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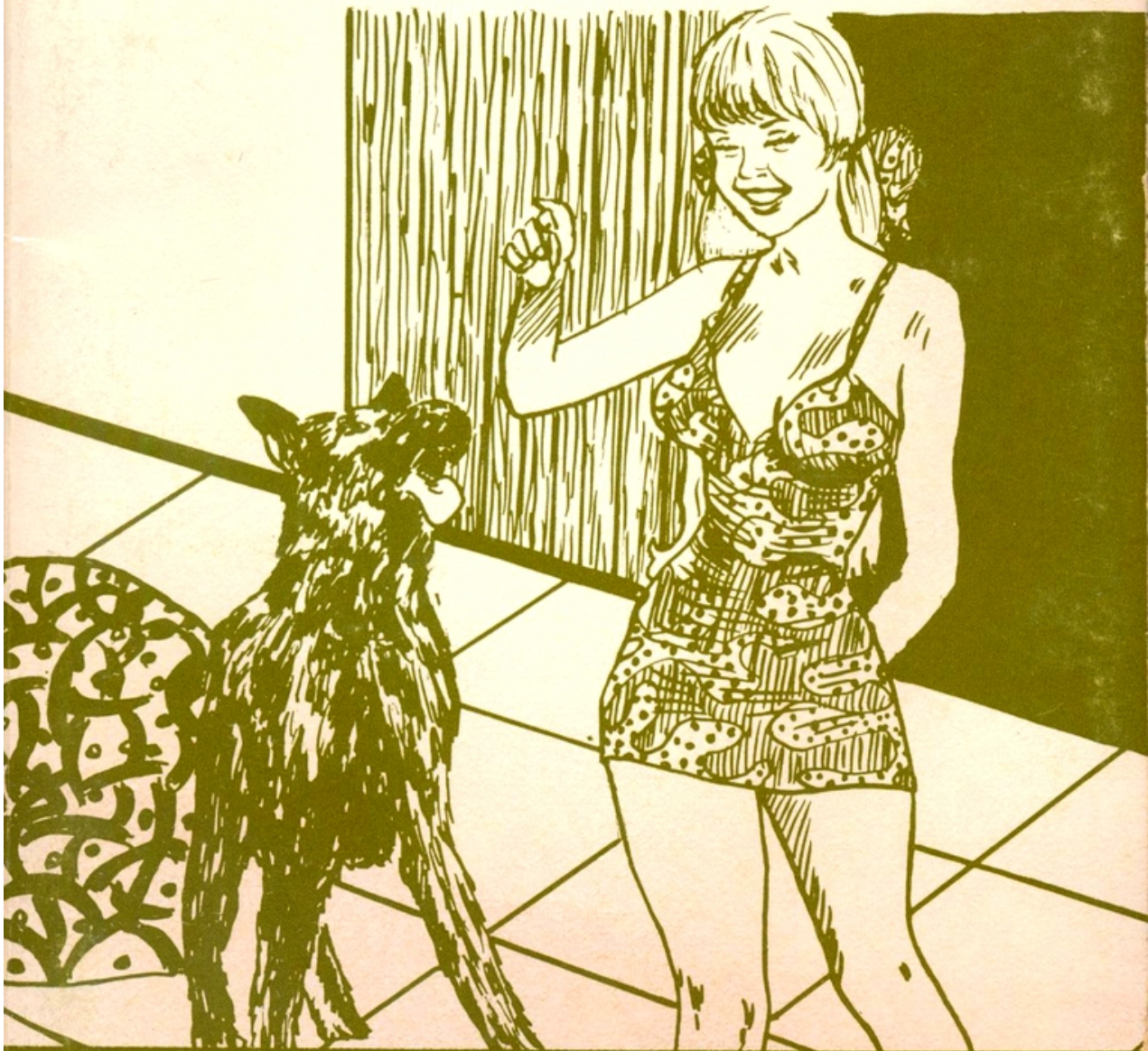


An Illustrated Series

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THE DOG-LOVER

By Jon Reskind



A Liverpool Book

ADULTS
ONLY

CHAPTER ONE

Rhonda Baker lay prone across the queen-sized, walnut-framed water bed on her belly, her arms bent at the elbows, her beautiful young face resting in her hands while she watched the Democratic convention on her television set perched atop her antique dresser. Politics had never appealed to her sense of justice, but on a hot summer afternoon the paunchy-bellied frustrated lobbyists and their prissy wives parading around in sexless shirtwaist dressed before the cameras, helped pass the time and add a few laughs on an otherwise uneventful day.

Her shapely buttocks, covered only by a brief black bikini, jutted up proudly behind her at the base of her long tapering back and her legs were bent at the knees, her ankles clapping together in mid-air. The soft August breeze blew the curtains aside and poured into the room, whisking across her nearly naked back like the tender touch of a lover, and the sun slanted to make golden stripes across the burgundy bedspread.

And a dreary day it was, too, for Bob, her fiancée was on his way to the airport, packed and ready to fly to Minneapolis for an interview with Honeywell Corporation, one of the best-paying corporations a fresh young executive such as Bob could hope to work for. Travel, fringe benefits... for wives, too, Rhonda thought with a smirk, hoping that unlike so many of her recently graduated and married friends, she would not fall prey to the wife-supports-the-husband-til-he-finds-a-job-he-likes routine. Sometimes that took years, and Rhonda was not the modern liberated, professionally-aggressive female. College, with its grueling routine of cramming for exams, trying to please art teacher's tastes and get a passing grade had cured her of aspirations. Now, at twenty-three, she was perfectly content lying in the sun in the afternoons, watching television, dressing and waiting for Bob to come by. Sure... soon she'd have to look for a job, but in the time being, she would indulge her own pleasures. Life was too short as it was...

The red haired lovely lay on her bed, dumbly watching the flickering screen, none of the political ploys and inter-party politics sinking into her pretty skull. Tonight would be a long night, she knew. The first night since Bob had left for Minneapolis. Ten more sex-less nights in front of her before she could cuddle up into the protective circle of his strong arms and let him please her. Rhonda let out a long, heartless sigh. Ten days in a cold bed alone was an eternity! Fortunately, her sister Sharon had come to stay with her for three weeks that overlapped Bob's absence, and not by coincidence.

Sharon... Where was she now? wondered Rhonda dimly. Certainly the neighborhood was safe enough on a weekday afternoon with the playground and community swimming pool close by, for a pubescent thirteen year old to wander around unescorted.

But then one could never tell with all those crazies lurking the streets... Hmmm... four o'clock, mused Rhonda, watching her digital alarm clock slip to the hour.

Suddenly a smile broke out on the older sister's face. Maybe her little sister had met a boy, ridden off on his bicycle to the hamburger hang-out, and was sipping a soda out of her shared straw... Like a scene from one of those corny 1950's posters you saw in all the head-shops downtown. Sharon would be an easy shot for some young boy. She was a knockout with her platinum-tresses that hung half way down her back. Fresh as a model, Sharon was one of those girls who always appeared clean and scrubbed in every situation and who carried herself with a feminine grace that often put her older sister to shame. Part of this could be ascribed to her unusual hair. No one in the Baker family had been able to figure out where it had come from, though a few guessed their Irish grandmother might have jumped the fence once or twice, as the old saying goes... something old Grandpa Baker never told his kids when they sat on his knee and listened to family stories...

Sharon also dressed very stylishly, too, changing frequently to fit her mood. She had been a perfect baby, and now she was a perfect young lady. In the last year she had suddenly sprouted up quite tall for her age, and then some, with enticing young breasts, a tiny waist and flat, flat, tummy, and long sleek slender, but well-turned legs which seemed to retain their tan longer than most girls' did. Added to this was her long Jean Harlow hair but a prettier oval face than Jean had ever aspired to, with pert little upturned nose, bright blue eyes, and a small but sultry mouth. Yes, her little sister was a real princess.

But Rhonda was not jealous of the girl, for her own attributes brought a jealous chagrin from most women on the streets.

Perhaps, thought Rhonda, if Bob were to have known my little sister better — thought of her as someone other than my little innocent sister — he might have had eyes for her.

Bob... what a sweetheart! Ten days would be unbearable, thought Rhonda with a frustrated whimper, as absentmindedly she watched a politician peck his wife on the cheek in front of the television cameras. God, just thinking about Bob and his big hard cock made her want to close the door and satisfy herself right there in front of the whole Democratic party.

Then the mental image of Bob's huge, warmly pulsating penis came into her mind, as she dully watched a presidential nominee take to the podium. She tried to concentrate on the Southerners' speech, listening to him rant about unemployment and the rising cost of living, but the mental picture of that long, hard hunk of maleness refused to go away. She kept seeing his thick shaft of virile flesh vividly, as if she could reach out and touch it. The little tingling sensations had increased now and she could feel her nipples harden beneath the bikini top she wore.

Now this is silly, she chided herself primly. He only left this afternoon.

But the vision of Bob's long hard cock remained in her mind, and it was joined now by another image, a scene from their engagement party. Lying there, she remembered the occurrence clearly, very clearly and graphically...

It had been a rainy night in April, and they had just come from a dinner party at the home of one of Bob's ex-fraternity brothers who'd married a sorority sister of Rhonda's. They had laughed over old times, consuming plenty of wine as they reminisced, and she and Bob had had their share — and then some. They had departed shortly after midnight for the drive back to the Baker's home.

She had sat very close to Bob on the drive, twirling the engagement ring — which she still wore — feeling closer to him mentally than she ever had before. She even put her hand on his leg, stroking it gently but without any real sexual connotation. When they approached the lookout point where young lovers were known to spend many an evening overlooking the city's lights, Rhonda, feeling the effects of the wine, didn't object, she was in a responsive mood, and the idea of parking with her fiancée for a little light pre-marital kissing and petting did not seem in the least wrong with her.

Bob put his arm around her and drew her tight against him the moment the car was stopped and the headlights switched off. He kissed her then, their mouths fusing with the ease of lovers, and she opened her lips almost eagerly to accept his probing tongue. Their tongues met and tasted one another, exchanging a lover's kiss. Bob's hands were restless on her back and shoulders, moving back and forth, up and down, around and over her low-cut white silk dress. Rhonda felt an almost overpowering surge of desire at the nearness, the intoxicating male odor of the man she loved; his kisses were eliciting a full and total response inside the bride-to-be, and when his moving hands gradually worked their way around to lightly cup her firm full breasts, she made no effort to stop

him from doing so. Her mother had warned her against allowing Bob to become familiar before their wedding night, (oh, if Mommy knew what her number one daughter was doing with her fiancée now!) but the closeness she felt for him at that magic moment transcended all the parental warnings and instilled taboos of her Irish, Catholic upbringing.

He began to caress her lushly ripened breasts in earnest then, as his eager tongue probed in and out of her opened mouth. God, his gentle touch felt so good on her! She wrapped her hands in his hair, kissing him even more passionately, and then his fingers had dipped inside the low-cut front of her dress to slide inside her bra. The contact of his hand on her naked flesh thrilled Rhonda beyond recall, and before she knew it, she was allowing him to unbutton the back of her dress and slip the garment down over her shoulders. His deft fingers found the catches on her bra, unsnapped them, and she felt a cool rush of air against her now-erect nipples as her firm white breasts were fully exposed to Bob's hungry gaze.

He began to stroke her naked young breasts gently with his palms, rolling his hands over her perfectly-formed voluptuous mounds before bringing them up to massage the hardened nipples. Taking the taut, dark-brown buds between the thumb and forefinger, he tweaked them into a quivering rigidity. Rhonda moaned with increasing fervor as Bob's caresses wrung soft cries of delight from her throat; little shivers of arousal began to course through her, and she had felt a warm wetness up between her legs speeding from her excitedly throbbing cunt.

Even when Bob's head dipped down and his wetly heated lips encircled one of her erect little nipples, tongue swirling round and round the goose-bumped areola, Rhonda didn't feel any panic. Even though this was the first time she had bared her breasts to a man, or had their nakedness kissed, the thought never entered her mind that what she was doing might lead to uncontrollable passion. The young girl was with the man she loved, and she felt safe, felt warm and somewhat drowsy, and very excited as his gently sucking mouth moved like a hungry child's on her soft, pliant breasts.

But then, suddenly, one of Bob's hands left her ripely quivering breasts and moved on down to stroke her thighs where the hem of her dress had slipped up. His fingers hungrily traversed the silky soft skin of her inner thighs, then moved upward, sliding the dress still higher until the tips of his searching fingers were resting on her warmly moistened cuntal mound and the white silk of her panties were glistening in the pale moonlight which shone in through the car's windshield. Only then did Rhonda feel the first stirrings of panic for Bob had groaned and clamped his lips hard around her rigid nipple while his other hand squeezed and kneaded the resilient flesh of her naked young breasts. The squirming young redhead felt confused, uncertain; she wanted to be rid of his moist warm mouth on her bosom, his lusty touch on her bare flesh — and yet she didn't want to be free of it. For a moment, she was undecided, and that was time enough for Bob to bunch her dress at her waist and begin caressing the smooth, flat plane of her exposed belly.

His fingers had slipped inside the elastic waistband of her panties almost before Rhonda realized what was happening, and suddenly he was tugging the flimsy material down, down over her pubic mound, sliding her panties from under her nakedly quivering buttocks. The moist heat of his palm pressed against her hair-covered pussy mound, and rippling waves of erotic pleasure threatened to blank the young girl's mind completely of the consequences of his actions. Gently, he insinuated his outstretched middle finger into the soft, warm cuntal slit up between her thighs, parting her moistly sensitive cunt lips and probing at the thin hymeneal membrane which gave mute testimony to her unsullied reputation. Meanwhile he was using his thumb to tweak the sensitive nub of her clitoris, teasing over it again and again and causing a sharp cry of commingled fear and intense pleasure to bubble out of her throat. Her hands in his hair tightened, pulling his head down harder against her breasts even as her voice was repudiating her actions by moaning, "No, no, no!" over and over.

A whispering, unmistakable sound had filled the car at that moment — the sound of a zipper being pulled hurriedly down as Bob's hand left her breast momentarily. Her eyes fluttered open in alarm and, in the moonlight, she saw for the first time an erect male organ quivering in all its awesome passion. Abruptly, the fear routed her lust so that there was no longer a struggle going on inside her; the sight of his menacing blood-filled cock decided matters for the terrified young redhead. She had to stop him right now!

"No!" she cried, trying to twist away from him on the seat. "Bob, for God's sake, don't! Wait a couple more months and we'll be married!"

"Please, baby, please," he mumbled, his voice thick with the lust that was reflected in his dark eyes. His hand was stoking the full length of his thick monstrous penis now, she could see that, and her efforts to free herself became more panicky. Her aroused young fiancée was too strong for her, however, and before she could escape she had been forced back and down across the car seat. It was then Rhonda felt the hot head of his lust thickened penis touch her thigh, and she jumped from the electric contact of pulsating hardness against her fevered skin. Groaning in his uncontrollable passion, Bob began forcing her now tightly closed legs apart, and the frantically squirming girl could feel his great pulsating cock trembling like an impossibly large wedge being driven into and splitting a tinder-dry log. As he rammed it repeatedly against her partially opened thighs.

And then, as if in the throes of some consuming pain, Bob put both of his big hands on her nakedly quivering breasts, squeezing them painfully before lowering his head and planting hot, moist kisses upon the twin mounds, all the while murmuring like a madman, "Oh, oh, ohhhhhh, God, baby... Oh, Jesus! I'm going to cum, honey. I can't help it!"

She felt his hotly throbbing penis begin to jerk out of control against her soft white thighs, felt a hot jetting spurt splash against the innocent folds of her pussy — another, and another, a whole series of eruptions that flooded her cuntal area and thighs with sticky semen that flowed down to pool on the car seat beneath her. Bob had been mewling and convulsively, twitching above her, planting those hot, liquid kisses on her still quivering breasts as his seed emptied out on his wildly ejaculating cock onto her naked flesh while she tried to force him off of her...

Well that had been the beginning, she thought, as she now lay on the squelching, gurgling water bed, staring the famous Senator from Minnesota in the eye on the television set. What would you think, dear Senator, she silently asked the gesticulating man on the screen, if you knew I was laying her on my bed ready to play with myself? The thought was lewd, indecent and just too enticing to resist! Would you like to watch me? she thought as she flipped over on her back and let her hands roam over the hillocks of her curvaceous and golden tan body, the sixty-odd year old face in front of her transforming into that of her twenty-five year old lover now back in the Senator's home state of Minnesota. With a twinge of delightful irony, Rhonda found herself filled with the same kind of tingling arousal she had felt on that night with Bob. And oh, how varied and wonderful had their sex life become since that virginal night! If you only knew, Mamma...

Her mind was beginning to drift with the same kind of mindless excitement, the same attitude of not caring about the consequences as her mind carried her on to further heights of sexual fantasy — to the feel of Bob's warmly pulsing penis inside her cunt, to the touch of his lips and hands on her naked flesh. She began to squirm in the growing passion on the bed, and her wetly aroused cunt began to secrete its liquid excitement, moistening her panties as it had that night in the car. There was a tender aching lip between her legs, and the need for release of her ever-increasing passion was becoming too strong!

Involuntarily, the young redhead's hands began to move down again along her tautly rippling belly.

Knowing what was about to happen, she forced them up, but they immediately went back down again as if they were controlled by the hands of an invisible robot. The inside of her mouth was dry, and she ran her tongue over her lips several times in an effort to rid herself of the arid taste. Oh God, this feels so fantastic, she thought dimly. If Bob were here now I'd fuck his head off! Oh, to feel him inside of me, so hard and so anxious.

But in that moment she didn't care what she was working herself up to. Her hands were moving sensuously around to her front now, moving across the full firmness of her pliant young breasts. Gradually, she began opening and closing her legs as she massaged her sensitive mounds of warm flesh, the sound of the babbling politicians and their insipid wives seeming to consume her very being. She watched, fascinated, her own fingers began plucking at the snaps of her bikini bra top; but, finding them too time consuming, gave up her attempt. Her hands traveled almost greedily up and down her body now, over the bra-encased mounds of her breasts, down to her throbbing pubic mound, across the smoothness of her taut little brown belly.

