christ, Felicia," he moaned as the film ended. "You wouldn't believe she was the same person I married."

"She has changed, hasn't she." Felicia laughed, a low sensuous laugh. "You really knew it was all buried right below the surface. I sensed it myself the first time I saw her standing at the door."

"The few times she let herself go in bed told me," George said. He sighed deeply. "I don't know how to thank you."

"You don't have to thank me at all. It was a ball. Christ, she's an animal once she gets started."

"Just like you, huh?" George said, leering at Felicia and remembering the times he had been lucky enough to make it with her.

"You certainly know how to pick them."

George leaned over anxiously on the edge of his chair. "Well, I've seen the movies, when do I get to see Lotty?"

"You're drooling, George." Felicia stood up, her silky robe clinging to every delicious curve of her long statuesque body. She walked like a cat toward the door, every move a study in sexuality. Khan's sleek body moved in sync with his mistress's.

She stopped at his chair, a long nail caressing down his cheek. "Maybe the two of you will stop by some evening for a visit. Craig and I can use a change once in a while."

A tremor seized him. "After Lotty and I have a chance to enjoy our new life together, I'll mention it to her." He slapped the blonde playfully on the ass. "Now bring me my wife or I'll tear the place down searching for her."

Felicia smiled mischievously and went over to the door and opened it.

"Come on in, Lotty. George is straining at the reins."

Charlotte came into the room wearing the same tight-fitting jeans and sweater she had worn a week earlier when she had first come to the house. The only noticeable difference was in her face and the way she moved her petite body. There was an aura of sexuality about her, her face radiated it and she moved with a catlike assurance, unlike the stiff way she used to walk. Liquid sex was the only thing George could think of as his wife came towards him.

Charlotte smiled. "I should be mad at you," she purred, ruffling his dark wavy hair and perching her ass on the arm of the big chair, her hip bumping into George's arm. "I'm not mad though. But when I first found out, killing you went through my mind." She laughed, not a stiff laugh, but an open and honest one. She plopped over into his lap, kissing him full on the mouth, her tongue plunging into his surprised wetness.

"Unnnnnn," he moaned, devouring her tongue, the fire in his balls raging out of control. He mauled her arms and shoulders, groping for her tits.

"I'll leave you two alone," Felicia said, a satisfied smile on her full, glistening lips.

Charlotte nodded to Felicia, sucking on George's tongue and waving her hand with an air of casualness. "Ooooo, George," she mewed, rubbing her soft denim-clad ass against his prick. "Your cock is hard as a rock."

"From watching all those movies of you," he groaned, his hands pawing her tits through her sweater as she squirmed on his lap. "It drove me crazy, watching you."

"I'm glad," she murmured, feeling his hard-on throbbing against her soft-rounded ass. "I'll bet Felicia turns you on too, huh?" She reached down and wiggled her fingers under her ass, jabbing his cock.

"She's sexy as hell," he groaned.

Charlotte purred, "Am I sexy?"

Christ, yeah," he moaned. He buried his face in her neck, chewing on the warm flesh. "Sexiest bitch in the world."

"Mmmmmmm, I'm glad you think so," Charlotte sighed. Already the fire in her pussy was spreading. "Did you like seeing me with Khan?"

"Unnnnn, yeaaaaah," he moaned heatedly. The scent of her sweet-smelling perfume attacked his senses. "I almost creamed myself." He cupped a bare tit underneath her sweater and squeezed the few meat.

"Oooooo, George." She pressed his hand harder against her tit. "How about the films of Felicia and me?" She was swirling in a cloud of passion. "Did you like them?"

"Shit, baby," he growled. He lifted her sweater, baring her firm creamy tits. "It drove me out of my fuckin' skull!"

She stood up, swaying on her feet in front of her husband.

He leered at her heaving tits, the sweater up around her neck. "Let's get out of here and go home," he groaned. "I gotta fuck you."

"Why not here?" she asked, licking her lips. She flipped her sweater up over her head and rubbed her tits openly, brazenly, a thing she had never done for George before. "I'm so hot, my sexy husband."

He stared at her, absorbing the change in her. She was completely at ease, the hot sexy bundle he always knew she could be. A lewd grin passed over his strong-featured face. "Why not?" he said.

"I'm glad." Her fingers worked the zipper of her jeans. She peeled them down and George watched them drop to her ankles. She stepped carefully out of her jeans, completely naked, her petite body perfectly shaped, her reddish patch of pussy hair neatly trimmed. "You surprised?"

"It's hard to imagine you like this. You always acted so prudish, so shy." He forced back a lump in his throat.

