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Seduction

The garter belt inflamed me, even though I couldn't see it. To my surprise a 19 year old was trying to pick me up at one of our live music venues. Maria was slender and short with long black hair and blue eyes, sporting a gold ring in the middle of her nose. Kids! Snorted from the lofty vantage of my twenty seven years. She wore a short, sleeveless little black dress that came to mid thigh and black stockings from her heels to an inch below it. You could see the suspenders leading up, up to the belt... Gulp. There were slits in the sides. I glimpsed its lacey edge. Worse than nudity, quite unfair.

She had caught me looking and came over to sit and chat me up. She laughed at my wit and proved she really enjoyed it by responding with her own. She was really bright and fun to talk to, we had spent a couple hours talking with a few slow dances, when she offered to buy me dinner. Free food! Talk about erotic...She told her girlfriends what she was doing and directed me through town to Chateau de le gran Couteux, or some such snobby establishment. I had to google that " expensive house or house of the great expense." Well, she was buying.

I could tell by the sneer in the eyes of the maitre d that I was only just well dressed enough to get in. Dress shirt and slacks, OK, but my sensible boots betrayed me as a commoner. He only passed me because she was a regular, obviously. I flung him to the floor with a singularly foul oath for his impertinence-no, I meekly followed Maria to our table.

She ordered me a drink, the food she briskly ordered for me was sublime, Salad (Cruddites!), soup in a bread (Pain!) bowl, sole (Poison!) in lemon pepper corn sauce, with an exquisitely matched slightly tangy and sparkling white the waiter positively insisted I have with the fish. Then she got me a brandy. Her wit was both earthy and nerdy and bubbled out of her. I was no rube but couldn't help being impressed at the sophistication of my seduction. She was too young, how come she knew so much more than I?

The bill was \$289. "You've got to be shitting me!" I blurted. She tipped 100! She leaned close, "If you take me to your place, I can have a drink too." I hastened to do so.

Seated on my couch with gin and tonics, we kissed and made out. She got up and stood right before me, smiling, slowly turned around, bent over and grabbed her ankles. I still couldn't see the belt but did note that she wore no underwear and a glass plug I could see into! "That's my lucky plug. I wear it on the prowl. If you show me a hot time, I may let you take it out." Maria gracefully unbent and removed her dress. Now I saw the belt. She also wore a harness of black leather surrounding her small breasts.

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## **The Leash**

As I goggled, she saw Fang's leash on the coffee table. "Oh, you have a dog, I must meet him." I hastened to get him and was embarrassed when he nosed straight into her pubes. Maria giggled, said "You're friendly," pushed his nose aside, petted him, told us both to sit and snapped his leash to her silver choker, handing me the other end. "Now, you can do anything you want with me. Anything." She said, looking straight into my eyes.

Before I could speak-"I bet I know what you need." and she was kneeling and unzipping me. My breath caught as she took me in her mouth, watching me. She continued, batting her lashes and slowly took me down her throat, winked and licked my balls. Suddenly her eyes widened, she gurgled slightly and disgorged me. Fang had licked up her thigh. As I drew breath to scold him, she gasped, "Oh!" as he nosed into her ass, and then said "Are you going to make me let him do that? I

knew I shouldn't have given you my leash."

The look on her face made it clear she was excited, scared, ashamed and that she wanted me to let him do that. I shut my mouth before any flies got in and said. "Yes, I am. Get on all fours." The first smart thing I'd said all evening. She did. Fang licked her ass. I told her to spread her thighs as he started in on her pussy.

Maria gasped, raggedly as his tongue ran roughshod over her. "'Ugh, ah, ahhh...I...ah... can't believe you're making me do this." "That's not all I'll 'make' you do," I offered, "You can reach back and open yourself for him too." Maria gave me a look, colored slightly, hesitated and did it. She was very composed considering. This vanished entirely as Fang slithered obscenely into her open vulnerability. She wriggled and squirmed on his goad, raising her butt. Finally she almost fell on her face and took her arm back.

Maria was very vocal and loud as my good boy drove, held and finally, spilled her pleasure. She shook and sweated. Her black spikes waved in the air and she clawed the floor. Her back arched repeatedly. "My Ghod...that's so dirty. It feels so good though..."