Rhonda was a tall young woman, with long slender model's legs and fully rounded hips and breasts, and her hands seemed to be seeking knowledge of every inch of her proportionately lovely flesh. She ran her nail teasingly over the area up between her thighs, arching her long limbs up and spreading them open to the delicious, forbidden delights which her caresses were instilling within her body. Her mouth was parted, and her brain was whirling with the heat of her growing lust; she flailed her head from side to side on the over-sized pillow, her long, red hair swirling in a tangled cascade of shimmering loveliness. The magazine she'd been reading was kicked off the bed, as her hands continued their mad pace up and down, down and around, teasing her now-fevered flesh into even more intense arousal, her brain alive with lewd thoughts of her fiancée's long hard penis sawing in and out of her wetly throbbing cunt...

Rhonda arched her back, her hands moving behind and under her to quickly unsnap the catches of her bikini top; she had to have her breasts free, had to touch the rigid nipples without the encumbrance of clothing. She pulled the top off, tossed it to the floor beside the bed, and her hands hungrily engulfed the soft warmth of her alabaster mounds. Slowly, rhythmically, she began to roll the nipples back and forth, squeezing them and then releasing them, squeezing, then releasing...

The entire time she was thinking: No, no, this is wrong, it's sick! Rhonda Baker, masturbating like a teenage girl after she's read one of her daddy's sex books. But God, it feels good!

Her right hand left her nakedly quivering breast and moved slowly down over her stomach to the elastic waistband of her panties. In spite of her self-recrimination, her shame at what she was doing, she wasn't able to stop herself. There was only her urgency now, frantic need for release from the ever building whirlpools of passions inside her shamelessly aroused body.

She was drawing her bikini bottoms down, drawing them sensuously over her pubic mound while her other hand continued to stroke the nipple of one breast. She raised up on the bed, pulling the wisp of a garment down to her ankles, her eyes tightly shut, and then pulling them off completely so that she was completely naked. She lay back again, one hand on her breast, the other stroking first one thigh, then the other, carefully avoiding for the moment the moist inferno of lust between her legs. Then, when she could stand the pressure no longer, her eager hand shot to the hotly pulsating folds of her pussy, and pressed against the wet sensitive flesh there and she brought her legs up off the bed and splayed them wide apart. Her tight little pussy was opened wide now as she gently eased her outstretched finger into her wetly pulsating cunt.

"Oooooohhhh!" she moaned as her eager hand shot to the hotly pulsating folds of her tight little pussy!

She imagined it was Bob's hand, his finger touching her there, stroking her down there. She imagined it was he who was now caressing her hair-lined cuntal lips until they seemed to be swollen with blood, until her clitoris was as hard as his cock was hard. She found her sensitive nerve bud with the tip of her searching finger and began to tease it back and forth, running the nail around the quivering tip until the delight caused her to jackknife her legs back up against her chest, mashing her breasts flat. Her buttocks, white moons of the softest, most flawless flesh imaginable, jerked and twisted in completely wantonness under her fingering, and the resulting erotic sensations caused the sweat to bead and shine on her lust-grimacing face, matting her hematin hair to her scalp.

OH, if only Bob were here! she groaned, through the daze of passion which controlled her brain. I wish he was here playing with my pussy... I wish he was going to put his penis inside my cunt... and fuck me, hard, harder until he came and so did I... oh God, I want to cum so bad, so bad... Bob, Bob, hurry home, baby.

Faster and faster, Rhonda's finger fucked into her moistly clapping cunt, deliberately teasing her clitoris and cuntal opening until her orgasm was only moments away. Her hips thrashed and pounded the waterbed, making it dip and sway in waves in rhythm to her own waves of pain-pleasure coursing through her sensitive flesh. There was no guilt, no shame for her in that frozen period of time; there was only the wonderful, rapturous feelings of impending climax which were filling her very soul.

Her Irish Catholic Mamma was no threat to her now.

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## CHAPTER TWO

Slowly, as she struggled for her climax, an unwelcomed sound penetrated Rhonda's lust filled brain: a knocking at the back door... persistent... almost angry knocking. Now who in the hell could that be? Oh, just a couple more minutes and I would have cum, thought Rhonda aggravated by the intrusion.

Damn! she cursed under her breath, then quickly grasped her housecoat from the foot of the bed as she shivered maddeningly from the impassioned sensations still electrifying her loins. Who could it be?

"Rhonda... oh, Rhonnndaa!" came the unmistakable throaty female voice of her neighbor, Marla Cushing.

"Damn it, Marla," Rhonda thought dejectedly as she slipped into the robe, hurriedly buttoned it and then gave her hair several quick pats.

"Oh, there you are, honey," the voice gushed as Rhonda approached the kitchen door with a forced calm that belied the inner turmoil she felt.

"I hope I didn't get you away from the TV?" the thirty-five year old divorcee continued. Then, not waiting to be invited in, she opened the door, paused to let her German Shepherd enter first and then boldly stepped in herself.

"No, that's all right. I was watching the convention and that's always a bore," she lied.

"That's good. I hate to be an intrusion," said the woman in a tone that clearly indicated that she really wasn't. Her eyes traveled up and then down her neighbor's scantily clad body. "I know you

won't mind... you'll have time by yourself now that Bob is gone..."

"Oh, yes..." thought Rhonda, wondering how her nosy neighbor happened to know that Bob had left for Minneapolis. But then information seemed to float to Marla's ears from the wind.

"Would you do me a favor, dear?"

"Like what?"

"Taking care of Cesar here? You see," she continued to gush excitedly, then smiled broadly at her own cleverness in handling the matter. "He's really no trouble at all, but my brother-in-law and my sister are coming down and they're bringing their Doberman along with them. Well, you can see right off that a Shepherd and Doberman will never be friends..." her dark eyes darted upwards again, "... it'll only be until the weekend..." Her eyes dropped, quickly swept the room, then returned to Rhonda's.

Rhonda remained motionless for a long moment, digesting the flow of words which over the months she had become accustomed to. Her eyes shifted from her shorts and halter clad neighbor to the dog who was still sitting at his owner's feet. Finally, Rhonda lifted her glance again, studied those of the expectant woman, and said, "You take care of their dog, and I take care of yours, is that it?" It didn't seem to make much sense, all this shuffling of pets, but then Marla was not one to accept a refusal.

"Okay," Rhonda leaned back against the kitchen counter hands folded over her chest. "I know what to feed him," she said looking at the mangy dog, unkempt and obviously in need of a bath. Other than that, he was a majestic, handsome animal, well-trained, despite the scatter-brained owner. Rhonda stepped forward to place a gentling hand on the other woman and began guiding her toward the door. "I'll do my best..."

"Oh, I JUST knew you'd come through, dear," Marla said happily as she stodgily allowed herself to be guided toward the door. "You're so sweet, just so sweet..."

The door clicked behind her. "Thank you!" came the muffled voice of Marla, even through the closed door.

For several minutes, Rhonda stood silently, then smiled down at the handsome animal as she ambled toward her.

"What is it, Cesar?" she cooed softly. "Are you hungry, baby?" she continued, lovingly stroking the mighty dog's head. "Poor thing, having such a scatter-brain for a mistress..." Rhonda was down on her haunches now, stroking the dog's head and looking into his mysteriously deep, soulful eyes. "Look at you! Why you look as if you haven't had a bath for years!" she cooed softly.

The pleasing sound of the young woman's soft, crooning voice together with the gentle pressure of her small hand filled Cesar with warm-hearted relish. Instinctively, he raised his head and began licking her hand to impart his growing attachment to her.

"Let's run some bath water for you and then see if there's anything in the frig that suits your fancy."

The intelligent animal whined, almost as if he knew what she was saying, Rhonda thought, as she embraced him against her leg and continued stroking his head.

Cesar whimpered softly, partially in awareness to her melodious voice bestowing kindness and love, but even more because he had sensed in his closeness against her, a poignant smell not unfamiliar to

him, a heady scent which immediately inspired trained responses inside his sleek, muscular body — the human mating aura he had been skillfully educated by his female owner to recognize... and satisfy.

Her mind still a conglomeration of mixed-veined thoughts, Rhonda opened the refrigerator and bent down to retrieve a steak bone left from the special dinner she'd prepared for Bob's departure, and in celebration of Sharon's visit.

Behind the bent figure, Cesar's head abruptly nudged forward in underneath the hem of her loose housecoat.

Rhonda was frozen into immobility at the feel of the unmistakable cool wetness of Cesar's nose high on the softness of her inner thigh! Why she didn't jerk upright in shock fear, or at least, a smattering of self-decorum, she could only lay to the prurient incitement which still smoldered inside her loins. Instead, she continued to stoop there, waiting, knowing that the big dog's head was wedged up under her short robe from behind, animalishy sniffing. And then, the hot unmistakable lap of his long slippery tongue snaked up against her still moistened cuntal lips! Good God! He's sensed my erotic state!

It had to be that! His searing tongue felt like a firebrand caressing the swollen lips of her still feverishly throbbing pussy! Again, he licked, and she hung there in her stooped-over position as he drew the long wet length of his tongue undeniably between her partially spread cuntal lips, licking along the entire hair-lined furrow.

Then he growled, softly.

"Wh-what has that strange woman been teaching you, baby?" Rhonda gasped incredulously.

The massive German Shepherd uttered another muted growl, and the sensually intoxicated young woman wasn't sure why... whether for the bone she held, or because he sensed the rekindled passion up between her trembling thighs!

Good God! I've got to get hold of myself! she thought as she held the bone out to the attentive dog who accepted it willingly. "Now you be a good dog," she said aloud. Then, without a warning, a shiver of lewd excitement coursed through her body, and for a moment she shook uncontrollably, staring down at the dumb animal... and wondering. Then she turned and made shakily for the bathroom.

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CHAPTER THREE

Rhonda could not repress a sharp twinge of excitement as she made her way to the bathroom with the furry German Shepherd right behind her now and occasionally brushing against her naked legs. The feel of his rough fur along her slick skin sent sensual shivers all the way up her soft inner thighs and into the redly crinkled outskirts of her love-starved pussy. She felt faintly confused by this curious sensation and her subsequent reaction, but still was not prepared at the conscious level to admit to herself that she found this wild and strange animal erotically intoxicating. The timing had been too perfect; almost as if her nosy neighbor had been peeking through the window and waiting for the right moment to tempt her. From stories she'd heard about the divorced woman, a borderline alcoholic who chain-smoked cigarettes and invited delivery boys into her apartment for hours at a time, Rhonda would not be surprised at anything.

“Well, here we are, handsome,” she said as they entered the bathroom. And then, because she always did this, it seemed the natural thing for her to drop her housecoat from her lovely body, revealing her sleekly proportioned flesh in all Titian desirability.

Cesar’s big brown eyes fairly flared at this exotic and spell binding presentation of feminine loveliness. Unhindered now, the heady scent of her hungry pussy wafted clearly to him and made his loins pulse with an answering desire.

Rhonda turned, feeling her cheeks flush hotly as she realized that Cesar’s burning hot eyes were upon her as she stood there naked. That brutish animal might have been her Bob, gazing at her lusciously naked body, for all the attentiveness he was relishing upon her. She glanced instinctively into the cabinet mirror, and then looked away. There was certainly no harm in disrobing before this animal! She looked at her firm highly-set breasts. No, of course not. After all, it was not as if it were a man she was alone with, was it?

Laughing nervously, the redheaded woman bent down and gave Cesar a light fondling around his snout. “You little devil, you,” she giggled. “You’ve got eyes that get right up between a woman’s legs, don’t you?”

Cesar gave a muffled whine and licked her hand. Rhonda really liked the dog now, and he reminded her of a pet she had as a child. Another German Shepherd, though a female. Besides, any admirer was better than the television set and those silly politicians. Feeling like Venus as she appraised her own voluptuous body in the surrounding mirrors, she realized that even Bob hadn’t looked at her supple, curvaceous flesh like that in a long time. Was that fair?

Smiling seductively at herself, she shook out her long, glowing red hair. Then she turned away from Cesar towards the bathtub, presenting to him the juicy rounds of her buttocks, which joggled tantalizingly before his longing eyes as she moved back the shower curtain and then bent over in order to turn on the faucets.

From this position Cesar could make out just the barest wisps of her pubic hair poking back between her quivering thighs to the juncture of her smoothly formed ass cheeks, and he snorted hotly in familiar anticipation.

Rhonda meanwhile had cut off the drain and found a suitable temperature for the water. She moved it around with her hands to be sure it wouldn’t be too hot or too cold for the doggy, who was to be her companion for the next couple of days. And in that moment of complete and vulnerable exposure, with her naked buttocks jutting lewdly back toward Cesar’s face, the young woman had an experience that would have been predictable for a woman of wider sexual experience, but which Rhonda Baker constituted perhaps the most shattering physical adventure she had ever had — or thought about in her entire life.

For, in that moment suspended between time and space, poised with all of her lusciously tempting nakedness undulating in sexual promise over the bath, she suddenly felt the hot, swiping tongue of an animal moving wetly from an artful point just below her curl-fringed pussy lips, stroking ardently through her quiescently enduring cuntal furrow, and up sharply through the cleft in her buttocks to flick and poke expertly at her virginal anus! This time there was no prompting for the lewd behavior: no steak bone wielded temptingly in front of his sensitive and hungry nose, no “good doggie” talk to be reciprocated.

“Aarrghhh!” Rhonda groaned, as her pussy became alive with the aftershocks of her near orgasm before her neighbor had intruded. And now this reaction all because of a... German Shepherd, a dog

she'd only seen a few times in the past.

This was outrageous! Before she could get a grip on herself, the brutish animal repeated his lewd act, this time curling his tongue like a scroll and pushing it obscenely up through the hair-lined lips of her burning hot cunt. Rhonda held on to the edge of the bathtub trying to collect her thoughts.

This was not even remotely similar to anything else sexual she'd ever experienced, and she had thought she and Bob were sexually liberal! This dog was putting her to the test! But Cesar's sudden action worked on her just as if she had let out this obscene growl of lascivious delight which came from she knew where.

"Cesar. Good doggy!" Without a thought as to whether he would bite, she reached in back of her and tried to push his snout away. But the feel of his cold wet muzzle in her fingers and between her buttocks was a second sensation so electrically erotic and stimulating that it could not be tolerated for longer than a single instant.

And, in that instant, the single-minded stray continued his depraved behavior with another hot, wet swiping lap up through her torrid cuntal cleft to flick up maddeningly like a leather whip at her sensitive nether entrance.

A fierce primitive groan of sensuality escaped Rhonda's parted lips once more, but, by now, she had also begun mumbling various incoherent prayers in her head, trying to distract herself. In a small way this seemed to work, and she managed miraculously to work up the strength from her tortured limbs to push herself up from the bath. This also tended to force the dog's snout somewhat more snugly between her cleft moon buttocks, and the threat of attack at her anus sent off another furious thrill deep in her loins and immediate feelings of self-recrimination set in.

What would Bob think if he knew he'd been replaced by a dog?

"Get away — oh God, Cesar! Get away! Can't you see what you're doing to me?"

Her limbs felt so weak and helpless she couldn't believe it. It was as if she had become almost paralyzed with some illness in her muscles. But her imprecations to the dog seemed to have done some good, for the powerful animal now took her seriously and backed off across the bathroom tiles away from her.

Indeed, Cesar was well-trained enough to know when a human really meant her protests and when she didn't. When he sensed that his beautiful new redheaded mistress actually was serious about wanting a respite, he backed off immediately. He had learned through long experience as well that it was not wise to force the issue with a female who was not quite ready. A smart dog and well able to play the waiting game, he sat down on his haunches in one corner of the bathroom and stared at her with his muzzle resting on his paws and his big dark eyes brooding and thoughtful. He would wait for her. Forever, if need be...

Especially now that his mistress, the one next door, had replaced him for the weekend with her sister's dog. He'd show her he wouldn't be left out in the cold with no warm, sweet-smelling woman to cuddle up to at night!

Visibly shaken, Rhonda managed to straighten up and find her way to a standing position. She steadied herself as best she could with one hand on the tub, then sat down on its edge until she could get her breath. She would have sat down on the toilet seat, across the way, but her muscles had turned to jelly, and she was huffing and puffing and her heart pounding as if she'd just run the three-minute mile.

“So... you... so that’s what you... you do... shame!”

It seemed like years before the thousand vibrating pieces her loins had smattered into finally came back together again, and even then they continued to jump for some time before she could get to her feet again. Still intent on giving her new charge a bath, she staggered over to the sink to get a brush, rubbing her thighs tightly together in an attempt to kill some of the terrible pressure that was building between her shivering legs.

“You-you naughty dog,” she said, only mildly cross and really less cross that she thought she should be, shaking the brush at him. “You must never do that again. You hear? Or you’re going back to that crazy mistress of yours... for keeps! Somehow, I really don’t think you want to do that...” The last was said with a half-smile.

Cesar cringed down on the tile and looked up at her with woeful eyes. He wanted to please his new mistress, and couldn’t understand her sudden burst of anger — she had smelled so ready for him. What was the matter?

Rhonda glanced at herself in the mirror. Her face had gone completely crimson and she was surprised to see that her nipples had tautened again. If that was the effect of a little playful show of affection by a charming dog like this one, then Bob had definitely left her alone one night too long! Surely the dog had meant nothing sexual by it — dogs always licked people when they were happy. If she hadn’t been in such an unusual position he might have licked her face, or her hand. It was natural for him to be so demonstrative.

But not so natural for her to be blushing so hotly and aroused to the extent that her loins felt as if they were filled with honey. She had to get a grip on herself.

“Come here,” she said imperiously to the dog, pointing at the floor in front of her.

Cesar got up obediently and went over to her standing at attention with his tongue panting out. Then he was thrilled again as his beautiful mistress got down on her knees, her milk-white breasts ballooning nakedly against his furry body as she began brushing out his snarled and filthy coat.

Rhonda could not keep back a shiver of excitement as the erotically stiffened tips of her breasts brushed back and forth over Cesar’s shaggy, unkempt body, his fur tickling titillatingly at the already sensitive puckered little nerve buds. Her breasts had always been unusually tender and the feel of his muscular canine body against her smooth, sleek white flesh was totally unlike anything the yearning redhead had ever experienced before. She couldn’t label it either. It was not obscene — and yet it was. It was warmth and affection and understanding and love, and all the thousand and one cozy things that dogs and humans find together, and yet it was more than that. And she liked the feel. Why hadn’t she thought of getting a dog herself?

