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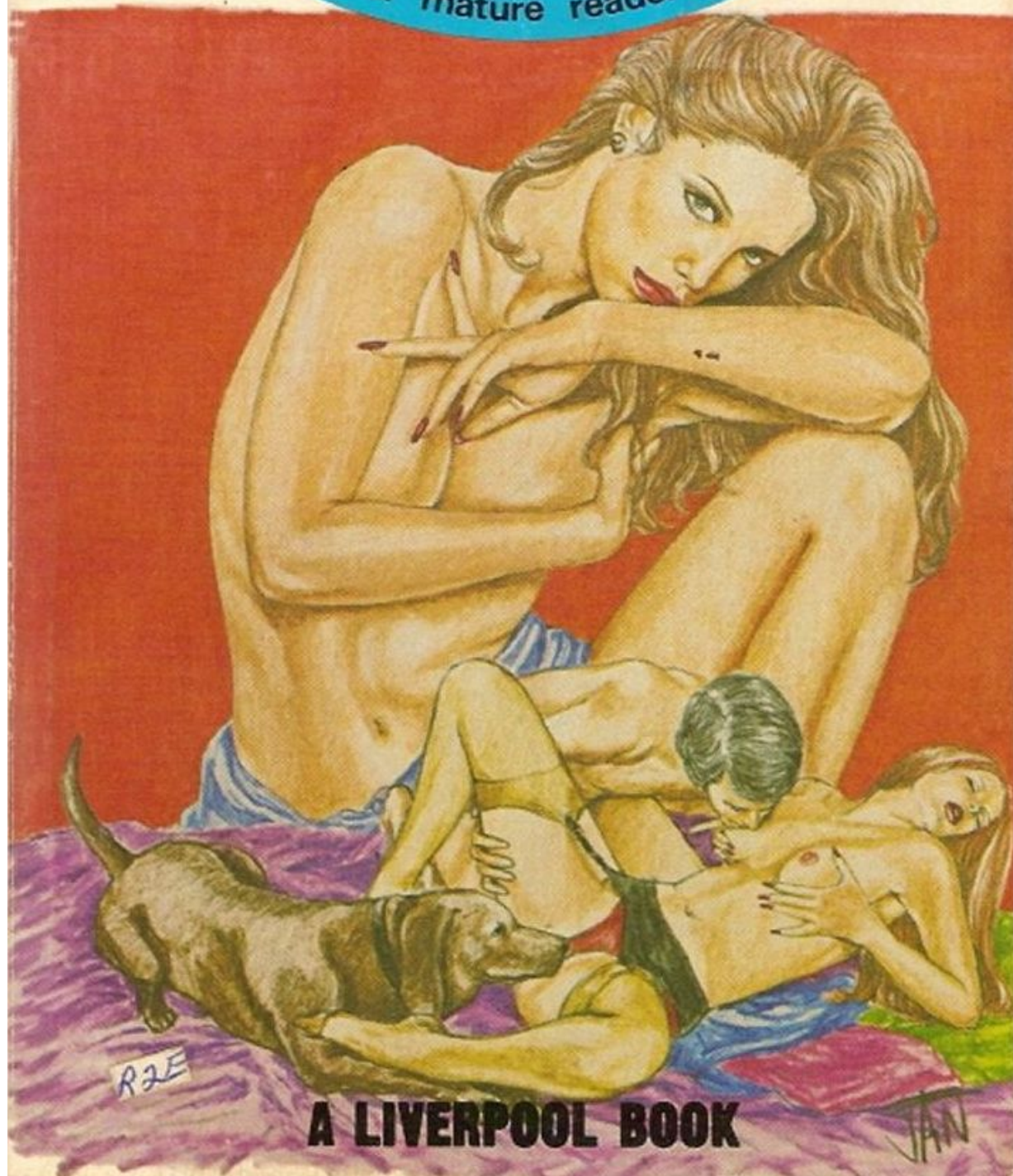
CANINE READER

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# THE DOG LOVERS

BY GRACE ATKINS

for mature readers



A LIVERPOOL BOOK

## CHAPTER ONE

The big German shepherd panted, as if grinning, up at the tall, curvaceous girl with the long, ash-blonde hair, and whimpered in excitement when she reached down and petted his great head. She smiled, revealing a perfect set of even white teeth, oohed a pet phrase at him, then directed her attention to the attractive brunette standing in the apartment doorway.

"Has he been a good dog today, Peggy?" Carol Dorsett questioned the older girl with the dark brown eyes who wore her hair in a brief and flattering bouffant, giving her a kind of mysterious thirtyish look.

"Sultan's always a good dog, aren't you, baby," the shapely wife of the building manager complimented, adding her own caressing hand to the powerful animal's muscular flanks. "How did it go today, Carol? Any luck?"

"Nothing," the young green-eyed divorcee sighed. "I must've filled out a dozen applications, and just about walked my legs off. God, I never realized it was going to be so difficult finding a job or I wouldn't have left San Francisco. At least, I know my way around there... but this Hollywood... brother!"

"Mustn't get discouraged, honey. Something will turn up," Peggy White assured her.

"I hope it's soon," Carol said, trying not to show her acute dejection. "Six straight days of listening to 'sorries' doesn't do much for a girl's morale. Anyway, thanks again for looking after Sultan for me, Peg. D-Do you suppose that Monday...?"

"Of course, hon. Just drop him off with me when you leave," the other replied through her attractive smile.

The ash-blonde beauty nodded her appreciation wondering in what little way she could manage to repay the super's wife. Money was so tight for her... "Well, come on, darling," she addressed Sultan. "Carol's got to bathe some of the ache out of her tired bones. Thanks again, Peg."

"Anytime, honey," Peggy White replied, slowly closing her door as Carol and her grinning, tail-wagging dog moved along to the next one where the weary divorcee paused to fumble in her purse for the key.

Inside, Carol immediately kicked off her low-heeled shoes. Leaning back against the wall, she took turns massaging the toes and instep of first one aching foot, and then the other, while Sultan watched with interest. "Oh, baby, you don't know how heavenly that feels," she breathed down at her loving and constant companion. "If only you could, I know you'd do it for me, wouldn't you, darling?"

The big, sleek-coated animal whined his answer up to her, his rounded brown eyes glowing with affection. The pleasing sound of her voice relayed her feelings to him. She was his whole world and he could not understand why she left him with the other female person. She was nice enough to him, but never could she take the place of his warm-eyed mistress.

The shapely divorcee smiled fondly down at her faithful companion, suddenly realizing, as she had a million times over the past lonely year, how empty her life would be without him. Even living with her parents from the moment Jonny had left her, up until their divorce became final some ten days before, she had spent more time with Sultan than she had with her own mother and father. But her folks had seemed to understand, or at least thought they did, tying her emotions toward the animal

to her lost singer-husband and the heartbreak of her broken marriage. They had been wrong, but Carol had seen no reason to enlighten them. Her feeling for her ex-husband had been long dead, ever since the second year of their marriage when she had found out he was running around while she slaved in a department store and he chased career dreams. By the end of the third year what little feeling remained inside her for him was breathing its last. She had refused to be the sole support between them and had quit her job. A week later, Jonny Gains landed his first worthwhile contract in a cheap Las Vegas nightclub and began paying the bills... plus flaunting in her face his open escapades with other women. Now that she could objectively think back on it, Carol felt certain that he'd brought home the little German shepherd puppy "to keep her company" as more of an insult than anything. Hadn't his favorite term for her been "bitch"?

Well, it was all over and done with now, and the likes of Jonny Gains, up and coming performer, could never know the joy, love, and companionship that little puppy had grown up to bring her. Of the few possessions they had jointly owned when after four years she had decided to bury the corpse of their marriage, Carol had asked for only one, Sultan, and had gotten him... plus a meager alimony which was always late, when it came at all. If only she were skilled at something to get a good job, but she wasn't, not even simple office work... and that she could thank Jonny for, too. Against her parents' wishes, after high school she had foregone college to run off with her bright lights-dazzled lover to the gambling city where they'd nearly starved before she had found waitress work in a casino, then lost the job because she was underage.

Eighteen years old she'd been, and living like a wife in a grubby trailer for six months before she'd landed the clerking position in the department store! God, what had she ever been thinking of? Three years of that before she had finally shanghied him into one of the local wedding chapels, childishly believing that a piece of legal paper was going to change everything for them. She hadn't even had a decent ring. Seven years of her life wasted... twenty-five and divorced... thank God there'd been no babies...!

Sultan's whimpers brought Carol back to the present. He'd gotten his nearly chewed-up rubber ball and brought it for her to play with him. Smiling warmly, she took it and tossed it into the air for him to catch and fetch.

"Oh you doll... one more time and that's all for now," Carol said, repeating the act, then walking to flick on the noisy and inadequate air conditioner. Like everything else in the borderline-shabby, one-bedroom apartment... in fact, the whole building, yes, the neighborhood, too... it had pretty near outlived its usefulness. It rattled and groaned back at her, as if promising nothing but an exhausted attempt. Carol sighed and began unbuttoning her blouse. Survival in the close, Southern California summer heat meant wearing next to nothing whenever possible, she had learned in one short week of local residence.

Of course, she hadn't been forced to leave her parents' humble home in San Francisco. They had begged her to stay, find work there and make a new life among the old friends and schoolmates she'd grown up with. The darlings, bless them... what they hadn't realized was that there were no old friends nor schoolmates whom she wanted any part of, and vice versa, she'd quickly come to know. Carol Dorsett was the famous Jonny Gains' ex-wife, the piece he had shed once success struck, the wild girl who had run away with him without benefit of marriage and everything she deserved. No, there was no life for her there in her old neighborhood... but she was twenty-five and there had to be one someplace for her!

She might have gone a thousand miles or two even, had she had the money. Los Angeles seemed as likely as any city under the limited circumstances, and she wasn't yet sorry that she'd chosen it, though her job-hunting discouragement and the immediate stifling surroundings of her seedy three

rooms and bath weren't helping to reinforce her decision...

The sound of the apartment buzzer startled Carol. Sultan's ears stood erect, a little growl sounding in his throat as his mistress quickly rebuttoned her blouse and approached the door. Peggy White's husband Ed, the apartment manager stood filling the doorway with his big, broad-shouldered frame when she opened the door inward.

"Hi!" he grunted, his puffy red face caught in an alcohol smile. "Wondered how your air conditioner was working. It gave me some trouble for awhile before you moved in."

Carol felt the tightness catching at her throat at just the sight of him. There was something about the almost leering expression in his lead-gray eyes, and the twisted smiles he had shown her the short time she'd lived in the building that gave her a clammy feeling. From the beginning, she had tried to avoid contact with him, wondering in the back of her mind how such a sweet person as Peggy could stand him. He had to be twenty years older than she... his hair was snow-white!

Sultan growled at him.

"Whatsa matter, mutt? Don't you know me?"

"Back, Sultan!" Carol commanded, catching hold of the animal's collar. "I-It's fine... working fine, Mr. White. Thanks, though..."

"Just wondered," he repeated, and Carol saw his liquor-glazed eyes drop almost lecherously to the deep cleft between her full breasts which her still partially open blouse revealed. Reflexively, she drew the silky white material together, an inner feeling of thankfulness for Sultan's massive protection steadying her.

"Y-Yes, it's fine, thank you," she said, half-closing the door.

He stepped back then and nodded, but the lurid smile she thought she read was still there. "Just let me know if you need me... or anything... I'm right next door, you know," he said, then licked at his lips. "Anything... anytime..."

Carol closed the door and shot the bolt to lock it, a cold chill shuddering upward along her spine. God, he'd been drunk, too! But... but, she hadn't really seen him any other way since she'd been there... those lewd, raking eyes... and that goatish grin...! How could Peggy stand him? Didn't she know...?

Sultan whimpered, looking up at her and she let go of his collar. "Thank goodness for you, darling!" the curvaceous blonde girl whispered, dropping onto her lushly rounded haunches to take his big head between her slender white hands. "You wouldn't let anyone hurt your Carol, would you, baby? My sweet, sweet angel!" She kissed him on his wet nose as he instantly licked out his long pink tongue to lave warmly over her lips in retaliation. "You handsome fellow! What girl could ask for more... that's what I want to know?"

The powerful animal whined as he tried to nuzzle closer to her and she hugged him tightly. "Oooooohhhhhh... my baby... baby sweet! I love you!" she whispered, kissing him between the eyes before straightening up. "Now... now that whatever Mr. White's frightening visit meant has passed, I'm going to take that bath, Sultan baby! But before I do, I'm going to mix myself a little gin and tonic. If a girl ever needed a bracer, I think yours truly does. Come on. You can have some Coke and we'll take them into the bathroom."

Sultan trotted along beside her, brushing against her warm thigh whenever he could, letting her know his excitement with little whimpers when she poured the nose-tickling dark liquid into his bowl.

"I never saw a dog who drinks Coke like you do, baby. No, not here... in the bathroom. Come on," Carol said, leading the way and sipping at her gin and tonic, her mind still a long way from being empty of Ed White. Yes, as soon as she possibly could, she'd find another place, and hopefully one in a more desirable area. Maybe the struggling movie stars of the thirties and forties thought Westland was the "in" section of Hollywood, but she'd bet her life they wouldn't believe it if they saw it today. The paint-peeled stucco buildings and boarded up store-fronts, to say nothing of the shady-fenced characters, the hippies and obvious prostitutes of all ages moving along its streets would painfully expose to them its degeneration. And it was sad... but God knew, there was no room for anymore sadness inside her. It was time for something uplifting...!

Sultan watched her suddenly laughing down at him. He raised his head from the bowl of dark liquid that he liked so much and sneezed. He watched her smooth, soft curves ripple and sway as she undressed for her bath and laughed warmly at him, the long hair of her head a little lighter than that between her pretty legs. He danced around her, and longed to do something that would make her know how much he loved her.

Carol watched her darling all the time she drew water to fill the tub. Was there ever an animal, or a human, more lovingly devoted than Sultan was? God, what would she do without him? Coming home today, she'd felt miserable. Only the thought of her handsome Sultan had lifted her spirits. Then, seeing him excitedly waiting for her beside Peg! And the way he had instinctively caused Ed White to back off! He'd been protecting her... of course, he had! The beautiful cavalier! She loved him so much! He was really her whole life...!

The soothing luke-warm water, frothy with bubble bath, slowly drained the miseries, both physical and mental, from Carol's nakedly submerged young body. She caressed the fluffy suds over her full, rounded breasts, sensing her tiny pink nipples hardening beneath the water as if aggressively provoked, such moments of arousal seldom known to her since the remote days of Jonny. Remote but not forgotten, she thought, stopping the self-sensuous act, but not before a series of rippling delights stabbed through her sensitive loins and rapidly incited belly.

It was ridiculous... absolutely ridiculous that she should feel this way! She'd been able to control her sense of physical need for a year, and she could continue... couldn't she? Of course, she could, Carol told herself, climbing out of the tub! When the time came, if it ever did again, then she would give herself without shame to the man she loved. She had loved Jonny for so long... loved his body... the way he had made love to her, and she to him... his long thick blood-hardened penis rushing wildly up into her welcoming vagina... but always selfishly... thrust into her mouth with whimpering pleads... his boyish tongue licking feverishly up between her legs... the moment when he finally exploded his white-hot cum inside her...!

God, she had to kick these thoughts, and right now!

Sultan watched closely the movements of her glistening white body as she climbed from the tub and began to towel herself, his keen sense of smell detecting the sudden scent of her female nakedness in the small room. He had been aware of the exciting, heated aroma before with her, its meaning confusing him, but she of the midnight hair had educated him. He sensed the heavy weight growing in the depths of his own loins as he watched her turn to look at her curvaceous reflection in the long mirror on the door.



For a moment, Carol stood motionless, consciously admiring the harmonious balance of her eye-pleasing curves, a tingle of narcissism fluttering through her belly. She realized her own physical beauty and had always been excited by it... her full, pink-nippled breasts and slender waist flowing into generously arched hips and smooth-rounded thighs. How Jonny had raved over her long legs, the alluring shape of her calves, slender ankles and tiny feet, kissing them all over in his passion. But it was the secret white outline her swimsuit halter left across the resilient mounds of her firm, uptilted breasts and cupping the ovals of her full buttocks, that fascinated him most. She dropped her gaze to the stretch of satiny untanned skin over her hips and the soft little bowl of her lower belly where the curly triangle of sparse blonde pubic hair began to fringe the puffiness of her pubic mound and fleshy vaginal lips, tiny shivers of awakened sensualism rippling over her. Lord, when was the last time she had done it to herself? She couldn't even remember... but evidently too long ago, the way she was suddenly keyed-up. She had never been a sexually oriented girl, but...!

Carol dropped her bath towel to the floor and sighed, letting her own trembling hands stroke downward over her hips as she watched herself in the mirror. Her soft breathing increased as she smoothed her fingers inward toward the base of her incited belly to the sensitive mound of hair-sprinkled flesh between. She pressured tauntingly, her slender fingers extended, the pinkness of her moistening vaginal slit's momentary exposure captivating her. OOohhhh... she had to, was all... simply had to, she was that fired-up!

Sultan whimpered, demanding the long-haired girl's attention, and almost shamefully she stopped her lewd caresses.

"Oh darling, you'll have to forgive your Carol, but... but there are things even she can't do without forever!"

The big dog wagged his tail and animalishly licked at his jaws, then at her soft, sweet-smelling hand when she bent down to brush it over his head. She couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking as his big brown eyes seemed to sweep all over her body, almost lustfully ogling her soft white nakedness. An impulse of exhibitionism added to her stimulation as she stood there for a long moment posing tauntingly before his gleaming animal eyes. "You... you can even watch me do it if you want to, darling!" she hotly whispered, that lurid thought feeding more fuel to the wave of self-infused passion washing through her. "Come on!" she hissed, quickly leading the way toward the bedroom. "You can sit right by the bed and watch Carol, darling!"

Sultan followed close beside her, brushing against the warm smoothness of her thigh as she walked, the exciting scent of her effluent body-heat filling his nostrils. He paused as she climbed onto the bed, the soft curves quivering with every movement, and then she was lying on her back and breathing heavily, hardly looking in his direction now. The powerful animal watched her long legs spread slowly open on the bed, her small hand moving down between them to the blonde-fringed opening to her pussy. He watched her fingers begin to work in a teasing circular motion, little sighs of pleasure tumbling from her parted lips, her smooth white buttocks starting to rise from the bed to meet her rhythmically moving hand...

And that was when he leaped up to join her!

The German shepherd's unexpected approach took Carol completely by surprise. Since he was a small pup, she had never allowed him on the bed, and now as she stared down between her lewdly spread legs and watched him move forward between them, she could only gape in startled wonderment! She withdrew her hand from its lascivious self-indulgent task and raised herself onto her forearms, hardly frightened, but simply awed by his abrupt act and his rather obscene position between her yawning thighs.



Something held the sensuously stirred blonde from speaking as she stared at him, her widened green eyes reflecting her bewilderment, watching fascinated as his loving brown ones swept over her naked curves almost as if he had illicit thoughts in mind! And then, he was moving in even closer up over her, dropping his big head to lick out with a hot fluid tongue against the smooth flesh of her responsively twitching belly!

Carol irresistibly gasped at the astonishing contact, swallowing at the sudden dryness in her throat as his long pink tongue began to lick moistly over her muscle-tensed belly! He had never done, or even attempted anything like this before! She was speechless now as again and again he did it, while she continued to lie there beneath the desire-inciting length of his wetly heated caresses, his fervent tonguing making incredible sensations spiral through her torso, only adding to her lustful exhilaration.

OOooohhh... this was unbelievable! What was possessing him? But she wasn't going to stop him! Just how far would he go if she let him...? Then, his long, damp tongue licked heatedly upward over the quivering flesh of her waist, working higher and higher until he was actually lapping the rounded undersides of her sensitive breasts! Tenderly, he washed up over them toward the tiny straining buds of her nipples! Carol couldn't hold back the moan escaping her when his searing, moist flesh grazed wetly over the erogenous, pebble-like buds, first one and then the other, sending feverish thrills of lewd enticement whipping through her tremulous flesh!

She knew she should stop him before it went any further! It was becoming absolutely obscene! And then a sense of disappointment followed as, abruptly, Sultan stopped of his own accord and began to back down between her still widespread legs. The temptation to call him back was short-lived and unnecessary as, suddenly mesmerized, she watched him poise his massive head between her lewdly opened thighs, then slowly lower it, his heated animal breath taunting the fringe of soft blonde curls there!

Carol couldn't believe it when her dog's cool wet nose brushed the warm, sensorial flesh of her inner thigh... and finally, the pinkly pouting lips of her excited pussy! She heard his little whimper as he sniffed at her heatedly roused loins, his long nose probing at her susceptible flesh as though he were actually trying to seduce her! She felt the coolness of it suddenly exploring the smooth crevice between her milk-white buttocks, then wetly laving the exposed little rosebud of her tiny puckered anus!

"Ooooooh... Sultan... you naughty darling!" Carol gasped, uncontrollably lurching beneath the wicked contact. "Wh-What's come over you all of a sudden... oooooohhhhhh!"

His hot tongue suddenly shot out to lick feverishly up and down the smooth vale surrounding her tight little anal entrance, the tip worming teasingly up into her clasping nether passage! At that shocking point, Carol wasn't certain what to do next, whether to order him to stop, or lustfully goad him on, but that too was a decision she never had to make! Suddenly, his seething wet tongue began to lick at the narrow pink slit between her luridly spread thighs! Moans bubbled up in her throat, little tremors of unbearable desire rippling over her naked flesh as he lapped fluidly upward through the entire pink-flushed length of her vulnerable cunt! Ooohhhh, the wild sensations... and they were needling inward to stab deep at the nerve centers of her now intensely fluttering belly!

He didn't stop! His fiery animal-tongue was spreading through the yielding, swollen lips of her hair-framed pussy with long relentless sweeps, erotically splaying the tender flesh wide, pausing at last to lunge in an invading curl far up into the liquid heat of her excitedly throbbing vagina! She gasped and jerked convulsively, dropping flat onto her back to writhe in uncontrollable delight under the big dog's shocking oral lovemaking, mindlessly drawing her legs back to give the beautiful darling

greater access!

Even had she wanted to, the obscenely positioned young blonde knew that she could never order Sultan to stop, now that the intense thrills of his long wet pleasure-bringing tongue were penetrating right through her voluptuously hungry body. She heard her own desperate moans increase, while her desire glazed mind began to slip into a delicious oblivion of velvet sensuality. Unceasingly, the loving animal-tongue bated her offered loins, from the mug little opening of her lewdly working anus, upward through the hot wet crevice of her cunt. At the peak, he hesitated maddeningly, his knowledge baffling her when suddenly he penetrated to flick wetly at the quivering bud of her rigidly erect clitoris, fanning her ever mounting desire as she whimpered in carnal delight!

On and on it went, time seeming to lose its meaning for Carol, nothing mattering but the heavenly searing tongue licking relentlessly through and over her passion-inflamed cuntal flesh until she was gasping and writhing her entire naked body in frantic pleading beneath it!

“Aaaaaauuhhhhhhhhh...!” she choked as he flicked his tormenting tongue in a feverish, spearing curl far up beyond the clutching, long-unused mouth of her burning vagina! “Ooohhh... yes... my lover! Do it for me! Make Carol cum, Sultan darling! She needs to so badly! Lick it, darling! Lick Carol’s hot little pussy...!”

With an animalistic groan of her own, Carol drew her knees back flat to her palpitating breasts, and reaching down between them to grasp his head she pulled his long nose in tight against her wetly yearning vagina! His loving tongue flicked far up the fire-filled channel like a burrowing mole, his own whimpers blending with hers as he fiercely lashed and penetrated the glistening pink flesh between her widespread thighs and buttocks.