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Animal Passion

What the daring little doll didn't know was that I and several girlfriends had carefully trained Fang to fuck girls like her. And, not just fuck them, but ravish them legless. Eagles see better than people, cheetahs run faster and, it turns out, dogs fuck better.

I waited to see what he would do, what she would allow. Fang sniffed. He could smell her heat. In one smooth motion, he mounted, clasped his paws around her waist and sank into her, his chest against her back. She startled, her head went back and her breath left her. He hadn't had a girl in ages, and went at her furiously, coming from the start.

I could see he was too big for the little slip of a girl, in every way, and, although she said nothing, I began to feel bad. Fang was almost nine inches long including his knot, which I was suddenly glad was small, and a little under an inch and a half thick... It was her first time too! If I'd known, I would have got Fang laid the day before, worn him out with a morning walk, made him go slow, given her a chance to say no...

That knot was already sliding in and out of her in a shower of come. She seemed dazed, and after her first squeal, just grunted softly in time with his thrusts. I was relieved to see she'd stopped biting her lip.

Everyone on this date but me was getting laid! I needed to stop worrying and have what fun I could. Accordingly I got up and moved behind her to watch her pubes fill, one of my favourites. I sneakily took a few pictures and a quick video. As she recovered from his blitzkrieg, she peeked under and very nearly caught me. It was so sexy to see her face framed by her bouncing boobs, her dripping snatch in the foreground. I returned to the couch.

Was she coming? I couldn't tell, she seemed a bit stunned and though she groaned or gasped occasionally, was less vocal than under his tongue. He was coming magnificently, and as I watched them he reared up, driving deep, and barked triumphantly. Maria's arms collapsed under her, ass in the air, Fang crouched atop for a moment then jumped off. She slumped forward, prone on the floor, her legs parted. Her back was covered with his hair.

I fetched a hand towel, a moist washcloth and freshened our drinks. There was a puddle between her knees and one forming under her pelvis. I gently wiped her thighs, back and pussy. I picked her up and sat her atop the towel on the couch.

"Wow! Just wow." She panted, sipping tonic. "You pull that freaky shit on all the girls?" I grinned. "The lucky ones." She glanced down at the puddles, "Holy shit...hes still dripping out of me. That was actually the kinkiest thing I've ever done." She smiled weakly and then saw my huge bulge. Getting up unsteadily she began to strip off her accoutrements. I followed suit, sat back down and she knelt and blew me gently for about a minute till I came.

We cuddled and talked for hours until I asked if she'd like a bubble bath. "Would I?!" She exclaimed. I drew it, lit candles and dropped her into the foam. We talked and talked some more. I joined her briefly when she was almost done and then we showered the suds away. Soon she had her back against the shower wall and her legs wrapped around my waist. Still tight, and slippery with Fang, despite the wash. I didn't mind, we'd shared girls before and my smaller contribution joined his.

Morning. I woke painfully early, at eight, 8! Maria laughing in my face. For revenge, I showed her the cumshots I'd taken. She giggled and hid her face in my chest, kissing and nibbling. Lower and lower. She sucked and swallowed me slowly and sensuously, not letting me explode for awhile. Then she wiggled up to my ear and whispered-"Now you'll last long enough for it to be worth taking my plug out." I did, made love to her little bottom, then plugged my babies back in her, didn't want lucky getting lost...

As soon as we stepped out the bedroom door, Fang was licking her. "Oooh..." She breathed. She winked at me as her knees buckled and she bent for him This time there was no question as to whether or not Maria enjoyed herself. She made low mewling sounds, she squealed, she whimpered. As her tension mounted she arched back at Fang, she clenched her fists, and threw her head from side to side. I watched with astonishment as her whole body started to quiver, she was breathing hard, in short bursts.. The two were fast and frantic. She showered while I made an omelette with ramps, smoky bacon and chanterelles. She said it was nearly as good as Fang.

I showed her my place while we talked and talked. Finally, long after lunch, she said she had to go study. She demanded and received a copy of my video. Her sexy silk stockings were a mess, crusted with semen. I didn't want her doing a walk of shame in that, so I found a track suit, some shoes, and a shopping bag for her things. I dropped her at the sorority house with a kiss.

I didn't hear from her again. She wasn't in the phone book. In the rush of events we'd forgot to exchange numbers. She also may have needed time to process her experience. I again felt guilty about Fangs abruptness. Maybe she regretted it, I could understand that, but we'd hit it off so well I was hurt...

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