“Now... is that better?” she crooned, her nostrils flaring without her certain knowledge, the outer well of her pussy becoming quietly flooded with moisture as it poised in readiness for some obscure, unnamable thing. She ran the brush through Cesar’s rough coat, straightening out the snarls and making it smooth and sleek again, as it should be. Of course, he hadn’t known what he was doing. He was just a dumb animal. He couldn’t have had any idea what his licking of her responsive pussy was doing to her. After all, he wasn’t a man.

Not that she had ever permitted her fiancée to do anything so filthy. Oh sure, though, Bob had tried, begged her, but she’d always managed to talk him out of it at the last minute, asking him to wait for marriage.

But if such a thing could be so wildly stirring, could it be that it was she who was wrong, to have put him off? She was getting all mixed up.

But this was all harmless. If she was aroused it was merely for Bob... then, too, there was that little stretch of time on the waterbed when he had gotten so hot.

"There, is that better?" she asked as she finished giving Cesar's coat its first set of strokes, swinging her long red hair back over her shoulder.

Only to have Cesar answer by abruptly turning his head and darting out his long thick tongue to wash wetly and intoxicatingly across her startled open mouth. "Why...!" But before she could finish, his tongue had artfully inserted itself between her lush red lips and he was French kissing her, stuffing that long wet tongue all the way into her mouth, licking at her even white teeth and all around the sides of her gasping mouth.

She tried to fend him off by gripping his shaggy fur around his neck, but instead found herself responding in a way that was wholly unexpected. His kiss was so like Bob's — except for the size of his tongue, which of course, was so much bigger — that she couldn't seem to keep herself from kissing him back. She sucked on his tongue luxuriously, and licked it all over with instinctive adoration of its dominating maleness. And instead of pulling away, her softly mounded breasts pressed themselves snug into the warmth of his fur, and she felt a wave of warm cuntal moisture shoot down from her loins in natural feminine response.

But this was terrible! The urge to lie down on the bathroom floor and spread her legs for him — for this dog! — was overwhelming!

Rhonda was incredulous! She had known that she was in a mildly turned-on state, but hadn't guessed for a minute that desire could be unleashed so awesomely like this, with the swiftness and force of a mighty river breaking through its own floodgates and spilling forward in a great tidal wave of emotion.

It seemed like an endless decade for a kiss. She couldn't seem to get her breath. She knew that the wetness from her hopelessly aroused cunt was seeping into the already tangled red curls of her pubic hair, but she couldn't seem to do anything about it. Her breasts were alive with a throbbing that threatened to break her heaving chest and her hard little nipples ached to be sucked. Indeed, she probably, wouldn't have been able to tear herself away if suddenly the water in the bathtub hadn't threatened to overflow. As it was, she was barely able to break from Cesar's passionate animal kiss and rush to the taps in time. Turning them both off, she whirled around just in time to keep Cesar from pushing his snout up again between her legs.

"I know you now, you — you lecher," she warned him, shaking her finger at him. "You know just what you're doing, don't you? Well, you're not going to do it again — not here. You can try that on some of your other women friends. Don't you feel any shame?"

But Cesar only grinned malevolently and she realized with a quickening of her overexcited heart that she had taken the wrong tack.

"Well," she sniffed, "you've really hurt my feelings. But anyway, I promised you a bath and that's what you're going to get. Get in the tub."

Cesar put his forelegs on the edge of the bath and with an effortless little shuffle born of long experience he clambered over the edge with his hind legs, too, to fall with a splash into the soapy, warm water.

“Well, there’s just a little too much water, but you stay there and behave yourself while I take the plug out. I’m warning you...”

The big dog grinned, his large tongue lolling out. True to her word, she watched him carefully as she removed the stopper and some of the water gurgled out until the bath was only half full! Cesar stood quietly watching her from the other end of the tub; his dark eyes shining with both love and confusion at his new keeper’s actions. What was the matter? Didn’t she want to play? Why had she scolded him so harshly? Maybe this was a new game.

Even though she now had some inkling of the dog’s lecherous intentions, it hadn’t quite registered with Rhonda just precisely in what danger she was. She hadn’t bothered to put on her robe. So despite all the warning she had, Rhonda was still to some extent blissfully unaware of the true situation as her canine visitor waited in patience with his big brown eyes trained unnervingly on her. Her naked breasts swayed hypnotically before him, just a tongue’s length away from his open mouth, and the tantalizing scent of her loins was driving Cesar crazy. Now, as she began to soap up a large sponge, getting on her knees at the side of the tub, the tormented dog’s penis jerked and bounced with anticipation, filling hotly with blood.

The sponge foamed with lather as she squeezed it. Now she was ready. He would get a bath and that would be the end of it. So she filled the sponge with water again and again as she ran it over his heavy animal body, squeezing the lather out all over him. The water dripped down from his crown, over his back, along his rib cage, over his quivering tail, and finally down along a gleaming red point which Rhonda was surprised to find emerging from beneath his belly.

So she looked more closely. Then it occurred to her that it was her curiosity to begin with that had prompted her to bring the dog into the bath in the first place. She had entertained, subconsciously, thoughts about canine sex. But how it had backfired! She had learned more about canine sex in the last five minutes than she thought she would want to know in her entire lifetime!

And then she saw it — Cesar’s gradually stiffening penis peeping redly from its soft hairy surrounds. So this was what a dog’s penis looked like... and in that instant the naive young woman was hypnotized with curiosity. Unthinkingly, her hands began to soap more and more under and around the furry pointed sheath of his loins, and in another moment her hands had actually fondled Cesar’s testicles and bumped against his slowly expanding organ.

She was really surprised that the dog could have such large testicles, and more than a little alarmed at the way his cock was growing. By now her curiosity was fully aroused. She found herself wondering how large his organ might be when it reached complete, blood-hardened erection. It was already sticking out several inches from its furry hiding place.

More and more her hands and fingers came to squeeze and stroke Cesar’s rapidly expanding member, and with each fleeting caress it seemed to get bigger and bigger. Unknown to her conscious mind, her hands fondled his genitals along with the sponge which ostensibly she was using to wash him.

Now Rhonda was also finding herself becoming more and more excited. Cesar had such a beautiful body, with such strong sleek muscles. She admired his handsome canine head, and couldn’t help but think back to that fiery kiss he had given her. Why, it was ridiculous, but if the water hadn’t been running over the edge of the tub, the silly dog might have seduced her with that kiss!

But what was she thinking of? A dog couldn’t seduce a woman. And yes, Cesar very definitely had a penis, she could see that. Rhonda gulped, her throat feeling very dry. A wave of curious excitement

washed through her loins at the sight of the dog's gleaming red cock. My God! It was getting bigger than Bob's! And it was still expanding!

What would it feel like to have such a massive thing pounding deep up inside her? Her cuntal walls felt all fluttery just contemplating it. Bob wouldn't be here to make love to her for so long, that her mind seemed fixated on the subject of sex — had been since he'd kissed her good-bye. And now that she was alone with this majestic German Shepherd, her mind was jumbled with incoherent thoughts of indulgence in things forbidden and obscene.

The trembling redhead wondered idly if Cesar had ever fucked a woman. Was it the same as fucking another dog? How did it make him feel? Did he have any emotional attachment to Marla for that reason? Had the other women found themselves in the very position she was in now... and what had they done? Had they let him fuck them? God! There was no denying it — Cesar had driven her crazy with his sneaky but expert licking of her pussy just a few moments ago. But surely there couldn't be anymore than that between a woman and a dog... or could there?

She felt her breath coming faster and faster. There was no denying now that the viscous secretions of her cunt were flowing rapidly at a truly remarkable rate. It occurred to her again that she was alone here with Cesar and would be the whole day... tomorrow too, and that whatever happened here between them was more of a secret by far than anything she might do with a human male. She had been thinking about masturbating... hadn't she? Why not let an animal do it for her?

She needed it, needed a man's hard hot penis sliding wetly in and out of her aching cunt. She needed something! A dog like Cesar, being mute, was perfectly discreet. Whatever happened here today was their secret, foolish or wise or silly. No one would ever know.

No one would ever know.

Rhonda blushed nervously. She had the most terrible guilty feeling in her fluttering belly. What on earth was she thinking of? She wanted to giggle and race around the house naked. The most terrible feeling of abandon was in her, making her already quivering breasts rise and fall in heavy gasps.

By now Cesar's swollen cock had come spinning out through the soap suds to grow to truly astounding proportions. Rhonda's long-fingered hands groped and massaged obscenely beneath the dog's belly, feeling along the entire fearfully pulsing length of his penis. She was quite fascinated at the way his penis tapered up to the tip. A cock like that promised a fresh thrill with each new inch, and, it was fiercely exciting to the mesmerized woman to think that her touch was producing this fantastic bestial arousal. She could feel his testicles throbbing in her gently cupping palms, and she knew they were churning with sperm inside.

For a moment she seemed to go dizzy. It was wildly erotic to be fondling the dog's sexual equipment, and probably illicit as well. But if no one would ever know, did it matter?

She gasped and trembled as his cock continued to burst in size. Taking her other hand out of the bath for a moment, she reached down and pushed her middle finger across the warm sticky lips of her cunt, finding them moist and swollen and the tender curls of her pussy hair drenched with her passionate — secretions. She was alarmed and excited all put together. If only there was some way to satisfy herself — her cravings were flying altogether out of control now. She desperately needed something shoved up into her waiting pussy... and now!

Cesar whimpered and her attention was drawn back to him. "Was I neglecting you, my darling?" she cooed, both her hands once more milking his desire-enlarged cock and balls. His cock looked almost a good eight inches long now, and as she ran her thumb and forefinger over its slippery length,

measuring it, she couldn't keep back a yearning sigh at its wonderful feel.

"I'll bet you understand a woman and her needs, don't you, Cesar?" she murmured softly. "You've got a marvelous cock there. Any woman would be proud and happy to have a penis like yours inside her cunt..."

Cesar whimpered as if in understanding. He wasn't quite sure what she was saying, but the silken tone of her voice and the way her fingers were stroking his aching cock were driving him insane.

"Do most women like you to fuck them with that, precious?" And she pronounced the lewd word seductively with her tongue glorying in the wicked sound of it. Then she tickled his penis until some cum oozed from the tip onto her fingers, and the urge to lick it was terrific. "Its like a club. Oh, Lord, what's coming over me? But you know, don't you baby, because you're the one who's causing it to come over me... You've wanted it all along, right! You little devil!"

Cesar seemed to laugh, and then suddenly his long, pink tongue darted forward to insert itself through her open lips. This time Rhonda was again taken completely by surprise, and in addition she was still holding the dog's massive member in her hand, and this made his kiss doubly exciting.

Her pussy hair was becoming literally drenched with her honey-like cuntal moisture and he thrust his enormous tongue backward into her throat and began seemingly fucking her mouth with it. Lifting his foreleg, he pawed at her nakedly heaving breasts, scratching at her sensitive nipples until Rhonda could not keep back a heartfelt moan of pure ecstasy.

Her cunt felt like it was on fire. There was no way to escape. She had to admit it to herself now — yes, she loved this exciting kiss! And she would have fucked anything that walked in that door!

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## **CHAPTER FOUR**

"But, lover — Cesar, oh..." the sex-hungry redhead gasped incoherently, not knowing who, or what or where she was. All she knew was that this powerfully demanding animal kiss was making her cunt literally churn with lust. Her hotly quivering thighs felt as if they were disintegrating, while the moisture of her passion trickled by the seeming cupful from her wildly tingling walls and trembling cunt lips to soak into her already thickly soaked red pubic hair.

Her hands seemed to be moving helplessly, wonderingly all over the dog's magnificent furry body as he stood there so motionlessly in the bath. Her tremulous breasts felt swollen to bursting and as if they were being caressed by hundreds of tiny hands. She sucked lingeringly all the while on his long, fluid tongue, all the time repeating to herself over and over again: no one will ever know, no one will ever know...

Her fingers reached down in the water to release the plug and send the water rushing down the drain. Her loins were so inflamed that she didn't see how she could wait a single second longer without going out of her mind. Especially now that Cesar was somewhat spruced up and smelled so fresh and clean. She hoped and supposed that it wouldn't take much to get him to lap at her cunt again. Maybe that would relieve some to the terrible tickling and itching in her loins... Oh God, what on earth was she thinking? But no, no, it was true. She would let him if he tried again. She just had to have some relief!

Rhonda was amazed and alarmed as the bath water ran out to discover just how masterfully hung her house guest was. It was one thing to be caressing his penis with her hands when it was partially



concealed with lather and soapy water, but quite another to be seeing it without anything to obscure its powerful size.

For the moment she felt just the slightest fear — a fear of the sort natural to a virginal girl who is not quite sure that her snug, tender young insides are adequate to the task of receiving a full-sized, lust-engorged penis. She wanted to laugh out loud. At her age, to be as apprehensive as a sacrificial virgin!

Her hands reached for the panting German Shepherd and helped him to clamber over the edge of the tub, then watched him wildly spray water all over the bathroom as she shook himself in the center of the rug. She wasn't quite sure what she wanted of him, or what he wanted of her, or what they wanted of each other, but whatever it was, now was the time for it.

"Hurry, lover," she whispered, blowing warmly into one of his pointed ears until Cesar quivered with hot delight. "Hurry, come in here with me and let's lay down on my nice water bed. Let's see what we can do for each other. You've got to help me, Cesar, before I go crazy!" Her hands brushed fondly up and down along his sleek wet back, growing more urgent and excited by the minute. She had to get him to lick her cunt if it was the last thing she ever did! No one would ever know!

"Hurry, darling!" she moaned, moving swiftly to the door of her bedroom. Now that her mind was made up and she was spinning hopelessly over the edge of obscene and illicit desire, she was in no mood to wait a single second longer. She had fought mightily with all her willpower to resist this forbidden thing, whatever it was, but it was no use. She had her needs and they were driving her mad, and felt totally willing to give in now that she had adequately rationalized away her depravity. She decided that her sanity was at stake, and consequently, almost any debauchery was justified in her mind. She had to save her mental health in order to continue living from day to day. After all, it was completely Bob's fault, the dirty wretch, for leaving her alone with nothing to think about except their wedding plans and her sexual needs. "In here, quickly."

The full-bodied young woman held the bathroom door open for Cesar, then closed it tightly behind him. The big dog stared at the television set that still hummed with the roll call from the fifty states, and then he paused at the edge of the water bed, not quite certain if that's what his new mistress meant for him to do.

"Come on, up, up..."

Rhonda found herself thrilling as she watched his powerful form moving about so God-like and forceful. Cesar was a law unto himself. He knew nothing about making a living or providing for her, or about real estate or anything else. He was just a marvelous animal who had been born for this moment and none other.

She didn't hesitate a minute, but moved quickly across the carpeted floor, her cheeks flushed with both excitement and anxiety. What on earth was she doing? Would she be able to look at herself in the mirror tomorrow? Oh God, did it even matter?

"Move over," she commanded, and he did so as she lay down on one side of the big waterbed. Then she raised up her knee and slowly inched her voluptuously proportioned body over toward the center of the gurgling bed. Cesar leaped joyously out of the way, clambering over her legs while she got herself into position.

At last! At last she was ready. This was action he could understand!

By now Rhonda's long milk-white legs were completely spread open in the center of the bed, and she

allowed herself a luxury she hadn't had time to finish, pressing her two fingers in between her steaming wet cuntal lips and driving them deep inside her churning cunt until a stifled groan of desire broke from her lips that was like the sound of a great amen.

That was it, she thought dreamily as she gently pistoned her fingers in and out of her seeping cunt. This was what she had been waiting for. This was what all her unrequited passion had been building to. Hopefully, this time there would be no intrusion.

She tried to ready for him as she finger-fucked herself in a frenzy of satisfying lust. Why had she denied herself before. Why had she felt funny masturbating in front of the television screen? She couldn't remember now, and anyway, it didn't matter.

"Cesar... please... help me... do what you did before... please..."

But the handsome and dashing dog merely looked down at her with a superior air, appearing to be waiting for something. What was it? What more did he need?

"Lick me," she blurted out blatantly, surrendering. "Lick my cunt."

The big dog appeared to laugh, and then his head inclined and he moved forward between her scissor-opened legs. With a single long, swiping movement, his snout went down and forward, and then his tongue was snaking out lizard-like and whipping through the moist wet furrow of her vulnerably spread cunt, ripping her soul to shreds.

"Aaarrggghhh," she groaned, her beautiful red-tressed head flailing backwards, her pelvis region thrusting upward to meet his ardent tongue. She had done it now, debased herself — and it was wonderful! There was no need turning back. And in a sense she must have realized that from the first moment she felt her belly trembling when she gazed down into the dark limpid pools of his hot and sexy brown eyes. The rest had been courtship. She knew now that she wanted this thing — this marvelous thing — no matter how obscene or illicit it was. Indeed, the very forbiddenness of their situation added a measure of excitement that was exotic in the extreme. As the big dog's tongue lapped through her warmly seeping pussy slit, her glistening cuntal lips clung to it like a woman clutching at her lover. The rough texture of his tongue seemed to magnetically bind her tender cuntal folds to it.

And then Cesar did something that was so fiercely exciting and intoxicating it fairly took her breath away. For all of a sudden that fearful furry seducer drove his cold wet snout right up into her steaming pussy flesh, wedging it in as deeply as he could. Then when he'd done that he began punctuating his snout in and out of her convulsing cunt with a savagely swift, staccato-like movement.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she screamed. "What are you doing to me?" she demanded to know as he punched his snout in and out between her legs with machine-gun like thrusts. This was wild, crazy. He left her with no room to alter, cajole or implore. This was just the most furious, wonderful rape of her loins she'd ever encountered. The mind-drugging, soul-dredging tattoo of his snout banging back and forth against her vulnerable and open cunt sent her half way towards her orgasm before she knew what hit her.