"I've always been like this, George." Her body swayed. "I think you always knew it. I guess I was too backward to admit it. But not anymore." She parted her cuntlips for him, the red oozing gash visible to George's hungry stare.

"It's marvelous losing all my damn hangups," Charlotte added, feeling wonderful. She stepped to the side of his chair. "Finger me, honey, my pussy's soaked."

George gouged his fingers through her moist cuntlips, the juices flowing over his imbedded fingers. He felt the tugging muscles inside her tight pussyhole.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Charlotte humped her husband's fingers with frantic jerking motions of her hips. "George, ohhhhhh!" She rode his digging fingers, rotating her trim hips in tight quick circles. "Ooooooo..."

Pulling away, she stood in front of him again. Her face was flushed.

She snapped her fingers.

Khan, who was seated on the other side of the room, loped over to her side. She hissed in her breath, petting the obedient dog's large head. He licked her thigh with affection.

"I used to be afraid of him."

George was out of his skull. The sight of his sexy wife standing naked beside the giant, menacing-looking Doberman staggered his mind. The film of her sexual games were mild compared to seeing her here where he could reach out and touch her while she played with the black-haired, ferocious-looking beast.

Charlotte saw the expression on his face. "You're not dreaming, my darling." She grabbed Khan by his studded collar and pulled him over in front of her. She humped her red-haired pussy into his snout slowly and erotically. "Ooo, I love it when he licks me, honey. His tongue goes soooo, soooo deep into me."

George's hand gripped his harden, it pounded like a raging toothache. His entire groin was in agony. His eyes were fastened on his wife's crotch and the dog's beastly snout. He watched the hairy animal lick his wife's cunt and lap up her seeping juices.

She pushed her cunt into the dog's muzzle with more determination. "George! His tongue is wiggling inside my cunt. I'm creaming on his tongue. God, it feels good!" She stared at her husband, her eyes telling him she was in bliss. "Am I making you happy?"

Wordlessly, George nodded, then he cleared his throat while rubbing his cock through his pants. "Yeaaaaah, baby!" His voice was laden with emotion. "You're driving me out of my fuckin' mind!"

"I want to make you happy, George." She dropped to her knees and crawled between her husband's legs. "I'm going to make you real happy now, my darling."

Her fingers were quickly on his zipper, pulling it down. She fished inside his pants. Her tiny hand wound around the thick throbbing meat of his cock and she lugged it out, whimpering with joy when she laid her eyes on it. Her desire for her husband's cock was fully evident in her sizzling hot gaze.

"Unnnnn, honey baby!" he groaned, delirious with happiness as her hot hand milked and squeezed the shaft of his aching prick. "Christ, I'm going out of my God damn fuckin' mind!" He jabbed up into her tight fist, his balls swelling with his rumbling cum.

"I'm glad," she moaned. "It's always going to be like this." Her hand shifted up and down his cock. "There's so many things for us to do together, now that I've- been liberated from myself."

"Suck it, baby. Put my cock in your fuckin' mouth!" He was wildly insane with lust for his wife.

"Like this?" She straightened up to bring her mouth to his prick. Her hot, wet mouth engulfed his prick as she swooped down on him. Her throat hummed, her mouth full of his cockmeat.

George watched her in awesome amazement. She took the entire length of his prick down her throat. "Jesssssus!" he hissed, "GOD!" He jerked up, his prick surrounded by her gripping throat muscles.

Slowly, scraping her teeth along his veiny prick, she raised her scorching hot mouth off his cock, her eyes misted with lustful adoration for her husband. She looked at him, her tongue swiping across her lips.

"You are delicious, honey. You like the way I did that?"

His voice was gone for the moment. Then he nodded.

"I practiced on Khan," she sighed. "I practiced a lot. It's like swallowing a sword at the circus." She took his pants down. "Lift."

George lifted his ass off the chair, his eyes still on his wife's ass and the sniffing snout of the Doberman. "Do it again," he groaned. "My pleasure."

She gulped his cock into her mouth again. Slowly, her tongue fluttering, her teeth clamped tightly onto his skin. She lowered her mouth until the hair of his groin was flush up against her lips. She hummed and rippling vibrations caromed through George's prick and balls. Her fingers scratched his tight groin, clawing and scratching, adding just a tinge of pain. It blended exotically with the pleasures of her suckling mouth and whipping tongue. "Oooo, baby," George groaned in a daze.

He humped his groin into his wife's face, hurling the head of his steel-hard cock down her gulping throat. His hands balled into fists and he arched up off the chair, his face turning red. His wife performed tricks with her tongue whipping around his hard prick.