“Oh God... yes, baby... lick it! Lick your Carol’s needing cunt!” she hissed out again, raising her blonde head as best she could to look down between her obscenely drawn up legs to watch whatever she could of the bestial ravishing of her loins. Oh God...! Her wide-split cunt was flushed to near redness, its shimmering inner-flesh was the most lust-intoxicating sight she had ever seen! Her blood-filled pussy lips were spread like a omniverous mouth, with her handsome darling’s long furry snout shoved as far as it would go, right up into the hungry passage of her seething vagina! She could actually feel his jaws working when he opened them, stretching the elasticized entrance of her cunt to thrust his tongue deep into her fire-filled belly! He seemed to be furiously reaching new depths inside her with every lurid lunge! Insanely, she began to pull at his head while she obscenely thrust her greedy loins up at him, trying to force his long nose like a thick furry cock up into her hotly throbbing cunt!

What might have been a pained whimper came from the depths of Sultan's throat, but Carol never heard it! Instead, she felt the exotic sensation of his coiling tongue smooth against, then worm its way lewdly into the small, clam-like mouth of her vagina, spine-shattering sensations of lust overwhelming her helpless flesh!

She was going to cum! Oooohhhh... he had done it for her... the beautiful darling... with his cold wet nose shoved hard against her wide-stretched cuntal passage and his tongue spiraling like the licking flame of a candle at her tender cervix!

In nothing short of delirium, Carol clutched at his big animal-head, burying his phallus-like nose another fraction of an inch deeper up into the tight-clutching opening of her orgasmically throbbing cunt, holding savagely to his pointed ears as she lustfully fucked her loins up onto his animal-face and felt the never-ceasing ecstasy of his searing tongue caressing and stabbing into her super-

sensitive cervix!

“Oooohhhhhh lovrrrrrr... I-I-I’m cummmmmmmiinngggggg...” she wailed, jerking at his head and fucking his snout in selfish ecstasy, nothing mattering but the overwhelming enchantment bursting like a huge hot bubble of erotic bliss to flood down through her long-denied body and permeate her with exhausting sensations of sensually drained fulfillment...!

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## CHAPTER TWO

Carol dressed in a somewhat numbed state, slipping on a white skirt and pullover, still refusing to believe that it had happened the way it had! She brushed her long ash-blonde tresses more than usual, studying her own face in the vanity mirror as if trying to detect some hidden demon. Sultan had trotted off after his obscene seduction, then returned to sit beside her as devotedly as ever. She petted him, but didn’t speak. God, how could she? The precious darling... and he’d been so beautiful...! But never before had he even done the ordinary animal things, such as curiously sniffing up between her thighs, or climbing onto her leg in the usual ruttish fashion.

Why now? Why had this happened? Carol had been asking herself that question ever since their forbidden performance ended and her wits had slowly returned. And above everything, she didn’t like the answer her still unsteady mind kept coming up with. There had never been anything like this, not even an approach, before... before she’d started leaving the dog with Peggy! God, was it possible? She just couldn’t believe it... but where else had he suddenly gotten such a lustful education?

The young divorcee found herself mentally picturing the attractive Peggy White in her mind, but she was visualizing her as never before. Instead, she was inwardly calculating the older brunette’s curvaceousness, her sultry face, the shape of her voluptuously up-thrust breasts and full rounded hips... Lord! What in God’s name had suddenly come over her, anyway... to be thinking along these lines? She pushed back her vanity stool and jerked upright to her feet. She needed air, or something to clear her head!

“Come on, Sully... I think we could both use a good walk in this sunshine,” Carol said, leading the way to the kitchen where she kept his leash. “I thought I was tired... but I guess I wasn’t tired enough,” she added in a soft tone to herself, though she couldn’t deny the overwhelming feeling of release her formerly tense young body was enjoying. And in truth, she wasn’t really ashamed for having let him lick her pussy, not really, as she might have been had a man done it, but admittedly she would have been at least red-faced had she and Sultan been discovered in the middle of their obscene little escapade.

Carol tried to shake from her mind the lewd image of Peggy White “training” her dog, but she couldn’t do it. On the street with Sultan walking valiantly beside her, her brain continued to form lurid mental scenes of the pretty brunette nakedly seducing her handsome pet... showing and teaching him how to... Oh God! Those lewd imaginings were sensuously stirring her even as her anger mounted. Of course, she could never prove such a thing, nor would she even hint at it to the super’s wife, but her mind was made up. Sultan had stayed his last day in the White’s apartment. She hardly knew what she was going to do with him while she job-hunted, but she had the weekend to decide on something.

Unafraid with the massive German shepherd at her side, and hardly aware of the ogling and shifty pairs of eyes, the suggestive whistles, or under-the-breath propositions directed at her from passing

and loitering characters, the appealing young blonde girl made her way toward the open park, which was the last remaining thing of beauty to her in the Westland area. At least once a day she had tried to walk Sultan there, but unfortunately she didn't dare let him off the leash to romp a little; it just wasn't safe around there for a girl without obvious protection. Anyway, when she could, she allowed the dog a couple of hours of freedom in the walled backyard of the apartment building where he could get some measure of exercise.

For a while, Carol strolled along the cinder paths, waiting while Sultan sniffed and examined certain poles, bushes, and trees, until finally they found an empty bench in the shade and she sat down. Sultan saw them first, the other harnessed German shepherd immediately drawing his attention. The dark glasses and type of leash made Carol aware of the young man's blindness. They moved along the cinder path toward where she sat with Sultan on the ground beside her, the skilled seeing-eye dog carefully guiding its master.

He was a handsome man, Carol thought as they drew closer — tall, with broad shoulders and proud bearings. His hair was dark and waved, carefully groomed, and his neat, casual dress stylishly simple. She guessed him to be somewhere in his early thirties and found herself wondering how he had lost his sight... or had he been born that way?

Sultan whimpered as the other German shepherd drew closer, while totally ignoring his existence. Carol saw then that the dedicated animal was female and demanded Sultan behave himself...

"What is it, Queenie? Is our bench gone?" Carol heard the young man question when his animal-guide seemed reluctant to let him move toward the seat.

Carol spoke, then, "I think it's because we're here... my dog and I," she said, hardly knowing how to put it.

"Oh... I'm sorry," he said, turning toward her voice and smiling. "Usually it's empty this time of day. Excuse us..."

"There's plenty of room," Carol quickly replied, "if you'd care to join us?"

"Thanks... we will," he accepted, still smiling. With the limited hand movements of a man adjusted to his affliction, he confidently seated himself, his dog waiting and watching before lying down at his feet. "I couldn't understand it at first, Queenie's not wanting to lead me over here," he said. "But when you mentioned your dog I knew. They're trained to avoid other animals."

"I see," Carol said. "Y-Your Queenie, she's a beautiful dog."

"Yes... my eyes, companion, and protection," he said, with a certain bitterness accenting the last word. "Afraid I'd be lost without her."

"I believe I understand what you mean," Carol replied. "I know I'd be lost without Sultan."

"Sultan... that's an impressive name. What breed is he?"

"German shepherd, like Queenie... and about the same age, I'd say. He's three."

"Well, you're a pretty fair judge of dogs, Miss...?"

"Dorsett... Carol Dorsett."

"Mark Cannon," he replied. "As I was saying, you seem to know dogs, Miss Dorsett. Queenie's almost three, but I've had her for only a year. They have to be fairly mature before they start training them, and that takes quite a while, as well as teaching the person they're going to be seeing for," he smiled. "Do you live in this area?"

"A couple of blocks from here. We have a small apartment on Fellows Street," she answered with a little smile of her own, the young man's warmth and good looks giving her a pleasant uplift. She wondered if he was married.

"Really? I live on Fellows too, number 1322," he said. "What's your address?"

"1315. We've only been here a week."

"Well, we're neighbors! I'm almost directly across the way from you!" Mark Cannon informed, inwardly weighing what might be a stroke of luck. Beyond that, she had a very pleasing voice, young and gentle, not the hard, expected type that inhabited this grubby area. Down on her luck, maybe... or perhaps, just a smoother operating whore. Whatever she was made little difference for his purposes... if she was cooperative... and if he could trust her. That could take time to determine... maybe too much time... Christ, if he could only see her...!

"It's not a very nice neighborhood, is it, Mr. Cannon," Carol said.

He grinned. "Not exactly the place where I'd let my wife walk the streets unescorted... if I had one. You said you've only been here a week. You mean in Westland, or Los Angeles?"

"Both. I'm from San Francisco. I rented the apartment sight unseen from a newspaper ad, never dreaming that the Westland section could be like this," Carol replied, simultaneously clocking in her mind the fact that he was not married. "It fit my budget... but as soon as I'm lucky enough to find a job, I intend to move. Like you said, I wouldn't dare walk these streets without Sultan beside me."

Hearing his name mentioned, the big animal looked up toward his mistress, then back to the female of his own kind who was completely ignoring him. If only he dared move closer and explore the smell of her, but instinctively he knew that for some reason this would not be right. There was something different about her which he could not understand, and again he whined in perplexity.

"Shhh, Sultan," Carol ordered, well aware of his interest and the natural reasons behind it. "I'm afraid you'll have to resign yourself to being snubbed. The young lady isn't interested in your attentions..."

"Does he want to get acquainted?" Mark asked. "It's perfectly okay, except Queenie won't respond unless I tell her she can. Up, Queenie! Come here, Sultan! Come on, boy! Come over here and meet my friend. That's a boy..." he said, Carol watching as he took both animals' heads and brought their noses together, Queenie immediately wagging her tail in reception.

Fascinated, the young divorcee watched Mark Cannon's strong, gentle hands manipulate the two massive dogs with obvious, inbred ability, until the usual animal-type exploration of intimate parts began and Carol sensed a tiny twinge of ridiculous jealousy ripple through her.

"Well... I think we better be getting back home, Sultan," she said, rising to her feet and drawing him to her side by the leash. "It's been very nice talking to you, Mr. Cannon. I've really enjoyed it..."

"Oh... are you leaving so soon?" he asked, looking directly up at her.



"Y-Yes, I think we better. It's nearly four and I have some things to do..."

"It's not very often that I find anyone besides Queenie to talk to," he said with a smile, "and she doesn't say too much."

"I-I know what you mean," Carol replied, a warm feeling of sympathetic understanding filling her. "But maybe... maybe we can get together again soon. Do you come here every day?"

"Usually... but I will for sure if you say you're going to be here," he said, causing the warmth she felt to pleasantly increase. "Better yet, why don't we get together some evening... that is, if you'd like to?"

His proposal took her by surprise. She smiled. "Why... why yes, I'd like that very much, Mr..."

"Mark," he interrupted. "Less formal. Okay?"

"Okay. And mine's Carol, you know," she said, finding herself more and more excited by his casual charm.

"Good!" he exclaimed, getting to his feet, Queenie immediately rising to attention. "Suppose we walk along with you, Carol, seeing we're going the same way? You mind?"

"Of course not! I'd love it!" she answered, then, on the spur of the moment, "And... and suppose you come over to dinner tomorrow night? It won't be anything elaborate, but..."

"Hey! I'd welcome that with open arms!" he said, his face beaming. "And I'll bring a bottle of wine!"

"Okay! Do you like meatloaf?" she asked. "I'm afraid I can't offer you much better, but I do make a good one..."

"Meatloaf! My favorite dish!" he said, and then they both laughed as they walked side by side along the cinder path, their team of German shepherds leading them.

They had gone only a little way, both enjoyably reacting to their new friendship, when Carol saw the other man standing beside a tree a good distance from the path, but definitely with his attention riveted on them... or rather on her! He was drinking from a beer can and though he was quite a way off, there was no question in her mind but that it was Ed White! The clammy chill at just the sight of him crept shudderingly up her back.

"Is something wrong, Carol?" Mark asked when she stopped in the middle of telling him her apartment number and what time to come.

"N-No... no, nothing," she stammered, tearing her eyes from the brutish man whose leer she sensed more than distinguished at that distance. "I-I was just remembering a certain detail I forgot to take care of today... I'm sorry."

"You were telling me what time and your apartment number," he reminded, his discerning mind detecting the falseness of her answer and wondering why.

"Oh yes, it's 1-B, and let's make it around seven for cocktails... you do like a cocktail, don't you?" she said, straining to re-capture the warm mood they had shared only moments before.

"I thrive on them!" he laughed and shook his head as if thoroughly delighted. "You know, Carol, you're taunting me right where it gets me the most!"

"Oh...? And where's that?"

"In my unbelieving head! Nothing this good has happened to me in three years...!"

He hadn't lied to her, Mark thought later, as he moved knowingly around his own small, seedy apartment, making himself a pitcher of martinis, some crackers with cheese, then settling down in his easy chair. He heard Queenie's level breathing beside him and felt the reassuring closeness of her strong body against his bare foot. He flicked on the small radio and found his favorite FM station, while his mind raced. If only he could have gotten one look at her, for Christ's sake! He turned up the radio to drown out the clattering worthlessness of the air-conditioner.

She had to be beautiful with a voice like that... and she was certainly no hooker. Single, evidently, or maybe divorced like him. He took off his eye-shades and rubbed at his sightless eyes. Opening them again, he wondered how dead or vacant they looked. Were they still the same bluish tint...? The color Nancy had told him she loved so much... the bitch.

He sipped at his martini, then popped a whole small cracker with cheese into his mouth. They'd told him the acid had never noticeably damaged the actual eyeball, only destroyed the thin lids, which plastic surgery had restored... plus his sight, but he had no way of knowing that was true.

Shit, that was hardly important anymore! In three years, a man learns to live with a horror, just as he accustoms himself to the loss of his wife after seven years, the girl he comes to believe is a part of him, for richer or poorer, through sickness and in health, till death...! Malarky! Goddamn, what had gotten him off onto this tangent? He didn't want to think of that shallow bitch ever again! She was gone, on the other side of the continent, back in her Boston environment where she belonged, and he was well rid of her. More important things had suddenly, and so unexpectedly, happened to him!

The sound of Carol Dorsett's almost sensual voice and the delicate scent of her perfume shouldn't play any part in the picture, Mark knew, but he couldn't exactly get them out of his mind. Being sightless didn't destroy a man's desire... and he'd still bet his life she was a beauty! All the same, he had a job to do, and he intended to do that first and foremost! Besides, she was probably only being sympathetic... lonely too, no doubt. But he'd hate to put up a man with good eyes as competition and let her make a choice!

To hell with that crap! It was just sheer luck that he'd met her, and not to take advantage of it would be stupid! She sounded trustworthy enough, but he'd have to probe that deeper tomorrow night. Either she had told him the truth, or she was one slick operating chick... and if she was that, she damn sure wouldn't be wasting her time down in this end of town! No, she was for real, all right, and above all, he didn't want to get her marked! Christ, he couldn't protect her... couldn't even protect himself, but his end hardly mattered. Maybe, he better think about it a little bit... not be hasty and just get her uselessly involved... She sounded like a dream, almost too out of date to be true! He smiled. Imagine that, he reminded himself, Mark Cannon having a dinner date after all these years? And with what had to be a very lovely young girl! Damn, he could hardly believe it! The lingering sound of her soft warm voice taunted his memory. He drained his glass, flicking the savory olive inside his mouth. What the hell, he realized, his stupid cock had begun to stir...!

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Carol made herself a strong gin and tonic, poured a little Coke for Sultan and eased down into the only decent living room chair. She had to think things over. So much had happened to her in the last few hours that each unexpected, overwhelming incident seemed like a milestone in her too-uneventful life! Her lewd little episode with the handsome German shepherd beside her hardly

seemed as if it had ever happened now, but she knew it really had... and only hours before! Again, she examined her conscience as she sipped at her drink! No! No, she wasn't sorry... nor ashamed... and she wasn't about to tell herself it might not happen again!

And then there was Mark Cannon! He certainly was a very striking, desirable man, and seemed untouched by the self-sympathy his affliction could cause. Instead, he acted alive and young, quite aggressive in fact, ready to ignore his handicap if she would. Carol hoped she'd shown him it made absolutely no difference to her, and guessed that she had done just that by inviting him to dinner. She really wanted him to come. There was something about him... appealing in every respect. It was difficult to think of a man like him never to have been married. He had to be thirty-two or three. Maybe, he'd tell her... and she would tell him her own sorry story... they would confide in each other...

Then the memory of Ed White's frightening appearance in the park marred her pleasant reverie, and Carol drank heavily from her glass. Why had he so suddenly loomed up? She hadn't rid herself yet of the thought that he must have been following her! There was something terrifying about that ugly man! She couldn't bring herself to believe that his being in the park was just coincidental! Yet, in broad daylight, even with Sultan beside her, he scared her.

God! Carol hardly knew what to think, except that she wanted to keep as much distance as possible between her and the landlord. How his wife Peg could ever stand him was beyond her...! And then she again thought of her shapely brunette neighbor, and the almost incredible conclusions she'd come to earlier concerning Peg's lewd exploitation of Sultan. They seemed outlandish now... cruel and hasty accusations she'd readily whipped up to lessen her own immediate guilt. No... it was impossible... not Peggy! She just wasn't that sort of person... was she?

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Carol wasn't hungry. She fed Sultan and made herself another drink, her third... or was it her fourth? It hardly mattered, she decided, the liquor's effects causing a warm, buoyant feeling to glow inside her, a pleasurable diversion she had almost forgotten existed. It had been a very eventful day, she thought, reviewing individually once more all the things that had happened, as she sipped her gin and tonic. For a change, there'd been a few happy things! She smiled down at the big German shepherd resting at her feet, a stimulated little tingle rippling in her belly when she remembered the lewd hour they'd spent together. Then, Mark Cannon came excitedly to mind, adding to those provocative stirrings...

Suddenly the door buzzer sounded. For a moment, Carol hesitated as Sultan's throaty growl gave warning, mental reflections of Ed White racing through her mind. Again the buzzer sounded, and with a staccato urgency this time that she couldn't ignore. Carol set down her drink and answered it with her dog close beside her.

It was Peg White and she was crying, her face flushed and crumpled, one cheek noticeably redder than the other. Clutched against her breast she held a purse, and a sob choked from her throat as she charged into the room!

"Close the door and lock it, please, Carol! Hurry, before he knows where I've gone!" Peggy White gasped in a terrified voice... locking the door herself when the blonde girl didn't react quick enough. "If he finds me, he'll kill me! I-I just know it! I've never seen him so raving drunk!"

Without asking, Carol knew that the almost hysterical girl was referring to her husband. "Wh-Where

is he now?" she quickly questioned hoping to God he hadn't seen his wife come in there.

"I-In the apartment, still looking for this, I suppose!" Peggy whispered in a shaking voice holding up her purse. "I-I keep the rent money in here for the bank deposit. It's not ours, you know... we have no right to use it, but that makes damned little difference to Ed! It's money... and that's all he cares! Money to throw around in bars... and to buy those slutty teenage bitches...!"

Trembling, the distraught wife began to cry again and Carol tried to comfort her, putting an arm around Peg's shoulder and walking her toward the couch. "Here, dear, you sit down and let me get you something to steady you. You're safe here..."

"As... as long as... he doesn't know where I am...!" Peggy sobbed.

"Don't worry. He can't get beyond that door, not with Sultan here!" Carol assured her. "Now you sit right there while I get you a drink, honey. Then, we'll see what to do about this!"

The ugly brute had obviously slapped her, Carol thought, trembling herself as she poured straight whiskey into a small glass. The red welts from his big fingers were still embossed on the poor girl's cheek.

"Here, drink this, hon," Carol said, dropping down beside Peg to gently place a hand on the shivering brunette's shoulder as she handed her the glass. "Just sip at it... would you like some water...?"

"No... no thanks, Carol. T-This is fine... and I'm so grateful. I-I didn't know where to run to. He was like... like a maniac when he couldn't find my purse... but I'd expected this and... and hid it in a different place!"

Carol didn't know what to say. She didn't want to be nosy, or get involved in the Whites' domestic problems, but... "What're you going to do, Peggy? Will he get over it...?"

"Oh yes... by tomorrow probably," the still shuddering wife replied, sighing raggedly as if to shake the fearful quaking possessing her. "He always does. He'll be too hungover to carry on by then."

"But what about tonight? You just can't go back there and take a chance on him beating you?" Carol said. "He's probably furious by now!"

Again Peggy sighed, laying her head back onto the edge of the couch, a little smile sardonically twisting her pretty mouth. "That... is putting it mildly, darling! Ten years of experience with him tells me that he's in a murderous rage by this time, vowing to tear me limb from limb!"

"My God! Why do you put up with it, Peg?" Carol gasped in disbelief. "I'd call the police... have him arrested... anything!"

"I know... I know, honey," Peggy said, lifting her head and drinking from the glass. "It sounds like the only answer, doesn't it, but it isn't. Believe me, it isn't! Any woman who has ever had a drunken, wife-beating man would quickly tell you the same. So, they're arrested, fined, and released... and what do you suppose happens to the poor girl then? That's right, his vengeance is even worse."

"Then, for God's sake, divorce him!" Carol exclaimed, reaching a point of exasperation.

"Divorce him...? Oh... I couldn't do that, honey!" Peggy replied, shaking her head. "You see, he really needs me... and I love him!"

Carol stared at her, speechless. Well, so much for ridiculousness, she thought, draining her glass. What more was there to say? The anguished wife had pathetically said it all in six words which had struck a familiar chord in the divorced girl's memory... he needs me... I love him! Incredibly enough, Carol thought, I understand just how she feels!

"Here, let me get us another drink," she said, taking Peggy's empty glass and walking into the little kitchenette. Then, in a low voice that couldn't be overheard through the thin walls, she said, "You better stay here with me tonight, Peg. As you say, he'll be over it by tomorrow, or at least too sick to give you any further nonsense."

"Thanks, Carol, but... but I don't want to put you to any trouble. If I can stay just a little while longer, maybe he'll have fallen asleep..."

"Don't be silly," Carol said, returning to hand her a second bracing measure of straight bourbon, then lowering herself into the chair across from her neighbor. "You know it's no trouble. The bed is big enough for both of us, and I've got an extra toothbrush and nightie. Besides, I wouldn't sleep all night worrying about you, and here we both can rest comfortably with Sultan protecting us..."

Peggy White breathed out heavily once more, her radiant smile showing itself for the first time since she'd frantically entered the apartment. She set her purse on the couch beside her and said, "I'm not going to refuse again, darling. God knows, I'll be safer in here with you tonight, and especially with Sultan, as you say, to protect us..."

The big German shepherd heard his name spoken a second time and raised his head to survey the two females. He studied them both for a long moment, noting that his mistress' face and eyes had taken on an unfamiliar laxness, while hers of the midnight hair were quickly beginning to appear the same. He listened to the soft sounds of their voices, then changed his position so that he could rest his head on the floor and watch them. The confusion which had tensed him at first was no longer in the room, the quiet sounds of their voices beginning to gently lull him toward sleep...

How or why Peggy had started talking about that side of her personal life, Carol wasn't sure, but she quickly found herself more than a little intrigued, as well as pitying the obviously passionate girl across from her. She listened intently to Peggy's intimate unburdening, as if she just had to confide the awful truth in someone.

"I-I have to be loved, Carol... physically... sexually loved," Peggy whispered, her dark eyes reflecting her excitement in the mere talking about it. "And... and this is another form of Ed's brutality. Knowing how much and often I need it... he denies me... or at the very least, makes me beg him... sometimes on my knees... and I have to say it the dirtiest way possible... like... please fuck me, darling? Or, please shove your big cock up my hot cunt... or, let me suck it until it cums in my mouth?"