Rhonda had never had any experience like this before. Usually Bob made love to her very affectionately before he even considered putting his thick, blood-swollen cock into her cunt. But this brutish animal was actually raping her with his nose! And she was loving every minute of it!

Frantic with desire, she gripped his ears wildly and tried to drag his face all the way up inside her.

And all the while she was moaning as if she were delirious with fever.

“Oh, oh, daaarrrlling!” she crooned, her head flailing from side to side and her long red hair flying madly around the pillow. This was totally the most mind-splitting experience she’d ever had. His snout was pumping in and out of her loins like an oil driller, making her lust spiral higher and higher with each lewd bestial thrust. She could feel the bristly hairs all around his handsome jaw, whisking in and out of her cunt as if they were going to rip her to pieces. But the pain didn’t matter. Nothing did. There was only this wonderful feeling in her loins which had turned her body to jelly. Only that mattered and nothing else.

Rhonda knew she was acting like a depraved whore, with her pelvis gyrating obscenely over the stray dog’s crazily raping snout, but she didn’t care. “Yesssss,” she hissed over and over, not even conscious of what she was saying. The passion-drugged redhead squirmed and twisted voluptuously on the bed and thrashed her body all over her lover-dog’s face like a woman gone mad, heaving her firmly mounded breasts up and back with primeval desire. The needs of her flesh had taken complete control, shoving all other considerations far into the background.

The eager German Shepherd whimpered with growing need, feeling his new mistress responding beneath him. Occasionally when she glanced downwards she could glimpse his thickening red penis slipping ever so slightly more from its well-concealed sheath, the tiniest drop of milk-white sperm glistening in its red beveled tip.

A savage shudder of pure desire rippled through Rhonda’s hopeless turned on flesh. She was almost there now, and the sight of her furry lover’s enormous penis forced her still higher. The sheer eroticism of her mad situation made her feel giddy to the point of weightlessness. Here she was, lying on her own bed in her own bedroom, being ruthlessly fucked by a dog! But it didn’t matter. The terrible, frustrating tingle in her loins was being swamped by other equally tormenting sensations. And here was the means, secret and discreet, for satisfying her lewd desires.

Her hotly seeping red-fringed pussy seemed to be carried away on a tide of sensuality. “Cesar!” she panted breathlessly. “That’s it, darling! OH, baby!” But the sounds of her gasping throat came like a choking gurgle, so that she herself couldn’t even identify the strange sounds coming out of her mouth.

Her smoky, lust-glazed eyes peered down at her handsome canine lover through a veil of lewd and lascivious yearning. Then her eyes glazed as wave after wave of unbearable pleasure inundated her pleasure-starved loins. A spot of licentious saliva appeared on her burning crimson lips. Every move of the muscular animal waxing so hungrily between the shivering legs made her thighs feel like water. All of her flesh seemed to have disintegrated with weakness and the sheer force of her passion. There was raging conflagration within her hair-fringed cunt that dominated her soul totally and without mercy. Frenetic sensations of pure desire seemed to be ripping her apart.

“Darling... oh good... that’s it... ohhhh... ohhhh, make your mistress happy...” she tremblingly thrilled beneath his lavish nasal fucking. Her pussy was so moist and flowing with passion she was afraid she might faint from sheer joy.

And then he went back to licking her again. Rhonda uttered a mindless little cry of pure heaven as her canine darling’s long, thick tongue suddenly snaked out, curling wetly at its tip as it searchingly splayed open the fervid, sensitive lips of her lasciviously waiting cunt. And then before she could get her head back together, Cesar had laved his way all the way down to the very mouth of her lust-inflamed pussy, separating wetly the soft, hair-fringed folds, drawing with a scorching heat upward and in between the swollen lips, and then finishing with an agonizingly electrifying twist at the

delicate little bud of her already hotly vibrating clitoris!

Rhonda gurgled like a baby, out of her mind with ecstasy. “Aaaarrgggmmurfffghhh...” This was unlike any other feeling in the world. She wanted to burn up in it! Pressing her fingers into his soft furry crown, she goaded him on as his lewdly lapping tongue assaulted her most secretive inner recesses. Again and again the handsome brute repeated his burning lingual caress, dragging gasps of pure lasciviousness from the sex-intoxicated woman. His obscenely stroking tongue splayed through the widespread crevice of her shivering white thighs, singeing her exposed and vulnerable loins which were humping so lewdly up into his face, her soft, sparse-curved pubic mound seething with primitive sexual debauchery.

By now Cesar’s erotic lapping of her blazing cunt had left Rhonda no better than a gibbering, whimpering idiot, wild to feel every last stroke of that long artful tongue of her crazy-mad to know every last thrilled mind-bending sensation that flowed from his electrified tip. Cesar’s furry head was pursuing her pussy with an adoration she had never known from her own fiancée.

As for the German Shepherd, he was going wild with desire himself. His enormous cock, red and angry-looking, was now fully exposed and bobbing gently with lewd intent. And if he hadn’t been well trained by someone long gone to work his mistresses up to fever pitch, he would have done as he wished and sunk the entire bone-hard rod of his cock deep into her, right to the hilt.

But he knew from vast experience what to do and he did it ruttishly, his long wet tongue slavering through her red-curling pussy hair, then up in scroll-form through her eagerly responding cuntal flesh to flick artfully at the ecstasy-drenched clitoris at Rhonda’s cream-white thighs shivered with longing.

The lustful scent of her loins made the dog’s sensitive nostrils flare, and he lapped at her loins with increasing urgency, drawing up all of the tender hair-fringed folds and then letting them slap back again like liquid rubber. The moist pink flanges quivered with expectancy, tremulous with desire for him, as the German Shepherd’s heart beat frantically and his penis felt as if it were bursting.

“You darling...” she hissed mindlessly, lost in a lust-drugged fit. “That’s it, lap my cunt... oh, oh, you sweet baby... that’s it...” She murmured endearments through passion-clenched teeth, her slender white neck straining, her hips pumping upward into his face, and her long legs thrashing. Her eyes were tightly shut, and her beautiful head lolled from side to side on the pillow, rolling all of her long red hair back and forth over her milky smooth shoulders. A tiny blue vein throbbed ardently in her temple as all of her mature lust-ridden body gave itself over to pure sensuality. The sheer exquisite joy of having her loins ransacked by this handsome animal was incomparable.

“Darling! Ohhh... love me to death! Lick me... oh God, I’m dying... God... don’t stop... oh... oh... Rhonda will cum in a minute lover... don’t stop... faster... faster... lick my cunt... oh... God... you’re... Ohhhhhh... BABEEEEEE!”

All the nerve endings in her sex-taut body seemed to be shrieking out for completion... but only... only the most wonderful blinding orgasm... would... ohhhh... ohhhh... ohhhh...

Rhonda had never known the equal of this lewd, feverish sensation which had made such a furnace of her belly. The fluid cuntal channel between her legs that became a raging rivulet at floodtide. The full, sensually swollen mounds of her breasts felt as if they were bursting with milk. Each time he lapped through her hair-fringed pussy, her belly convulsed with new lust.

Her groans deepened with each long drawn-out lap of her cunt, mingling with the lewd liquid noises of his tongue between her legs, and filling the bedroom in a crescendo of carnal release. With one

elbow, the wildly groaning redhead raised herself momentarily to watch her animal-lover, then fell backward again with a happy sigh. Her feverish brain had become a blank to everything except his tongue, and her breathing now came ragged, sharply punctuated gasps. She was trapped by an obscene emotion that had no name. Then there was a swift, whooshing intake of her breath, as Cesar's irresistibly searching tongue splurged out between her widely spread buttocks to worm its way up between her tingling ass cheeks to her snug little anal mouth, where it lewdly burrowed in as deep as it could!

The voluptuously proportioned redhead was wracked with agony as she twisted and turned on the waterbed that lifted and bounced like a ship on winter seas. Her molten hot breasts heaved sensuously from side to side. Blissfully the dog's tongue continued splaying open the hotly welcoming flesh — then lunging in a maddening invading curl all the way up into the primitively clutching heat of her craving pussy! "Aaaaaarrggghh!"

Rhonda moaned with anguish, a moan that seemed not to have any ending. Her entire cuntal regions spasmed with burning energy like an exploding sun, and opening her sex-drugged eyes to feed lustfully on the obscene spectacle of Cesar's tongue lapping so madly between her shivering white thighs only served to increase the maddening quiver of her belly. She groaned giddily, everything inside her struggling for the climax that was just out of reach. Her hotly smoldering flesh seemed to be burning up in its own juices with each maddening lick and flick of the strange German Shepherd's well-trained tongue!

Cesar licked deliriously, whining the whole time, his tongue lashing her naked flesh like a whip, penetrating deeply through the warm, moist hair-fringed folds between her obscenely bucking thighs. He slavered thirstily in her ever-flowing cuntal secretions, adoring her melodious sighs and moans and groans as they broke about his head in a tidal wave of encouragement. And yet his ruttish instincts clamored for still more! Consequently, he abruptly discontinued his lapping of her steaming loins and backed away from her on his hairy haunches. Rhonda wailed with anguish, gasped and drew herself up on her elbows, her long red hair trailing out in back of her on the pillows, her eyes humid and smoky with lust. Her abandoned pussy folds clutched hungrily after the swiftly departing tongue, but it was no use. He was gone.

"Cesar! Darling, what have I done? Where are you going? Please don't stop!"

But the big German Shepherd didn't appear to be listening to her any longer, despite her promising words. His eyes blazing with animal desire, he continued backing away on the bed... until she saw it! His huge, upraised red animal penis, completely exposed and glistening lewdly in its blood-filled rigidity!

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CHAPTER FIVE

Filled with wonder, her jaw hanging laxly, Rhonda Baker gasped at the gleaming red penis that had emerged from its long furry cocoon beneath the dog's furry belly, thick and wet, its tapered end swaying tantalizingly as it left the protective shield in an ever expanding length of canine hardness.

It was bigger than she remembered Bob's to ever have been! Rhonda panted wordlessly, her eyes glazed over as she confronted this marvelously formed canine cock sliding with such agonizing slowness from its soft brown sleeve. Her mouth flooded with saliva. She had never been so turned on in her life and ready to explode! She was thrilled beyond all measure that it was her beauty which had aroused this powerful good looking animal to such a pitch of lasciviousness that transcended all

bounds of known propriety.

She realized it now — he wanted to get between her legs and fuck her, just as she had been secretly afraid of all along. And why shouldn't he want to? Wasn't she beautiful? Could only a man appreciate a woman's beauty? And hadn't Cesar proved that he knew all the little feelings and nuances required of an ardent lover? Hadn't he proved his adoration? So why shouldn't he fuck her, ram his thickly bloated animal cock high up into her slippery passion drenched cunt?

But some residue of morality was still present in the inexperienced wife's mind, and suddenly she managed to protest in an agonized voice. "Oh, my darling... we mustn't... it's wrong... forbidden... no matter how much we want each other... oh God, I do love you... oh never... not this... darling... don't tempt me so...!"

But even as she stammered out all the awkward denials, she couldn't keep her lust-gazed eyes off his still expanding and lengthening animal cock. "Ohhhh," she squealed, hopelessly thrilled and in the grip of a passion so obscene it was unnamable. "Yes, I love you... you know I do... but how can we, lover, darling... how can we... oh God, we have to! I can't stand it! I've got to cum!"

And with this, all last remnants of puritan morality and Catholic upbringing fled, and Rhonda uttered a sharp, piteous cry of anguished desire. If only he had made her climax with his tongue, perhaps she wouldn't be so vulnerable. But it was too late now to ponder the imponderable; she was hooked. A mere slave of the flesh to his ardent canine whims, as she scrambled for the pillows, stacking them high under her buttocks and hips so that soon her open pelvis was raised high into the air as if on a dais for a temple Goddess, and she rested back on her shoulders with her glossy red hair spread out like a fan around her head.

This position forced the burning hot flanges of her cunt to open up in an oval like a mouth waiting to be tongue-kissed. Beyond those open and vulnerable portals Cesar could see all of her urgently waiting wetness, waiting for the plunge of his lust-stiffened member. The redheaded woman's eyes glowed with lascivious desire, and then she pulled her knees back again until they pressed into her erotically tingling breasts, revealing still further the lewdly raised mound of her flaming pussy, glistening with molten desire where it lay nakedly spread open before him.

Rhonda raised her beautiful head to look down between her rising and falling breasts and open legs at her handsome canine lover, who waited patiently with his massive shining red cock bobbing with the instinctual heartbeat of his lust. Beyond that lay his heavy, sperm-laden testicles that wanted to spurt deeply up inside her waiting belly. "Yes, Cesar," she croaked shamelessly. "Fuck me now! I'm ready, darling!" She reached between her legs and lewdly stroked her middle finger through her greedily throbbing pussy with a savage erotic gesture. "Get it in, baby! Hurry, lover!"

Cesar wanted to, but he had been waiting for her to turn over. He had been trained to fuck women from behind, his paws clutching their soft fleshy curves as they trembled excitedly under him. He was not familiar with this new position. But his beautiful mistress was obviously ready and eager for him, and his own heart was also beating with a sex-crazed animal heat. Perhaps it was all right this new way!

Cesar whined as he moved hesitantly toward her on the waterbed. He wasn't sure he liked this strange bed that moved and gurgled every time he moved. It made him almost sea-sick, but he couldn't let that distract him now! Then, cautiously so as not to lose contact in the lunge, he mounted between Rhonda's widespread legs, his canine head panting hungrily above hers, as his huge jerking penis swung in toward the streaming heat of her open pussy lips... and finally brushed against it!

“Ohhhhhh... oh darling... put it in... yes, hurry before I lose my mind!” Rhonda closed her eyes tightly as if to shut out the terrible waves of obscene guilt that were flooding her nakedly quivering flesh. But then her arms were snaking up around his furry muscular body and she was hugging him close, her softly moistened lips kissing all over his hairy snout, her tongue stroking obscenely across his. And as he answered her with his own licking of her passion-twisted features, she reached down beneath him and her cool slender fingers gently gripped his slippery hot animal-penis, parting her soft red pubic hair with its thick beveled tip, and bringing it warmly into the pulsating opening of her surrendering cunt.

“Oh, in me...” she sighed, as if she were cooing to Bob. “Ohhh, darling! I need it so bad! Fuck me with it! Hurree! Oh, just the tip’s inside me now, darling. Fuck it all into your hungry mistress’s cunt. Hurry! My wonderful, wonderful Cesar!”

The convulsively gasping redhead gripped the dog’s swollen cock with a hungry passion. It felt as hot and hard as a rigid iron bar and yet soft and wet at the same time. And suddenly Cesar lurched forward as if on cue. For moments he had felt her moistly clutching cuntal lips kissing his cock, nibbling at the fiery red tip like something possessed, and now he could take no more. He fucked forward with a primitive, purposeful stroke to satisfy his wildly throbbing animal lust.

“Ugggghhhh!” Rhonda barked as the huge dog fucked his cock deep inside her. At last! Her loins and brain were boiling like a witches’ cauldron. His penis rammed up so high into her belly she was afraid it would come out her throat!

Cesar was squatting partially on his haunches between his mistresses wide-splayed white thighs humping forward again and again to bury himself to the hilt in her hotly churning cunt. Each time he thrust, his sperm-bloated testicles came swinging forward, thumping with an obscene moist smack into the smooth, widely split crevice of her buttocks. And then he began pumping into her with the staccato speed of a wild machine.

“Urrrggghhharrggglldaaarling!” the groaning redhead gurgled ecstatically reeling with pleasure beneath the neighbor’s dog’s fucking. She felt as if she were already cumming, and her throaty cries became one long, endless moan of mindless delight as he pistoned relentlessly up between her legs. For Rhonda there was only Cesar, dead earnest reaming of her tender cunt, and nothing else. Her passion-dilated cuntal passage flowered open like a rose in the hot summer sun. She would not have denied him anything now. She was totally enslaved and vulnerable, a helplessly groaning mass of aroused female flesh, with fulfillment her only direction. She lived for this excruciating thrill — this electric feeling of being fucked half to death by this powerful German Shepherd.

This was sex at its most primitive and basic level, and she wanted to wallow in it. He was an animal on all fours, fucking her without tenderness or patience, but she didn’t care. His lightning thrusts were so mind-bending it made her teeth chatter and her head spin. She squirmed and groaned salaciously around his thickly dominating animal-cock which was despoiling her sacred redheaded beauty, feeling the entire blood-swollen length of it as it sluiced wetly in and out of her flaming hot cunt.

Getting her breath momentarily, Rhonda looked down between their lewdly entwined bodies to watch fascinated as his glistening red dog penis pistoned rhythmically in and out of her soft, curl-fringed cuntal mouth, which clung to it lasciviously. Her brain seemed to dissolve further with each maddening, breath-taking plunge, and she reeled in the blinding light of taboo animalism. Kicking out her legs, she wrapped them snugly up around the furry muscles of his powerful back, and then began undulating her pelvis with a wild salacious grinding motion, meeting his powerful strokes with lewd ecstatic abandon and wanton frenzy.

Like one possessed, the naked redhead humped her hotly working loins up at her German Shepherd lover, sliding forward onto his continuously skewering penis as it plunged deeper and deeper into the tortured confines of her round little belly. The dog's furry stomach and loins battered mercilessly against her milk-white flesh, thudding resoundingly into her lewdly spread cuntal flesh, his enormous blood-engorged penis sinking far up into the hot fluid inferno of her wildly claspung cuntal channel.

Almost unconscious of her actions, Rhonda rotated her buttocks and hips furiously beneath him with shameless mewls of pure happiness, spiraling her cunt hungrily up and down around the punishing length of Cesar's instinct-driven cock, a blissful cry of anguished joy breaking from her parted lips.

And then she thought her head was going to explode right off her shoulders as she sensed her longed-for orgasm coming hurtling towards her. Its advance signals splayed through her erotically seething loins like the prickling of a million tiny needles, torturing the pit of her sensuously shivering belly with the obscene promise of the most shattering climax she'd ever known!

She seemed to be whining endlessly now, straining and yearning on the very edge of the steep gorge of her approaching climax, only to feel it recede from her yet once again, tantalizingly.