"Ahhhhhhh! Honey, Jesus!"

Charlotte pulled out all the stops. She wanted to show her husband everything she had learned. She whipped her wet tongue up and down the length of his rigid cock, her head bobbing. She used her teeth, biting and alternately sucking. She cradled his balls with her hand and tried sucking the cum that was swelling the aching sacs.

George twisted in the chair, his prick ready to burst. During their entire marriage, she had only sucked him twice, maybe three times in all, and he had had to do a lot of pleading to get her to do it. Now she was gulping down his cock as if she had been doing it all her life.

"SUCK ME! CHRIST! Aghhhh! Your mouth is fantastic!"

Not wanting his cum yet, Charlotte pulled her mouth off his cock. She looked up at him, a mischievous gleam in her eye, her hand stroking his spit-soaked cock.

"George. You can't cum yet. I have so many things to tell you. I want you to know everything."

"At home, baby," he groaned deliriously, "at home. My balls are busting."

Charlotte giggled dirtily. "You always complained I rushed. I just want to show you how much I've changed- in every way."

George stared down at his ravishing, naked wife, his eyes traveling to the huge Doberman who was sniffing and licking her ass. He groaned. He was out of his fuckin' mind.

"Tell me at home."

"Don't you want to see Khan lick my pussy... or watch me play with his cock?" She was pouting like a small child. "Please... I know it'll make you happy."

A loud groan emanated from George's throat, followed by an agonizing nod. He wanted to see her do the things she mentioned, wanted to badly. He managed to bring himself under control-an almost impossible feat.

"Mmmmmmm," Charlotte sighed dreamily, kissing her husband's bulky cock as her ass wriggled back at the dog. "His tongue is reaming out my pussy." Her voice, like herself, was dripping with sex. "I like his tongue in my pussy. It feels so wonderful."

George was reeling. It was a dream come true.

Charlotte rolled away from her husband's hard-on and played with Khan- a naked nymph romping on the floor with the giant black dog. "He's sooo gentle too," she purred to her husband, her hands ruffling up Khan's fur. She wiggled her pussy, Khan's snout in between the soft puffy folds. "He just loves pussymeat." Her legs went up in the air. "Ooooo, his tongue is..." A shudder racked her as Khan's teeth nipped her erect blood-gorged clit.

George was hypnotically entranced. He sat numbly in the chair, a frozen body, a slave to his own lust. "Make his cock hard," he told his wife, his tone coming out raspy and strained.

She giggled, rolling on the floor with the giant Doberman, capturing Khan's prick with her hand. When the dog fell to his side, she yanked his cock up and down, her eyes on fire. She hungered to obey her husband's every wish, yearned to make him deliriously happy.

"See! See!" she squealed like a delighted child, pointing out Khan's huge purplish-red cock that had expanded to full-size. She looked to her husband. "I'll do anything, anything you tell me."

"Lick it," he said at once, his eyes bulging.

Charlotte immediately lowered her mouth, her tongue fully extended. She lapped from the dog's balls to his cock tip, then back down again, her tongue sliding down the sticky wetness. "Like that?" she asked, her eyes bright. She needed to be reassured that her husband was happy with the change in her.

She crawled on her knees to her husband, the Doberman leaping to his feet and nuzzling his snout in her pussy from the rear. "I've done so many things since I've been here," she said to her husband, grasping his prick in her small delicate hand. "I'm dying to show you everything."

She kissed the tip of George's hard-on. "I love your cock, my darling."

She licked his weighty balls, drenching them in her bathing spit. Her tongue played along the inner flesh of his thighs and then up under his balls, lavishing her affection with his cock.

George was in a state of rapture. He had figured his wife was going to be great, but he never expected this. She was fabulous! "Has the dog fucked you?" he asked, already knowing, but wanting to hear her say it.

Charlotte brought her mouth away from her husband's prick. "Ooooh, yes, George," she sighed hotly, "he's fucked me blind. His cock goes so fast when its inside my pussy. He fucks great." She smiled dreamily at the memory. "You wanna see him fuck me?"

"Not now," he groaned hoarsely, yearning to fuck her himself. "I'll fuck you blind."

"You'll have to buy me a dog, George," she continued. "A nice trained dog that likes pussy." She giggled devilishly.

"I will, honey. Maybe Felicia will help us pick one."

"I know she will," Charlotte purred, stroking her husband's cock with lazy pulls up and down his hard prick. "Khan's licking my asshole with his tongue. "Ooooooh! His tongue is wiggling inside!"

George couldn't control himself any longer. He shoved his naked wife on the floor. "On your fuckin' back!"