"H-Has he always been this way?" Carol heard her own raspy whisper, the curvaceous brunette's candid revelations easily rekindling the tingles in her belly that the young divorcee had been experiencing before her buzzer had interrupted. She couldn't resist persuing the rousing subject, and a much more relaxed Peggy White, under the soothing influence of the bourbon, seemed just as eager to discuss it.

"Oh God, honey, he was wonderful... for the first eight years of our marriage! I couldn't have asked for more in bed! He not only has a big one... you know, long and thick and hard, but... but he knows how to use it to bring out the most in a girl! God... honest, he makes me cum like... like an earthquake! Not just once, but five, six, seven times...! At least, he did... before we came here. In



San Diego it was beautiful, Carol. We were so happy together. He had a good job with an electronics firm... always came home after work... and we owned a nice house... Then, he met some people from below the border, you know, Mexico, some dark looking men who came to the house several times. The next thing I knew, we were selling everything to come here! I wasn't asked; I was told! Overnight, he was a changed man. That... that was two years ago... and here we are, right up until tonight!"

Carol swallowed tightly, Peggy's uninhibited description of her sex life like a bellows fanning the smoldering embers in her own belly and loins. She thought of Jonny and his lovemaking, but the memory of him was quickly brushed aside by the fresher memory of her interlude with Sultan, and even the more mysterious wonder of Mark Cannon. "The... the teenagers you spoke of, Peg... you mean those young girls who are all over the neighborhood?"

"I mean those little two-bit bitches, sluts... cunts is what they are, honey!" the shapely, dark-haired wife vehemently exclaimed. "They'll do anything to get enough dough for their pot, or a fix! Only... only two days ago, I took Sultan with me shopping. We came home in a taxi because I had so much to carry. Ed wasn't expecting me, and I found him on our bed with one of them! She couldn't have been more than sixteen, both of them naked and going at it sixty-nine, you know, sucking each other!"

"My God!" Carol gasped, the other's lucid description and four-letter words spiraling through her in a wave of sensuous heat. "Wh-What did you do?"

"Ranted and raved, of course, ordering the little tight-titted pig out of there! But she could hardly have cared less!" Peg said bitterly. "She was kind of cute in the face... all over, in fact, with almost boyish hips, but full, white buttocks... long, dark, straight hair, you know, streaming down her back, and the same curly wispy-like hair on her pussy! Damn, I could hardly blame Ed... and you know what she said to me?"

"Wh-What?" Carol asked breathlessly.

"'Come on, Mama,' she taunted me in a little-girlish voice. 'Get naked and let me lick your cunt!'"

Carol couldn't speak; her throat was too dry, as if it had suddenly been swabbed with a ball of cotton. She drained her glass, welcoming the wet relief. "And... and what did you say?" she almost blurted.

"Well, for a moment, I just stood there staring at the enticing little bitch while Ed laughed! 'Come on, babe,' he said, trying to goad me into it. 'We'll have a real party! If Dottie can eat pussy the way she sucks cock it'll be a blast-off for you!' And you know, honey, I almost did... I mean, it wasn't going to be the first time for me! A girlfriend and I when we were in high school used to sleep together often, and licking pussy wasn't new, or disgusting. I was getting hotter by the second, but the fact that Ed brought her right into our apartment and bed was too much! I just began to cry... and the next thing I knew, she was gone...!"

"Good Lord... what an experience!" Carol breathed, sensing the moisture seeping warmly from between her swollen vaginal lips and down against the thin sheer nylon of her panty crotch-band. She squirmed down into the cheap chair cushion, welcoming its pressured hardness against the wetly tingling softness of her roused loins. She raised her glass to her lips only to remember it was empty. "Sh- Shall we have another... and take it to bed with us, Peg?"

The vibrant brunette, once more herself, looked with an eyebrow-raised smile at her empty glass. "If you say so, darling. I haven't felt this good in months."

Carol laughed, a thousand things racing through her incited mind. She jumped up, took their glasses and tripped into the kitchen area. Peggy was still talking in that low, seductive voice of hers, but Carol wasn't paying much attention as she poured their drinks. Her thoughts were too filled with the sensual provocation of her sexy neighbor's lust-inciting admissions! She too had once known a girl like that... Barbara Carter, from her old neighborhood... but she'd never let her do it, and then Barbara had moved away!

Carol sliced lemon for her own drink as she pictured the way that girl Dottie must have looked naked with Ed White... her small, rounded breasts, the swelling, teenage hips, the dark curls spreading out enticingly between her thighs... damn, the mere thought was like some sort of aphrodisiac... and that she didn't need! What was wrong with her tonight, anyway? Too much to drink, probably.

"Y-You can use the shower first," Carol said, handing Peggy her drink. "Come on, I'll give you a nightie."

The older girl clasped the hand Carol held out, holding it with an extra gentle pressure that didn't escape the young blonde's notice. "I don't wear anything... if you don't mind," Peggy breathed warmly at her. "Carol... are... are you sure you want me to stay?"

"Don't be ridiculous! Of course I do! And... and I prefer to sleep in the raw too!" the young divorcee almost gasped out. "Now... hustle into the bathroom! I'll follow when you're through...!"

Sultan watched them, on his feet now and following closely as they walked toward the bedroom. He saw them separate, the midnight haired one leaving the room while his mistress began to shed her covering. He sat down to look closely, the sight intriguing him. She would be all curved and white when she finished... like her friend who had trained him well... but, no, she was putting something over her, hiding the beauty he enjoyed looking at. Then she picked up the glass and drank from it. Her eyes were not normal. Her pretty mouth was pulled to one side. He whimpered...

"What's wrong, baby?" Carol said, moving forward unsteadily to reach down and pet her darling's great head. God, she was drunk! She was! And deliciously so! Oh darling, don't hate your Carol, but... but she just can't help herself! It's going to happen! I know it is! And... and I want it to! It's really going to happen...!

Peggy wore her bath towel around her, its upper ridge clinging and hiding no more than the tips of her full, thrusting breasts and dropping to her rounded, white mid-thighs. "Your turn, darling," she said, her liquor glazed eyes flashing about the room as she moved into it, every place but on Carol!

"I'll only be a minute," Carol said. "Make yourself at home, Peg... hop in, or whatever. There're some magazines there under the night stand..."

In the bathroom, Carol removed her robe and stepped in under the shower, wondering if she was losing her mind, or was there about to be another sensational milestone to wind up this day? Never in her whole life had she entertained more lustful thoughts or feelings than those possessing her at that very moment! Was she right about Peg? God, she was an admittedly passionate girl... but did she really want to do it with a girl? How would she, herself, react when and if it came right down to the very moment...? Oh... she was so damned drunk she couldn't even think straight... and hot... like the teenage bitches... cunts... Peggy had told her about!

Carol stared drunkenly at her own naked curves in the mirror as she quickly dried off, her usual hedonistic sensations more pronounced than ever. Yes... it was going to happen! She just knew it was... Peggy White was out there waiting for her...!

She wore her robe back into the bedroom where Peggy lay already in bed, her bikini-striped nakedness modestly covered by the sheet drawn up almost to her chin. Carol saw her dark eyes sparkling as she watched the robe fall away. Somewhat embarrassed, Carol quickly slid into the bed beside her neighbor, not a word yet exchanging between the two women. Her cheeks felt warm with the little rush of blood excitedly coloring them at her own momentarily exposed nakedness before Peggy, and as she drew up the sheet, Carol sensed the warmth of the older brunette's soft arm beneath her as she lay back on the pillow!

Wild impulses spread like firebrands through Carol's desire-infused young body as she felt the arm gently drawing her into a cuddling closeness, Peggy easing over toward her, Carol's face on a level with the lush white mounds of the older girl's voluptuous breasts! Then Peggy's other hand began to caress the crown of her head, almost lovingly stroking her hair as she pressed Carol's unresisting face into the sweet-smelling resilience of her warm, full breasts, their little hardened nipples like ripened cherries ready to burst!

"Y-You have beautiful hair, darling... like golden cornsilk," Peggy whispered, the heat of her breath like a torrid cloud floating down over Carol's brazenly nuzzling face. "Yes... you're such a gorgeous beauty, baby... and Peggy's going to love you to pieces!"

Carol felt her own arm moving as if of its own volition, her hand creeping over the soft, smooth flesh of Peggy's slender waist and around to clasp at the warm hollow of her back. Excitedly, she embraced the older girl, prepared to give herself fully to this unknown intoxication. She trailed her eager fingers over the warm vibrant flesh of Peggy's satin-smooth skin, returning to trace the path of her rib cage upward, until she brushed over the softly yielding ripeness of Peggy's milk-white breasts against her face.

Carol heard her friend gasp at the sensitive contact, and she raised her face, their eyes meeting to search into each other. She stretched out her long legs then, pressing her naked body tighter against the soft contours that molded so well to hers. Her hand spread in a gentle cupping caress over Peggy's firm, full breast, her own chest heavily rising and falling beneath as she pressed against the brunette's softly undulating belly.

"Oh... you luscious creature!" Peggy hissed hotly, breaking their embrace. "Move up here onto the pillow and lie on your back!"

Carol did as she was told, closing her eyes in feverish anticipation. She felt Peggy's soft hand move to the swelling mound of one breast and tenderly grasp it, sending a thrill of delight quaking over her waiting flesh. The sheet was brushed away, and both of them lay nakedly exposed, while Peggy's knowing fingers danced like feather tips over Carol's tingling body. They caught at first one tiny nipple, then the other, rolling and squeezing them with skilled delicacy, and the young blonde's sensuously aroused flesh began responding to Peggy's blissful erotic caresses.

Suddenly, Carol felt her passionate neighbor slipping downward in the bed. She popped her eyes open, raising her head to watch in excited anticipation as the older girl's voluptuous white curves slithered warmly downward on top of her, easing Carol's own legs and thighs insistently apart with the wedging pressure of her supple, shapely body. With her hands, Peggy spread the rounded fullness of Carol's trembling thighs even wider open until her blonde curl-sprinkled loins and pouting vaginal lips were completely exposed to the sparkling dark eyes gleaming hungrily down from only inches above. And then Peggy dropped her head, nestling her face into the soft, intimate hollow between the panting divorcee's widespread legs.

Immediately, the entranced Carol was swept up in a maze of erotic sensations which rippled through

her smoldering loins and tremulous belly as she felt sizzling kisses along the heated flesh of her inner thighs, felt the warm puffs of breath, and the wet, searing contact of Peggy's tongue! Carol's breathing caught in her throat as Peggy traced the sensitive inner softness of her cuntal slit again and again, licking in long lurid strokes from the bottom to the top... causing Carol to reflexively raise her naked loins to each maddening stroke of the magic, up-licking tongue!

Carol felt her tiny clitoris quivering erect and knew that it was peering out from its hooded canopy, swelling with the first stab of intensive sensation as the other girl's tongue grazed wetly over it. She expelled her breath with a ragged, hissing sound, slowly tossing her head when the lust-driven oral invader eased hotly in between the desire-flushed lips of her cunt, worming upward through the already wildly inflamed crevice toward the straining little bud of her clitoris.

The blonde girl's throat began to hum with unintelligible gurglings. She held her breath, then exploded it sharply at the electrifying contact of the obscenely exploring female tongue with her tiny erotic nerve center! And then came new delights as she felt Peggy's hands creep upward over the tensing muscles of her quivering belly, smoothing higher and higher to fondle and knead the nipple-hardened fullness of Carol's firm white breasts, while her open mouth became ravenous below! Hot and wet, with lush lips glued to the hair-fringed flesh of her seething pussy, Carol felt the stabbing wet heat of Peggy's lashing tongue laving and whipping her swollen pleasure-bud! Greedily the older girl began to possess the burning, fluid cunt beneath her, spearing and licking everywhere until it seemed to Carol's whirling brain that her lust-inflamed pussy had been invaded by an entire legion of squirming, raging tongues! But no, it was just a single tongue racing up the hotly throbbing channel of her clutching vagina, worming into the tiny slit of her urethra, returned to worry her aching clitoris with maddening precision, and then driving hard up into her sizzling cuntal passage again... over and over until she was gasping and writhing in mindless ecstasy!

Ripples of lustful enchantment convulsed the naked flesh of the blonde divorcee's lewdly positioned body. Knowing hands taunted the heaving mounds of her palpitating breasts and tweaked their bursting nipples, while licking little flames of sensual fire tongued at the hot, fluid sanctuary of her offered cunt. Obscene wet sucking sounds filled the small bedroom and blended with Carol's desperate moans as she uncontrollably drew back her legs, thrusting her loins salaciously upward to bring the wild pleasure-giving tongue tighter into the hungry core of her naked flesh!

From his erect stance on the floor beside the bed, Sultan watched the pair of white-bodied female humans, confused by their odd positions, but not by the potent tangy scent strongly filling his keen nostrils. He well knew its meaningful aroma after long days spent in Peggy White's care, and his own animal loins responded heavily to its savory excitement. His ears twitched at the whimpering sounds coming from the bed, and a whine of want escaped his powerful throat. He moved closer, then hesitated, knowing he was denied the right of the bed... but he had violated that right already once today and been accepted...

"Ooohhh... ooohhh Goddd, Peg... Peggyyy... it's too much!" Carol wailed in a thin high voice, reaching down to clutch at the short dark hair of her neighbor's buried head. "Uuuhhh... it's so beautiful, darling! I-I never realized..." she gasped, knowing that her statement hardly made sense, but it did to her. She would never have dreamed that the lovemaking of another girl could so entrance her... no, so completely overwhelm her with its forbidden ecstasy... that was what she wanted to say! But she couldn't say anything sensible, and it was no longer the liquor she'd drunk...!

And then two things happened simultaneously! Sultan jumped up onto the bed, and Peggy's delicious tongue and mouth broke contact with the intensively fired cuntal opening between Carol's lewdly upraised legs! Carol gaped down at Peggy's lifted, glistening face almost pleadingly, and was ready to reprimand Sultan when the other girl said, "Has he ever done it to you, baby?"

The desire-crazed blonde stared at her in momentary confusion. "Who...?" she finally asked.

"Sultan!" Peggy hissed, her dark eyes becoming even more so. "No... no, he hasn't, has he? I ought to know that... because I had to teach him!"

Carol continued to gape down at the stunning brunette lying nakedly between her own widespread legs which she had slowly lowered to the bed. She tried to corral her thoughts through the liquor and lust infused emotions still controlling her obscenely sprawled young body. It registered then! She had been right before! Peg had used Sultan... had "trained" him...!

"You're in for one of the rarest treats of all, baby!" the once distraught wife who had burst into her apartment earlier, now whispered hotly. "He's beautiful! And he's your own sweet darling, Carol! Anytime you want him... but you can thank Peggy for that! I-I hope you're not angry..." she went on, raising up to her knees, her cherry-nippled breasts swaying tantalizingly over Carol's face, and then she was turning to pet the panting German shepherd who stood beside her on the bed.

Carol stared at the both of them, the feeling that they were closer to each other than she had ever been with her own handsome dog sparking a certain bitterness. But she could hardly concentrate on that, not with the passion Peggy's sensuous oral lovemaking had set off inside her! God, it couldn't end here... like this... she had to cum... and Peg, being the passionate girl that she was, must have to know the same release.

"Are you ready for the thrill of your life, Carol baby?" Peggy lustfully whispered to her.

"Wh-What...?"

"Get up on your knees! Go ahead, turn over and get up on your knees!" Peggy ordered. "That's right... but spread your legs wider... wider, darling... God, you're beautiful that way! I could eat your pussy right up to your tits!" the dark-haired girl exclaimed as Carol climbed into the ordered position.

There was a tightness in Carol's erotically quivering belly as she lowered her face to the pillow, the vulnerability of her exposed and up-thrust loins behind giving her an obscene, naked feeling she had never known. She tingled inside from Peggy's lust-firing words, wishing that her friend would hungrily move in and really eat her pussy all the way up to her tits! Her tits... oh, God, they actually throbbed in the lustful desire permeating her! And her cunt... it was afire! What was this thrill of her life? How could her dog be the cause of it? What was going to happen next...?

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## CHAPTER FOUR

"Prepare yourself, Carol honey! I promise you've never had anything to equal this!" Peggy hissed in a feverish whisper.

Her naked buttocks raised high and her tremoring thighs spread wide, Carol tried to twist her head with cheek still pressed against the bed to get some conception of what was about to happen behind her lewdly kneeling body. She saw Sultan standing with ears erect and open-jaw, his lengthy pink tongue hanging loose and to one side while his rounded, brown eyes gleamed at her salaciously displayed ass cheeks. At the same time, she saw and felt Peggy's hands on the stretched ovals of her up-thrust buttocks, luridly spreading them wider apart.

"There, Sultan baby!" Peg's husky voice sounded. "Did you ever see a more inviting sight than that?"



Oh, Carol darling, you've got the tiniest pink asshole ever! Honest... and I've just got to kiss it...!"

A passionate shiver rippled over Carol's naked body as she felt the older girl's face nuzzling warmly between the half-moons of her spread open buttocks... then the delightful sensations her moistened lips incited at they pressed hotly against the tiny, sensitive opening of her puckered anus. Her lewdly searching tongue tip followed to lick and probe, pressuring slightly into the reflexively clenching orifice, while Carol gasped in pleasure beneath the brunette's lascivious mouthing. Sultan's whimper floated to her ears, and then Peggy's delicious manipulations stopped.

"All right, all right, darling!" Carol heard her say. "Now it's your turn! Go ahead while I hold her open for you! Come on... move right up close, baby... that's the boy...!"

Automatically, Carol found herself trying to spread her straining thighs even wider, picturing narcissistically the obscene appearance of her own voluptuous nakedness in her mind's eye. She heard her dog's excited panting, and sensed his hot breath against the soft white mounds of her buttocks. Then, she felt his long, laving tongue slithering hotly into the smooth crevice separating them. Again, Carol moaned at the electrifying contact, immediate, feverish impulses of lust stabbed wildly through her warmly secreting pussy and quaking belly. What Peggy didn't know, Carol thought, was that she had already and most definitely been introduced to the heavenly wonders of her animal-lover's lust-quenching tongue! And why should she tell her...? All that really mattered now was that she cum, and she wildly remembered the dynamic climax Sultan had brought her earlier that day!

She felt Peggy's hands lewdly clutching at her upraised buttocks, pulling the soft cheeks farther apart to give Sultan full access to her vulnerably gaping anus! His hot tongue wetly caressed it, then dove lower to splay open her tender blonde-fringed pussy-lips, grazing the seething pink cuntal flesh on its way to her hardened little clitoris. She gasped out in impassioned joy, trying to inch her knees even farther apart and open the pulsating pink crevice between her straining thighs wider to him. His long, curling animal-tongue thrust ardently, sweeping in an obscene liquid flame through the sizzling wet inner-flesh of her loins and flicking at the tiny grasping mouth of her tight vagina, stroking her hungrily offered loins to a still more intensive heat before he suddenly moved into an unexpected, astonishing position behind her kneeling form.

Carol tensed as her massive pet's furry body crowded in close against her upraised buttocks. She was abruptly aware that Sultan was standing on his hind legs, his powerful forelegs gripping at the naked flesh of her hips! God Almighty! He must be mounting her! She craned her neck, hardly raising her face from the bed to gape wildly back at him! There wasn't any doubt about it! He intended to fuck her... just as if she were a bitch dog in heat... and... and Peggy was egging him on!

"That's a boy, Sully darling... do it for Carol the way you did for me!" Peggy's husky voice luridly goaded. "Don't be afraid, Carol honey! It's beautiful and you're going to love it...!"

Carol's desire-infused brain whirled with the incredulous salacity of it! She tried to catch a glimpse of her passionate neighbor's face, but Peggy had turned away... was reaching for something... her purse, Carol thought, giving up the effort as her breathing seemed to choke in her throat!

"Oh God, Peg... I don't know! T-This is absolutely obscene... being fucked by a dog!" Carol gasped back at her aroused companion.

"Yes... it is, isn't it, baby!" Peggy licentiously whispered... "And you're going to love it! Wait... I'll fix the vanity mirror so you can watch!"

Oh God... this is unbelievable! Carol's mind reeled, her naked young curves trembling to the erotic

stimulation both Peggy's and Sultan's lashing tongues had fired in her liquor-sensitized flesh. Then, in the mirror Peggy had adjusted for her, she stared at the sight of their lewdly locked position, sensually moaning at the lust-flaming reflection. The bestial obscenity of the huge German shepherd astride her widespread white ass-cheeks sent irresistible charges of seething passion raging through her quivering body!

Then Carol saw it, and she gasped at the breathtaking sight of his glistening scarlet cock slipping out from its long furry sheath, wet and red and hard, the tapered length wagging obscenely as it inched forward, its bevel-topped head reaching and probing the wet pink slit of her feverish cunt! She felt Sultan's powerful animal-body jerk against her smooth buttocks, saw his thickly dangling cock trying to penetrate the tiny mouth of her upturned vagina!

He whined aloud, almost in desperation, his forepaws making new demands against her naked hips as he jerked and stumbled on his hind legs, eagerly struggling to bury the sleek, throbbing spear of his raw animal hardness up inside her steaming human pussy-hole!

Carol stared at it all in the mirror, her own heavy breathing and Peggy's thundering in her ears. She shifted her lewdly elevated buttocks in little wanton circles back at the still growing dog-cock, hypnotized by its glistening red dance, the tension inside her reaching a near unbearable degree! Oooohhh yes... yesssss, she wanted it... her beautiful baby's long thick cock burning right up into the aching depths of her throbbing hot cunt!

"Help him, Carol! For God's sake, how can you stand the waiting?" Peggy gasped beside her. "Just watching is about to drive me loony! Go on, grab ahold of it and put it in for him...!"

Carol, with little mewling sounds unconsciously escaping her lips now, reached back between the yawning white columns of her thighs and grasped her pet's slippery hardness, spread the silken curls of her cuntal hair with its cone-shaped head, and guided the hot thick tip into her wetly nibbling vaginal lips! Spontaneously, the instinct-driven German shepherd humped forward, bursting his solid cock from her grasp as he plunged deep into her acquiescing pussy channel. Wider and wider, he stretched the moist, sensitive passage, sending his flesh-searing rod slicing cruelly up into the churning wet heat of her quaking belly!

"Unh, unh, unh, ooohhhhhh Goddd!" Carol moaned as she felt herself being stuffed full to the brim in Sultan's unbroken forward lunge. She watched in the vanity mirror with bug-eyed fascination as the huge, scarlet length of blood-swollen dog-flesh slithered in with a fierce wet charge, burying itself to the very hilt in her shockingly stretched vagina! She both felt and saw her new lover's heavy, sperm-bloated balls swing savagely down, smacking flat against her blonde pussy-hair as her own breath burst from her lungs.

The painful sensation of inner expansion came with a delayed impact to explode through her obscenely impaled loins, forcing guttural groans from her half open lips. "Oh... oh, my God!" she moaned, her widened eyes gaping unseeingly as her panting animal-lover began to fuck rapidly up into her cunt from behind! Her head jarring against the pillow from his every powerful, breast-quivering charge, Carol tried to concentrate on the reflected sight of his long thick scarlet cock plunging wetly up between her open thighs as she began to move lewdly backward to meet his breathtaking, brute strokes!

Peggy's presence was suddenly obliterated as frenzied sensations of basic lust spread through Carol's sensuously slaving body heaving backward onto the relentless dog-cock skewering deeper and deeper up into her flame-filled belly from behind! Furiously, the huge German shepherd battered his loins against his mistress' supple ass-cheeks, his pulsating rod of flesh sinking each

time to its full blood-hardened length up into the moistly sucking depths of her claspng vagina! Whimpering uncontrollably, Carol rotated her buttocks around and around the pleasure-giving shaft in a building wanton furor, grinding her greedily clinging vaginal sheath back over the length of piercing animal-cock in masochistic need.