"Oh, come on, boy! That's it, you wonderful dear — oh! OH! Fuck meeeee!" Her voice cracked with passion as she slavered ecstatically all over his panting canine face, smothering it with burning moist kisses. Her loins felt as if they were going to explode into millions of individual molecules.

Above her, Cesar's hotly chugging animal heart raged out of control, hugging and puffing with love for his new redheaded mistress whose long soft legs were wound so snugly around his swiftly moving back as were her arms, now, so passionately around his neck. She pleaded with him, begged and cajoled as she kissed him feverishly, at the same time thrusting her hugging cuntal walls up onto his aching rod of flesh as it drove faster and faster in and out between her thighs. The burning heat of her loins was like a balm to his savagely pumping cock, urging him madly higher.

"Darling... oh... lick my darling... lick my wonderful tongue... darling... kiss me... oh... oh..." she begged out of her mind with lust, her face almost unrecognizably contorted. She opened her mouth to gasp out something else, and just then the dog's long, thick wet tongue thrust into the furnace of her mouth, brushing along her tongue as it moved to the very back of her throat. And she sucked it wildly, unbridled bestial passion making her a creature devoid of all reason. Her toes turned under and everything in her flesh seemed to scream orgiastically. With the German Shepherd's tongue in her mouth it was as if he was fucking her there as well as in her madly churning cunt below. Sob after desperate sob burst from her ovalled lips... this was it... it... there... and then... then... her first spasm of flesh-twisting, mind-thrashing orgasm hit her!

Rhonda whined like a mad woman and tried to fight him off, her pelvis thrashing with uncontrollably sexual bliss. Her loins seemed to convulse in mid-air, twisting and squirming with excruciating joy, her cuntal passage undulating and hugging ecstatically over his swiftly moving dog-cock.

Cesar responded by fucking her yet harder, and then he too was climaxing — spurting out his hotly scalding animal cum into the depths of her writhing white belly.

The dog's tongue withdrew from her greedily sucking mouth and he began yelping for joy as she flailed her head from side to side, her face twisted with obscene passion. The bright flash of erotic happiness Rhonda had ever known blew off inside her like a bursting cannon shot, burning every last nerve ending in her insanely shuddering body to a frazzle. The lewd combination of their human-animal cum trickled warmly back out of her rippling womb around Cesar's still speeding cock,

flowing down the insides of her bow-string taut thighs as she milked her furry lover's penis of every last delicious drop of climactic sperm.

Rhonda groaned lustfully, her head thick with happiness. She moaned and sighed softly, her eyes hot and veiled with passion, her legs jerking convulsively as the last throes of orgasm rippled through her naked loins. Then her legs fell weakly apart on the bed on either side of his relaxing hairy flanks. Affection and a hopeless sense of exchanged wonder flooded her formerly frustrated flesh from the tips of her toes to the very ends of her long, lustrous red hair.

If this was depraved, it was the most wonderful depravity in the world, she thought. She was never going to let Cesar go back to Marla — at least not until Bob was back in town. Back in bed beside her, to be exact! Shame didn't even enter into it. A girl needs to be satisfied, she thought, and sometimes it doesn't matter who or what does it. Love and sex can be separated.

She couldn't remember when she'd felt so relaxed. This was the most marvelous tranquilizer in the world. Why had the world withheld it from her for so long? When your body has a need, you don't deny that need on the grounds of social taboos, and sex was like a food — you had to have it in order to survive. Why hadn't her mother taught her useful knowledge like that, instead of sending her to ballet school and forcing her into practicing her piano? Those efforts had never paid off.

This dog-woman sex was the most marvelous thing in the world. She was never going to deny it to herself again for as long as she lived. Even after she and Bob were married.

Cesar's cum-drenched cock slipped wetly from her semen-flooded cuntal mouth with a loud wet, sucking noise. She looked down affectionately, her eyes full of stars, at his glistening deflating cock, heavy with the moisture of both their orgasmic secretions, sliding slowly from the red curl-fringed folds of her exhausted but joyously satiated cunt, the lips of which seemed to be clinging after his softened member as if they never wanted to let go.

A happy warm glow suffused her body, and everything within her seemed flooded with pure liquid happiness. She got up on her elbows and took the German Shepherd's handsome face in her hands.

"I'm sorry I fought you off, darling. Can you ever forgive me?"

He licked at her face in reply, and then at the undersides of her full, heavy breasts. Rhonda giggled and felt as silly as a schoolgirl.

Life was rich, satisfying and fun. Let other women prove how liberated they are, thought the satiated redhead. Let them make the money and struggle through life. As for me, all I want is a comfortable home, a loving husband with money, a colored TV, and a wonderful dog like Cesar to keep me company in the afternoons.

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## **CHAPTER SIX**

Shaking out her lavender beach towel in her right hand and her cut-off levis in her left, Sharon Baker let out a long growl of dismay. Damn! After one day and she'd lost her new gold earring! What a drag! But then nothing had gone well since she'd gotten up this morning and headed for the community pool to cool off her burning flesh.

And it all started when her sister's newspaper boy cornered her in the hedge. Yes, she could blame it on Danny to some extent, she realized, and that made her feel a little better. Because if he hadn't

grabbed her in the front yard, and pressed her mouth open wide in a long, lingering kiss, with his tongue thrust between her teeth and lapping hungrily at her own tongue, her belly wouldn't have exploded like that. Oh God, the way he kissed her, rubbing his hands on her sensitively budding young breasts and grinding his loins hard up against her swollen pussy mound. Oh God, if that hadn't happened, then she wouldn't have had to stay at the deep end of the pool and dog paddle with one hand while she slipped the other under the tiny wisp of her bikini bottoms and tried to satisfy herself with two thirteen year old fingers.

And that's probably where her matching 14 karat gold earring was right now — at the bottom of the pool!

Of course, part of the turn-on had started with Bob, Rhonda's boyfriend. Man, what a sexy man he was! So tall and good looking; not like the creepy, pimply fifteen-year-olds who were always hitting on her. And the way he'd looked at her. Oh, big sister if you only knew how your husband-to-be looked at me before he left with his suitcase in hand! She just bet Rhonda would blow her head off if she knew.

So that really Danny's obscene French kiss had just been the finishing blow. She had almost strangled on his tongue, but she had left him huffily with her loins simply awash with excitement and her cuntal lips itching desperately.

Consequently, she'd headed for the deep end of the pool, hoping for a minute — (oh, just a minute is all it would have taken) to satisfy herself and relieve that painful tingling. She'd clung to the rim of the pool and scissored her legs wide and wormed the fingers of one hand down into the snug elastic strip of her bikinis to get at her wildly seeping pussy lips. After rubbing her middle finger in and out of her desire-engorged cunt, making a whirlpool in the aqua water, she found no relief. Maybe she would have, had not that damned little kid with the snorkel started pulling at her leg. Damn, she was so embarrassed she'd clambered, dripping and disgusted, out of the pool. And now her earring was gone!

And now she was too ashamed to look any of the kids in the eye, and there were some good looking boys here today too! Sharon stuffed her belongings into her canvas bag, leaving her movie magazine in a puddle of water and the empty Coke can laying on its sticky side for someone else to dispose of. The mortified and confused teenager darted for the park encircling the community pool. Maybe an hour sitting on a park bench would help cool her down.

How many other kids had seen her playing with herself under the water? Speculation was useless, except to feed her sorrows.

She paused briefly to feed the birds in the park, but she really couldn't concentrate on the fluttery animals who seemed as jittery and unsure of themselves as she was.

"Hi there."

Sharon looked around. There was a withered up looking old Chinese man sitting on the park bench with fingers and hands that looked scrawny and birdlike dipping into a bag of popcorn. He flung kernels into the air and laughed as the hungry pigeons fought for the white treats.

A classic dirty old man, thought Sharon. His short grizzled white whiskers and yellowed face with small, beady dark eyes staring at her, and just a trace of spittle on his oriental lips. He was bent over too; almost bent in half, she guessed.

He nodded to her mildly, wondering why he had spoken to her. Surely he was lonely. Talking to him

would be the friendly thing to do.

When she said hello in response to his greeting, he immediately shifted from his bench seat and beckoned for her to sit beside him. He looked around, just a foot or so separating them on the park bench. Why did he keep looking at her like that?

He pointed to his popcorn. "Like some?" he asked, rattling the bag at her.

"No thank you!" she said, suddenly disgusted by the thought of eating bird's food. What made him pick her out of the crowd of girls wandering through the park? Sure, though, he was just being nice. She sat back against the back of the bench with the breeze blowing her fine platinum hair around her naked shoulders. Oh, my God, she suddenly thought. I forgot to put on my clothes I'm sitting here in my bikini! Hurriedly, Sharon delved into her canvas bag and pulled on a tee shirt that covered her top half, but leaving her smooth thighs bare to the world.

"Nice day?" the man said after a bit, edging closer to her on the warm wooden bench in the bright summer sunshine.

"Ah, yeah..." she stammered.

Then suddenly the man slid the rest of the way across the park bench toward her and arched her shoulder with his bony arm.

"You wanna come back to my hotel room?" he said, and Sharon gave a muffled cry and struggled to get away. But he managed to hold her in his claw. "I got something I wanna show ya."

The old man cackled and Sharon struggled even harder, but in vain. Suddenly he unzipped his pants and reached inside, pulling out the lengthy wizened shaft of his semi-rigid penis, and then reaching below it to drag out his almost shriveled testicles as well.

"See that!" he whispered, completely exposed now. "You wanna touch?" And he grabbed her flailing hand and pressed it tight around his blood-swollen rod of flesh.

At first Sharon was mystified. She had never heard of men who exposed themselves to young girls before. And my God, his penis felt thick and hot and hard, pulsing under her reluctant hand like a caged animal. Immediately she realized the potential danger of her situation, and with a scream and a violent lurch, she broke out of the man's temporarily relaxed grip. With her canvas bag in one hand and her hair flying, the frightened girl went running from the park without even a backward glance.

After that, Sharon ran for her sister's house. What kind of crazies lived in this town, anyway? she wondered, trying to focus her sexual smoldering on some constructive thinking, but the only constructive thought she could summon, was satisfying that burning tingle between her legs. That hot and obscenely thick penis her hand had rested on moments before hadn't helped any, either. Oh God, how good it would feel thrusting up between my legs! All she could think about was getting back to Rhonda's house in a hurry and then finger-fucking herself like crazy! Oh, but cripe, it had to work!

She closed her eyes and tried to control the burning turmoil in her loins, but it was no use. Merely pressing her thighs closely together was no help.

Sharon broke into a run when she rounded the corner to 1131 Jones Street seeing the ranch style brick house with the red convertible parked in the drive. Home at last! Throwing her possessions

down on the top step, she plunged her hand in her pocket, expecting to find the house key, but came out with only a handful of damp lint. OH, God, now I've lost my key, too! she wailed to herself.

After trying every door and window in the house, Sharon finally surrendered and headed for Marla's house where she would ask to use the phone and call her sister to let her in the house. Then, maybe, she could find some satisfaction.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Good Lord, what's going on here? tutted the platinum-tressed teenager, distraught after minutes of ringing the door bell and pounding 'til her knuckles turned white. Perhaps the neighbor lady was in her back yard. She remembered, now, Rhonda was saying that her neighbor Marla all but lived in her back yard with her pet German Shepherd, Cesar.

Sharon came around the house to the back patio, where the high wooden fence separated Marla's dog pen from the neighbor's adjoining backyard. Though it made her feel nose-peeking over someone's fence and spying on her privacy, Sharon rose to her tip-toes and pulled herself up to chin level to scan the patchy back yard. It was then she heard the alarming words: "Oh, Dobbie, oh God! Don't! You mustn't lick my pussy, you naughty dog. It feels too good!"

Sharon's breath caught in her throat. What on earth was going on here? Dobbie? Dobbie had to be an animal's name! She struggled to find a knot-hole in the thick, wooden fence, but found it security tight, safe from the eyes of peeping strangers... like Sharon.

Sharon could hardly believe her ears. Oh, God, what was a woman letting a dog do such nasty things to her? Slowly, almost fearfully, the anxious teenager made her way along the fence, like a rabbit eyeing a carrot patch, her smooth buttocks wiggling nervously under her cut-offs.

"OH, Dobbie! Oh, you naughty dog! You've got your tongue stuck up all the way into mama's — urghh! Oh God! Dobbie, you're driving me crazy with your tongue! What would my sister say if she knew! Oh, fuck my cunt with your tongue!"

Sharon felt as if she had an orange stuck in her larynx. Dobbie! A dog was fucking this woman with his tongue! This was ghastly!

But this feeling did not prevent Sharon from moving swiftly across the patio's cool brick floor toward a latched gate that separated the dog's pen from the rest of the yard. She pushed her fingers against the partially opened gate and watched it slide open wider to reveal the most indecent and lewd sight she had ever seen in her life!

For there, on the ground lying on a huge beach towel, was the mysterious neighbor lying stretched back, her legs spread crab-like, her full firm breasts quivering tantalizingly and the nipples distended with her lust, as a Doberman Pinscher lapped his long red tongue over and back through her shining wet pussy, drawing her moist dark pubic curls after it with every obscene lick!

Sharon gasped and fell back into the shadows against the barbecue pit, her fingers moving instinctively up under her levi cut-offs toward her bathing suit bikinis, then inside through the snug elastic waistband to course down through her sparsely curling pubic hair. One finger found the swollen lips of her itching and burning young cunt, making a tiny, titillating little circle all around their hypersensitive outer edges. She bit down hard on her sultry, pouting lower lip, and began to move her finger around faster under her bottoms. This was altogether too much! She thought she

was going to go out of her mind, unable to deny herself any longer. First, there was Bob's hungry stare as she left in her bikini, then the newsboy's hungry kiss, and then that obscene old man in the park... and now her sister's neighbor was deep in the throes of sexual adventure so lewd that Sharon's young mind could scarcely grasp it. What was the world coming to? Was this maturity?

Everywhere she looked, she was getting turned on. It seemed to be other people... and dogs who were having most of the fun, and her hot little cunt couldn't stand the waiting any longer! Had her sister withstood these temptations when she was Sharon's age? Today was a day wherein nothing seemed to be sacred. Maybe it was a full moon...

Her mind aflame with desire, the pretty blonde teenager stuffed her middle finger up through the pleasantly drenched confines of her slippery cunt, working it around. Fierce enervating waves of lust seemed to inundate her virginal teenage flesh. Her loins felt as if they were boiling over. It would not have been so difficult to conceive of her worldly and beautiful sister's neighbor laying back there in the yard with a man. But with a dog?

Suddenly she saw Marla pull her knees all the way up so that they touched her breasts. In this position the slender crevice between her smooth milk-white buttocks was rolled upward and presented in obscene sacrifice to Dobbie's savagely licking tongue. Sharon watched wild-eyed from the gate as the big animal's gleaming tongue scrolled up to thrust madly in and out of her neighbor's hair-fringed cuntal furrow in a lascivious imitation of intercourse, then spiraled its way wetly downward to flick without mercy at the woman's wrinkled little anus.

Marla seemed to be choking on her own moans as Dobbie's tongue pointed and elongated, licking and flicking passionately at her exposed and vulnerable nether opening. She no longer delivered words of any clarity, but rather one long string of mumbled imprecations, all of them hopelessly incoherent with passion.

Sharon was trembling violently now. As if in a dream her free hand began involuntarily massaging the straining voluptuousness of her virginal young breasts. Then her fingers snaked up under her tight bikini top and trapping her trembling nipples between thumb and forefinger and kneading and twisting at them until she was afraid they might rip loose from the quivering milky mounds.

A groan of deepest satisfaction escaped from the thirteen year old's sensually parted lips. The fire raging all around inside her loins was driving her crazy. And the finger still thrust down between her legs was now driving in and out of her wetly sluicing cunt in a maddening cadence.

Gasping for air, the hopelessly aroused teenager screwed her fingers in as deeply as she could, then began running them in and out of her swallowing cunt with a fury that was uncontrollable. The vision in her head of her neighbor having her cunt licked by the Doberman Pinscher only goaded her on to more insane heights of licentious desire. Even as she shut her eyes with tension, she could still see in her mind's eyes the way Dobbie's large thick tongue stuffed itself in and out of Marla's urgently clasping cunt, sinking through the soft dark pubic hair like a wet red sword. Thus stirred, it was not long before Sharon's hoarse gasps and cries were matching those of Marla's.

Yes, she had to admit it — she wanted everything that Marla was getting and them some. Her fingers became in her imagination the big dog's lapping tongue, and they split her love-starved young cunt right up the sensitive middle. She only wished that it were Dobbie's tongue pumping into her searing hot cunt instead of just her fingers. Out of her mind with lust, she moved the other hand away from her heaving breasts, reaching down inside her panties from the rear and then working one slender index finger up into the tiny puckered anus between her moon-shaped buttocks. She gasped hoarsely as, in a few seconds, she soon had two slim substitute penises fucking in and out of

the vaginal openings of her loins, her pleasure increased a hundred-fold.

Sharon gasped and choked on her own lusty cries as she dually finger-fucked herself. She stopped long enough to lift her tee-shirt, and bra up off her large hanging breasts, then plunged her fingers back in again with a groan. Then she moved up close to the wall of the fence until her full-swaying mounds were brushing nipple first against the rough wood, driving the hungry thirteen year old to even greater heights of masturbatory bliss.

The young girl's face flushed crimson as she felt her climax coming with a great savage roar like a tidal wave of sound and pleasure steaming toward a tropical beach. She hung teetering on the edge of the most beautiful blinding orgasm of her young teenage life, her long blonde hair hanging down her throat straining for breath — and then suddenly her entire body was vibrating madly and the white hot secretions of her lust came gushing down around her lewdly plunging fingers, covering her hand with its thick cream-like stickiness and then running down her wrist to drip onto the patio brick floor below. She could feel it trickling in small prickly rivers down the insides of her shivering thighs and over her stiffly bent knees.

For a long time Sharon didn't realize how much she was gasping and panting for breath through her fantastic shattering climax. Her head seemed to have left her body, and perspiration and a post-orgasmic rash broke out all over her succulent body. Her eyes seemed to be clenched tightly shut for ages, her head resting lank against the fence, her teeth dug sharply into her full lower lip in order to prevent herself from crying out.