She laughed, blissfully happy, tumbling over. Her legs flailed, the dog going between them, licking her cunt mound. She humped her cunt at Khan's digging snout, looking up at George, watching him tear the clothes off his body.

"We'll fuck my way," she told him, scrambling away, Khan in hot pursuit.

George didn't care which way they fucked as long as he buried his cock inside her sweet little pussy. It had been a long week without her, an entire week without fucking, and he was out of his mind. Like a madman, he looked down at his wife with his leering dark stare.

"On your back, George. Get on your back," she purred, fondling Khan's cock. "I'll ride you. I don't want you shooting off your load too quickly." She glared at the camera on the wall and smiled, knowing this film would be a classic and that they would both enjoy watching it again and again.

The muscles in his face tensed, his cock aching as if it were his whole body. He had taken enough from his teasing wife. He grabbed her by her dark-red hair and hauled her to his raging prick.

"Suck it!" he demanded, wanting to blast her mouth with his cum for the first time. "SUCK!"

She struggled, loving him more for taking command. "No." She was adamant. "No!"

He slammed her face into his groin, jamming his hard-on into her mouth. He lashed at her with his raging prick, sinking it to the root in her throat, his balls whacking her chin. She had driven him over the brink. He didn't care about anything except filling her mouth with his jizz.

With her mouth stuffed with cockmeat, she willingly surrendered. Her arms snaked around his hips, and she clawed his ass with her nails. Gagging, she adjusted to his ramming plunges, working her mouth in unison with his forward lunges, using her teeth to scrape along his plummeting prick. She whipped her slashing tongue across his cock head when he brought it out of her tight gullet. George went insane. A week of abstinence and now this bombardment of sexual stimuli all at once transformed the horny husband in to an enraged madman. He flushed, his muscular frame tightening, a demonic glare in his eyes. His prick had swelled larger than ever before and his balls rumbled with a fury. He glared at the ceiling, seeing the camera that was filming the entire fuck. It was knowing that this suck was going to be on film that triggered the explosion in his balls.

His prick burst like a spewing volcano, his body quaking in a seismic shudder. Bubbling hot white cum erupted from his piss slot and showered the back of his wife's cock-stuffed throat. "I'm cumming, honey!" he roared in ecstasy. "JESSUS!" His fists grabbed his wife's hair and he slammed her face over and over again onto his squirting cock. A river of endless cum gushed from the bloated head of his prick.

Charlotte's finger had worked its way to his asshole and was now digging inside his wrinkled opening, making him jerk wildly in a vain effort to stop her. She swallowed the heavenly load of jism and savored each gooey drop. Her mouth sucked like a vacuum, drawing the stringy cum up from his emptying balls.

Small sensuous orgasms rippled through her as she used the knowledge she learned from Felicia to

please her husband while he creamed her mouth, teeth, lips, tongue, and gulping throat.

George spewed a constant torrent of viscid cum. His legs buckled under the strain and he bellowed a blissful howl. Jerking frantically, he jabbed her face in a furious rampages his fingers losing their grip on her hair. He lunged forward with a few final plunges, his prick draining, his balls relieved of their weighty, aching load. His few last jabs were less demanding, easing, slowing as he skittered down the other side of his fabulous orgasm.

Charlotte, her pussy inflamed and yearning for a cock, took every last drop of his cum in her mouth. Her head bobbed now as her husband slowed. She sucked and chewed as his prick lost the unresisting hardness of steel and slowly became the tender pliable muscle of soft cockmeat. She beat her tongue on her husband's shrinking prick then pulled away with a contented smile. She fell back on the floor.

"Christ, baby," George groaned, his sanity returning. "I couldn't help it. I had to cream your mouth."

"It doesn't matter. We have all afternoon to use this room. Felicia is filming this all for us."

He nodded, his body numb. "I noticed."

Charlotte leered at his limp cock covered with cum and spit. "I'm looking forward to getting you hard again. We'll fuck while Khan fucks my asshole at the same time."

"Has he-?"

"No, I've been saving that for us."

"Jesus, baby. You're the greatest!"

"Then come on down to the floor and let me prove it to you so that you'll never forget it."

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## **Chapter Seven**

George got down on the floor with his naked wife. He still marveled at the fantastic transformation that had taken place in just one week. He grabbed her, pulling her into his strong arms.

"I still can't get over the change in you, Lotty."

Charlotte melted into his heavenly embrace. Khan still sniffed his cold nose at her ass. She rubbed her body against her husband. Her body raged with a fiery passion that only his cock could quench. She wriggled out of his arms.

"What are you... going to do?" he groaned as her mouth began a feverish descent from his neck to his belly.