The unmistakable beacon of her approaching orgasm flashed through the blonde's passion-crazed young body then, a fantastic promise of still greater bliss soon to come! It coiled through her seething loins like a showering burst of fireworks, and singed the underside of her trembling belly with its loin-tingling sensations. She moaned in lustful intoxication as the jagged edges of her mounting sensual rapture stabbed at her abdomen, and ogled the mirror to watch her darling's long, thick dog-penis wetly disappearing up between the soft whiteness of her absorbing buttocks, his savage fucking tempoed in rapid, pistoning strokes! She saw her own pink cunt-flesh moistly clinging to his huge, handsome hardness when he pulled out of her, then disappearing back up inside her hungry passage with every new thrust, his heavy, cum-laden balls solidly pummeling her unprotected clitoris below between the blood-swollen lips of her lust-inflamed pussy!

Carol's brain was spinning with the effect of such never before experienced carnality, her eyes feasting on the hedonistic spectacle of her full white breasts, suspended and quivering beneath her body as she raised partway up from the bed. In the mirror, they seemed to ripple like ripe mounds of lush, pink-tipped fruit before Sultan's breathtaking barrage! She saw the flailing veil of her long, ash-blond hair as she tossed her head in a maddened cadence to the thorough fucking her darling dog was pounding into her, pleasureful moans hissing loudly up from her heaving chest!

"Oooohhhh... my lover, Sultan baby! Fuck me, darling! Fuck your Carol!" she cried back at the panting, furiously humping dog. "Harder, baby! Harder... oh, harderrrrrrr...!"

The passionate, pleading tone to her voice let Sultan know he was pleasing her. He whined in panting response as he hammered instinctively up into her tight, slippery vagina from behind. He knew he was bringing her joy by the way she was thrusting her soft female cunt willingly back onto his aching hardness. The wet heat of her human vaginal passage was clenching greedily at him, even more so than hers of the midnight hair had done, and his blood pounded hotly through his straining body for her.

He felt the dribbling wetness against his throbbing loins as it trickled down the soft, smooth backs of her thighs from where he was locked into her loins. His tongue hung loose and dripping from his open jaws with the fierce pressure growing inside his raging loins. And then, he saw the midnight haired one's naked white body crawling upward on the bed toward his mistress' face, but he hardly paid any attention. Only his roaring hardness thundering up into the hotly milking core between his golden-haired mistress' long, white legs meant anything to him.

"Is it beautiful, Carol baby?" Peggy leaned down to whisper close against the impassioned divorcee's flushed young face. "Have you ever had a more filling, capable cock fucked into you by any man? Be honest, darling, have you?"

"Oh... oh no, Peg... it's beautiful... tremulous! Oh God... he's driving me mad with it...!" Carol gasped, her long blond hair flailing as she tossed her head from side to side in unhidable rapture. Vaguely, she realized that Peggy was positioning herself supine right beside her head on the pillow, spreading her shapely white legs wide apart and inching her curved hips downward until her dark, curl-covered loins were directly below Carol's face. Then she lay part-way back, her hands stroking down over the smooth white flesh of her belly and hips, moving inward with extended fingers toward the pouting, hair-fringed cunt-lips so erotically placed there!

Fascinated by the added, lustful sight, Carol tried to hold her head steady, a next to impossible feat with her darling German shepherd's huge cock pummeling her with trip-hammer velocity. Her mouth watered with unfamiliar, lewd desire as Peggy's fingers slowly spread her own fleshy, cunt-lips apart from either side, the pink inner-flesh glistening moistly as it clung and then separated viscidly before Carol's avid stare.

Peggy held her pussy lips open so that the soft wet inner folds were completely revealed in a lewd pink shimmering display, her pulsing clitoris quiveringly erect, the tiny slit of her urethra clearly visible, while the secreting oval of her vaginal mouth worked hungrily in search of something to fill it. The raven curls bordering the pink, desire-moistened flesh contrasted sharply with the smooth whiteness of her heaving belly and wide-spread thighs, and it was all more than Carol could resist!

"Don't be afraid, darling... you'll love this, too!" Peggy hotly whispered. "Go ahead... lick Peggy's cunt for her while Sultan fucks you with his big cock! That's right, baby... snuggle your pretty face right down in there close and... and lick me to death, you luscious girl! Don't be afraid... do it, hon, do it...!"

Carol was too overcome with lust to be afraid! Her hesitation as she slowly lowered her face closer and closer toward the older girl's nakedly waiting loins was only to feast her eyes on the lascivious sight. She hadn't ever been this close to another girl's pussy, had never even touched one other than her own!

Then Peg's hands moved away, letting the resilient outer-lips of her cunt fold back in to kiss each other, leaving just a slender pink slit that was even more entrancing to her. Carol studied its long, tongue-beckoning line downward to where it joined the rounded white ovals of her buttocks just above the crinkled circle of Peggy's tight little anus. A heady essence... a perfumed spice of desire-filled heat stung her nostrils then, causing them to flare excitedly as she felt the older girl suddenly reaching beneath her to cup her swollen, nipple-straining breasts. A white-hot flame of lust raged within Carol as she greedily spread her passionate neighbor's flushed cunt-lips open with her thumbs, and mindlessly thrust her tongue greedily into the simmering liquid flesh!

While Peggy's voluptuous body squirmed in naked pleasure and moans of lust-incited joy gurgled up from her throat, Carol's young brain whirled in the overwhelming passion seizing all control from her cock-stuffed body. She whimpered into the hot, fluid flesh of Peggy's wide-splayed cunt in time to the maddening dog-fucking she was getting from behind, while her eagerly exploring tongue licked and probed its way all over the pungent-tasting secret hollows of Peggy's pussy flesh. It raced up inside the older girl's seething vagina, feeling the pulsating clasp of her inner walls as she rotated her lewdly invading tongue. Then she wiggled the very tip wormingly into the gasping brunette's tiny urethral slit, taunting it for a full minute before dropping down to do the same to the puckered little rectal opening below. Finally, with a long up-sweeping lick, she hungrily centered in on Peggy's frantically palpitating clitoris, alternately caressing and stabbing at the tiny erect bud, sucking it between her soft, ovalled lips to gently nip and worry it with the edges of her even teeth.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God!" the dark-haired girl groaned in lustful torment. "Ooohhhhh... shove your fingers up my pussy and ass-hole while you lick it, honey! Both together! Please... it drives me wild!"

A series of screaming little sensuous impulses shot through Carol's erotic nerve centers at her neighbor's lewd request. She was incited as much by the thought of what it must feel like to be so obscenely ravaged as she was by the licentious thought of being the aggressor! With open mouth and lips immersed in Peg's wetly streaming cunt, Carol excitedly placed the thumb and middle finger of one hand at the two intimate orifices. Gently forcing first her middle finger, she slipped its tip just inside the tightly resistant opening of Peg's anus, then, insinuating the other in her hotly

nibbling vaginal mouth, she plunged the pair of stiffened fingers obscenely up into the writhing girl's two burning channels!

"Aaaaauugggghhh... God yessssss! That's it, baby! Ooohhhhhh... finger-fuck me hard, darling!" the older girl begged, her voluptuous body jerking convulsively as it began a lurid rhythmic undulation up against Carol's enveloping mouth and salaciously plunging fingers. "Oooooohhhhhh, harder, darling! Fuck them hard... and ooohhhhhh... bite my clitoris! Eeeeiiii... like that! Like that! Oh, honey... I'm going to cum in a minute... ooohhhhhhhh...!"

Cum...? Cum...! God almighty! Carol's mind screamed inwardly. I'm going to shatter into a million pieces any second! She could feel Sultan's thickly expanding cock still plowing without cease into the soft hot depths of her churning belly with its hard pointed tip! Her burning pussy-channel was totally stuffed with its rampaging hardness, her feverishly claspings vaginal walls working in a rhythmic spasming action around the long thick shaft of dog-flesh as if it were a separate entity from the rest of her lust-crazed naked body! Her loins throbbed unbearably from the wild incessant pounding his sperm-bloated balls were giving them. She was nothing short of being on the verge of sensual insanity...!

"Oooooohhh now... I'm cummmiinnnngggg...!" Peggy screamed, her hands frantically winding in Carol's long blonde hair as she smothered the younger girl's face tighter against the wide-split opening of her hotly spewing cunt!

Slave-like, Carol gave herself completely to the pleasure-bringing task, knowing the heavenly delight the other had to be reveling in as she fucked her fingers brutally up into the wet, clutching heat of Peggy's spasming cunt and anus! Gently she tongue-stroked the straining little bud in her mouth, while her stiffened fingers continued to plunge in and out, in and out... and then she had to stop!

She raised her own head and cunt-smeared face to choke out a throaty, animalish cry. Her glazed eyes grew round and unseeing. "Oooooohhh! It's too much! I'm going wild...!" but her voice choked into a strangled mixture of sob and ragged sigh, her head beginning to toss frantically up and down, her long, ash-blonde hair streaming as she began the first erotic contractions of a violent orgasm! Wildly, she skewered her undulating buttocks back onto Sultan's long thick cock in sluttish frenzy!

The first seizure struck her with all the force of a lightning bolt and she slammed her naked ass-cheeks back hard onto the deep-thrust red animal-cock with a desperate lunge. Simultaneously, Sultan fucked forward with a deep growl, his massive animal hardness beginning to spew its scalding dog-sperm deep up into her madly churning belly in long hard spurts!

"Oh God, oh God, I'm cum... c-cummmmmiinnnnggggg!" Carol whimpered, her jerking buttocks beginning to contract convulsively to the eruption exploding like a boiling geyser in her soft white belly and loins! She threw her head from side to side in the ecstasy of her release... at last gaping at the mirror to see the combination of human-animal cum oozing whitely from her clenching cuntal mouth still milking hungrily at her beautiful German shepherd's slowly deflating cock. Thin rivulets of their sticky white fluids ran hotly down her smooth inner-thighs... and when she could no longer watch, she pitched forward on her breasts, her face nestling against Peggy White's cum-flooded loins as a sigh of ultimate pleasure slowly escaped her lips...

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Sunshine brightened her bedroom. Carol opened her eyes to it, looking vacantly around until she saw Sultan's big, stretched-out form on the floor beside her. As always, his presence gave her a



warm, protected feeling, but then as she lay there open-eyed for a short moment, an unpleasantness began to spread through her.

Her head throbbed. She remembered it was Saturday... and then, she began to recall much more. Abruptly, the blonde-haired girl sat nakedly upright in her bed and glanced over at the empty space beside her. The indentation in the pillow was evidence enough if she still needed it! Peg had been there... there was even a strand of dark brown hair clinging to the pillow-slip!

The whole shameful picture came flooding back in waves of shocking mental scenes, like something out of a pornographic book, her resisting brain rejecting each and every sequence at first, then reluctantly admitting to their individual truths as she began to vividly remember. But in final hope for escape, the naked girl kicked back the sheet and looked down between her spread thighs at the cum-soaked blonde curls tightly sprinkling her young loins. With discerning fingers, Carol began to examine, immediately detecting the bruised soreness of her fleshy vaginal lips, and then the more intense irritation of her sensitive vagina! God, he had! He had done it to her! She'd let Sultan fuck her...! Her own dog!

In itself, the knowledge that she'd allowed her beautiful pet to make love to her played a very unimportant part in the guilt Carol Dorsett felt as she came from the bath after showering for a full thirty-minutes. It was the realization that all of her other mentally recalled scenes were just as true... those forbidden acts with Peggy, and they had been utterly obscene... it was those shockingly lewd memories that were tearing at her self-appalled mind!

She'd been drunk... not to blame! Peg had taken lustful advantage of her! She was a lesbian, of course, and knew how to seduce a normal girl under the influence of liquor! She, herself, had been the perfect dupe, passionate and hungering for sexual love... what else?

God, she could never face that girl again... not after what she'd done... licking her cunt and sticking her finger up Peggy's anus... actually sucking her clitoris when the older girl was cumming! Not that the act itself was so bad... but the way Peggy had lured her into it when she was drunk...!

Carol brushed feverishly at her long blonde hair as the lurid scenes unfolded graphically now again and again in her self-deploring mind, the tight little tangles in her silken tresses almost as difficult for her to eliminate as the unwanted knowledge of her unnatural acts with Peggy. Beside her lay Sultan, looking up with innocent eyes, waiting for just a word of love.

"Oh darling, Carol isn't angry with you!" she said, hunching down to stroke his massive head, her tight green shorts pulling too snugly against the sensitive soreness up between her thighs. She straightened up and slipped on a loose, over-blouse. In a way, she was sorry now that she'd asked Mark Cannon for dinner... but how could she have known that this was ever going to happen?

Sultan rose to his feet and lovingly brushed against her. The feel of his heavy body rubbing hotly along her thigh made her remember again. God, what a breathtaking experience her darling had been! Even with all the rest...! Peggy had been right!

"Come on, baby? Let's go get some breakfast," she smiled down at him, the aspirin she'd gulped beginning to soothe the ache in her head. "Jonny used to say that nothing is as bad as it's painted... and maybe, it isn't. Come on, darling, let's cook up a bushel of eggs and bacon...!"

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Mark Cannon sipped at his third cup of coffee. He always enjoyed one before breakfast, one during, and then any number after. He smoked a cigarette and stared toward where he knew the window

was. He was still not convinced that he ought to use her. She could be vulnerable as hell, especially against the likes of the people he wanted. But... but where did his loyalty lie? What did he know about her? Supposing she was just another neighborhood hooker with a more refined approach? Maybe she was hung-up, too. These bitches had habits they'd kill for. He ought to know that! Yeah... you ought to know that, Mr. Cannon! You've got no eyes, remember? And it was just one such darling little bitch who had thrown the acid that destroyed them!

Mark sighed and drew at his cigarette. He hadn't slept worth a damn, his brain working overtime trying desperately to form an image of what Carol Dorsett looked like. He knew she was tall from where her voice had sounded when she walked beside him. He doubted that she was heavy because of her light footfalls and smooth, measured step. But such things as facial features, body contours, short or long-hair, blonde, brunette, redhead, or... or bald, dammit to hell... those were the things that drove him damned near mad!

A man didn't forget what female beauty was like in three years, especially such a lusty bird-watcher as he'd been. Christ, if he'd ever known that this affliction had been headed his way he would have stocked in a mental library of female pulchritude! To look at a beautiful face again, heavy young breasts, the rounded curves of touchable hips and buttocks, a well-turned calf and trim ankles... God, what he wouldn't give! He shook his head in the inner anguish eating at him.

Nancy had been a beautiful girl, Mark remembered, not wanting to but unable to help himself. A man denied sex as long as he had been was apt to think of the young, curvaceous wife he had enjoyed it with so much. Oh, there were plenty of whores around he could have for the going price, cheap enough too in the crummy neighborhood, some of them mighty cute little bitches, he'd wager, but his years in the department, to say nothing of the teenage hooker who had blinded him, had left him cold and bitter toward them. Their calloused commodity destroyed any beauty they might possess... and like everything else, a man could learn to live without it... up until the point where a sultry voice like Carol Dorsett's made all his red corpuscles stand up and nudge each other. Dammit!

He thought of Nancy again, visualizing her naked beauty, her long chestnut hair streaming down her tapered, white back... the full up-thrust of her perfect, dark-nippled breasts. God, what a slender waist she'd had, and the sweeping flare of those hips and voluptuously rounded buttocks! He remembered her long legs, the fullness of her white thighs... and the vee-shaped mass of dark pubic curls up between! Son-of-a-bitch... he was going to drive himself right up the frigging wall!

He tried to put her out of his mind, not a difficult task when it came to any sense of feeling for her, because that was long dead, but from the standpoint of sex... yeah, there was the rub! Damn, how she'd loved to fuck... or suck... or anything else that had to do with a man's cock! He doubted that he would ever come across another like her, not with her beauty and insatiable hunger for bed romping. Oh, somewhere she had sisters-in-kind running free no doubt, but they weren't for the likes of a blind-man... anymore than she had been, once he'd gotten out of the hospital and come home to sit in a chair and stare in numbed bitterness at a wall he couldn't see.

Maybe he shouldn't blame her. What a hell of a life to offer a girl of twenty-eight, a handicapped husband of the same age, with nothing to look forward to but a paltry police pension for the rest of their life. It was no damned wonder she'd wanted to get out and go to work, the way he had sat around for an entire year feeling sorry for himself... but on the other hand, she could have waited a little longer for the adjustment period to run its course, too. Instead, she'd started moving out on him, going by herself to parties when he refused, and finding male escorts from the office where she worked.

At first, it hadn't bothered him too much; he'd been so Goddamned concerned with his own self-pity,

but sitting alone two and three nights a week had given him long, lonesome hours in which to think, and what he'd begun to conclude wasn't good. The loss of one sense makes the others keener, including that of character insight. He'd seen it coming. In bed, on those rare occasions when he'd begun to feel like it again, she had turned into a dead-assed log... no response... nothing there. It wasn't hard to figure: she was fucking someone else, one of her office friends... maybe all of them!

One of the boys in the department, Mark had known he could confide in had chased it down for him. Of course, he'd been right... except there hadn't been any office, or "friends", just a simple long list of "johns"! Sweet Nancy had joined the ranks of bitches fucking for gain! She'd become a whore!

The day he'd filed divorce papers, he had also left for New Jersey and a seeing-eye dog school, the one move that had saved him from losing his buttons altogether. Thinking about it now, he reached down and petted the big, faithful animal at his feet, a feeling of warm affection flowing through him.

"Well, at least we've got each other, Queenie," the handsome, thirty-one year old man smiled at his inseparable companion and guide. "And that's more than a lot of people have. But... I'll be honest with you, girl, I wouldn't be the one to kick a luscious young lady out of bed, should such a creature happen along." He rubbed the big German shepherd's ears, the way he knew she liked it. "Man, how I wish you could talk, Queenie; then you could tell me with detail exactly what our charming Miss Dorsett looks like. Well... we'll make it a point to find out more tonight, eh? In the meantime, let's heat up the coffee again. I can use another cup before we head out after our bottle of wine... And what does one drink with meatloaf, girl... white or red...?"

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Breakfast did wonders for Carol. She even found herself blaming Peggy White less and less for their lewd little party of the night before. After all, it did take two willing girls to complete the act, and she hadn't exactly been a reluctant one from any stand point... but it could never happen again! She was no lesbian and wasn't about to let herself become one, either. There were too many handsome, desirable men in the world, and one of those very young men was coming to dinner tonight, she remembered with relish, anything but sorry now that she had invited him.

She had been so right, though, about Peg and Sultan, and that thought raising mixed emotions inside her. Even though had it not been for her passionate neighbor's lustful educating of the big darling she would never have known the forbidden pleasure he could and would bring her whenever she wanted, at the same time Carol jealousy resented the shapely brunette's sneaky seduction, when she was supposed to be looking after him for her. But that would never happen again, either! She still didn't know what she would do with him while she looked for employment, but he was definitely not going to be left with Peggy...

"I wonder, baby...?" she said aloud, reaching down to toy with his ears as she thought. "Mark Cannon might consider it. I could pay him a little bit... so much per day... I suppose he could use the money; everyone can... and that raises a question. I wonder how he exists, where his money comes from? He must have an income of sorts... and he can't be too well off or he wouldn't live in this horrible section of town."

Suddenly Sultan growled his deep-throated sound that Carol had learned to recognize as an alarm of sorts, and she glanced down at him just as the buzzer gave her a start. Who could that be this early? She looked at her watch, surprised to see that it was five minutes short of eleven o'clock.

"Come on, baby, let's see who it is," Carol said, moving toward the door with the unsavory image of Ed White immediately forming in her mind.

It was Peggy... neatly dressed in a summer suit, looking somewhat haggard even with the benefit of carefully applied makeup, though Carol could understand that. She hadn't felt like any morning-glory herself a couple of hours before from all the liquor they'd consumed the previous night. But she hardly gave her neighbor's appearance much consideration; it was difficult enough for her just to face the girl after what they'd done, and she knew she was shamefully blushing...

"I-I can only stay a minute, Carol," the attractive brunette said, closing the door and leaning back against it, her hands resting behind her on the knob. "I-I had to say good-bye to you before I left. I might be back... I don't know... but it occurred to me that you'll have to make some other arrangements for Sultan... and... and I couldn't go anyway without telling you that I'm sorry... terribly sorry... you're such a beautiful, lovable girl...!"

Carol could only stare at her unexpected caller with open mouth, her own shamed feelings forgotten. Myriad questions began to rush to the forefront of her puzzled brain, but before she could ask the first one, Peggy said, "I'm leaving Ed. I don't know whether it's for good or not. Right now, I hardly know what I'm doing. I'm going to visit my mother in Kansas... at least for awhile... a month, maybe longer... maybe forever!"

"Peggy! My God! What's happened... or... or can't you tell me?" Carol gasped, her voice lowering to a near-whisper as she tried to search the girl's face for answers, a sudden feeling of being left very much alone in an undesirable situation welling up inside her.

"No, darling... I can't tell you... that is, it's better if you don't know!" Peggy answered. "It's something I learned only this morning, and all this time it's been going on... I just never realized it!"

"B-But you can't tell me what it is...?"

"It's better, baby, that you don't know!" the tall, dark-haired girl whispered. "But... but as soon as you can, move out of here... and get away from Westland, Carol! You don't belong here! Promise me you will?"

"Yes, yes, of course... I already intended to do that as soon as possible... but... but you're frightening me, Peg!" Carol admitted. "And... and I don't know what it is that I'm supposed to be frightened of!"

"Oh God...! I wish I could tell you, but for your own sake I can't, baby!" Peggy said, tears glazing her eyes as she moved forward to warmly clasp hold of Carol's arms. "Please forgive me... for everything, love, including last night? I should never have let it happen... for your sake... but I couldn't help myself! Just... just don't hate me, Carol! Get out of here as soon as you can... today if possible... and everything will be all right! Do you understand me, baby? Get as far away from here as you can!"

"Peggy...!" Carol choked out for lack of knowing what else to say. "Please... you can't just run off like this... I'm in a fog! I... I can't just pick up and move like that... today! What is it? My God, you've got to tell me...!"

Instead, the ravishing brunette kissed her fully on the lips, hugged her tight, then swung away to jerk open the door. "Good-bye, Carol darling... and please... don't hate me..."

"Peggy...!" Carol called after her as the other quickly walked to her own door where two heavy valises sat, picked them up and hurried toward the entrance of the building without looking back again!

Slowly, Carol closed her door, locking it. God, she wasn't about to chase after her! Her brain swam.

Excerpts of the older girl's words raced pell-mell through it, some of them making sense, others making none at all! She went to the front window in time to see a taxi-door close, and the vehicle suddenly speeding off! An unpleasant emptiness filled her lower stomach. What was it Peg had been too frightened to tell her... and what was it that could make her leave Ed White this morning, when last night it had been he needs me... I love him...?

A clammy chill shivered frighteningly upward along Carol's spine. She looked toward the building down the street where Mark Cannon lived. Somehow, there was reassurance in knowing she had a friend there... for outside of Sultan, she didn't have another in the world at that very moment!

Extremely upset, Carol backed away from the window and walked to the small kitchenette, the powerful German shepherd's ever closeness rallying her. Thank God for him! She would be lost, utterly and totally lost! Mark would understand that. Yes, more than anyone, he would appreciate her feelings! She set the coffee-pot onto the burner to re-heat, then reached up into cupboard to find what was left of the brandy she'd bought months back. She had to think... to try and decipher some meaning from Peggy's alarming statements, as well as calm herself enough to do it, and spiked coffee sounded like the remedy.