Sharon remained there gasping for air for some time, her ass cheeks swaying languorously in the air. She couldn't bring herself to withdraw her fingers from her body until the last dying pulsations of her climax had departed. When they had, her fingers at last slithered wetly from her satiated pussy and tight-clasping anus, and she shuddered as if she had a fever.

Still panting heavily, she leaned against the fence and looked in at Marla Cushing. Yes, she was still there, and now apparently undergoing her own terrific, head-blowing orgasm. She had gripped Dobbie's ears and was drawing his muzzle so deeply between her long smooth legs that Sharon, blowing some platinum wisps out of her blue eyes, couldn't really make out whether the dog was fucking her with his snout or with his tongue.

Sharon clutched her throat as she realized that she was becoming all excited again. This would never do at all. The thing to do was get home quickly and take a cold shower or something... anything!

Trembling, the exhausted thirteen year old managed to tear herself away from the illicitly exciting scene taking place in her sister's neighbor's yard. There didn't seem to be much room in there for asking a favor. She couldn't look Marla in the eye now anyway.

But still she had to calm herself down somehow. Her head was all confused and befuddled as she made her way back around the house with Marla's cries of ecstasy ringing in her ears: "That's it, Dobbie! Hurry! Lick my cunt! We have to get you home to my sister before she gets jealous. Hurry, darling. Oh, I'm cummmmming!"

And those were the last words echoing in her ears as the visiting teenager made her way back around the house and into the free and happy sunlight.

Perhaps now Rhonda would be home...

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

Back in Rhonda Baker's bedroom, Sharon's redheaded sister lolled lazily on her waterbed, the golden fingers of the late afternoon sun streaking across her tanned body as she reached one arm up above her head and stretched. Her firmly uptilted breasts jiggled with voluptuous resilience on her chest.

She had fallen asleep before the television set, and was thankful for that. For after an orgasm with Cesar's tongue and cock up inside of her, she was no better than a whimpering dummy for the longest time until her body floated back together again.

Rhonda had never realized that such a wonderful lewd heaven could exist in this world. She had devoted her whole existence toward being a wife and maybe a mother some day, and now in the course of an afternoon all of her traditional Irish Catholic values had been turned upside down by the marvelous climaxes Cesar was capable of producing inside her no longer resisting flesh.

But of one thing she was certain — now that she'd found such a delightful way of spending a lazy summer day, she wouldn't give it up for anything. Bob would have to accept her newfound desire if she was to be his wife.

Thrusting her fingers exotically upward through her long red hair, the contented woman thought again about the long sensual afternoon they had passed. She had needed less priming as time went on to fan her voluptuous curves into a glowing furnace of lust, and had moaned and gasped endlessly as she lay naked and wanton beneath Cesar's searing wet caresses. How could she ever have thought that such beautiful love could possibly be obscene and perverted? That no longer made any sense. A broad grin broke out over her face when he mused at what her mother would think should she ever discover her eldest daughter's obsession.

What had Cesar in store for her next? Would Marla allow her pet animal to wander the neighborhood freely, or would she jealously protect her pet, keep him safe at home and in her own arms. Oh, Marla couldn't be that cruel! The lips of her shamefully relaxed cunt felt all swollen and sultry, waiting for Cesar's next kiss.

She looked down at him where he now lay exhausted on the waterbed next to her. She had fallen asleep with her arms around his muscular furry body, but somehow he had managed to slip out of her grasp and find his own niche on the burgundy bedspread that enhanced his deep brown-black coat, making the light caramel of his belly and paws stand out vividly. What a beautiful animal he was! How could she ever repay him for the happiness he had brought her.

"Cesar!" she called out in a silken murmur, and patted the bed beside her. "Come here, Cesar. There's something I want to do for you."

Indeed she did. He had fucked her tremendously with that muscular hardness of his until she had thought she was going out of her mind. Now that he was exhausted and couldn't seem to get it up immediately again, she knew of the perfect way to repay him. This way he would never forget her! He would steal to her back door every chance he had after the gift she was about to bestow upon him.

What she had in mind was lewd beyond her wildest dreams... that is, up until this afternoon. She had never done anything like it for Bob, wanting to save it for marriage, but then there was nothing to save between a dog and a woman. So now all the stops were out. Cesar had already led her into a mood of debauched depravity unlike anything she'd ever imagined. Nothing she could do could possibly bring her any lower, after what they'd already been through. So why not?

“Come here, darling...”

Even though he was peering at her only sleepily with one lazy eyelid upraised, he understood what she was saying. And being an obedient animal, Cesar did get to his feet and then make a single effortless leap onto the bed.

He lay down with his muzzle on his forelegs and stared up at her with his large, soulful dark eyes. What now, he wondered mildly? Was it time for him to go back to Marla's? Had she finished with her other dog lovers and want him back now? He hadn't heard the telephone ring...

Rhonda smiled sweetly and ran her long, slender fingers gently over his sleek smooth crown. “Would you like to turn over, darling? Rhonda wants to thank you in her own special way.”

Cesar whimpered, not quite sure what she was after. Then suddenly Rhonda spread her legs and with a lengthy sigh of pure contentment, began slipping her fingers back and forth through the crispy red curls that surrounded her soft wet pussy slit. “Doesn't that make you hard, baby?” she asked. “Look at me fuck myself baby. Look at how red and swollen my cunt lips are for you. Ohhh, so ready and hot. Just waiting for that sweet animal cock of yours to make me cummm... oh, oh, God, doggie...” she swooned.

The big dog whimpered again and for an answer shot out his long tongue to pass it like a hot knife through the battered furrow of her open and hair-lined pussy. Rhonda gasped and stiffened. She felt like a puppet of sheer desire beneath that pleasure-tingling flesh.

As for Cesar, in another moment the moist pink flesh between her thighs had communicated its hot fluid desire through his lapping tongue and he began to feel his balls quiver with stimulation. His loins seemed to tremble like jelly. And in another moment he felt a terrible anxiety to get back inside of her.

Rhonda became quickly enslaved all over again beneath the rhythmic tempo of his tongue, her deep gaze racking her voluptuous body from one end to the other as his tongue slithered snake like in and out through the sparse red pubic hairs of her cunt. She felt as if her cuntal passage were on fire from his lust tongue fucking. She rolled her lovely head from side to side, gurgling with happiness as she held his large furry head by the ears between her obscenely spread thighs.

And then her gleaming, lust-drugged eyes widened — for here it came! Gazing down over her full, widely set breasts, she could see all the way to the glistening spectacle of Cesar's thick red penis emerging from its long furry sheath. The tapered end slipped and danced moistly as it came sliding out, a spot of cum already issuing from its tip. And it continued slithering hotly from its fleshy fur scabbard until it was extended to almost its full mouth-watering length.

She got up on her elbows, her long red hair swinging down over her shoulders and her proud taut breasts heaving with emotion. A licentious impulse of uncontrollable bestial desires raged through her nakedly panting flesh. She had never seen anything so beautiful in the world as Cesar's long hard pleasure-giving penis.

Yes... she wanted it... it was thick and red coming out now... and she wanted it... in her mouth... its thickening cone like shape heightening her excitement frantically!

She glared at his cock breathlessly as the big animal's wetly glistening hardness came dangling out of his powerful loins, her mouth salivating erotically. Lust-driving thrills of unnatural lust surged through her ardently overheating loins. This was what she had wanted — at last! But how could she get to suck it?

“Cesar, lover,” the kneeling young woman panted droolingly, her lips glistening with saliva. “Come over here, darling.” She caressed his large head affectionately. Her hypersensitive inner cuntal flesh fairly seethed, sending a hot flow of cuntal moisture seeping down into her already damply twined pubic curls. Their lurid scene acted like a bellows of her burning loins. Her nakedly thrusting white breasts felt electric with lust and giddy thrills.

“Cesar, darling,” she pleaded, almost begging him now. “I want to love you. Please lie down. I want to suck that beautiful penis of yours, you gorgeous animal, just the way you sucked my cunt.”

Rhonda shook her long red hair out of her eyes, feeling as if she were in some sort of delirium. Then she got up to, her knees, her breasts dragging voluptuously along the sheet as she spoke to him in soothing, gentling tones, brushing her hand lovingly over his soft sleek fur, her eyes locked on the solid pink length of his emerging cock hanging so lewdly beneath his furry stomach.

“Roll over!” she commanded, and this time he obeyed. Her heart racing with excitement, the quivering redhead crawled over and swung her leg across his face so that her pussy was directly above it — and her face exactly above the pulsating hardness of his immense animal penis!

The thought alone of what she was about to do drove Rhonda wild with lust. Breathing heavily through ardently flared nostrils, she let her archly turned pelvis drop towards Cesar’s long canine muzzle, spreading her legs obscenely wide... almost immediately his tongue lashed out at her throbbing pussy for the millionth exquisite time. She moaned with delight as it sluiced through the hot pink wetness of her agonized cuntal flesh, then lowered her cheek to nestle against his warm hard stomach, her hand quickly moving to grasp his swiftly growing penis!

Rhonda’s affectionate touch made the big German Shepherd tremble with joy, but it also made her gasp hungrily as well. She clasped his huge member in her hand, her fingers playing it like a flute, manipulating it back and forth, feeling its desire hardened thickness expanding wildly. She must have it now — the wonderful flavor of that deliciously lewd canine cock, slithering moistly around in her sucking mouth! Her eyes glazed over as if she were drugged, her hand still stroking his jerking animal penis. She worked the heavily furred protective sheath up and back, groaning contentedly as his searing tongue lapped hotly without pause at her desire-enraged cunt. Then with a low cry, the lust-obsessed redhead parted her lush red lips to let the slim tapering dog cock ease its way into the torrid wetness of her greedily welcoming oral cavern...

Rhonda groaned and moaned with happiness as Cesar’s cock slithered farther and farther back along her tongue until finally it was resting all the way deep in her gurgling throat.

At last, she sighed. At last.

She began touching his blood hardened rigidity frenziedly, licking the pulsating length like a mad woman, as his pulsating canine cock stroked and bumped at the warm wet walls of her earnestly suctioning mouth. A sensation of heathen wantonness blew outward through her loins like shooting stars and she sucked madly on the lust-quenching rod of flesh. Her head swam from its heady, musky flavor. There was just the trace of saltiness where cum oozed from its squishy soft tip, but this only added to the excitement raging in her loins. For the most part Cesar’s cock was nice and hard and warm and pulsating, welling continuously with every ardent lick and suck of her undulating lips and tongue.

Above her she could hear his high-pitched animal whine as he continued to lick at her hotly inflamed cunt, and she twirled her tongue around his long thick member, sucking on it as best she knew how. His powerful body responded passionately to her ardent sucking, his canine pelvis jerking forward to

bury his cock all the way to the rear of her mouth, his heavy cum-filled testicles bumping softly against her chin.

Rhonda's hand brushed along Cesar's hairy stomach, finding the softness of his balls and cupping them warmly, then tenderly milking them and stroking them with her fingernails. Again the masterful dog whimpered, this tantalization prompting him to begin an in-and-out pumping rhythm between the hotly sucking crimson oval of her wetly milking lips.

The exotic flavor his animal cock made her pussy swarm like a beehive. She reveled in a mire of sensuality, sucking and licking with increasing urgency, her cheeks bloating and hollowing, her smokily veiled eyes glowing with desire as down below, between her widespread white legs, the big dog lapped avidly at her steaming hot loins.

His penis was warm and spicy with the sweet racy flavor of animal semen... while the heady scent of his genitals was like bread fresh from the oven.

Now the glistening rigid cone of his blood-engorged cock was fucking up into her face with a perfect rhythm, while his tongue spread ever more deeply into the moist eager opening of her hair-fringed cuntal folds. She scraped and nipped gently with her teeth, swirling her tongue in artful little circles around his pulsating dog-penis, her mind totally befogged by the pure licentiousness of their bizarrely hedonistic behavior.

What would his sperm taste like, she wondered, once she had an entire jaw of it? She hoped it would be thick and filling, making her belly bloat with its heated load as it spurting from the small dilated slit in Cesar's thick-swollen cock-tip, spewing hot jets of spermy liquid down her sucking throat.

Already she had tasted some of it, and she could swallow it all day long.

As for Cesar, he was panting as fast as he was lapping at her burning hot pussy. He had never known anything so exciting as this strange new woman! She sucked on him better than Marla ever had, milking his aching testicles with her hands at the same time as she sucked on his cock. And he whined and whimpered as her tongue and hotly ovalled lips created lurid waves of escalating sensation within the depths of his churning testicles that he knew they had to explode soon, sending sharp, staccato squirts of milky hot liquid the entire length of his cock and eventually into her greedily suctioning mouth.

Rhonda had never sucked a penis before, and she was quite out of her head with desire. The experience was by far more than she had bargained for. At first she had merely wanted to display her gratitude, but the whole affair had escalated so that now she couldn't have stopped had her life depended on it.

Totally drugged with her voracious bestiality, the voluptuously curved redhead mouthed and pulled at Cesar's strong-tasting cock, her loins on fire and almost ready to explode.

Yes, she wanted her furry lover to shoot his hot animal cum deep into her salaciously sucking mouth! She wanted it to drip down her throat and fill her heaving belly to bursting with its molten stickiness!

"Argggghh!" she moaned, a scathing tongue of fire seeming to scorch her loins. Her stomach seethed, her entire cuntal area glowing like hot coals. She clutched with urgent adoration at her handsome German Shepherds' sperm-swollen balls, caressing, fondling and milking them for all they were worth as she sucked with the greediness born of her fiercely brainless lust... quivering and shivering with hot lewd need... so lost in her delirious pleasure-bent craving that she didn't even

notice the door to her bedroom opening just slightly...

She heard Cesar whimper, then yelp through his animalistic orgasm, gushing sperm in hot sticky streams all the way down her convulsively sucking throat. And then she began sobbing along with him, pouring her own cum out over his savagely lapping face, flooding his snout, muzzle and eyes with the hot, lava-like fluid of her loins until Cesar's handsome face was fairly drenched with it. She felt her orgasm blowing through her in great, overpowering waves more mighty than anything that had gone before. This was it, the magic she'd waited for her entire life. She gulped hungrily at Cesar's squirting penis, swallowing all of his cum that she could before the overflow broke around her firmly clasp lips, spilling down her chin and onto her swan-like white neck in a wet sticky stream, finally pooling in a lewd circle on the bed below.

The trembling young woman continued to suck like that for some time, pressing her loins together tighter over Cesar's ardently lapping mouth until he could scarcely breathe.

"Darling," Rhonda gasped, half-crazy with lust. "Darling... oh God, I love you..." And she plunged her mouth down again, taking in his already softening penis until she could lick and suck it to her gurgling heart's content.

Never noticing for a moment — or having heard — her thirteen year old sister climb through the bathroom window and now standing, momentarily awe-struck, her pretty slender hand to her mouth, in the door of her bedroom...

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CHAPTER NINE

In those few paralyzing moments of standing in the doorway to her sister's bedroom, Sharon Baker's life did a topsy-turvy twist. Morals, ideals all turned around in that one moment...

At first she couldn't believe the fantastic sight confronting her youthful eyes. She had frozen there in the doorway as if struck by lightning. Her sister was sucking like a madwoman on the neighbor's German Shepherd's thick red penis while the animal licked at her openly exposed cunt!

A combination of horror and... strangely... jealousy made her knees buckle, and she gripped the doorframe for support, frustrated sensuality raging like a forest fire through her pubescently sensitive loins. She couldn't believe it — her own sister's mouth working on that huge dog's penis. Sucking ecstatically with her throat full of husky guttural moans!

The nubile platinum blonde teenager shook out her long white-blonde hair, her ripely swollen breasts heaving with emotion. Every time the brute snarled, his powerful flanks pumping his cock furiously in and out of her sister's mouth, it sent wild, flashing thrills shooting through Sharon's nerves. Her sister's hungrily working lips and tongue made the animal whimper with lust, until finally his loins began jerking and spasming out of control, spewing out a scalding load as if from an inexhaustible source.

Sharon watched hypnotized as stream after stream of the visciously gushing dog-sperm erupted into Rhonda's ovalled mouth, filling her throat faster than she could swallow it. It seemed forever before the semen-drained cock slipped wetly from her sister's cum-filled mouth and she seemed to be groaning erotically through a really savage climax of her own...

Sharon gasped and clutched her throat. She had to flee before she went stark raving mad, because watching her sister with the dog, in addition to everything else she'd seen that day, was upsetting

her loins to stir in a furious turmoil of pubescent desire. She had to get away — and swiftly. Before she went out of her mind with lust. All she could think of now was that bright red dog cock and the way it slid in and out of her sister's mouth... and of how it might feel if it was being stuffed up into her own hot, wet and willing young cunt.

Racing down the hallway, her budding young breasts bobbing, their pert little pink crests becoming stiff with teen age desire, she finally made her way into the bathroom and shut the door. Panting for breath, she slid gasping to the floor, one hand reaching up under her short cut-offs to rub willfully at her seething young loins.

She had to get her head together — but how? Her own sister — God, it didn't seem possible. How could she do that awful thing, with the huge, obscene German Shepherd? While it was true that the dog was desperately attractive... still she thought... It was quite one thing to catch a hellion like Marla... but her sister? It didn't seem real.

Sharon shook out her long hair, her dark eyelashes fluttering the way her belly was fluttering, filled with sexual butterflies.

Her sister had always been so respectable; her mother had reminded the younger sister of that on several occasions. And then to find her in bed with a dog! It negated everything her mother had ever told her about sex, for if Rhonda, the prissy-sweetheart of the family, could indulge in animal sex it had to be alright.

Adults were always keeping secrets from youngsters. Perhaps this was one of those secrets, the fact that adult women took dogs, big good-looking dogs, for their lovers while their men were away. A secret that everyone knew? Except her?

Considering all this, the beautiful thirteen year old blonde continued to run her fingers absent-mindedly into the soft, hair-fringed folds of her rapidly moistening young pussy, the elastic waistband of her panties gripping tight against her slowly moving wrist. The heated moisture from her vagina was increasing at a rapid pace, but Sharon didn't seem to notice, she was so deep in thought. The fact that the clear sticky liquid was inundating her fingers didn't quite dawn on her.