"Eat your body while Khan licks me." She brought her mouth back up to his nipples. "I want you to be completely satisfied with the new me. I want to know that you're deliriously happy and still in love with me before we go home."

He looked at her and held her tenderly. The loving silence and the way he cradled her told her what she wanted to know.

"I do, baby. I do," he said with a gentle tenderness. Her teeth began nipping him. "Christ, you're perfect!"

She looked up at him. "You haven't fucked me yet!"

She bent her head, ready and anxious to undertake the task of getting him hard again. She clawed his taut groin, her lips and tongue working overtime on the limp piece of cock flesh lying on his thigh. She crawled between his legs, perching her ass up for Khan's delight. Her tongue slapped wildly on George's cock.

"Khan's tongue is fucking me, George. His tongue is in my pussy."

George groaned his response. His head was in the clouds. She was everything he had dreamed of. His senses were being bombarded with sexuality—she reeked of it. "How does it feel, baby? Tell me what Khan is doing." With his passion sated for the moment, he was able to revel in what the Doberman was doing to his wife. A tremor seized him, seeing the dog's rump swaying in back of Charlotte, knowing that his tongue was touching and licking her cunt.

Charlotte slapped her tongue on George's limp prick and stopped to speak. "His tongue is almost as deep in my pussy as his cock when he fucks me." She bit her husband's inner thigh flesh with playful nips. "Roll over, honey."

George moaned as her mouth urgently followed him, biting the cheeks of his ass. "Nnnnnn, baby!" Her tongue was soaking the flesh of his ass and thighs. "God damn, you're fantastic, honey!"

"We're going to be happy from now on," Charlotte mewed. "Our sex-life will never be what it was again."

Her hand skimmed under his body, grasping his cock. As she held his limp prick, she soaked his asshole with her drool, then buried her face between his twin ass cheeks and licked the wrinkled hole. Her hand squeezed his prick rhythmically all the while.

George squirmed, his wife's mouth driving him crazy. She stirred the embers in his balls, stoked the fire, and brought his passion fire back to a roaring incinerator again. He heaved a gasp, a moaning rumble.

"Inside! Stick your tongue in my asshole!"

"You want me to lick out your ass the way Khan is licking out mine?" she mewed wantonly.

"Uhhhh... yeaaaaah..." He was delirious.

She purred, her nails scratching her husband's ass cheeks. "Khan's tongue is in my asshole now. Ooooo, he's reaming out my ass. Reaming it deep as hell!" She plunged her face back to her husband's ass and plowed her tongue into his-ass canal. She reamed George as the Doberman reamed her narrow shitter. Khan's prick throbbed, his tongue whipping deep inside Charlotte's ass. He snarled, pressing his wet, snorting muzzle beyond the wrinkled crack into her tiny asshole.

"Ahhhhhhnnnnn..." Charlotte's muted sounds were lost in her husband's ass. She clawed George's groin, manipulating his cock with her other hand. She licked him down behind his balls, humming, sending vibrations up through his body to his hardening prick, Craving to show her husband everything she learned, Charlotte crawled over to the coffee table and sprawled herself out on her back, her ass scooting down until her pussy was flush with the edge of the table.

"Watch me, George, watch me take the dog's prick."

George's prick was stiffening. He rubbed it, his eyes following the contour of her petite naked body, her legs opened wide for the giant Doberman's hulking cock.

"C'mon, you fabulous doggie. Khan! Fuck me! Show my husband how good you are!" She humped her pussy in a lascivious manner, her ass slapping against the smooth surface of the table.

Khan whimpered at Charlotte and padded to the meaty pussy that was being offered to him. Standing between her outstretched legs, he licked upward along her pussy crack, cunt-cream oozing out freely over his pointed snout. He slurped around in the steamy depths of her bubbling cunt.

George's mouth dropped. He came closer, feeling Charlotte's tits and squeezing the pulpy meat. His prick throbbed again. Blood gorged his prick again, turning it once again into a piece of fiery steel.

Charlotte leered at her husband from glassy emerald eyes. "His tongue is so deep!" She slapped the table with her hands, and the dog immediately leaped up, lunging his gigantic hard-on at the waiting hot oozing pussy.

"Aaaaaaahhh! GEORGE! He's in MEEEE!" She met the dog's thrusts with her jabbing hips, feeling his cock reach deep. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" she said to Khan, mauling his sleek hairy body, humping her cunt on his prick, feeling his thick doggie cock stretch the tight pulsating walls of her pussy.