Carol lighted a rare cigarette and finished her first coffee-royale, blending a second as for the fourth time she went back over the extent of their short conversation to the best of her ability. She had arrived, at some very definite conclusions. Either Peg had found Ed in bed with another one of his teenagers, or he had threatened her to the point where she didn't dare stay in the apartment with him any longer! Whichever the actual reason, it hardly mattered. The poor girl was a hundred-percent better off away from the likes of him... even though she, herself, was going to miss Peg very, very much. Oh, not from the sexual point. Last night had been one of those unbelievable single episodes that might happen in any person's life, but it was over and done with, and she wasn't about to ever let it happen again!

And Peg... the darling... saying... don't hate me... please forgive me for everything... I couldn't help myself... please, don't hate me... and then kissing her the way she had. She blamed herself for the whole affair... the beautiful angel. In all truth, she wasn't anymore to blame than this blonde vixen who had wanted it all to happen as much as Peg had... and it had been an experience Carol would never forget, thanks in part to her animal-lover beside her...!

Her spirits bolstered by the brandied coffees and the brilliant sunshine pouring through the window, Carol began to enjoy lighter feelings, no less sorrowed by Peggy's abrupt departure from the scene, but more and more stimulated by the thought of handsome Mark Cannon coming to dinner. Outside of Jonny, she couldn't remember when a man had so appealed to her... and Jonny was long gone, almost forgotten. Could something come of it...? Why not...? It could if they both wanted it to... and more and more, for her part, Carol was thinking that she did...!

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## CHAPTER SIX

At six-thirty, Carol finished making her canapes. After considerable thought, she had splurged and bought two beautiful steaks, foregoing the meatloaf bit as definitely not being up to the occasion. She had fractured her budget, but somehow she'd balance it out, or maybe her alimony check might be early this month... if it came at all. Anyway, she wasn't going to think about that. They were going to have baked potatoes and tossed salad, and just to be on the safe side, she had bought a bottle of good red wine. Moreover, she'd decided to dress her best for him, choosing her black, mini taffeta affair which was backless, consequently leaving her without a brassiere. It was really the nicest

thing she had left.

She wished he could see her. She looked damned alluring, if she did say so herself. The tiny ebony cameo she wore at the hollow of her throat on a matching black ribbon did remarkable things for the deep valley between her soft, white breasts, but he couldn't know that either. Carol knew that she'd gone all out for him, wearing very little actually — just sheer black bikini panties, a frilly half-slip and the short black dress itself. It was too warm for pantyhose; besides, her legs were tanned enough to give the impression of them... but of course, that too he wouldn't see. All the same, half of any battle was in the knowing you had done your own part... or should she call it "conquest"? Yes... that was exactly the way it was shaping up, whether she was ready to admit to it or not!

The excited blonde girl couldn't resist haunting the front window to see if he was coming yet. A half-dozen times she went to her bedroom to add finishing touches to her long golden hair and the little makeup she wore. And it was during one of those trips that the buzzer sounded, Sultan whimpering with wagging tail rather than offering his usual deep-throated growl...!

"Before we sit down would you like to familiarize yourself with the surroundings, Mark?" Carol asked, surprised that she could even think straight with the giddiness she immediately felt at the sight of him. God, he was such a strikingly handsome man, the slacks and sport jacket he wore fitting his tall athletic frame to perfection. Even Queenie looked as if she might have been curried for the occasion.

"Why... yes, I'd like that, thanks," Mark answered, pleased at her thoughtfulness. Few people realized the feelings of a blind person walking into strange settings. He held out the bottle of wine, the sound of her voice as provocative as he remembered. "The wine," he said with a smile.

"So, you did remember," she said, admiring the absolutely perfect knot of his tie and the neat cut of his starched white collar.

"Of course. Didn't you think I would?" he continued to smile.

"Oh... men are sometimes forgetful," Carol said with a soft lilt to her voice. She took the bottle from him. "But you don't appear to me to be the type. Now, supposing we unleash Queenie so that she and Sultan can get to know one another and I show you around... and it won't take long, I assure you."

Mark laughed, bending down to remove his guide dog's harness, "It's probably a great deal like mine. Most of these older apartments in this area are pretty much alike."

Carol watched the two animals move across the room with tails wagging and ears erect. She took Mark's hand, the strong warmth of it sending a little tingling impulse through her as it dominantly closed around her small one with a pleasing pressure. "There are only the three rooms and bath," she explained, leading him slowly and pointing out the position of objects and their arrangement. "Every room needs painting, and the furniture is early shabby-atrocious."

The feel and size of her soft, smooth hand inside his own excitedly transmitted much to Mark. Already, his mind's eye was forming a clearer picture of her, the delicate fragrance of her closeness adding sharply to it. Christ, she had to be lovely... and that made it all the more confusing! What was a young vivacious girl like her doing wasting time with him...?

"And last, but not least, as the cliché goes, this is the bathroom, Mr. Cannon," she was saying in a sprightly tone. "The tub and shower to your left, sink on the right, and straight ahead, you know what... So... now that you've taken the guest tour, shall we return to the drawing room and tap the

martinis?"

Mark laughed. "Sounds like a winner, Miss Dorsett... and may I ask where the animals are and what they're up to?"

"Well, they're lying down in the corner side by side and seem to be watching us," Carol replied, her hand still inside his as she led him back to the living room area, reluctant to break the contact.

"Do you get the feeling we're being chaperoned?" Mark whispered.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," she whispered back. "But now that you've mentioned it, we are being observed closely... so behave yourself, sir!"

"I'll do my best," Mark joked with a grin and Carol laughed lightly with him.

"Sit here on the couch, Mark," she invited. "It's the most comfortable place in the establishment. There's a table with cigarettes and ashtray right beside you, and if you'll excuse me a minute I'll go fetch the goodies."

The sound of soft music surprised Carol as she prepared the tray and she looked in from the small kitchen to see that Mark had walked to where her little transistor radio sat, had turned it onto a particular station, and was now confidently returning to the couch. The sight of him so tall and straight dominating her living room caused warm sensations to flutter through her belly. It had been so long since she'd enjoyed the company of a man, she'd almost forgotten how exciting just their presence and companionship could be...

"I took the liberty of finding us some listening music," Mark said, looking directly up at her in such a way that it was difficult for her to believe he couldn't see. "Are you a music lover?"

"Very much so," she answered, moving the cocktail table in front of them to set her tray on. "I usually have the radio playing when I'm around the house, but... I'll be honest with you, Mark Cannon, your coming tonight has had me in a dither all day, and I'm lucky if I've done anything right."

"My coming...?" he repeated, her admission taking him completely by surprise, but pleasantly so. "I-I'm afraid you've lost me, Carol... I don't understand. Why should my coming...?"

"Because," she interrupted, "you are the first man I've been alone with, dated or entertained since my ex-husband, and that was over a year ago. So... now you know that I'm just a shy girl at heart... and here's your martini," she said in that voice that set his blood to racing... or was it what she said?

One more item filed itself into his brain, though: she had been married... He felt her weight ease down onto the couch beside him, perhaps a foot away. The heady essence of her perfume filled his nostrils. Christ, just to get one split-second glimpse of her...!

"Now, what shall we drink to... the steaks in the kitchen waiting to be broiled?" Carol suggested. "May they be ever as tender as the butcher promised me?"

"Steaks? I thought we were having meatloaf...?"

"I felt like splurging," she said, smiling at his unexpectant expression. "As I said before, Mr. Cannon, men haven't been frequenting my life... or my apartment... so, I wanted it all just right."

Mark swallowed tightly, the sound of her voice and what she was saying like some sort of effervescent potion that was making his brain fuzzy. He found his voice. "In that case... let's drink to us, Carol," he said, his words almost a deep whisper as he raised his glass.

"All right," she answered, softly. "I like that toast, Mark... to us...!"

"To us!"

He felt her hand covering his glass then, removing it from his fingers and then catching at his hand. He sensed her weight shifting on the cushions beside him and puzzled, Mark waited as she lifted his hand upward toward her face!

"I have the advantage on you," she breathed between them. "I can see you. Would you like to find out what the girl beside you looks like... down to my neck, that is? The rest you'll have to take my word for... and it's 38-26-37..."

Christ! He just couldn't believe it! This girl was something else, almost anticipating his every wish... and damn, she was lovely... skin like satin, a perfect nose and lush, soft lips...!

Carol held her breath as his sensitively discerning fingers brushed lightly over her face. When he touched her eyes, she told him they were green, and when his warm perceptive fingers danced over her lips she said that her mouth was too large. He laughed, those seeing fingers tracing her cheekbones downward to her neck, and suddenly examining the little cameo at her throat. She described it to him, and then he was exploring her hair, learning its length and the way she wore it.

"It's sort of an ash-blonde," she told him, "maybe dizzy, too."

"I doubt that," he answered, the sound of his increased breathing reaching her. "Y-Your're beautiful, Carol! Has anyone ever told you that... besides your husband, I mean?"

"No... not even my ex-husband. He wasn't given to compliments in my direction," she answered as he slowly, almost reluctantly drew his hand away from her face. She picked up his cocktail then, and gave it back to him. "Besides, it is an exaggeration, but I love you for saying it, Mark. Now, there're some canapes right in front of you on the table, and a whole pitcher of martinis to be done away with. Shall we...?"

"Willingly... but I'm not finished learning about a girl named Carol Dorsett, right from the day she was born to this damned minute!" he said, still breathing with an increased loudness.

"And what about a certain man named Mark Cannon?" she questioned, delighted with the intoxicating mood their relationship was weaving around them. "I'd like to know about him... right from the day he was born to this damned minute!"

"All right... that's a fair exchange," he replied, reaching for her hand and waiting for her to give it to him, the almost forgotten sensations of arousal the mere feel of a girl's soft warm touch could bring leaving him drunk with happiness. But this wasn't the little, willing hand of just any girl... it was Carol's... and for a moment it seemed that he'd been waiting a lifetime for her... that he'd always loved her... and then, she began to softly tell her story...

Twice, Carol refilled their glasses as they unfolded their histories to each other, the liquor helping to loosen their tongues when the more intimate details were touched on. She learned that Nancy was beautiful and loved sex, and she confided that once she and Jonny had shared a similar relationship. She held his big hand between both of hers, her fingertips lightly brushing over the short hairs on its



back, until she'd nearly kissed it with tears in her eyes when he told her of how he had lost his sight. The horror of it... and Nancy becoming a prostitute, too... dear God, it was a wonder he hadn't lost his sanity! How he really needed someone... a girl to love and look after him... just as she needed a man to share a life with... and here they were together... finding each other... she knew it was happening! They were falling in love...!

Two hours had passed, the room shadowed in a soft veil of darkness as they continued to speak softly, still holding hands, yet not as much as a single kiss having passed between them. The martini pitcher was empty. Carol had never felt so beautiful within as she did sitting beside this handsome man whose hand she lovingly held, listening to his gentle, masculine voice, while romantic strains from her little radio continued to float around them. More than anything, she hated to break that enchanting spell, but it was after nine and she hadn't even put the potatoes on to bake...

He drew her to him, then, his hands suddenly slipping upward along her naked arms to her shoulders, warm and gentle, but demanding hands that caused Carol's breathing to shorten, while impulsive thrills of delight raced through her belly! Their lips met, not fiercely, but with exploring warmth as her arms slipped around his neck and his open hand smoothed down over the exposed flesh of her back to draw her tighter against him! Then, the fervency of his kisses grew more ardent, pressuring down onto the receptive moistness of her own lips, opening them slightly... but he went no further...

"I-I think maybe I better get out to the cooking department," she whispered, her breathing as heavy as his when they finally broke their kiss, neither anxious to release the other.

"Yeah... maybe you had at that," Mark said, finally emitting a deep sigh, and withdrawing his hands. "I-I hope you're not angry... I just couldn't resist the temptation."

Carol smiled excitedly to herself. She reached to him, brushing her hand meaningfully over his smooth-shaven cheeks. "I-I think I'd have been angry if you hadn't, darling," she said, quickly eluding his grasp when he started to move forward again. "Unh-unh... not now... maybe later on a full stomach, Mr. Cannon," she teased, and then she was flicking on certain soft lights for her own benefit and at the same time watching the little smile of anguish tugging at his handsome mouth...

She made him another martini and he could hear her singing along with the music while she prepared dinner. There was no longer any doubt in his mind where his loyalty lay. If ever a guy had a case on a girl, he did! He called the dogs over to pet and play with in an effort to calm himself down. He hoped to hell she hadn't noticed, but his cock had been as hard as a billy-club! There was no way he could bring himself to use her... it could get too dangerous, and he wasn't about to have anything happen to her now that he'd just found her! Damn, what a luscious creature... and she'd called him darling! She felt it, too, he was certain of it! And... and what did she mean, maybe later on a full stomach, Mr. Cannon...? What later? Christ... did she mean... all the way? Why not? She was 28, been married, and... and hadn't known a man for over a year! Damn... should he try? Did she want him to... him... blind as a bat... could it be for real...?

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

Her dinner turned out superb! After, they finished the wine and held hands across the table, both knowing for certain now where their beautiful evening would end up. Carol couldn't shake the feeling of a new bride on her wedding night, once she had given herself entirely to the delicious desire of wanting it to happen. Mark was beside himself with the churning pressure building in his

too long denied loins, but he was gallantly controlling it, though unable to hide it.

The voluptuous blonde girl couldn't keep her eyes from the telltale bulge swelling the front of his slacks, and she was well aware when she drew him up from the couch to dance with her that there was no turning back!

"Y-You know what you're doing to me, don't you?" Mark whispered hotly down into her face as he gently enfolded her inside his arm, holding her other hand, yet unable to take the first step. "You're... you're just about driving me toward rape, baby! And cops aren't supposed to do that!"

"Ex-cops, darling," Carol answered, her voice as hushed and raspy as his, "and... and I don't believe it'll be rape...!"

"Christ!" he hissed through his strong, white teeth. "I must be losing my buttons... three years, Carol... three years it's been! I-I think I love you, but... but I'm not sure! I might say anything right now...!"

"I know, I know, Mark... so don't say anything... just kiss me...!"

He did, hungrily this time, his mouth crushing down against her soft moist lips, engulfing her as if he were about to devour her! His tongue knifed out to slice between her teeth and into her warm, responsive mouth, his big hands immediately smoothing down her back to encase the firm, fleshy ovals of her buttocks, to caress and cup as he drew her soft belly and loins up tight against his rigid cock.

"Oh Goddamn! I'm going to make love to you until neither one of us can walk!" she heard him gasp, the long, thick length of his desire-hardened penis throbbing hotly against her trembling belly. She couldn't hold back the short breaths of passion escaping her lips as they molded to his, the beautiful, lewd promise he had just made dancing wildly in her brain, along with the heavenly feel of masculine assurance pledged solidly against her lust-incited flesh.

"Where...?" he choked. "For God's sake, I can't wait any longer!"

Carol reached behind her and took his hand. "Come on... in the bedroom... like normal lovers should...!"

"What about the dogs?"

"They're happy, too, darling... still taken up with their steak bones. Come on! I'm going to make you keep that promise!"

Make him keep it, Mark thought, his brain spinning crazily. She couldn't hold him off now with a club! He heard her snap on a light and waited, still holding her hand. When she faced him, he moved in on her once more, pressing her willingly yielding young body tight to him, his lips lowering hotly to hers, his tongue again probing the sweet, moist heat of her mouth. She sucked on it gently, letting the vibrant contours of her body flow into his.

"Now... I'm going to find out for myself about those 38-26-37 statistics, baby," he whispered, "and remember... I see with my hands...! Then... then I'm going to fuck you and fuck you... just as I promised!"

"Oh... oh darling!" Carol mewed, sensing his blood engorged hardness palpitating hotly against her snuggling belly and loins, her breasts heaving with their tiny, stiffened nipples smashed against his

strong chest. "Let's hurry and get naked! Then you can find out anything... everything you want to know about me for yourself...!"

Mark didn't hesitate, quickly beginning to remove his clothes. There were no modesty hang-ups in his lust-infused brain, he mused, breathing heavily as he stripped naked and stood there, feeling his swollen cock poling out from his loins as if a leaded weight had been tied to the end of it! He heard her breath catch above the rustle of her clothing, and he moved toward the sound.

"Darling... darling...!" Carol hissed, her eager eyes feasting on the long, thick length of his cock and the bloated sac of his testicles hanging handsomely between his strong thighs. She shamelessly grasped his bobbing penis in a gentle hand as he came close to her, curling her fingers around its rigid hotness and feeling him jerk and gasp at her touch. His hands reached for her and she stood perfectly still, knowingly beginning to stroke the pulsating length of his thick sinewy cock while his discerning fingers swept over her trembling naked curves. At last, he lowered his head, cupped the full mound of one rounded smooth breast and sucked its tiny, straining nipple deep into his hot mouth! Carol swayed with erotic rapture, and he had to catch her in his arms to keep her from losing her balance.

"Now, to the bed, little girl... you gorgeous armful... before I cum right in your hand!" Mark warned with a quick intake of breath.

"You better not!" Carol whispered, kissing him quickly and drawing him over toward her bed and then down partially on top of her. "There're better places than my hand for that, lover!" she added, hugging his muscular body tight to her breasts and shivering with the sensations of burning desire building deep in her quivering belly and feverishly moistening loins.

But she was hardly prepared for the lustful hunger that abruptly took charge of her new friend. His eager mouth was suddenly all over her face and throat, his lashing tongue charging deep into her open mouth, his big hands kneading the resilient white flesh of her sensitive breasts, twisting and rolling their tiny nipples with an almost savage craving that took long moments before she began to fully comprehend. Like a starved animal offered food after a famine, his strong hands, which she knew to be gentle, ravenously searched and explored the most intimate hollows of her susceptible young body.

Carol whimpered with passion in the face of his obvious need, her impulse to please and satisfy him now more intense than any craving of her own! It was bordering on maternal, she thought, as she hugged and loved him, smoothing her own small hands possessively over the hard, muscular flesh of his handsome male body! Oh God! Yes! She loved him... loved him!

Mark groaned and writhed like a boy in a man's frame on top of her, almost whining with pleasure when he bit at her neck, and she spread her long legs wide, urging his naked body over between her claiming thighs where she wanted him. "Hurry! Mark lover! It's been so long for you! Let me do it all this first time! Don't even think of me... just yourself! Fuck me hard, darling, and fill me with your cum! Please... I want you to...!"

Drawing her legs back, Carol reached down between their hungrily pressed bodies, his searing breaths like a blowtorch against her breasts. Never had she been so filled with warm, passionate love as at that moment when she levered her hand down between her widespread thighs to find the raging hot thickness of his beautiful penis! And, as her fingers closed around its blood-hardened girth, she knew that, at last, all things were about to come true for her...!

To Mark, her soft hand curling once more around his frantic rod of flesh was enough to push him

over the edge! He felt her working his sensitive foreskin back and then guiding the rubbery head inward toward that most sought after of secret places between her legs! Then he could feel the hot nibbling warmth of her cuntal mouth and the soft, tickling curls of her pussy-hair grazing his cock-head as she slowly insinuated the spongy tip... and then she seemed to freeze, as if waiting...!

"Oh darling, darling!" she whispered... losing the words in a groan which broadened as he lunged his hard-pressed cock furiously hard up into her!

Her moist cuntal heat clasped around his aching cock like a seething wrap of hot fluid resistance, and he gasped aloud as he began to thrust mindlessly into her upturned pussy-mouth in long and urgent strokes that filled her receptive vagina to greater and greater depths!

Beneath him, Carol's pinioned body quivered and trembled, her pebble-hard nipples branding into his chest with a tight, burning pressure. Her soft hot belly brushed against the tensed muscles of his own, and her strong, full thighs clamped and unclamped around his hips, holding and releasing him as the clasp inner flesh of her cunt sucked and pulled at his lust-driven cock with a passion he had forgotten... or perhaps, never known!

"Oh... oh Christ!" he groaned, sensing the seething, velvety sheath of her inner cunt squeezing and sucking along the full length of his love-starved rod of hardened penile flesh. He wasn't going to last two minutes at this rate...!

"My lover... my lover! Fuck your Carol, darling!" she spurred him on in raspy sensual whispers, bucking and writhing beneath him as she hugged him down tightly to her. "Don't try to hold it back! Cum in me, precious... shoot it all right up into my hot belly!"

Her face moved from side to side beneath his seeing fingertips. Tiny indentations appeared on her lush red lips where her teeth pressed them in moments of intense passion. Then every so often her gasping mouth came back against his, her teeth nipping at his lips, her tongue sucking his deep inside.

"Goddamn...!" Mark choked, pulling back. "I can't hold it back, baby! Christ... I'm going to cummmm...!" he blurted as he pounded his blood-inflated cock deep up into the burning sanctuary of her churning belly with long and savage strokes. He could feel the boiling sperm ready to burst from the reservoir of his over-bloated balls as they beat a harsh tattoo against the cheeks of her upturned buttocks. He thrust his plundering tongue to the depths of her throat, and, with greedy, kneading hands, reached down to clutch the widespread ovals of her ass-cheeks, hauling them up hard against his fast-driving pelvis, slamming his now spewing cock brutally up into her unresisting cuntal channel!

"Ahhh... yes! Lover! Yesss! Fill meee! Fill mee with your hot love-cum!" Carol wantonly urged him on, at the same time feeling the erotic bubbling taking place inside her own loins as the turgid, pulsating head of his deeply sunk cock suddenly flared larger and began to spurt! She could feel the streams of white-hot semen shooting far up into her nakedly clenching belly with the force of molten fire, churning around her dilated vagina in a growing pool long-desired love.

Oh, how she wished she could cum with him at that very moment, but she couldn't... she couldn't... not yet... almost, but not quite! Ooohhh! Her eyes closed and all the time he was cumming inside her, her mouth worked and quivered and her neck strained as she threw back her head with the intensity of her passion...

And then, panting heavily, his strong, muscular body collapsed on top of her while she continued to hold and caress him as she lay there beneath him, neither of them speaking for several minutes.

Finally, Mark rolled part-way off her, but she wouldn't let him go entirely, even after his limp penis slid wetly back out of her still nibbling vagina. Instead, she cradled him there between her wide-open thighs and drew his head down to rest against the softness of her rising and falling breasts.

"W-Was it good, darling?" Carol whispered, running her fingertips over his cheek, then lovingly through his hair.

"Damn...!" he sighed. "It-it was... was... hell, there's no way to describe it, honey...! I just wish it could've been all the way for you, too, the first time... but..."

"Shhh... don't start apologizing. Can't you tell how happy I am?" Carol whispered into his ear. "My belly is filled with your love, and I wanted it to be, darling... and now, you're relaxed..."

"For a minute," he replied, his cheek pressed into the soft, resilient warmth of her full breast. He kissed the smooth, yielding flesh from the side of his mouth, then teased it with his tongue as he moved closer to the tiny hardened nipple, sucking it between his lips in the same sideways manner. "But I'm a long way from being finished, little girl, as you'll see in a minute."

"MMmmm," she mewled, embracing his head tighter against her naked breasts, her desire-filled young body gently squirming beneath him. God, how had this wondrous man ever happened her way? She loved him... there was no doubt in her mind... and she would make him love her! She ran her fingers through his dark wavy hair while his tongue and lips nibbling and taunting at her bursting nipples sent delightful thrills spiraling through her. "Mark...? Yesterday, when we first met there in the park... did you even remotely think we might be lying together like this... and the very next night, at that?"

"I-I wouldn't even have dared to hope for such a spectacular when I walked up to your door tonight!" he answered in his gentle voice. "I still can't believe it. Things like this don't happen to a dumb blind cop..."

"Stop talking like that, darling," she reprimanded, brushing a finger over his lips. "You may be blind, but, to me, you can see everything more beautifully than anyone I've ever known. And you're anything but dumb, my lover... Besides, that's ex-cop... isn't it?"