But did all this mean that her sister loved Bob any less? They seemed happy together. And as attractive as Cesar was, Sharon still couldn't imagine anybody not loving her sister's fiancée, who was darkly handsome and probably wonderful with sex as well.

And didn't this free her now to love her brother-in-law all the more? Knowing that her sister was not being faithful to him? She could make him happy, she was sure. They could all be happy.

The sweet, honeyish feeling in her loins escalated as the confused teenager daydreamed on and on. She imagined her brother in law with all of his clothes off, his immense hard cock springing up dangerously at a sharp angle to his dark haired loins, jutting out at her lewd invitation. She could imagine herself with her legs spread widely, welcoming him, her pale soft pussy hair all wet and slick with her incestuous excitement pointing right in his face.

And then he would move forward into the warmly scented circle up between her open legs and the soft rubbery end of his penis slowly parting the sparse curls around her cuntal mouth before moving into the wetly glistening folds of pussy flesh.

But then, suddenly there was something else in her daydream — yes, the big dog that had been fucking her sister's mouth! His enormous pink cock was sticking out a mile and he was slipping it slowly through her eagerly rounded lips, stuffing it all the way down her throat, fucking her mouth

just as her brother-in-law's long hard penis had broken through her virginal hymen before going all the way down into the hungry depths of her cunt... so that man and dog were both fucking her at once in her two gaping holes.

Sharon gasped and opened her eyes. Her cuntal hair was all soaked with a warm, pearl-colored cum. She drew out her fingers she'd been using to relieve herself and looked at them startled. Even as she stared at them, she saw her hand rising of its own volition to her mouth. A moment later she began sucking on them, swallowing all of her own tasty juices. Her tongue licked lavishly around her fingers until she thought she would swoon from the heady, heavenly taste of her cuntal fluids.

I've got to get out of this, she thought tremulously. I'm doing all sorts of filthy things I've never done before. I've got to get my head together!

She staggered upward to her feet, her breasts heaving irregularly beneath the tight tee shirt. Then, wiping her fingers on her levi shorts, the girl moved toward the connecting door to her bedroom.

Once inside, she began swiftly stripping off her clothes. First came the tee shirt swinging up and over her head to reveal her resilient white mounds joggling within her bikini top. She pushed her hands in back of her and undid the hooks and eyes, watching herself carefully in the mirror on the vanity. She could see her long platinum hair floating all around her back.

Now she removed her bikini top and let it fall to the floor. Her high-set white mounds, topped with their berry-like nipples and oversized pink crests, sprang into view. She gripped them in her hands, smiling slightly, and squeezed. Fluttery sensations burst through her chest and rippled downward to her wetly throbbing pussy.

Sharon's nostrils flared as her hands dropped to her waist to fumble with the fastenings on her levi cut-offs until they came undone. A second later her levis fell in a soft pool around her long lithe legs. The cotton of her shorts caressed her slender young ankles lovingly, and she shivered involuntarily from that soothing caress.

Now her thumbs hooked into the tight elastic waistband of her white bikini, and she drew them down, watching herself the whole time, even as her long blonde hair fell about her shoulders, and her fulsome young breasts swayed like ripe pears as she bent over.

The bright-eyed thirteen year old virgin could see all of herself now. Revolving, she put her hands on the moonlike dimpled mounds of her gleaming ass cheeks and dug her fingers into their fleshy softness like the talons of a hawk. Her thumbs moved up between her buttocks, deeply into that hot hairless crevice, until she remembered the obscene way she had stuck her finger up inside her puckering little anus at Marla's house, and, blushing with shameful remembrance, she steeled herself and forced her fingers to slide out again.

Then she was facing frontward again and cupped her ripened breast mounds to offer them erotically to her reflection in the mirror. These were what men loved to suck on, she knew, and Bob should love hers especially. For wasn't she a loving little girl?

And then there was the fact of her sparse platinum pubic hair. She knew that this coloring was unusual, and she often doted on studying herself in the mirror this way. For what could be sweeter than a natural blonde?

Sharon smiled to herself. If Bob ever saw her like this, he couldn't fail to love her! She stepped daintily out of her panties, breathing hard. If only Bob were here now to see her in all her loveliness.

And then she heard it — the creak of the bedroom door opening slightly...

She looked at the door — startled and apprehensive — to find that big handsome brute Cesar coming smoothly in through the open door.

“You!” she cried reflexively. “What are you doing here?! Get out!”

But Cesar only snarled unintelligibly. He understood what the beautiful young girl was saying, but he chose to ignore her. He had to ignore it, for the fiercely ruttish pounding in his genitals would not let him rest.

He had noticed the platinum-haired thirteen year old when she'd first stepped out of her sister's car a few days ago, and he'd wanted her ever since. With her long hair and the sweet scent of youth, she was totally the most attractive female he'd ever seen. The redhead was a voluptuous woman, but this girl had such an essence of purity about her that the urge to slip his cock up through her trembling white buttocks and make it disappear through her virginally snug anal ring was fairly compelling — indeed overwhelming.

So that when he had heard and sensed her presence when he was finishing his scene with his redheaded mistress, he had scented keenly in order to keep track of her smell as she moved off down the corridor and about the house. Then when he had broken from the redheaded female, leaving her breathing brokenly in an exhausted nakedness, he took off after the young blonde.

His keen nose had followed her to the bathroom, which had been closed, and he had waited here for some time until he sensed her departing for the room next door. With this one, the door had been slightly parted, and he had been able to push it open further and ease his sleek body through the wide-spread portal.

Now they were face to face, she standing naked there in the center of the room, he with his eyes and nostrils devouring the total compelling magic of her scent.

He could feel his cock gradually filling with blood and sliding out through its softly furred container. He was all ready to go again — this girl was so enticing that he needed no further rest. He was becoming fully aroused at the sight of her glorious loveliness. He wanted to sink his penis up into her belly and hump over her until that moment when, convulsively, his animal hunger was appeased.

“Get away! Get away, bad dog!” snapped Sharon, backing away, her long hair flying around, her breasts quivering in fright. The big dog growled and moved closer toward her, its sharp canine teeth showing in a menacing snarl. This produced a blast of fear in the trembling young girl's loins, and the fright was in some way a more sexually exciting element than kindness.

“Get away! Leave me alone!” she moaned, backing off until she fell against the bed. But the big dog only growled in warning, making her loins cringe with primitive thrills, and she stumbled backward and up onto the bed as fast as she could.

Suddenly he leaped at her, landing right in front of the bed! Sharon cringed and her voice came out in a piteous, helpless moan: “Please — I'll do anything you want!” And oddly, as she spoke, the young girl realized she wanted him to do something... something naughty.

Cesar grinned evilly, showing his teeth, then suddenly jumped up on the bed and began nosing at her with his cold, wet snout. Trembling with fear and terror, Sharon allowed herself to be nosed about and pushed around by the dog.

By now the heated flow in her wetly throbbing loins had become a perfume that was stronger than soap, she was terrified of this shaggy lover who could not be understood or implored, who only knew how to demand and force her to do his bidding.

But at the same time she found Cesar savagely exciting. There was something marvelously masculine about the way he terrified her into submission in a way that all females secretly love. The raging fire in her loins required satisfaction desperately now, and as he was obviously intent on forcing her to do his bidding, Sharon had the perfect rationale for being compliant. This was rape! After her initial resistance, God could scarcely hold it against her if she was terrified and allowed herself to be mauled and pushed around by this magnetically dominating animal. She had done her best, after all. She was just an innocent virginal thirteen year old, completely pure, while Cesar was obviously a dangerous, brutal beast who had been trained to do this. What sort of competition was there in that? What sort of defense could a weak, delicate young thing like herself present?

"Please-please... what are you trying to do to me?" she continued to wail helplessly as he forced her to get on all fours on the bed, her long hair streaming all over her neck, shoulders, and back, her budding young breasts swaying and jiggling over the coverlet, her naked buttocks waving high in the air.

Cesar drooled as his eyes fastened on her fleshy white ass cheeks. Growling low in his throat with desire, he got up on his hind legs and staggered forward awkwardly, his feet digging deeply into the softness of the bed, until he was able to clamp his forelegs firmly onto her smoothly muscled long back.

The feel of his forepaws on her bare back drove Sharon wild with excitement. She could feel the saliva growing in her mouth, and her cunt was flowing copiously in heady expectation of some lewd behavior. But what? What was it she was expecting?

In back of her, Cesar's large cone-shaped hardness had emerged like a red hot branding iron, shining and wet. It jiggled and jerked in the air before the panting, slavering dog could finally locate the wetly heated cleft between Sharon's buttocks. It slipped and danced in this tightly clenched portal, dredging gasps of pure amazement and terror from the voluptuous platinum-tressed teenager. The dog snarled menacingly to freeze her into position, and then began working the slimly pointed organ up toward her fearfully puckering rectal hole.

Sharon felt as if she was going to faint. Cesar's was the first penis he'd ever felt in such a highly localized and personal portion of her virginal anatomy. Its touch sent instinctive waves of longing echoing through her sensually awakening loins and anal canal in a natural female reaction. She couldn't seem to help herself. Despite the fact that she was terrified of what was going on, there was still that feeling of primitive thrill and heady excitement that she couldn't seem to fight. It was pure instinct that made her buttocks squirm lewdly backwards in search of his penis, instinct for her body to want her sizzlingly anal passage filled. The swollen mounds of her breasts were by now throbbing with desire, her nipples had become elongated and erect. Her entire loins were aflame with obscene desire.

Suddenly she could hold herself back no longer. Uttering a savage little cry of pure desire and release, she reached around in back of herself and grabbed Cesar's long animal penis, pulling it forward so that the tip of it pressed snugly against her tightly clenched little anus.

The big dog slavered and gasped, its haunches still struggling for a firm position in the softness of the bed. His strong forelegs gripped tightly around her naked waist and hourglass hips, his slippery cock sliding effortlessly forward through her tight elastic anal ring!

“Aaaarrggghhh!” Sharon groaned as the huge instrument began to push away her snugly fitting rectal walls. In spite of the initial discomfort, she pushed her buttocks backward, trying to capture more of the delicious hard instrument. Although this was the first real sexual experience any girl could ever have. His long slender hardness seemed to fill up her very soul as it pushed its way slowly through her throbbing, softly resisting nether hole. The pleasurable sock of being filled up with a dog’s large, pulsating animal cock was like nothing she had ever experienced before. Her nibbling anal channel wanted instinctively to gobble it up until it disappeared up inside her belly with Cesar’s soft stomach fur bouncing against the marble smoothness of her backside.

“Daaarrllling!” she whooshed, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

She wiggled backward, trying to impale as much of herself on his wonderfully exciting penis as she could, but the twinges of pain she was beginning to feel forced her to back off it again.

Cesar was relentless, however. Digging into her bare white back savagely with his paws, he grunted, barked, and yelped as he hammered his rigid animal hardness forward into her snug rectal hole yet one more inch.

Sharon’s long white hair hung down all over the bed, covering her panting, gasping face. Now that the thicker part of the enormous rod of shaft had entered her nether opening, the feeling was not near as sweet as it had been at first. There was some pain as he spread her tender nether hole with his gradually expanding penis. As moist and slick as it was, it was still throbbing with the hard ridges of his swollen veins, and she could feel every last iota of their savage pulsing pressure inside her futilely resisting passage.

She groaned as the dog rammed forward still further. Now it seemed as if he would split her right down the center. Her belly felt as if it were on fire. Still, though, she could feel surges of animal-like pleasure overlapping the agony of her anal channel being sent asunder. She wanted this, and at the same time she didn’t want it. She couldn’t make up her mind. It was agonizing, and yet within that agony was a fierce, soul-dissolving sort of pleasure that could not be denied.

Meanwhile, Cesar’s saliva was dripping all over her nakedly hunched back, flowing down the indentations along her backbone and into the cleft of her buttocks. Some of it managed to lubricate his wildly pulsating penis, and trickling down the shaft it found its wet way into the crinkled mouth of her anus. As the dog drew back slightly, worming his penis around in her squirming hot passage, the pain seemed to let up and her backside became somewhat lubricated.

Then with one powerful lunge of his haunches, he savagely rammed his long hard penis up into her tightly resisting anus, burying his cock to the hilt in her warm buttery flesh.

“Arrrrggghhh!” she gargled throatily as his enormous blood engorged cock pushed forward into her softly yielding body. He was entirely inside of her now, and with an expertness born of long experience, he wormed his slippery organ around her nether passage to drag harsh, broken little cries of ecstasy from her passion-drenched lips.

That seemed to act as a cue for the passionately enraged German Shepherd, and now he began squirming and fucking madly into the sex-crazed young teenager, ringing piteous whimpers of insane lust from her open and drooling mouth.

His long merciless cock seemed to be growing increasingly within her fire-filled belly, and for a moment the girl thought it was going to plunge in all the way and come out her gasping throat! The resilient flesh of her full, firm breasts rippled and jounced from each jarring impact of his barrage, their pebble-hard nipples rubbing excitingly across the coverlet of her bed. Overcome now with lewd

desire, the helpless teenager found herself grinding backward with a mindless lust, pushing the wide-stretched moons of her helplessly upthrust ass cheeks back onto his love-slick penis, its pleasure-bringing hardness skewering wildly up into her passion-inflamed anal passage.

By now almost all of the pain had subsided, and as her slavering animal master pressed forward the final inch of his masterful, all-subduing cock into her aching nether aperture, she found that she was again more happy than she was in pain. Indeed, the pain had evaporated until finally there was nothing but a wondrous feeling of joyous surrender spilling outward from her wildly tingling loins, a feeling of ecstasy and happiness greater than anything she'd ever known in her life! There was a dynamic pressure building in her hotly boiling anal channel that had a screaming, fluid urgency all its own... pressure pyramiding toward an incredibly high level of sheer, unadulterated bliss.

"Ahhhhh... ohhhhhh... daaarrrling!" she sighed. "Fuck me!" she screamed, groaned, and gasped, straining sluttishly beneath her canine lover, wallowing in subjugation and bestial humiliation. His rampaging cock disappeared up into her then came out again with her puckering anal lips clutching it like a child's lips around a lollipop. Then he thrust his throbbing hardness up into her tight little opening again, bringing sharp cries of ecstasy from her open mouth. She gurgled and gargled and thrashed beneath his inhuman maddening fucking that had destroyed all her reason.

Sharon was vaguely aware that she was straining her lewdly upturned buttocks back over his punishing cock in obscene cadence with his blissfully lewd pumping of the churning inferno up between her trembling white thighs. The thirteen year old was sure of little more than that, as she undulated her hips back toward him in small, pleasure-seeking circles... actually abandoning herself totally in the breathtaking fucking she was getting in her rectal hole. Her beautiful head flailed wildly, her long, disheveled platinum hair flying back and forth. Then she twisted her wantonly contorted face, capturing the intense rapture their all-consuming bestial fucking was providing for him. For some reason this seemed to her the ultimate compliment, and she suddenly felt blissfully, wonderfully happy! The feeling in her loins was too great, too beautiful! Why had it taken her so long to find this wonderful moment! There was a tremendous, ever-expanding balloon in her belly that was blowing up with pleasure!

With growing ferocity, rasping and grunting savagely, the big dog continued to pump his wetly glistening penis in and out of her clasping nether passage, shoving her face sideways down into the bed with every obscene forward push. Sharon ground her teeth with a mixture of shame and happiness, yearning for him to empty at last his scalding animal sperm inside of her. Her desire-confused brain whirled with the absolute luridness of their situation, while her naked young body trembled in its subservient position to the overwhelming mind-bending sensations he had set blazing in her passion-incited loins. Then her glazed, lust-dragged eyes saw the reflection of their lewdly locked position in the vanity mirror, and she groaned happily at the provocative visions. The animalistic obscenity of the huge German Shepherd straddling the spread white moons of her smoothly curved ass cheeks sent a jolt of unbelievable lasciviousness burning through her erotically quivering flesh.

Sharon gasped as she glimpsed as well the breathtaking sight of his long moist cock emerging from between her whitely quivering ass cheeks, then plunging back inside again. Cesar's whimpering sounds also served to thrill her lewdly as his forepaws struggled to hold onto the smooth curves of her naked waist. With a low throated moan of ardent surrender, the thirteen year old love slave ground her hungrily trembling buttocks backward over his fiercely punishing hardness, her feverish passion driving her wild!

"Fuck me! Oh! Yes! Fuck me!" she wailed, heedless of all morality.

Cesar grunted lewdly and in response humped forward heavily, his sperm-gorged balls slapping into her nest of soaked pussy hair up between her thighs. The long spear of his thickly hardened canine penis moved deeply upward into the hungrily squirming orifice of her backside.

Sharon's eyes bulged as she watched his furious attack in the mirror, watched his scarlet penis slithering upward into her rectal channel with a fierce wet rush, burying itself to the hilt in her well-stretched passage. She saw and felt his sperm-laden testicles in their taut furry sac bouncing against her quivering pussy flesh, and the sight almost drove her out of her mind with a lewd desire that knew no bounds.

"Oh! Oh! OH!" she cried, her wide blue eyes gaping unseeingly as her wildly panting dog-love fucked all the more frantically into her slavishly kneeling body. Her head felt like it would explode with every savage, breast-rippling thrust, as his long scarlet hardness pistoned into her without mercy and she tried desperately to match his cadence.

Unprecedented sensations of animal lust filled her entire nervous system until she wanted to scream out loud. Cesar battered her virginal young helplessness with a ferociousness born of his bestial lust, his painfully huge penis sinking to its immense full length, a relentless shaft of slippery joy filling her sensually squirming belly with all of its wonderful hardness!

The young girl rotated her buttocks desperately over his powerful instrument with uncontrollable whimpering mewls, clenching and unclenching her hotly clinging rectal walls over the entire length of his heavily ridged cock with a masochistic cry of wanton pleasure.

And then suddenly she could feel her first cock-inspired orgasm come spiraling upward from the depths of her abdomen, sending jolt after jolt of wildly ecstatic sensations surging through her loins. In the mirror her passion-glazed eyes could see Cesar's long red penis vanishing like a reddened broom handle between the rotating cheeks of her naked gleaming buttocks. His furious fucking was frantically jerky and swifter than her addled brain could cope with! And then... and then!