Khan's eyes glowed. He licked Charlotte's flushed cheeks, his hot breath warming her face. He whimpered, his hind legs dancing, his heavy balls swaying and haphazardly whacking into Charlotte's wet, juicy ass. His neck strained, his fangs bared, his prick swelled to the limit. He began to howl his pleasure.

Charlotte gave George a dreamy expression, her hips jerking on their own power. "He's so deep! He's stretching my pussy for your gorgeous cock, honey!"

"Your asshole. Let him fuck your ass!" His voice was cracking with lust.

"Ooooooh, George." She began to jerk away from the dog's lunging cock, her hands pushing the huge Doberman away.

"Khan! No! No! Stop. I want you to fuck my ass."

Khan pulled out, whining, yelping, Charlotte's hands shoving him away. He licked his long giant cock with his thick broad tongue. There was cunt juice smeared all over it.

"Oooooo, shit, George," Charlotte panted heavily. "Help me roll over."

"I have a better idea. You ride me. The dog will fuck you like you suggested earlier. I want both your holes stuffed with cockmeat."

"Ooooo, yesssss," she moaned enthusiastically, rolling off the table, her eye catching sight of her husband's gargantuan prick. "Ohhhhh, yesssss." Exuberantly, she pushed George onto his back and grabbed his cock, straddling him.

George was amazed. He couldn't get over it. She was definitely a sexual animal. He jabbed up, his hands grabbing each tit.

"Noooo," she purred, dragging the head of his cock through her seething cunt. "You lay still. It's my

show. When we're back home, I'll belong to you again, body and soul."

George dropped back, willing to give in. Wasn't this what he always wanted? He grunted, content to let her have her own way. He was ecstatic!

Charlotte crammed the head of George's prick between the loose puffy lips of her cunt, swallowing the bulbous head. She released his cock and remained poised, ready to pounce any second. She was reeling in happiness. She rocked back and forth, the room spinning, her passion bubbling in her veins.

"You ready?"

George nodded that he was ready.

Charlotte plunged down at once, impaling herself on his stiff prick. She swooned, her body stuffed with her husband's cockmeat. It was as if they were fucking for the first time.

She held steady, unmoving, gazing into his face. "You're throbbing, honey." She leaned back, her tits pointing up at the ceiling. She clawed her way down her body until she pressed a finger into her belly. "I can feel you all the way up in here."

Quickly, she came back into position, keeping his cock buried to the hilt, holding it tight with every muscle in her overheated pussy.

"Khan! Come and lick." She slapped the jiggling cheeks of her ass and leaned forward. Her tits huge in her husband's face, enticingly accessible for him to paw.

Khan rushed over, his long red cock jutting out, looking meaner and thicker than before. The pointed cock tip seeped the jizz of his heavy balls. He caught the exotic scent of Charlotte's turned-on body. He ran his tongue from her cock-filled pussy up her ass crack.

"Did you feel his tongue?" she asked her husband, her mouth parted in a deliciously lewd expression as the dog swiped his tongue along her deep ass crack.

George nodded, feeling the dog's tongue lap eagerly on his balls and the base of his cock where the juices from Charlotte's pussy had settled. "He's licking my cock!"

"Like it?" she cooed, shivering in ecstasy. She bent forward and licked her tongue across George's mouth. "Uhhhh... his tongue is licking my ass now!" She swiped her tongue over her husband's mouth again. "He's licking me like that."

"Baby, baby, baby," he groaned, his hands anxiously roaming over his wife's lithe, sizzling body. "Jesus, honey!" He jabbed up, his prick throbbing in her tight pussy.

"Not yet," she moaned. Her eyes rolled back in her head from the force of George's jabbing cock. "Ssssooon. Wait until Khan's cock is in my asshole first."

Anxious for it to happen, George reached around his wife's hips and spread the firm cheeks of her ass, exposing the delights of her wrinkled hold to the dog's muzzle.

She wriggled, jabbing back at Khan. "C'mon... come onnnnn!" she urged the dog. She was becoming frantic. The desire to have her asshole plundered by the dog was an overwhelming obsession. "Ooooo, fuck me, Khan. Fuck my ass." She wiggled her cunt on her husband's cock.

George held her ass cheeks apart, the dog's tongue cleaning his balls as Charlotte's pussy continued to flow. He tightened, the look in his wife's eyes driving him berserk. "Yessss, Khan, fuck her pretty little asshole."

Khan's snout jabbed the round wrinkled opening. He sniffed, then barked, his prick swinging like a bat. He whimpered and nipped her ass, his passion pounding inside his achy balls. Still whimpering, he jumped up, his huge paws landing on Charlotte's back.