For a moment, Mark didn't answer. He hadn't been all that truthful with her, had he? In fact, his original plans had involved an entirely different use of her, not that he wouldn't have accepted this lusty development in passing, but what he hadn't counted on was falling in love with her... and he had damned sure done that! "No... not quite, Carol... Oh, I haven't lied to you, but I haven't told you the whole truth, either. I'm still connected with the police department, working on limited assignments where I can be of value."

"My God! Isn't that dangerous for you?"

"No more than for anyone else, and my blindness makes a good cover..."

"But...?"

"But be quiet and let me finish," he said. "I have to tell you this. Yesterday, when we first met, I was friendly because I thought I could use you. And the more we talked, the more certain I was. You were situated perfectly, living right here in this building. And then when you invited me to dinner... well, that was when I intended to offer you the proposition..."

"What proposition...?"

"I'm not finished yet. Just listen to me for a moment," he insisted. "Then, yesterday, after I got back to my apartment, I couldn't get you out of my mind. Your voice haunted me. I tried to picture what you looked like... even wondered if you were a classy hooker, but that didn't fit with you living in Westland... and, pretty soon, I didn't know what to think... except that I didn't want to take a chance on getting you involved. I could hardly sleep last night thinking about you, and today... well dammit, my brain just kept going around in circles! Then, tonight... and now this... making love, lying here as we are... I know now... I'm in love with you, baby... honest!"

He moved up and kissed her then, their arms clinging tightly around each other's naked body, the depth of their feeling flowing from one into the other with warm, passionate vibrance. But, when he raised his head, Carol said, "What was that proposition, darling?"

"It doesn't matter now..."

"Yes, it does matter! If it's so dangerous, then you shouldn't be involved! Besides, you said I was perfectly situated, living right here in this building. Please, Mark, I'm going to be frightened if you don't tell me," Carol pressed. "What were you expecting me to do?"

"Well... actually, very little," he replied, wondering how brilliant he was being in telling her. "I... I just wanted you to keep an eye on the next apartment... you know, the manager's, and record the number of people who come there each day, something of what they look like, and if the same ones kept coming back. The department would've paid you..."

"You mean the Whites' apartment?" Carol asked, wanting to be sure.

"Yes... but it doesn't matter now. I don't want you to get involved. It might be dangerous..."

"Then it's dangerous for you too!" she repeated, a cold little chill shivering over her naked body as she visualized Ed White in her mind. Then, several things clicked in her brain. It did seem that Peggy's buzzer rang a great many times every day... and she had left this morning in such a fear-filled hurry, warning her to leave there...! "Mark, this morning, Ed White's wife left him. She was haggard and frightened... came over to say good-bye to me, and..."

In detail, Carol related the story, but was careful not to hint at anything that might give away her forbidden episode the night before. Certainly, that skeleton was better forgotten and swept into the closet! He listened to her every word in silence, then said, "Peggy was right, Carol. It's best that you leave here as soon as possible..."

"No! I won't unless you give up whatever it is, too!" she insisted with a firmness that made him realize she was no clinging vine... and maybe he liked that.

"I can't baby; it's my job...!"

"And mine from now on is to look after you! I'm going to stay right here and help you! After all, what's so dangerous in peeking out my door whenever I hear their buzzer ring? No, Mark, I'm not leaving here until you go with me! I'm going to help you!"

Mark couldn't do anything but smile down at her, she was so damned emphatic about it... and maybe she was right. It would only be as risky as she made it, and she had a damned good mind... nothing stupid in that beautiful head. But just to think that she wanted help was enough. Christ, what a luscious creature! No girl had ever come close to turning him on the way she did — not even Nancy — and this was only the beginning! He kissed her and began to stroke his hand down over the curved nakedness of her round, full breasts, exploring again, but more discerningly this time. "I

won't say no, honey... but let's talk later, when I don't have all this soft loveliness to distract me... and this time, it's your turn, little girl."

"Oh lover! Mark lover..." Carol moaned as she felt his long thick penis stirring against her thigh once more. She slipped her arms up around his neck while he eased his tongue between the waiting moistness of her lips and she began to suck gently on it, nibbling with tiny sharp nips and feeling with her fingers the muscular shudder that moved up his naked back.

Mark felt her squirming to work one leg between his, then felt the pressure of her smooth, warm thigh against his swelling cock, bringing it quickly to a renewed, hurting hardness. He grunted, feeling the seminal wetness from its tiny end-slit smearing against her leg.

"Mark... Mark... You've made me so happy! I-I want to know every wonderful inch of you!" she whispered, her fingers toying at the back of his neck, her warm breath beginning to increase in tempo against his face. She let him move back in between her yawning legs once more, loving him cradled that way on top of her. She kissed him, darting her hot tongue wetly up into his mouth, and then in and out in a lewd little semblance of what she really wanted. His big hands trailed down her sides following the symmetrical contours of her waist and hips and finally beneath her to the smooth fleshy ovals of her buttocks, cupping the rounded mounds in his palms and splayed fingers. She clung excitedly to him, then stroked her own hands down over his lean, hard flesh, searching eagerly into the private hollows of his body. Her head swam with the thrilling delight of their finding each other... of that very moment... of her fulfillment to come! Oh, how she needed him... how she was always going to need him... how she would love him forever and ever and ever...!

She squirmed again beneath him, whispering for him to move his legs on the outside of hers once more and he did, his long thick hardness pressing hotly against the supple flesh at the juncture of her thighs, its blunt bulbous head splitting the narrow hair-fringed slit between her cunt-lips to gently nudge at her tiny clitoris. She undulated her hips to increase the wild erotic stimulation and then lifted them while she moved her arms around beneath her buttocks and, with the fingers of both hands, spread her flushed wet vaginal lips open wider to him, offering a greater tensing contact for his cock with her love-sensitized cunt-flesh. Then she dropped back onto the bed, his throbbing hot length caught tightly up between her hotly pressuring thighs.

Mark's brain began to swirl again with the sensuous pleasures of her voluptuously inviting body. Christ! He'd forgotten it could be like this, that a man could completely lose all sense of perspective once he lay caught between a lovely girl's legs, and she was surely the most enticing female he'd ever known! He trailed his hands over the soft curves of her naked body again and again, unable to get enough of her, while she began a slow rhythmic undulation with her hips and buttocks. He could feel the long, smooth muscles and tendons beneath her satiny flesh ripple lightly, and thought again with lustful anticipation about how her thighs had felt pressing firmly around his hips only moments ago when his pulsating cock had been buried deep up between them.

She mewled like a kitten beneath him, mashing her lips up against his, writhing her smooth, flat belly tight to his own, her long nails sensuously taunting the flesh of his back as he drew her hot, cum-drenched loins more snugly up to his. He tasted the delicious sweetness of her passion-heated mouth while he moved up and down slowly, the full length of his desire-hardened cock insinuating itself along her wide-split cuntal flesh and massaging it to greater and lewder wetness with every passing second. Again, he caught her lush ass-cheeks in the palms of his hands, feeling them grow taut and then relax as she began a more frantic rotation up against his crazily throbbing loins, until abruptly those long, shapely legs showed their strength, pulling out from beneath him on either side, flailing into the air and finally encircling him to press crab-like against the backs of his thighs in an effort to lock him tighter into her body.

"Oooohhhh... now, lover... now! Fuck me, darling! Fuck me before I go mad!" she groaned against his lips, her labored breath hot on his face, her hand worming down between their obscenely aroused bodies to grasp his aching cock and guide it properly into the tight little mouth of her quivering vagina.

Mark grunted as he felt her fingers close around his blood-swollen hardness, unable to hold himself back any longer. With a decisive movement of his raised hips, he drove forward with a resounding fleshy smack deep up into the sizzling heat of her greedily absorbing cunt.

"Oooooohhh!" he heard her whimper with pleasure beneath him, while the amazing tightness of her vagina sheathed his bursting cock with a feverish hold that raised another guttural grunt of delight from deep in his throat.

He thrust hard, sending his lust-starved cock farther up into her burning cunt with hellish force, driving and pounding, the flow of her cuntal secretions coating his shaft with a slippery frictional wetness that drove him wildly on. He felt the bloated, spongy knob of his cock pummeling up against the cushiony tip of her cervix deep inside, while his re-inflated balls swatted hard up between the undulating cheeks of her buttocks.

Carol wailed with the pleasure-filled pain, writhing in a moment of unexpected brief agony as the huge head of his thundering hardness punished the secret depths of her ravished belly. But it was the way she wanted it... the way she had learned to love it... the way Jonny had always fucked her... the way she had feared she would never know it again! With open mouth, she whined uncontrollably, but her little cry of torment only seemed to incite her policeman-lover toward greater lust as he drove harder, grinding his hairy pelvis hard into the fleshy give of her soft, vulnerable loins. She felt him flexing his deep-sunk penis at the very apex of his stroke to raise a further groan of masochistically desired pain from her lips... then he paused momentarily, and she gasped for breath, running her clutching hands over his naked flesh in joy-filled hunger.

Little purring sounds of lust continued to tumble from her lips as she lay beneath him completely subjugated to his meagerest whim, entirely impaled on his love-famished, cock-flesh probing the intimate depths of her churning belly. Mark panted like he might if he had just run a mile, looking down at her as if he could see her. Oh Christ, what he wouldn't give if he could! He brought one hand up to tenderly read her facial expression, his lust increasing when his brain visualized the wanton look of slave-like passion his fingertips found there! God! What a breathtaking creature! Nancy could never have even stood in her shadow... and she loved him... loved the way he was fucking her! A feeling of almost sadistic intoxication swept through him, causing him to flex the inflamed, blood-engorged head of his aching cock again and again, knowing that she wanted that, and raising a series of gurgling moans from her sensually gasping throat.

They didn't speak; there was no need for words. They'd found each other in shared desire, he realized, as she labored hungrily up against him and he ground harder into the burning wet flesh of her cock-hugging cunt, feeling her arch her voluptuous loins needfully up to him. Her movements lifted both of them from the bed as she whimpered incessantly, and he began his thrusting tempo once more. He felt her clasping thighs tighten and release around him as she started to work up and down his hardened rod of cock-flesh with her eagerly milking vagina until they had established a mutual rhythm. Her head started to loll in an ungovernable pattern from side to side while he listened to her lips murmuring in his ear in impassioned abandon.

"Oh... ooohhh... my lover... my handsome darling! You're magnificent! I love you! Don't ever leave me, Mark! Promise you'll never leave me, darling! I'll do anything you want!" Carol whimpered and begged. "Oooohhh... You're so violently gentle! You're driving me crazy with love for you! Do more!



Take me any way you want! Hurt me, darling! Make me love it... Put your finger in my ass... Shove it right up inside! Do it, lover... please...!"

Her lewd plea set off a roaring current of lust within him, and it raced through his twitching cock, thundered through his brain and his clutching hands! Mark pressed his fingers underneath her, into the smooth, widespread crevice between her upraised buttocks and found the tiny, puckered circle of her anus with his extended middle finger. The undulating nether circle was wet from a thin rivulet of warm moisture that had dribbled down from where his throbbing cock was fucking insanely up into her cunt. He felt her shiver as he caressed her there, teasing her and lubricating the small fleshy ring more with the balled pad of his finger before probing inside. He sensed her full-mounded buttocks leaning back toward his hand, onto his stiffened finger length while he pressed forward, surprised at first at the resistance he met. In a sudden elastic pop, the rubbery flesh seemed to open up like a small mouth to suck his finger up inside to the first knuckle-joint! Carol lurched beneath him almost as if she were trying to escape the sudden intrusion, but he knew different.

"Oh... Oooooohhh! Yes... Yes, my darling! You hurt me so beautifully, Mark! No wonder I love you! Oooohhh... more now... slowly... more, darling! All the way... and fuck me hard... HARD!!!"

Mark wondered if he wasn't going dum-dum in his own crazily building lust. His brain was a sponge, saturated with carnal need, and his cock was screaming with the strain, as if he could never cum again. And, if he didn't cum pretty soon, he knew he'd go stark raving bananas! He thrust his obscenely imbedded finger farther up into the clasp heat of her tight, spongy rectum, simultaneously increasing the stroke of his charging cock up into the seething wetness of her pussy. He felt her absorbing rectal walls generating the heat of her passion into the length of his finger, buried now to the palm of his hand, and she bleated with the masochistic pleasure-pain which had obviously taken control over her, just as it always had with Nancy... but never, never like this beautiful girl lying naked beneath him now in wanton ecstasy!

The love-crazed young blonde skewered her buttocks shamelessly back down onto his stiffened middle finger, searching, pleading, encircling it in the hotly clutching depths of her nether passage, seeming to revel in its unnatural presence as he rotated it wildly up inside her there! At the same time, Mark could feel the in-and-out plunges of his sperm-heavy cock through the thin partition of flesh separating her two brutally filled passages... feeling his throbbing cock with his lewdly exploring middle finger and feeling his fingertip against the hardened flesh of his straining penis!

Christ! It... she... all of it, was just too much! He was sure as hell going to cry "uncle" if he didn't cum again soon! Three years of emptiness, and then suddenly this! She had to understand... she said that she loved him! And... and he loved her! Goddamn... yes, he loved her... loved her! And that's why he wasn't about to give up! He loved her...!

He tried to establish a combination fucking rhythm of finger and cock, until he was driving furiously up into her in syncopated unison. He had to make her cum... had to! Carol groaned and writhed her naked body wantonly beneath him on the bed. He felt her long, shapely legs yawning wide to give him the greatest possible access in his ravishment of her steaming, susceptible loins! Abruptly, he realized that his throbbing cock was expanding still more, growing inside her to the point where he knew it would soon erupt! He sensed the ever-increasing, needle-like pressure building incredulously in his bloated testicles, and knew the end was coming.

Shit, he had to do something, or it was going to be all over for him, but the shouting! He began slamming into her with longer, harder strokes as his finger drubbed her wide-stretched rectal channel. She gripped him tightly across his back with her wrapping legs, her face beneath the seeing fingertips of his free hand contorted in a lewd mask of animal lust, and he hoped to Christ

that she was getting ready to cum! He just couldn't last another minute! Then... he heard the distinctly different little moans gurgling deep in her throat and felt her thighs opening and closing around him as she thrust upward onto his raging cock and backward onto his plunging middle finger to the fierce tempo of his desperate, last-ditch fucking!

"Oooohhh... harder, Mark! Fuck me harder! Oooohhh... harder, my lover!" Carol cried, digging her little heels into the flesh of his back. Suddenly, she drew back her legs until they were locked over his shoulders, presenting him with the total widespread plateau of her passion-inflamed loins. Her eyes, like her teeth, were clamped tightly together, her lovely face twisting and straining as her orgasm came over her!

"Ooooooh Goddd... darling... I'm cummmmiuinngg...!"

She whimpered, cried out, then actually screamed, pulling her thighs back tighter until the whole of her hungrily devouring cunt was offered up to him in passionate sacrifice! She thrust her hips ceilingward with bruising force, her mouth falling loosely open, her nostrils flaring wide! Wail after wail squealed up out of her as she skewered her climaxing loins up onto his battering cock and clung there while the, seething, slick walls of her slaving vagina milked omnivorously at his screaming cock like the greedy little mouth of a starving child!

The violence of her ecstasy stunned him for a moment! Christ, he'd never seen anything like that, let alone been a part of it! It stayed his own orgasm with just the incredible wonder of her, but he continued to hammer into her, feeling the warm gushes of wet, sticky cum bathing his charging cock! It foamed out around his painful hardness to drench his hairy loins and flood his hotly pulsating balls! She jerked and lurched beneath him, the nibbling lips and ravenous vaginal throat of her amazing cunt drawing feverishly at his bursting cock! And, as her breathing labored in short, panting gasps, Mark sensed his boiling sperm racing up the length of his spasming cock with mind-bending sensation. It wracked his naked frame as it surged from the tip of his cock like water from a fire hose, far up into her quivering hot belly! It jerked and spewed fitfully inside her, while she ground her hungrily swallowing cunt possessively up tight onto its buried depths.

"Oh darling, darling... pump all of it up into me... every drop! It's mine... mine... all mine!" Carol mumbled, her thighs quaking, her belly trembling with the unleashed pool of warm pleasure he was emptying into her. At last, he fell in exhaustion on top of her, and once more she hugged him inside her caressing arms.

She sighed from deep in her chest, her legs falling shamelessly limp and open, while her heart pounded. Her sensual body had been satisfied... dear God, yesss... totally and beautifully satisfied...

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Sultan watched with keen interest as his golden-haired mistress flitted about the shabby apartment, continuously humming a pleasant little tune as she busied herself. Her pretty face seemed bright, more so than he had seen it in a long time. It pleased him when she was this way, and he lay down in his favorite corner where he could observe her every move.

Carol could never remember being happier in her life! She felt as if she were floating about in a dream world too beautiful and impossible to be real. She knew it was real, yet she had to keep pinching herself to make certain she was awake. She was in love, not the Jonny Gains type of superficial love, but deep emotional love that was vibrantly alive inside her young body every single instant, even while she'd slept, and she knew with all of her heart that Mark Cannon felt the same!

What a joy it had been to burst out of bed this morning, her brain saturated with the memories of her magnificent new lover!

Even the apartment had suddenly taken on a glow of splendor for her, and she realized that it was all because they had shared such an enchanting evening there last night, finding each other, then making breathtaking love, the likes of which she had only dared dream of. Oh, what a great life they were going to have together, and the thrills ahead in just the planning of it! He would come tonight, her darling and his beautiful Queenie, to begin discussing those plans and to set a date for their wedding, and she wanted everything neat and perfect for him.

She would have a report to give him too. Already there had been four young men and a girl who'd rung Ed White's buzzer, stayed only a matter of minutes, then left. It was difficult to see their faces without opening her door wide, but what she had seen of them, she'd tried to mentally record, so that she would know them if they came back.

Carol smiled to herself. How determined Mark had been about her not having any part in this business, whatever it was. But when she'd stomped her foot, insisting that she wouldn't have it any other way if he was going to carry on with it, he'd finally given in, hugging her and begging her to be careful. She'd loved that, but surprisingly enough, she was intrigued with the whole idea more than the slightest bit frightened. After all, she was perfectly safe in doing a little peeking; besides, she had Sultan to protect her. And, speaking of that handsome darling, he should be out in the backyard getting some exercise!

"Would you like to go outside, Sully baby?" Carol cooed at him, walking over and bending down to pet his massive head. God, she couldn't forget the delicious sensual pleasure he had brought her either, when there had been no one else but the two of them. Her faithful and gallant protector... with love-brimming eyes... she wondered if he was jealous? Did dogs of his brainy caliber know that bitter human emotion? She hoped not because she loved him so much, and she'd never, never knowingly hurt him. And then, it struck her that perhaps his canine affections had suddenly been transferred toward Queenie! Could that be?

"Do... do you like Queenie?" Carol heard herself ask, surprised at the resentful feeling she abruptly felt. He had gotten to his feet, and she kissed him between the eyes, holding his big head between her small hands. His tail wagged, but was it in response to her affection or the sound of Queenie's name? "Y-You wouldn't let anyone take Carol's place... would you, darling? She's always going to need you. We've been through so much together... I'd be lost without you, baby... and... and we'll still have our secret times, I promise! So don't you run off after some new girl friend and desert me. Promise? Do you? Well, promise...!"

The towering German shepherd with ears erect and tail waving excitedly, barked then and Carol kissed him again before straightening up, satisfied that she hadn't lost the loyal attachment of her animal-darling. "All right, lover, come on, Mama's going to let you outside for a while, but you just remember your promise, eh?"

Closing the back door behind him, the happy, blonde-haired girl remembered that she had yet to shower and dress. She had hopped out of bed to the warm, California sunshine filled with an exuberance which had left her spinning. Tossing a housecoat over her nakedness, she had almost danced toward the small kitchen to make coffee, and, after a quick breakfast, had begun preparing for Mark's visit, which was at least twelve hours away! She had been and still was that happy! But it was time for a shower...

The faint sound of the door buzzer in the next apartment interrupted her thoughts. Momentarily,

Carol enjoyed the thrill of excitement rippling upward over her naked curves beneath the housecoat. It was like a movie or TV play, and she was the secret agent! And it was for real, too, for the department was going to pay for her, Mark had said. But it was so simple, and hardly dangerous, she thought, gliding toward her front door and silently opening it to catch a quick glimpse of the teenage girl with the long brown hair. She couldn't be over seventeen, and dressed so cutely... Then, she disappeared inside and Carol waited with her door still cracked open... waited for perhaps three to five minutes before the enticing young girl left, walking flippantly toward the building's front entrance. She closed her door and dashed to the front window to see the teenager climb into an expensive sports car driven by a long-haired boy. She watched them speed off, at the same time mentally recording the license number and wheeling away to find pencil and paper... Mark had never expected her to be that alert!

Carol hurried in the shower, hopeful that she wasn't missing any of Ed White's callers. With a haphazard toweling, she dried herself, caught up her negligee hanging behind the bathroom door and hustled toward the living room. She went to the front window, saw nothing unusual to arouse her, then, for a moment, concentrated on the windows of the fourth floor across the way. Behind them, her darling Mark was doing whatever he did this time of day! God! How she loved him, and very, very soon she would be doing anything and everything for him...

Her own buzzer jarred the reverie so warmly sweeping over her. Carol stiffened upright, trying to tie the sound into something familiar. Peggy was gone! Was it Mark? She might have missed him walking into the building if she'd gotten to the window too late... Who else? It sounded again, more pressing this time. She wished she'd kept Sultan inside with her as she walked toward the door...

His foot came against it in a blocking barrier the moment Carol drew the door a few inches inward! The first thing she saw was his grin, the invariable cold chill coiling up her spine at the sight! Reflexively, she leaned her weight against the door, but she couldn't close it!

"Good morning, Miss Dorsett," Ed White spoke through a leer.

"Wh-What do you want?" Carol managed, drawing the folds of her sheer negligee tighter together and trying to shield her thinly covered breasts with her arms as she desperately attempted to force the door closed, her whole body tensing with fear at his resistance!

"Just a little chat, lady," he said, applying his powerful weight and easily pushing the door, and her, inward!

Carol fell back, one hand dropping to modestly clutch at the wispy covering she had ridiculously answered the door in, endeavoring to hide what she knew was visible through the see-through garment while her other arm and hand feebly tried to do the same over her full breasts. By then, the big, white-haired man had crowded into her living room and was closing the door behind him... and locking it! He continued to leer at her, his lead-gray eyes raking over her near-nakedness with open lechery. His tongue appeared to lick at his lips and then... in one fast glance, Carol even thought she could see his penis stir in the front of his dirty pants...!

"J-Just what do you think you're doing?" she shot at him, fighting to keep the frightened quiver from her voice. "Get out of here this instant...!"

"Keep cool, baby... you and me have to talk!" he hissed at her, his mean eyes lewdly running up and down her nearly exposed young curves. "You've been clocking my friends since seven this morning... and that ain't Kosher. Could it be that you're working with Mr. Fuzz... like that blind creep across the street?" He laughed a harsh, grating sound. "Surprise you, doll? You think old Ed don't know

what's going on... like you meeting with him in the park yesterday and him coming here last night?" Again he chortled, "For the record, Miss Dorsett, I've had that blind crumb pegged for weeks... but now, you've entered the game... and you're too close for comfort, as the saying goes!"

It was long seconds before the blunt meaning of his words took their full, stunning effect on Carol, though she realized that regardless of what he had said she would have been terrified, she so feared and detested the brutish man. But he had specifically mentioned Mark, and from that moment on her growing fright was for him, her own situation hardly mattering. Her brain raced as the protective instincts of her newborn love reared up in defense, and she said with a cold, steady voice, "I don't know what you're trying to get at, Mr. White, but so far you've said nothing but a lot of gibberish! If you're referring to Mr. Cannon, he is a friend and nothing more! And... and that's all I have to say to you, now get out of here before... before I turn Sultan loose on you!"

Ed White grinned without moving, "You're a spunky little bitch, ain't you? But you're wasting your breath, baby. As for the mutt, you just let him outside, which I been hoping you'd do for over an hour." He was bringing something out of his back pants-pocket then, a small leather-cased object resembling a camera and toying with it in his big hands. "Know what this is, Miss Dorsett? It's a little tape-recorder. Tiny, ain't it? And handy as hell. You'd be amazed the things you can do with it... like a woman, she can carry it right inside her purse, snap it on and leave it there... just record a whole conversation without anybody knowing it. Take this one for instance..." he said, his eyes gleaming as he pressed the switch and a crackling sound followed... then a voice, a gasping female voice...!

"OH GOD, PEG... I DON'T KNOW! T-THIS IS ABSOLUTELY OBSCENE... BEING FUCKED BY A DOG!"

"YES... IT IS; ISN'T IT, BABY...! AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE IT! WAIT... I'LL FIX THE VANITY MIRROR SO YOU CAN WATCH!"

If she had been stunned before, Carol was horrified now at the recognition of her own lustful voice and its lurid exclamation! She sensed her mouth falling loosely open and the blood rushing into her face as she gaped at the menacing man who stood leering down at her. Petrified in rising shame, she could do nothing but stare at him, while panting whimpers and lewd wet sounds of sucking continued to fill the room from the monstrous little gadget in his hands!

"HELP HIM, CAROL! FOR GOD'S SAKE, HOW CAN YOU STAND THE WAITING! JUST WATCHING IS ABOUT TO DRIVE ME LOONEY! GO ON, GRAB AHOLD OF IT AND PUT IT IN FOR HIM...!"

"UNH, UNH, UNH, OOOHHHHHHH GOOODDDDDDD!"

"OOOHHHHHHH... MY LOVER, SULTAN BABY! FUCK ME, DARLING! FUCK YOUR CAROL! HARDER BABY! HARDER... OH, HARDERRRRRRRR...!"

Tears burst from Carol's eyes and she covered her face with her hands, her whole body suddenly convulsing with the sobs choking from her. "Oh God, stop it! Stop it, please..." she begged, slumping down onto the couch, her half-undressed state forgotten in the overwhelming disgrace of being shamefully exposed.

"There's a lot more, baby. I just happened to pick that part out for you," Ed White tormented. "I kind of liked the part where Peg's eating your cunt, and then later, when you're eating her out and the Goddammed mutt is fucking the hell out of you..."

"Oh please... please stop!" the tear-choked girl pathetically pleaded. "Oooohhhhhh... why... why did

she do this to me? How could she... my God...?"

"Because I made her do it, baby!" Ed White answered in his grating voice. "She had no choice if she knew what was good for her! She does what I say, or Daddy cuts off her junk, and that, little old Peggy can't take for very long, eh? Oh, don't worry, she'll be back, doll. She's got to have her stuff. This ain't the first time she's walked out on me."

He laughed while Carol stared up at him with unbelievable repugnance, the meaning of his words slowly and appallingly registering in her sickened mind. Peggy was an addict! Oh, the poor girl...! But... but why had this despicable brute made her do such a thing...?

Carol didn't have to ask, only listen.

"Yesterday," the manager was saying, "after I saw you and that blind fuzz talking in the park, I knew I had to figure some way to get you in the bag, chick. You could be cop yourself, but that don't quite gell with me. I figure Cannon's using you, probably paying you one way or another... maybe with his cock, though I can't figure a luscious bitch like you falling for a blind fink..."

"Leave him out of this, damn you!" Carol spat hungrily up at him. "You're not even fit to speak his name! And you're wrong... all wrong about everything you said...!"

"Soooo... that's the way it is, eh?" the massive man sneered, then made a guttural little laugh. "You're hot for each other! Well Goddamn, now ain't that just perfect, though? I wonder... do you suppose your cock-man would like to bend an ear to this tape I just played for you? He might like to know that his little dollie eats a bit of pussy and digs a good dog-fucking, being an animal lover himself!"

"Y-You wouldn't...!" Carol gasped, half-under her breath as she stared in growing panic at his cruel, grinning face, knowing even as she said it that there was nothing too loathsome for him to stoop to!

"Oh, I would, baby, and I will, if it's necessary... but we might be able to work something out... you and me. I'm a reasonable guy once you get to know me." Suddenly, he dropped down onto the couch beside her, the sweaty smell of him stinging her sensitive nostrils as she inwardly cringed at his nearness. "Of course, it's going to take a little cooperation on your part, but under the circumstances I figure you'll be willing. Right?"

"Wh-what do you expect me to do?" the frightened, divorced girl heard her own question.

"Well, now... first, you draw that fuzz bastard off my back. Make up a story, whatever you want, but make me look clean... otherwise, I'll have to see that he's worked over good... maybe eliminated altogether!"

His easily spoken statements came at her as if he were talking about the weather, their cold deadliness inciting a feeling of utter terror inside her, totally destroying any resistance she might have known. For one brief instant, she visualized Mark's body savagely beaten... and lifeless! Dear God, he didn't realize the ruthlessness of this animal! He was underestimating him...!

"Well?" Ed White's voice jarred her.

"I-I... supposing he won't listen to me?" she managed, her green eyes reflecting the painful anxiety she was feeling. "How can I make him do something he...?"

"That's your problem, honey!" the big man snapped. "Mine is to shed him! That's why I decided to

get you to help me.” He was grinning once more and meaningfully toying with the damning tape-recorder Peggy had carried in her purse that lewd night... “But that’s just part of the cooperation I expect from you, Miss Dorsett,” he went on, suddenly moving his big, hot hand forward to suggestively settle on the negligee-shaded flesh just above her knee. “The rest involves sex... you and me, baby... right here... and right now...!”

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## CHAPTER NINE

The room had begun to spin for Carol... and had yet to stop! In the center of the whirlpool she saw the abominable grinning mouth of Ed White opening and closing as it seemed to come closer and closer to her!

“You fainted on me, kid,” his gruff voice came down to her.

She saw then that she was stretched out on the couch and that she was covered by her negligee now draped carelessly over her. The white-haired man was on his knees beside her, a glass in his hand, and she could taste the burning liquid he had poured into her mouth.

“Wh-What...?”

“You’ll be okay in a minute,” he said, watching her. “I found some brandy and gave you a jolt.”

Carol lay perfectly still for the passing of long seconds, trying to pull her wits together, before she realized that the apartment house manager’s huge hand was cupping her naked breast beneath the flimsy negligee... causing a sense of repulsion to sweep through her! He’d stripped her naked while she was unconscious! Oh Mark...! She moaned and tried to raise up, pushing at his hand at the same time, but he only clutched tighter into the sensitive, resilient flesh and caught at her long hair to jerk her back down!

“L-Let me up! Take your filthy hands off me, damn you!” the frightened blonde cried, her brain starting to whirl again.

“No way, baby... or maybe you’d like to hear that tape again!” he rasped, his brutish face so close to her own that she could smell his obnoxious breath. And as he spoke and grinned at her she could feel his strong fingers cruelly gnarling the tiny nipple of her breast still acutely sensitive from Mark’s hands last night. “You and me are going to have a wild little party of our own, doll. Nothing too fancy, but enough to shake the Goddamned hots I’ve been having for you for over a week now!”

Carol stared at him in panic, his big hand entangled in her hair holding her head securely down. The negligee had fallen to her waist and her naked white breasts were completely exposed to his lecherous eyes engorging on them with vulgar lust. She knew she was no match for him physically, but if she could only think of something...!

“I-I’ll give you money... anything else you want,” Carol babbled crazily as his huge hand kneaded and clutched the firm smooth mound, pinching at the tiny hardened nipple painfully with cruel thumb and forefinger. “Oohhh... please don’t... please...?”

“I like the part about the money,” he said, suddenly moving his tormenting hand to grasp the negligee and toss it onto the floor behind him. “Where’ll you get it? From your ex-husband’s alimony?” he sniggered. “Don’t give me that shit, baby! You haven’t got a dime! You’re in the bag and you know it!”

Tears blinded her as she tried to think of any way she could stop him. She started to tell him Mark was coming soon, but thought better of that. God, she didn't want to get him anymore involved than he already was! Instead, she began to struggle, squirming and kicking her long, strong legs, but the huge man beside her only laughed, twisting his hand harder in her hair until she thought he was going to scalp her! She fell back onto the couch defeated, a groan of despair bubbling up out of her throat as suddenly he fastened his teeth into the hardened little nipple of her defenseless breast, while simultaneously his other big hand moved possessively down over her cringing belly to the soft, blonde curls covering the fleshy mound between her legs!

"No one's going to bother us, baby. I've locked the door," Ed White hissed, raising his wet lips from their lurid abuse. "It's just you and me for the next hour or so, and I promise not to get rough as long as you cooperate. So... just open your pretty legs for Daddy. He wants to see how that tight little pussy feels, the way Cannon does!"

Carol lay rigid, immobile, her brain unable to comprehend this horror that had suddenly swept into the very privacy of her own apartment! She was afraid to move, and at the same time, afraid not to follow Ed White's obscene commands! Again, she thought of Mark being savagely beaten in his vulnerable blindness... and then a twinge of pain shattered her thoughts. She whimpered helplessly as the sharpness of his dirty fingernails dug at the rising swell of her soft young pussy mound.

"Aagghhh...!" Carol winced at the repeated lewd torment, jerking her legs apart.

"That always works, baby... just a good healthy pinch right above the cunt. Wider though, doll... come on, spread 'em wider... wider!" he commanded, Carol responding until she knew the tender pinkness between the fleshy, curl-fringed lips concealing her vagina was now lewdly exhibited to him.

He shifted downward on his knees toward the center of her nakedly stripped body, his big hand still hurtfully locked in her hair, imprisoning her head. She heard his lustful grunt and knew that he was gaping down at her helplessly displayed genitals. Her body jerked in reflex when she felt his thick fingers brush obscenely at her pussy's sensitive outer folds. They began to play there, pressing the love-swollen lips together so that the smooth soft flesh folded provocingly around her tiny clitoris, bringing it to a quivering, unwanted erection. Then with a fanning motion of his fingers he spread those lips wide apart, revealing to his lecherous eyes the moistening ovalled mouth of her tight cuntal passage, her entire pink crevice splayed debasingly open to him!

He lowered his big head slowly downward between her wide-held thighs until his face was less than an inch above her unprotected loins, and suddenly as her belly recoiled, he pursed his lips and blew his breath against the nakedly victimized flesh. An uncontrollable tremor rippled over the prostrate girl's smoothly rounded curves, a gasp escaping her lips.

"Feel good, baby... like a little feather tickling that delicate pussy flesh?" Ed White taunted, looking up at her shame-contorted face, the lascivious expression stretching his wet mouth only embarrassing her further. He snickered and she saw again the sadistic gleam in his mean eyes. "Tell me, doll, does that blind fucker like to eat your cunt?"

Carol refused to answer his filthy jeering. She tried to roll her head away so that she wouldn't have to look at him, but his hand in her hair held her tight. She could do nothing but close her eyes and moan in shame.

"Don't like my questions, eh, Miss Dorsett?" he leered. "You know, I can't figure that out either... a bitch like you who eats pussy and enjoys a good dog-fucking. But maybe you'll be a little more



friendly after I play the tape through for Cannon, eh?"

"No! No, you can't!" Carol blurted, opening her eyes wide. "You said that... that if I cooperated, you wouldn't...!"

"Shit, you don't call this cooperating for Christ's sake, do you?" he snarled. "Look, bitch, I don't intend to have to rape you! You either give willingly, and any Goddamned way I want it, or your copper cock-man gets the working over of his life plus an earful of that tape! You dig me clear?"

Carol groaned, fighting to hold back the burning tears flooding her eyes. "Ooohhh... God, God, Goddd!" she whimpered, knowing there was no way on earth she could avoid it... nothing she could do but submit to the manager's perverted lusts, unless she was prepared to watch Mark and her future happiness totally destroyed!

She gave a start as White's hairy fingers continued their lewd stroking and stretching at the tender opening of her helplessly displayed pussy flesh, desperately forcing herself to lie still and endure it. The sooner it was over with the better, and it would be over that much quicker if she didn't prolong it by resisting.

"Well, bitch?" he spat, shoving two fingers cruelly up into her unprepared vagina, the torment spreading like a flame through her tender belly, raising a pitiful groan to hiss through her tightly clenched teeth. He probed viciously around up inside her, his thumb massaging the tiny bud of her hardened clitoris to send near-maddening sensations of pain curiously mixed with pleasure charging through her toward her brain. Suddenly, he let go of her hair and was sliding his free hand down beneath the fleshy mounds of her buttocks, pushing them up tighter onto his brutally thrusting fingers. She bit at her lip to stifle a low, throaty moan as frantic little impulses of irresistible desire began to stir deep in her defensively clenching belly.

Ooohhh...! Was it possible that... that this... this brutish bastard could arouse so erotic a feeling inside her... when she detested him so? Ooohhh...! Whatever he was doing, it was actually exciting her, she couldn't deny that! At... at least, though, it would make her degradation that much more bearable...!

"Now... that's better, baby!" Ed White hissed, grinning as he felt her beginning to undulate her soft, sparsely haired loins uncontrollably up to his probing fingers. "Daddy's starting to get to you, eh?" He pulled his hand from beneath her buttocks and grasped her smaller hand in his, placing it down between his legs. "Take it out!" he demanded. "Go on! Get it out and see what old Ed's got in store for you!"

Carol couldn't help but remember what Peggy had said about it being big... long and thick... makes me cum five, six, seven times...! She closed her eyes and felt her way while his thick, stimulating fingers worked lewdly around inside her dilating vagina, a warm wetness moistening their obscene path and rapidly eliminating the pain. Her sensate vagina had begun to throb responsively open to the lust of his stroking fingers, and she could feel them slipping wetly in and out between her now unresisting thighs, feverishly massaging the smooth, nerve-filled inner walls.

She forced her mind to turn off, refusing to think of what she was doing as she lowered his zipper and moved her trembling hand inside, floundering until it was beyond his shorts and she felt the hot hard flesh of his long, desire-thickened cock! Her breath hitched in her throat when her fingers curled around it... for it was everything Peg had said, and then some! God, it was far bigger than her Mark's, or than Jonny's had been... in fact, like the man it grew on, it was frightening!

"Come on, for Christ's sake, get it out!" he snarled and she did, knowing that it had to hurt now all

swollen and cramped up in there the way it was. "Well... you know what to do with it! It ain't the first cock you've ever handled!"

Perhaps not, Carol thought, but it was definitely the longest and thickest one! She began to automatically stroke it with her curled fingers, sliding the fleshy foreskin back and forth over its bulbous blood engorged head. It jerked in her hand, causing an unbelievable thrill of excitement to race through her, while the licking little flames which had begun as an infinitesimal, but unwanted, spark in her belly, licked more salaciously now. It was as if in her forced mindlessness a weirdly perverse sensation began to fill her naked body at the obscene treatment he was subjecting her to. Her very helplessness and the debasing shame of what was being done to her only intensified the overwhelming feeling. The pair of thick fingers lewdly fucking up into her vagina with rhythmic thrusts were firing her with inescapable desire, and she had already begun to squirm up against them, attempting to draw them tighter up into her unwillingly awakened loins!

Little mewls had started to tumble from her tongue moistened lips, as her incitement took command of her voluptuously naked body. She felt her hips jerk involuntarily upward, seeking shamelessly after the goading fingers thrust way up into her heated cunt. Her legs folded slowly up and back to more readily present her wide-split cuntal crevice, until she lay with her white thighs agape and the entire area of her blonde, curl-rimmed pussy obliging his pummeling fingers fucking deep up into her hot, fluid depths.

"Now, baby, now we're getting there!" Ed White rasped. "This tight little pussy-hole of yours is behaving the way all well-brought up cunts ought to! Yeah... I think we're just about ready for the next course, don't you?"

Carol whimpered, her passion unhidable, his constant use of lewd four-letter words feverishly stoking the licentious coals of glowing desire smoldering inside her. "Y-Yes... yes," she mumbled. "I-I'm ready..."

Ed White grinned down at her tormented face. "How'll you like to have me lick your cunt, baby? Old Ed's got a wild tongue, just made for tight little cunts like yours. Well... what do you say?"

"Oooooohhhhh..." Carol groaned, her small hand excitedly fondling his huge, poling cock, occasionally slipping beneath and inside his pants to cup and caress his massively bloated balls. "Yes... yesss... lick it, please...!"

He pulled free of her and, straightening up, unfastened his pants to drop them around his ankles along with his shorts. Carol gaped at his powerful hairy legs, her eyes then fixing on the unbelievable hardened length of his long thick cock standing out from his hair-covered pelvis and the bullish sac of his sperm-filled balls hanging beneath! And he knows how to bring the best out of a girl...! Peggy had said that...!

"Turn over, doll!" he ordered. "Get up on your knees! Move! Over and up on your knees!"

Carol hesitated only a second — her morals, Mark, nothing any longer a hindrance. Her traitorously aroused young loins were wet and throbbing from the sensual stroking of his skilled fingers... besides, any word of protest, she knew would be futile. He'd already made it plain that it had to be done his way. Resigned, she turned over and pushed herself up on her knees, raising her naked buttocks as he climbed heavily onto the couch behind her.

Ed White lecherously drank in the cock-shattering spectacle bent slave-like before him. Christ, he couldn't remember when he'd seen a sight to match it! His cum-filled balls tingled and ached, the desire to thrust his throbbing member hard up into the thin, teasing slit swinging in the air before

him without further hesitation, almost more than he could resist. But he did. He'd been thinking about this moment for over a week, knowing that if it ever came his way, just how he'd enjoy it the most. He had only to watch her walk down the street to be sure, his eyes feasting on the provocative roll of her rounded hips, the swell of her delicious looking ass-cheeks! Besides, there'd be more to come; he'd get it all before he was finished. That little tape was going to keep her ass humping for him until he glutted himself on it!

He settled back on his haunches and placed his hands on her flinching buttocks. With his thumbs slipping into the hot deep crevice, pried open the smoothly clenched moons, pulling them wide apart until all of her luscious nether secrets stood open and unprotected before him... his for the taking.

He leaned forward, lowering his face as she trembled in her lewdly exposed nakedness before him. The aromatic smell of her loins filled his nostrils, and he glued his open mouth to the pinkly glistening wetness of her entire pussy from behind, pressing his lips against the hair-fringed yielding softness of her hot cuntal flesh and pushing hard up against her there until she whined out in licentious pleasure. She squirmed and gasped as he gripped his clutching hands into her ass-cheeks so that she couldn't slip away. Then, with one quick rush of his tongue, he thrust forward between the hot fleshy folds of her steaming cunt.

He heard her gasp from the sudden entry up into the grasping, moist heat of her pussy, and a surprised sigh left her lips and was smothered deep in the cushion of the couch. She had jerked forward with the first searing contact of his tongue with her naked pussy-flesh in a shivering spasm of delight, but quickly shoved her wanting loins back hard against his face. Her cunt immediately began to contract in hungry spasms, opening and closing milkingly around the obscenely probing length of his tongue flicking deep up inside her belly! Christ! He'd never had pussy like this, not even his teenage bitches from the neighborhood.

Carol's breath exploded down into the cushion in short, panting gasps that ended each time in mewling whimpers of delight, and she ground her face harder and harder into the cushion as he began a pleasurable curling and flicking with his lashing tongue fucking deep up inside her seething vagina. And then, he began to work at the entire smooth crevice between her nakedly spread-open buttocks! His mouth pressed tight, his lips forming a suction as he licked like an animal, abruptly surprising her by slipping his middle finger slowly up into the heated resistance of her unexpected rectum! His mouth fastened to her simmering cunt once more, his stiffened tongue soaring wetly up her wildly fired vagina to send her hips and upraised buttocks dancing in a frantic undulation of lust.

Then... then, he stopped! Carol had to steel herself to keep from begging him for more, her hands clutching into the aged, smelly velour of the shabby couch. She whimpered, then heard him say, "Now, baby, it's time for fucking... my kind of fucking, and from what I can judge, not necessarily yours. But it will be when I get finished, and maybe your fink-copper will like that..."

He was saying more, but the blonde girl in her obscene position hardly heard, only knew that he had raised up and was moving close to her from behind. She felt the fiery heat of his turgid cock-head insinuated into the widespread crevice between her upraised buttocks. My God! It felt huge! And then, he was teasing her blood-flushed cuntal lips with it, slipping the hot rubbery knob in and out, separating the moist, hair-lined pussy folds in a taunting caress until she was mindlessly about to plead that he shove it deep into her cunt! It was big, but she knew she could take it, every inch, the lustful thought of its hugeness burning up into her now totally ready vagina exciting her beyond bearing! She waved her naked ass-cheeks lewdly backward toward it and felt it slip out and upward along the hairless valley of her spread-open buttocks. It brushed over her tiny sensitive anus and caused her a new lustful tremor. His big, hot hands were spreading her offered ass-cheeks outward again, pulling the fleshy mounds more deliberately apart! A cool rush of air tickled against the snug

little mouth of her wet anus and she quaked against him... suddenly realizing what he might have in mind!

"Oooohh... no! No! No! Not that!" she feebly whined back at him, raising her head and craning her neck to gape at his brutishly grinning face.

Ed White began to meaningfully caress the tiny puckered opening. He said, "Peg was never much good at this... maybe you'll be better, doll. We're going to give it a go, anyway. You've got the perfect ass for fucking... in fact it looks like a cherry. Is it?"

"Oh... oh, God yes! I-I can't take it there! I could never stand it!"

"We'll see...! Spread your knees out wider, baby," the perverse superintendent ordered as if she hadn't spoken, his blunt-headed hardness riding up and down against the tiny oval of her tightly clenched rectal lips as he set himself.

In a fitful tension of utter dread and near-wanton desire, Carol felt him working his knees outward on the insides of hers, spreading her thighs painfully apart until she thought she was going to split up the middle! She groaned loudly, but he held her there, his breathing coming in heavy gasps. He pressed downward at the hollow of her back until her swollen breasts were almost flattened out against the thin cushion, their tiny straining tips digging sensitively into the worn velvety couch material. Again, his thick finger began to torment the small opening of her virginal anus... until abruptly, it wormed up inside the desperately resisting oval, probing right up into her smarting nether passage to the first knuckle.

Once more, the servilely bent girl moaned out her combination of protest and sensually fired want, feeling his other hand moving down beneath her constricted belly to find its way between her fleshy cuntal lips, his middle finger deliberately beginning to stroke the hardened little nerve-center of her quivering clitoris. Electrified sensations burst through her in shock-waves of erotic delight. She couldn't resist skewering her elevated, opened buttocks back lewdly onto the man's perversely invading finger, rotating them in lurid little circles around its buried length! Her breath caught for a moment as she sensed the intrusion of a second finger, a guttural moan of tormented rapture finally escaping her lips as she began to openly revel in her debased subjugation.

"You ready to try for the brass ring, Carol honey?" Ed White asked, his eyes bugging out at her response to his lewd ravishment. Christ, he couldn't believe the way she was incessantly moaning beneath him, wriggling her curved white hips and fucking her ass-cheeks wildly back onto his fingers.

"Oh God... oh God... I don't know if I can!" she gasped, her mouth open, her lips sucking at the cushion beneath. "But... but go ahead... I'll try...! Go on! Do it... do it!"