Charlotte groaned in heated desire, her small body almost buckling from the dog's sudden jump. She grunted under the weight of the giant hairy beast. "Oooooo, George! Oooooo!" She held still, waiting for the dog to rip into her asshole. "I'm frightened."

"Easy, baby," he soothed, keeping her ass cheeks apart for the Doberman. He felt the dog trying frantically to sink his cock into the tight canal of her almost virgin asshole. "Easy. Relax."

Charlotte looked adoringly at her husband. "I'm glad I saved my asshole until now." She gulped back a rising panic, feeling the dog's prick whack into the flesh of her ass cheeks. "Oooohh, Khan, do it! Do... AYIEEEEE!"

Khan did! His cock sliced right through her wrinkled opening and plunged deep in her asshole. He howled, his jabbing body lunging. He pranced in closer, slamming hard, ripping through her tiny asshole and cracking it wide with his swelling cock.

Charlotte's head snapped back. "He's in meeeee! Ooowww! He's ripping me apart! Ooooo, GOD!" She bucked and bounced on the two cocks. Her pussy was being stuffed with her husband's prick while her asshole was ravaged by the beastly Doberman pinscher.

George weathered the fury of his wife's jerking and floundering body. He could feel the pounding weight of the dog as he lashed his wife's asshole with his doggie cock. Her pussy pulsed against him urgently, and with the dog stretching her asshole, he felt her pussy tightened around his firmly imbedded cock. He was stunned, feeling the jabbing strength of the dog through the thin skin that separated the two delicious holes.

"Ride it, baby, ride it!" He was still, letting her adjust to the dog's cock ramming in and out of her ass.

"Oooooo, George!" She squirmed wildly. "It burnssss! Ooooo, how it burns."

Tears were streaming down her cheeks from the pain. Her head was whirling in agonizing pain and joy. It was a toxic mixture. She came down on her husband, her face buried in the crook of his neck, her ass poised, Khan stabbed his cock at horrendous speed into her ass.

George held her, caressed her smooth back, his hands brushing against the dog. It was exotic! "Fuck her! Fuck her!" he chanted to the dog, swept up in the moment. "Fuck her!"

The pain began to subside. Being in her husband's arms and having his cock plugged inside her pussy helped. She began to let herself float free, beginning to enjoy her ass fuck.

"He'sssss... he's..." She pushed back, experimenting. "Oooooo... George! George!"

"Yeaaaa, baby. Take us both on. Both our cocks." He humped up, skewering her cunt with his meaty shaft, making the warm creamy juices flow again.

Khan yelped, adjusting to Charlotte's movements as she fucked the two cocks. His hind legs danced, his tongue hung out and his black eyes were gleaming with a passionate luster.

Charlotte welcomed Khan's ass-splitting cock. She shoved back at him, catching the dog's rhythmic lunges and smiling dreamily into her husband's face. "He's fucking me blind, honey! I'm stuffed with doggie cock." She used her cunt muscles on her husband's prick. "I'm in heaven! Ohhhhhh, God, I'm in heaven."

She worked her ass in tight frantic circles, Khan's whimpering cries and her husband's pleasurable grunts were swirling her around and around in a whirlpool of passion and excitement.

George began to pick up speed, his cock swelling in the tight, snug greasy channel of her pussy. His hands skimmed around and grabbed her tits. He mauled them, his fingers digging into the soft supple mounds.

Man and beast fucked the tiny compact woman. Mercilessly, they slammed into her- George from the floor slamming into the tightness of her cushiony soft pussy and Khan from behind spearing into the tight canal of her ass. Their thick aching cocks turned Charlotte into a mindless body that bore the passion and overpowering strength of them both.

Charlotte went berserk. She devoured both cocks with her body, gulping up their driving meat with both her holes. Her clit, swollen and puffy with blood and lust, scraped into her husband's groin, sending hot sharp jolts of pleasure through her entire frame. She looked down at her husband and watched his hands manhandling her tits.

"Ooooo, I feel you both. You're making meeee... ooo... making me crazy!" She jerked between them, George's hard, muscular frame beneath her, Khan's hard, hairy body behind her, his paws clamped to her sides, his hind legs rubbing her thighs. She wallowed in both man and beast fucking her, her mind slowly floating out of reality and into a fuzzy world of heavenly sensations.

George held her tits, his ass humping, his cock lancing her pussy with a flurry of wild jabs. His ass thumped methodically.

Khan, yelping like a lost puppy, drove the naked woman forward with each frenzied stab of his prick. His heavy balls seemed to rumble their approaching eruption. He leaned forward, his hairy frame covering the silky smooth skin of Charlotte's body.