Ed White's cock was too hard to have the slightest flexibility. He had to lean back on his haunches to lever its long thick length up between her buttocks, so that it looked like a log stretched across a chasm from his solid hairy pelvis to the smooth vale and the little dimpled mouth separating her taut white ass-cheeks. It ached with an anger, and his cum-bloated balls felt as if someone had tied weights onto them. Again he dipped the blunt tip of his bulbous cock-head into the warm pink wetness of her pussy crevice.

Carol felt him pulling his finger out of her anus, sensed the reluctance of her spongy rectal flesh to let go, clinging as it was with a lewd wet sucking sound. Then, her eyes saucered in apprehension as the blood-filled head of his huge, blood-hardened cock began pressuring against the again tight little closed-up opening! Oh... oh, this was outlandish! He was way too big... impossible!

She grunted fearfully before there was a trace of pain, feeling the powerful muscles of his thick hairy thighs strain against the soft backs of her own thighs as he pushed forward! God, what was she doing, submitting to him this way...? Suddenly, the pressure was like that of a fence-post being inhumanly forced up into her back there! She tried to pull away and he clamped his hands around his upper thighs, his fingers digging into the soft sensitive flesh of her rounded hips!

"Ooohhh no... no... stop!" Carol cried back. "It hurts terribly! Stop it, damn you...!"

But he only held tighter, pulling at her hips as he mercilessly pushed. She wailed down into the cushion, helpless, her eyes clenched to restrain the tears as the inhuman stretching continued, and her helpless anus gave way before the relentless pressure as the huge hard head of his brutal cock popped salaciously up inside her rectum! She felt his fingers gouge even tighter into the soft flesh of her upper thighs, as if she had plans of escaping the depraved assault, and she gnashed her teeth in the unbelievable agony!

"There!" he rasped, as if he'd just conquered Mt. Everest.

"Ooohhh! Aauugghhh...! Y-You can't... God almighty, take it out, pleaseeee...!" Carol cried, her face contorted not only with the excruciating pain, but from the returning flood of shame and humiliation at his debasingly obscene sodomizing of her defenseless virginal rectum. "Ooohhh... damn you! Damn you! Damn you..." she wailed as he clutched ruthlessly at her sore, naked hips and began thrusting the length of his burning thick hardness with unconcerned lust until it was crammed up into her grotesquely stretched rectum. The hot pressure of his straining thighs drove her forward until her disheveled, blonde head was caught against the arm of the couch.

"Never mind your love for me, bitch!" he spat at her. "Shove back! You hear! Start fucking if you know what's good for you!"

"Aaaaauuuugghhh... you-you're splitting me... dear God...!" Carol begged from her bent, trapped position, but his throbbing hardness mercilessly continued its obscene invasion, pushing her resistant nether flesh before it, until with a last, buttock-flattening lunge, he had buried the fiendish thing to its pulsating hilt up into her totally impaled rectum! "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Carol choked, feeling his hairy pelvis with loud, jarring slaps begin to batter her upturned ass-cheeks, while his sperm-filled balls swung down hard against the wide-split lips of her desire-wet pussy below.

Ed White grunted right along with her, sensing with lecherous hunger the warm soft flesh of her yielding buttocks pressing tightly against his lustful loins. Fuck! What a bitching good piece she was! He wondered how good she was at sucking cock? And he was damn sure going to find out before he was finished with her! He skewered viciously now up into the hot, clutching passage of her anus, feeling the tight inner walls ripping at his sensitive foreskin. He smoothed his big hand down underneath to her wet and open vagina, feeling the warm, viscid moisture dribbling out to saturate her silky blonde cunt-hair brushing tauntingly against his inflated balls as they drubbed the blood-swollen lips of her hot pussy. His eyes locked on the hardened rod of his sinewy cock flesh vanishing completely up into the wide-stretched oval between her white ass-cheeks. He pulled it half-way out, watching with lewd fascination her raw, pink inner-flesh clinging to his throbbing shaft, then riding with it to disappear back inside when he rammed forward once again. His breathing came faster, the lusty sight triggering him, and he began to pump with an increased, almost furious tempo up into the enveloping heat of her feverishly grasping nether channel.

"Oh... oh... ooohhh... ooohhhh!" the wickedly skewered young blonde began to chant, more in pleasure than in pain now, kneeling like a naked slave before him, as if maybe she was just starting to get with it! And maybe, she'd caught the bus too late, he was thinking! Fuck he was right on the

verge...! And suddenly, she was throwing herself back onto his sodomizing cock like any street-whore! Her head was turning and tossing from side to side, her long blonde hair thrashing the couch on either side of her soft-white shoulders! Then she twisted her face to look back at him, as if to let him see the pleasure he was bringing her!

That was it! But if it wasn't enough, she made the mistake of reaching down between her widespread thighs to his now orgasmically sensitive balls, cradling and caressing them with her hands, and drawing her long nails beneath them! That was too much...!

Carol wanted to scream out the weird, lustful enchantment completely in command of her naked, slaving body! There was still pain blended with the almost frantic sensations of an approaching climax, and it was this obscene combination of carnal impulses which was driving her to the brink of insane passion! Never had she been treated so lowly, so misused and defiled, and never had she more needed the rushing release of orgasm to save her wits...! She whimpered and strained with utter abandon back onto the huge rod of penile hardness fucking furiously up into her tingling nether passage, its blunt, pulsating head deliciously pummeling the underside of her soft belly with goatish sensations she had never dreamed of!

In fact, in her own mindless passion, Carol never heard Ed White's vile curse nor the obscenities that followed, and even as he clutched at the naked, welted flesh of her hips in a new fierceness, she only sensed the barbaric increase of his thrusting cock-plunges which were insanely peaking her own moment...! But then... she felt it burst with a cyclonic force in the depths of her forever-stretched rectum, the seething gushes of his scalding sperm spewing up into her in split-second squirts of dumbfounding frustration!

"Aaahhh Goddamnnn!" he cursed, even as his massive cock began to wilt inside her.

"Oh... oh no... nnnooo!" Carol wildly screamed, gaspingly trying to skewer her delirious young body obscenely hack onto his deflating cock, knowing even as she did it the action was useless...!

The sadistic apartment manager pulled the stretching, flaccid length of his spent penis from Carol's wetly clutching anus and got to his feet, grinning down at where she lay panting on her belly and gaping up at him through glazed, half-seeing eyes. She saw him pick up her negligee and wipe off the lifeless, long length of his now useless cock, then begin to dress.

"Maybe next time, baby," he said, the grin still prevalent. "Don't get greedy, eh? I intend to fuck that sweet ass a lot from now on, so don't worry, one of these times we'll bring you off." He laughed and fastened his belt. "In the meantime, just call the Goddamned mutt in and let him finish the job. Right now, I got business waiting, bitch, but don't get up-tight. Daddy'll be back..."

Carol heard his lecherous laugh echoing back at her all the way to the door, and still long after he had gone out and pulled it shut behind him!

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## CHAPTER TEN

Carol lay as if she'd been raped... though she knew well enough that she hadn't... or at least, if there'd been a force on his part in the beginning, it very soon hadn't been necessary. Her susceptible young loins throbbed with the unfulfilled desire he had satyrically incited, then sniggeringly walked off to leave tormenting her. He'd known it, but that might well be a part of his cruel sadistic satisfaction.

She wanted to cry, to spill out a pailful of tears, but there wasn't time for that; her time had run out! Everything had run out, including all of her dreams! She had to leave there... get as far away from Mark as she could! Whatever they might have had together, Ed White had destroyed... but not without her sluttish assistance! She could have fought him from the beginning to the end, at least never enjoyed it... but she had... and the seething heat at that very moment burning inside her was all she needed to realize the truth!

Carol sat up on the davenport, at last aware that it was Sultan's scratching at the back-door which had propelled her. She picked up her negligee, but only held it in her hand, remembering how Ed White had lewdly used it. Standing to one side, she drew the door toward her and let him in, his big furry body a conglomeration of tail-wags and hot, loving licks against her naked thighs.

"Oh darling, why did I ever let you out?" Carol almost whined, squatting down in her nakedness to hug and kiss her pet. "If only you had been in here..."

The German shepherd's hot affectionate tongue laving over the protruding fullness of one nipple-hardened breast was sufficient to whet her excitement to her very heels! All of the lust that Ed White's selfish animalism had frantically raised in her was still as vibrant as it had been twenty minutes before! Her soft belly ached with its need, and although she didn't think she'd be able to sit down for a while, she had to have her Sultan finish it the same way! God, it had been so licentiously devastating, beyond anything she'd ever imagined...!

"Come on, baby! Come with Mama! I need you... need you...!"

There would still be plenty of time left to pack and disappear, Carol heatedly reasoned, climbing onto the bed and remaining on her knees as she had for the vile monster next door. She spread her legs wide and turned her head to look back, seeing the big dog still on the floor. Lewdly, patted her upturned buttocks, beckoning him up onto the bed behind her, forcing herself to forget Mark Cannon, and everyone else in the entire world.

Sultan did, excitedly recognizing the pleasure-bringing sight of his mistress' offered love-core. She had left him outside so long that he had begun to wonder if she was in there at all. Moving up behind her widespread white legs, he sniffed the hot scent of arousal which filled his nostrils from that part of her soft smooth body.

He licked out at her steaming wet pussy, and Carol sighed beneath the gratifying rapture. Again and again, he repeated the animalism tonguing while she mindlessly thrust her fire-filled loins back at him, waiting for that beautiful moment when he would mount her with heavy-hanging penis, knowing that it would come... and it did!

It happened while she was struggling to mentally beg Mark's forgiveness, even as Sultan licked her ravaged cuntal-flesh. In some sort of blinded wave of unknown passion she had begun to babble Mark's name, his handsome face blurred through the sensual vision her tormented mind formed... And then, she felt her big darling's warm furry forelegs gently demanding at her sore, sensitive hips.

"Mmmmmm... baby," she whimpered, reaching down between her open thighs for his hot, slippery red hardness that she knew would be there! Finding it, she drew the blood-swollen dog-shaft up beyond her cum-wet pussy-lips to the inflamed opening of her tingling anus, her brain racing wildly as she introduced its pointed tip there and flexed her open buttocks back toward it! "In there, lover! Fuck me there, my precious... don't be afraid... come on...! Unnnnggg... yes... uuunnnnggg... yessss, like that, baby... aaauuggghhh! Oh... ooohhhhhh... do it, lover! Yess... like that! Fuck Carol's hot asshole...!"

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Mark stood back with Queenie guiding him while both the plainclothes and uniformed men swept up the operation. He still held the tape-recorder Ed White had bitterly thrust into his hands, and after, an officer came up to him to let him know it was all over. Mark grinned and nodded.

"You going downtown with us, Lieutenant?" the officer asked.

"No... you go ahead... no need for me today. Lots of processing. But we got 'em, fellow, eh? The end of another lousy drug source."

"Yes, sir! We sure did, thanks to you!"

Mark moved back then and stood for a few moments. Christ, how he wished he could've seen it...! He remembered the tape recorder and ran his fingers over it. What the hell did this mean? He flicked it on...!

Minutes later, Mark Cannon moved farther back, dragging Queenie, until the wall of the building braced him! His knees felt as if they'd turned to water! He wanted to slump down and bawl... but instead, he straightened very tall and began to feel his way with Queenie before him along the doorways of the apartments! His brain was afire when he touched her knob and found it unlocked! Gently, he eased the door inward, letting Queenie go before him, thankful that his animal-guide had been there before!

Had a herd of wild horses suddenly galloped through the apartment, Carol would not have heard them, and if she had they could never have commanded her attention! Lost in a blissful oblivion of lust-incited passion, the obscenely positioned girl moaned and toiled with lurid gyrations beneath the massive dog excitedly sodomizing the offered twin moons of her upturned white buttocks. She gasped and whimpered into the bed coverlet, her slackened face turned away from the door.

"Oooohhh, Sully lover... fuck it good! Harder, baby! Ram it right up Carol's ass! Harderrr...!"

Mark froze in the open bedroom doorway, yet refusing to believe what he knew was taking place on the bed before him! His remaining senses were filling him in well, his mind sickeningly picturing what had to be an absolute bestial spectacle! The rhythmic battering sounds of flesh against flesh... animal flesh against soft white human flesh... lewdly beat at his ear-drums, drowned out only by the lascivious pleas of Carol's whimpering cries!

He stumbled into the room, Queenie watching him alertly, her own animal-eyes torn between her master and the sight of what was happening on the bed, her keen nostrils sensitively flaring at the ruttish scent filling the air. Mark sensed Queenie's reluctance to lead him further and he dropped her leash, well remembering the arrangement of the bed as he moved toward it. Christ, he had to see it with his own hands to be certain! It was beyond all reason... or was he losing his Goddamned mind altogether?

Sultan saw him first, immediately recognizing Queenie's master, but their presence not in the least alarming the preoccupied dog, he continued to hump his swollen hardness up into the fleshy grasping hole where his sighing mistress had placed it. A great heaviness had already begun to grow in his working loins from the tight heat her nether opening was charging through his throbbing penis, and he clung to her white body possessively as instinct drove him harder toward his climax...

It was impossible for Mark to conceive that Carol had yet to see him, or not be aware of his hands searching over her smooth naked flesh that was covered with a thin film of warm perspiration!



Perhaps she did and was too stunned, or ashamed, to speak... waiting for him to say the first word, but he'd be damned if he would! Oh, he was going to get an explanation all right... because there had to be an answer, even for something as wildly obscene as this... this...!

"Mark! Oh, my God! Mark! Mark! Ooohhh!" her pathetic cry came suddenly up to him as if it had been wrenched from the depths of her soul, and he knew then that she'd just seen him for the first time. "F-Forgive me... bu... but I had to... had toooo...!" Her broken sentence whined out in a series of blurted stammers, punctuated by the lewd sounds of Sultan's hammering cock fucking furiously up into her from behind!

Still, Mark didn't speak... not yet, not until he was positive that the massive dog was actually sodomizing her... and he moved his hand down over the taut, rounded arch of her ass-cheeks and then between them, until his fingertips felt Sultan's huge animal-hardness fucking hotly into the swollen lips of her widely stretched anus!

"Jesus Christ!" Mark choked. "I don't... can't believe it!" He steadied himself by clutching her naked back, the feel of her damp hot flesh, along with the vivid picture his mind now held, causing his own jerking cock to nearly burst into an unwanted hardness. "Why... why, Carol? For God's sake, give me an answer before I blow my top and... and...!"

"Oh Mark, darling... I-I... love... you! I-I swear it...!" Carol managed to stammer as she tried to look up at his shockingly hurt face, the beautiful barrage of Sultan's impaling cock-flesh and pummeling body making the whole world quake before her. "P-Please be-believe me... after... I'll tell you everything...! D-Don't... don't let him stop, lover... I-I've got to... cum... I-I'll go madd...!"

"Oh Christ," Mark swore, his head reeling with the shock of it all. Ed White flashed through his spinning brain... the tape-recorder... his wife Peggy... all of it, and he knew that drug-pushing bastard had played a part in it! He heard Queenie's whimper, but ignored it, his hand dropping unconsciously to the straining length of his own throbbing hardness imprisoned in the tight bind of his shorts...

Carol saw that, too, and the sight added fuel to her passion. "Mark... lover... get naked for me! Please? Br-bring it here to me! L-let me l-love it...! For you... lick and suck the hurt... out of you! Please, darling... I want to... so badly...!"

He heard his own breathing like a blacksmith's bellows suddenly heaving up from his lungs, a series of fiery sensations ripping through him at her ardent entreaty. Christ, she meant it, too! She wanted to suck his cock while Sultan sodomized her!

Carol whimpered a moan of new, maddening excitement when she saw her lover ripping at his clothes! She could sob, she was so happy! Her love-filled eyes watched his every move, her mind a seething cauldron of sexual hunger as she realized what she was going to do for him... and herself! Her eyes feasted on the lengthy thickness of his rising cock when he revealed its blood-swollen hardness, and she remembered the erotic joy it had brought her last night! She reached for him when he started to climb onto the bed, just as she would all the rest of their lives... if he would let her! She moved him around in front of her, at the same time knowing the sensations of Sultan's forelegs like a furry vise clamping tightly around her soft hips. She undulated her buttocks feverishly, giving herself fully to the breathtaking sodomy her animal-lover was pounding into her from behind!

And then, she had manipulated Mark into a kneeling position before her, his desire-hardened penis bobbing lewdly before her face! Carol reached out and curled her fingers around its hotly throbbing

length, feeling it jerk at her touch. Gently, she slid back its heavy foreskin, sensing it pulsing in her soft small hand, its moist bulbous head with the tiny slit at the tip intensely thrilling her. She heard Mark's husky groan at her tender, stroking caresses, and saw the pearlish drop of moisture bead at the little opening from the squeezing of her hand! Oh God... she wanted that! Yes... yes, and all that would follow, to the very last drop, squirting hotly up into her mouth and belly...!

Sultan had seen it all through his alert animal-eyes, but none of it meant anything to him. Even now, as Queenie's master knelt before his own beloved mistress, the powerful dog knew only the instinctive craving that drove him ferally on. He clung eagerly to the soft smooth whiteness of her naked body and rapidly thrust the thumping hardness of his animal cock deep up into the fleshy heat of her nether core, watching with interest the movements taking place before him. He saw her take the human penis in her hand, the sighing vibrations of her trembling body clearly transmitted to him, and he saw her small tongue dart out to wetly lick over the tip! With an instinctive surge of energy, then, he charged deeper and deeper into his golden mistress, his swollen dog-cock painfully throbbing for release!

An almost frantic joy filled Carol as Sultan furiously fucked into her inflamed rectum from behind, and she gaped at Mark's long hard cock jerking hotly in her clutching hand. She drew in her breath and flicked out her eager tongue, bringing it into searing contact with the smooth rubbery tip! She swirled it around slowly, moistly, experimentally, while Mark twisted and groaned on the bed before her. Then she ventured her tongue toward the tiny end-split and wiggled her tongue tip into it! Impulses of wild sensuality rippled through her nakedly trembling body as she tasted the pungent sweetness of his premature seminal secretions. She smoothed her hand along the rock-hard rod to its thick base, then downward to lovingly cup the velvety sac of his sperm-filled balls! Slipping her warm, moistened lips over the spongy head, then, she let it glide back along the full length of her tongue, her hot mouth locking around it in a fervid liquid pressure.

Mark groaned above her bobbing head, seeing with lust-filled fingertips her tightly locked lips ovalling hotly around his burning hard cock, hardly believing the electrifying picture of her beautiful, innocent young face so grotesquely distorted as she began to suck him with unquestionable desire! Good Christ, whatever or whoever had done this to her, he owed a hell of a lot more than bitterness or narrow-minded revenge! If this was a sample of their future together, he could never repay the instigator! She was sucking his cock as if she were never going to get enough... and for damn sure, neither would he!

He began a slow undulation with his naked hips, sliding his thickly swollen hardness in and out of her lips with a slick, damp suction, guided by her hand grasping at its base, while he entwined one hand gently in her hair and saw it all with the fingertips of the other. The puffing and hollowing of her cheeks intensely captivated him as his cock moved in and out of her tight-rounded lips. Her entire satin-fleshed body quivered in naked ripples from the jolts of Sultan's powerfully sodomizing cock hammering rapidly up into her rectum from behind.

Oooohhh... ooohhh heaven...! Carol's mind screamed. She was caught between her two wonderful lovers' beautiful, lust-hardened cocks at the same time, both of them preparing to spill their hot liquid fire deep into her craving belly from both ends! In overwhelming rapture, she ground her widespread buttocks back hard against Sultan's furry, battering body, feeling the tiny rivulets of moisture building in the smooth crevice between them. She sensed the tiny wet streams dribbling down the backs of her trembling thighs, while the unnatural pressure in her stimulated rectum matched that mounting in her inflamed loins, warning of the climactic-moment near at hand! Oh God, yes, she would cum this way... she would!

For one brief moment... Mark wondered if he wasn't in some sort of drugged coma, imagining it all...

but no... he was wide awake... it was all happening! Christ, it was insane to even try to reason it out with the roaring furnace of lust bubbling in his churning balls! Sultan's cock pounding violently up into the forever-opened channel between her lush buttocks was driving her ovalled mouth forward onto his own throbbing hardness until he wondered why it didn't choke her! It was reaching all the way back to her tonsils, his pubic-hair brushing at the tip of her cute little nose, while his sperm-inflated balls in her soft warm hands ached in a bloating buildup of massive pressure!

Damn! She was like an animal herself with her lips locked tightly around the length of his raging cock, increasing her unbelievable hungry little sucking motions until he thought his balls would turn inside out! Great swirls of heat were concentrating in their secret depths as he felt her passion-infused face pulling hungrily on it! He sensed the muscles of his stomach tighten and he arched forward, pushing his throbbing penis up even further between the searing heat of her greedily sucking lips! He felt the tiny pink ridges pulling out from her mouth, clinging voraciously to his lust-inflated shaft, as she pumped her lovely head up and down, undulating her hips back at the dog in a wild uncontrollable insanity!

Oh Christ...! Now! Strangled noises forced their way up into Mark's throat! "Goddamn... Carol honey... suck it hard... I'm cuummmiinngggg...!"

Carol heard his cry at the very moment he burst, his jerking cock gushing forth searing hot jets of his pungent cum! It flooded her mouth and throat with its delicious liquid heat! She sensed her cheeks bloating and contracting as she swallowed in greedy thick gulps, fastening her hips tightly around the spasming cock so as not to lose a single drop! On and on, his drum-tight balls continued to pump out the thick milk-white sperm into her mouth, while both of his hands clutched at her head, pulling her face harder down onto his convulsively softening penis!

The ecstasy of it was even greater than Carol had anticipated, and the first piquant taste of his cum triggered her own climax! She thrust her nakedly grinding ass-cheeks back harder at her panting animal-lover, wanting the full benefit of his tremendously expanding cock raging up into her maddening, sensation-filled rectum!

"Mmmmmmmmmffffh!!" she moaned in rapture around his violently spending cock. Oh God, yes! Yes! Mark, yes, I'm cumming too, her mind screamed. Every muscle of her body contracted and jerked as she felt the super erotic release exploding through her screaming loins and belly! She continued to gulp and suck at her lover's crazily erupting cock, her soft, curl-fringed cuntal mouth clenching and opening like an angered fist, as if it had received the full pleasure of Sultan's ravishing cock rather than the hungrily contracting little mouth just beyond! Her insanely jerking young buttocks flexed into a straining hardness and she gurgled out a whimpering wail when her quaking body unleashed and exploded in the moment she had been striving for!

There was no time... no space... no motion... only the unmatched bliss of her orgasm! Again and again she was jolted by the unmatched bliss of her orgasm! Again and again she was jolted by the spasmodic twitching of every muscle and tendon in her pleasure-filled, naked body... then Sultan began to hump forward faster and spew his hot load of seething animal-sperm deep up into the intricate recesses of her nether channel to her trembling belly! Once more, she climaxed, half-screaming and still slamming her yielding soft buttocks hard back onto his magnificently squirting cock!

Then, too exhausted to even speak, Mark held her tightly against him and let her sleep. For a long time, her soft smooth curves continued to spasm with post-orgasmic muscle contractions even as she lay unconscious in his arms. They would talk later and she would tell him everything, but it didn't really matter. Nothing mattered except that he loved her, would always love her, and hoped to God

she would still marry him...

Then, another whimpering sound caught his attention as he recognized Queenie's little cry... but there was something unusual in its tone! Suddenly, he heard the unmistakable rhythm of flesh against flesh... only it was animal-flesh solidly battering animal-flesh this time, and he smiled to himself as he drew Carol's lush nakedness more snugly against his own. Everyone in the family was being made happy this day, and how he wished he could have actually watched it all...

**THE END**