"Cummmmm," Charlotte growled, her eyes showing passion and ardor.

"Cummmmm! Cummmmm! Cummmmmmm!"

She was out of her mind. The two plunging cocks had robbed her of her sanity. She twisted against the invasion of her pussy and ass, sinking lower and lower into the murky depths of depravity and lust.

"Cream my cunt, George," she rasped hungrily. "Cummmmm!" Her head twisted around and she saw the demonic-looking beast fucking her ass. "Cummmmm, fill my ass with your doggie cum!" She ground her cunt into George's groin, an explosion careening through her small frame. She was cumming!

"Yessss, baby! You cum!" George pounded his cock into his climaxing wife, tattooing her pussy with a strength he didn't know he possessed.

“CREAM MY COCK! CUM!”

Charlotte swirled around the summit, her clit raw from the friction, her head was swimming, her pussy in spasms, her ass devastated by the Doberman’s cock. In the midst of her whirling orgasm, she opened her mouth and her eyes popped.

“He’s cumming! Khan’s creaming me with his junk!”

Khan’s growling snarls echoed in the room and blended with Charlotte’s shrieks of joy. His cock spewed a deluge of cum into Charlotte’s waiting, grasping asshole. Harder and faster, he pounded the small-framed woman, his cock sinking deep into her ass. His cum squirted even deeper, his cock releasing a torrential downpour of the hot, liquid spume.

“My belly! He’s shooting it into my fuckin’ belly!”

Explosive convulsions racked Charlotte’s body and she wrenched herself between the two spearing cocks. A hot searing jolt ripped like lightning through her spastic cunt and she soared.

“I’m cumming, darling!”

Babbling cries of idiocy followed. Her orgasms rendered her speechless, unable to utter anything but a gurgling cry. Her body contorted into twisting, churning gyrations, forming unbelievable positions as wave after wave of crashing orgasms beat upon her distraught body.

George, swept up in the fury of his wife cumming and the giant dog creaming her ass, exploded. Jet streams of cum blasted from his prick, shooting deep and filling his wife’s cunt quickly.

Thrashing and writhing between two plowing cocks, Charlotte’s body drank in the spraying cum that drowned her. Greedily, Charlotte’s body absorbed the doggie jizz and the hot squirting cum of her husband. She gurgled as if the cum were filling her throat. Her red hair slashed across George’s face as she writhed. Her arms buckled, and she finally collapsed, her ass still being skewered by Khan’s spurting prick.

Khan’s hind quarters shoved his prick deep, the last few squirts of his doggie spume flooding her ass completely. He yelped and pulled out. His prick was sore, rapidly shrinking back into the safety of its thick-skinned sheath. He whimpered, sniffed and licked the hole he just plundered, lapping up the goo that oozed from her tiny asshole.

Khan went whining off across the room, away from the growling, moaning human bodies on the floor.

With her body unencumbered by the dog’s heavy weight, Charlotte was able to give full vent to George and his still spouting cock. She hauled herself up, bouncing on him and swung around, clawing the air as another eruption burst deep inside her scalding cunt.

George’s eyes bugged-out at his wife. His hips lunged up and down like untiring pistons, turning her pussy into a thick soup of cum. His hands gripped her with urgency and he plowed her with a vengeance, his prick jettisoning the last of his load. With a roaring grunt, he stopped, depleted, completely satisfied for the first time in his life and their marriage.

A swirling climax spiraled up through her pussy. She squealed an unearthly sound and froze. A quivering rumble shook her body. She looked at George, saw his smiling face through a haze, then twitched on him. She slipped easily into a light faint.



George eased her off him and held her in his arms until she recovered.

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Later, after they dressed, George and Charlotte stood at Felicia's front door, where a prudish Charlotte had first entered seven dates earlier.

"Come and see us sometime," Felicia said to them, planting good-bye kisses on their cheeks.

"We will," Charlotte promised, after looking at George for his approval. She glanced around. "Where's Craig?"

"Here I am," he answered, leading a huge gawky Doberman by a leash. "We have your present here."

"He's almost as well-trained as Khan," Felicia told them. "The rest is up to you. His name is Matsu and Khan is his father."

"Ooooooh George, isn't he gorgeous?" Charlotte bubbled. "I don't know what to say!"

"Say, you'll both come back and visit once in a while," Craig put in.

"We will," George assured them. "We'll call you in a week or two."

"Don't forget to bring Matsu," Felicia said, her eyes on Charlotte. She winked. "With two dogs we can really have a ball."

George and Charlotte made their way down the path with their new pet, a whole new life spread out before them.

*The End*