"OH! OHHHHHH!" she wailed breathlessly, "OH, I'M CUMMING!"

Her clasping anal flesh clung like a tightened fist in a rubber glove to his huge hardness as the big dog suddenly began jerking and shuddering its deeply buried instrument squirting hot gushes of animal semen to slosh around like liquid fire in the hungry bowl of her helplessly trembling young belly. Her rectum clasped hungrily around his cum-slickened rod as she felt spasms of unbelievable delight rippling through her teenage flesh totally unlike anything she'd ever felt before. Her nether passage sucked and milked on his madly spurting penis while the little teenage blonde writhed through her own rapturous climax, uttering sharp little cries of amazement and happiness, her flawless white flesh breaking out with sweat as her rectum swallowed all of Cesar's animal cum and then sucked upward on it to get more.

"Oh! OH! OHHHHHH!" she wailed, her cunt and rectum both gushing out their liquid passion all over his sharply pistoning cock, his rapidly emptying balls and lower belly, and flowing down the rounded cheeks of her trembling young ass, down her inner thighs, to fall onto the red satin coverlet below.

And, in fact, she was so lost in her delirium of licentious desire and orgasmic lust, that she didn't even notice the tall figure standing in the bedroom doorway, seeing everything, witnessing all of her vicious animalistic depravity...

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## CHAPTER TEN

"Is... is that you, Rhonda?" stammered Sharon after lying there on the side of her face for a seeming eternity after Cesar had already slid his deflating animal penis out of her snugly grasping anus. Her eyelids felt blue and heavy. Her eyelashes fluttered faintly. In the crevice of her buttocks, and down below into the seeping pink folds of her cunt, she felt all wet and spent. Her budding young body had been drained. But she was happy.

"Yes, it's me, Sharon. May I come in?"

"Uh, huh."

Rhonda came forward, tightening the belt on her robe and swinging her long red hair over her shoulders.

"Did I do wrong, Rhonda?" Sharon asked plaintively, looking up through her long platinum hair with those bright blue, still childish eyes of hers.

Rhonda stroked her sister's cheek gently. "No, baby. You did right. We're both going to be free of hangups our mother imposed on us. I think we've both learned more in one day than our parents taught us in a lifetime."

Rhonda chuckled softly, then reached down to pet the masterful German Shepherd.

Sharon blushed crimson, her cheeks puffing up very large and rosey-hued. "I-I couldn't help myself, Rhonda. He — he was so demanding... he started barking at me and snarling and... He made me want it in spite of myself, in spite of the fact that mother would not approve."

"You mean he made you want to fuck, is that it?"

Sharon continued to blush furiously. Her sister's use of the obscene language was stirring up her loins again in a way that she would have considered unmentionable only a few hours before. "But — oh, Rhonda, that's a dirty word. It makes me feel all funny when you use it."

"Let's try to break loose of our inhibitions, shall we honey?" She paused. "You did like it, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," she confessed. "It was wonderful when he rammed his cock into my asshole." She was surprised that she could use such foul language and not feel guilty or disturbed by it. It was contrary to everything she'd been taught. She could feel her tiny, sensitive clitoris beginning to tingle urgently. "I loved it!" she cried.

"But did he satisfy you?" Rhonda probed.

"Ohhh, yes, he did, sister. But I don't think there's anything that could compare to having a real man's cock inside of me." Sharon winced, still rubbing her wet little cunt as though she were polishing it of tarnish. The moist oval folds of her pussy and the creamily glistening dark hole in the center of her body. Her pussy hair sparkled with drops of cum, and she rubbed herself furiously with her fingers in order — hopefully — to get rid of some of the itch her sister had produced by her filthy talk.

"You're a little doll, aren't you?" Rhonda said aloud. "I didn't realize my little sister was growing up to have such a beautiful little vagina, just perfect for fucking." She smiled and reached down into Cesar's genital area to locate his quiescent hidden cock. She began playing with it casually as she asked her lovely young sister. "Are you sure you wouldn't like Cesar to stuff his cock up inside you,

dear? That might make you feel better.”

“Oh, what I really want...” she paused, her eyes downcast.

“What, honey?”

“Oh, I can’t say it! You wouldn’t like it if I did.”

“Come on, we’re sisters, aren’t we?”

“I want to make love to Bob. Oh, he’s so sexy and strong. Such a man, not like these stupid creeps who’re always after me...”

To want to fuck her brother-in-law? That was almost incest. When she could have Cesar’s gigantic eight-inch penis stuffing itself in and out of her snugly virginal cuntal chambers.

Or was it so ridiculous? Maybe not so much as at first glance-for if Bob could be coaxed into an affair with her younger sister, then he would be less likely to complain if Rhonda took up with Cesar on a permanent basis. And everything would end happily ever after. Sharon would have her brother-in-law, and Rhonda would have both a husband and a dog lover.

“That’s very admirable of you to be able to express your desires like that, Sharon,” Rhonda said at last, when she could get her wits together. “Just how long have you felt this way?”

Sharon looked away sheepishly. She couldn’t help pushing her fingers in and out of her seeping young cunt, until finally she had wedged them so deeply that her middle finger bounced against her tight little hymen. Then she moved her fingers around, making herself gasp as she battled her sensitive little clitoris back and forth.

“Then there’s only one thing to do,” said Rhonda determinedly. “Bob called just a few minutes ago saying he’s coming back home early. Seems he got the job and the Vice President wants to come down here to scout out a location for a new plant. So tonight when Bob comes home, you can seduce him.”

Rhonda grinned and ran the smooth palm of her open hand over her sister’s quivering, rosy-peaked breasts. The pert teenager shivered and her nipples stiffened ardently at this wanton realization. “When Bob sees these young tits, he’ll go crazy. Bob is a real breast man.”

“You’re not jealous, are you?” the young love-slave asked tremulously.

“Don’t be silly! I love you all. We’re a family, darling, and families stay together.”

“Is Cesar part of our family, too?”

Rhonda looked sullen for a moment. “I dearly hope so. Oh, we both love him so much. I only hope Marla understands that.”

They had it all planned out. The formula was simple, really. The first move would be to get Rhonda out of the way on some flimsy pretext. After that Sharon would have to depend on her own imagination. After all the maturing she had done today, she didn’t have any doubts about her ability to manage the situation, although she was a bit nervous.

They were all seated at the kitchen table; the dinner dishes were stacked in the sink.

"You look like the cat that's swallowed the canary," Bob said, looking at Rhonda's young sister, trying to figure out just what was different about her today.

Sharon giggled and fluttered her eyelashes, which Rhonda had elongated with mascara. Rhonda laughed and put her hand on Bob's bulging genitals under the table. So he did have the hots for her little sister, after all! He was stiff as a board.

"She's just in a giggly mood, that's all," she told her fiancée, squeezing his bursting cock and balls gently. "You know how girls are in puberty."

Bob winced and shot her a dark, puzzled look. What was happening between these two?

Sharon just smiled again and pushed some bright platinum hair out of her eyes. She could hardly wait to show her brother-in-law-to-be the hairs on her pussy... so blonde and soft.

While Rhonda had been combing out her hair, Sharon had confessed that she had witnessed her sister sucking on Cesar's penis and swallowing his squirting animal cum, but her sister didn't seem to mind. Instead she rambled aimlessly into discussing how Sharon was going to arrange to fuck Bob this evening.

Bob dropped one hand underneath the table and covered hers with it. She continued to gently milk his sexual organs, and his cock was pumping itself full of blood in savage expectation of a rollicking good fucking. He tried to signal Rhonda not to continue, but she appeared to ignore him. Finally he just resigned himself to her astonishing lewd behavior — she had never done anything this aggressive before.

"Oh, Sharon's a big girl. She probably knows more about sex than you do."

Bob glanced speculatively at his rapidly growing up sister-in-law. She probably did at that! He noted with some heat that the ovals of her saucy red lips were just perfectly formed for sucking. What a shame that some lucky man would get that instead of him. He closed his eyes, and his nostrils flared slightly as he visualized Sharon's young mouth closing all warm and moist and soft about his long cock. Rhonda would never do that for him.

"Rhonda!" he gasped, no longer able to control himself. Her thumb passed over the eye of his penis, rubbing off the seepage of pre-ejaculate that had appeared there. He glanced at Sharon, but she had her head down and was twirling the napkin. Apparently the girl had noticed nothing. Bob signalled to his fiancée vigorously with his eyes, but to no avail. Again and again she pretended not to notice him.

"Rhonda," he finally rasped in a low voice. "Stop that!"

But his fiancée only giggled. Finally he managed to summon the strength to pull her hand away. He crossed his legs just as there was a pronounced scratching at the kitchen door.

"Is that that Goddamned dog from next door?" he said somewhat crossly, really peeved at his sexual frustration. He looked at his gorgeous sister-in-law again and his cock gave a heart-stopped jerk.

"Yes, that's Cesar," Rhonda said, getting up from the table. "Marla asked me to take care of him until the weekend. Really, Bob, he's no trouble at all," she said, winking at her little sister. "As a matter of fact... I'm glad you reminded me. Marla said for me to stop by tonight and pick up his vitamins. She gives him vitamins every day to keep him healthy and in good condition," she added with a smirk that only Sharon understood.



Bob nodded in consent. He reached down with one hand under the table and, face flaming, struggled to put his penis back inside his pants and shorts. Then he zipped himself up, uncomfortably aware of the loud whirl of the metallic teeth meshing. "Be back soon?" he grunted after a moment's hesitation.

"Be back in a jiff! Take care you two," said Rhonda, leaving the room and heading for the front door as planned. Bob watched her walk off, just a trace puzzled. She smoothed her hands over her sexily swaying hips and then was gone.

After Rhonda left the room, Bob coughed nervously, eyeing his soon to be sister-in-law who sat grinning at him from the other side of the kitchen table. He felt as nervous as a boy on a first date. It was somewhat unusual for them to be left alone together with Rhonda gone.

"How are you doing?" he asked at last, trying to fill the silence.

Sharon stood up and seemed to stretch and yawn, bending her long, slender arms at the elbows and bringing her small fists to her mouth. "Yes, I really like it here with Rhonda." Her ripely budding breasts seemed to leap out at his face from under the tight sweater which she wore. Her sweater, under the strain of her budding breasts, seemed to have accidentally opened a button so that now her cleavage was really startling. The swelling hillocks of her healthy young breasts were of such creamy smooth flesh that it was all he could do to keep himself from reaching out for them.

"Whow. I feel so lazy from the sun today. What do you say we turn on the radio?" And with that she jounced into the living room, her long curls bouncing around her back, her surprisingly mature buttocks wiggling in a sensual enticement.

Bob couldn't keep his eyes off her now. His penis had remained huge and hard, and was currently throbbing as if it were filled with gunpowder and about to be detonated. He pushed back his chair and staggered to his feet, wiping his lips clumsily with his napkin and dropping it to the floor. He moved off after her as if he were hypnotized.

Sharon was turning the radio to a local rock n' roll station where the Eagles were in the midst of one of their top forty tunes.

Bob felt his blood boil as she started dancing with that lascivious, abandoned rhythm so common to kids these days. Christ! There was almost a wantonness about the dance's movements, so unlike when he was in high school. And now Sharon, his fiancée's sister, was doing all of their gyrations, her beautiful young breasts bobbing, her hourglass hips shaking from side to side, her long blonde hair flying around! Christ! Why did she have to be Rhonda's sister?

Sharon raised her arms and pursed her lips sexily. As her lovely long arms moved up and back, her breasts bounced that much more and her hips swayed titillatingly in time to the raucous, primitive music.

"Sharon," he gulped. "My God..."

Suddenly it seemed as if yet another one of the buttons on her sweater had come open, revealing yet another gorgeously tantalizing expanse of soft warm flesh. Bob was amazed to be able to glimpse one of the large strawberry crests on her breasts, for the already low-cut sweater had come open that much.

He loosened his neck tie, the sweat pouring out on his forehead. His tremendous erection was sticking up pointedly in his pants, and he was at a total loss as to what to do. Should he dance with

her, or tell her to stop or what? God, if Rhonda came home and found him dancing with her little sister... oh, nobody could tell what that fiery redhead might do.

Bob gasped and snorted. He looked around as if expecting to see Rhonda come in any minute. "Well – I, that is, look here, young girl... this is no way to act..."

But Sharon only laughed deliciously, sensing her impending triumph. Her sister had coached her what to say to get Bob turned on.

Suddenly she danced and swayed closer to Bob, humming through the music. The next button of her braless sweater fell away right on cue, and now both of her breasts were in fairly plain view down to their nipples. "Bob," she murmured huskily, reaching down to grab the point where his cock was sticking out a mile. "Don't you want to see my titties?" Then she blinked as if pleasantly surprised. "Why, Bob, your prick is all hard! You wanted to see my titties! You want to touch them! Say you do!"

"Well, I-I..." He gazed at her firmly upthrust breast out of the corner of his eye, nervously wetting his lips with his tongue. This was a dirty middle-aged man's dream come true. Sharon had such glorious young breasts with those oversized nipples that no man could help but want to suck on them. Then, before he knew what was happening she was tattooing the back of his neck with her fingernails and drawing his head down, down, down... until the magnetic attraction between his lips and the nipples of her left breast could no longer be fought...

"Ohhhhhh, Bob," she whistled ecstatically as his mouth drew in her distended nipple as much of the surrounding breast flesh as he could get, sucking ravenously like a baby who hadn't eaten in days. "Ohhhh, Bobbbby..." she sighed, her eyes rolling upward, her hand reaching down for the elongated bulge of his fully erect cock again. "You're sucking on my titties like you've wanted to for a verreeeee long time. Arrrgghhhooowww!"

Sharon had never had anyone's lips fastened on her sensitive mounds of flesh before, and as her sister's fiancée sucked hungrily, his hand came up to grip her other breast, squeezing it and twisting it. She groaned and panted for air. Who would have thought that a man playing with her breasts like this would have such a wild effect on her? Her virginal little cunt was flowing in heated anticipation, soaking her pussy hair.

As for Bob, he felt delirious. He had never seen such firmly magnificent breasts before, and the fact that they belonged to his own precocious thirteen year old sister-in-law to be made them all the more exciting. He sucked, mouthed, nibbled and licked ravenously. Her large hard nipple was batted about by his tongue and then nibbled thrillingly with his teeth. Sharon squeezed the bulge in his pants lasciviously and moaned her beautiful head lying back in wantonness, her shining white hair lying all the way down to the top of her curvaceous buttocks.

"You're so sexy, Bob..." she exulted, squeezing his genitals hungrily. "I've wanted to suck on your prick for ages, Bob... ohhh, soo nice...!"

Bob pushed her back toward the couch until she sat down on it. By now he was so out of his mind with desire he had totally forgotten about Rhonda and wouldn't have given a damn anyway if she had shown up. All his loins could think of was fucking this beautiful, platinum haired girl.

He propped up her legs so that her skirt fell off to the sides, and was surprised to find that she wasn't wearing any panties. Her blonde pussy hair was all wet and the seeping oval wet folds of her open cunt looked as shiny as if they had been greased.

"God," he murmured in adoration of all the blonde pussy hair and her open, desirable young cunt. Sharon was the most desirable thing he'd ever seen in his life. He pushed his hands under her firmly resilient buttocks and drew her toward his mouth as if her pink cuntal slit were a slice of watermelon. In another moment his lips were moving through her sparse pubic curls and then touching her moist quivering pussy. He slipped his tongue in through the hot layers of wet flesh to locate her hypersensitive clitoris, and sucked on it madly, dragging little cries, groans and sighs of ecstasy from her deep within her lust-constricted throat.

"Oh, Bob, if you only knew how great that feels! Oh God, fuck me!"

This last lewd phrase pushed the mindlessly aroused young brother-in-law completely over the edge of reason. Staggering to his feet to straighten out his pants, he unzipped them and pushed down his shorts as well.

Sharon gasped as his long hard cock sprang upward out of its confining clothing. She felt as if she were going blind with happiness. This was the moment she'd been waiting for!

"Fuck me, Bob!" she cried, pointing to her wet, quivering vagina. "I'm a virgin and I want you to be the first."

These words affected him as if she had bit the end of his savagely pulsating rod. Dropping to his knees again, he reached forward and pulled her lewdly writhing little body towards him. His massively pulsating penis passed smoothly forward between her outstretched legs bumping thrillingly against her sleek young thighs, and then at last were passing through the warm, moist curls of pussy hair covering her tight little cunt. When the rubbery soft tip met at last her seeping cuntal mouth, his heart felt as if it would burst. At last! He closed his eyes and shoved forward, the walls of her pussy receiving his cock as if with a million loving hands, undulating and kissing it all over. Bob sighed, then cried out momentarily — as she did — when his massive cock head bumped the soft, tissue paper fragility of her hymen. And then it was passing through and up into her virginal cunt, all of the wet warmth of her sex closing about his lovingly.

He looked down and could see his heavily ridged, blood-bloated instrument disappearing up into her belly, just the tiniest speck of blood dripping onto the couch. He put his arms around her excitedly undulating hips, and buried his nostrils in her scented young hair. Her warm little breasts strongly pressed up against his chest as he ran his hands all over the exciting nakedness of her teenage flesh.

This was the moment he had been waiting for. His pelvis lurched forward, embedding his huge staff of male flesh deep up inside her tightly clasping cunt until their pubic mound bumped and ground together, their hairs becoming intertwined momentarily before he jerked his hips backward again and his wetly glistening penis came sliding out with her cuntal lips clinging to the thick shaft. Then he gently slid forward again, burying his hardness in her softness again. She was snug but as smooth as wet sealskin as he fucked in and out of her wetly throbbing pussy, their bellies smacking together, his balls bouncing softly against the couch cushion.

"Bobbeee, I love you!" she cried, licking his ear and washing it out, then taking it entirely into her ardent sultry red mouth and sucking on it. Bob sighed and shut his eyes, delirious with happiness. This was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened in his life.

So wonderful, in fact, that he failed to notice entirely the sounds of Rhonda returning home surreptitiously — the sounds of the door opening, the pattering of platform shoes and four paws across the kitchen tiles. In another moment Rhonda had lifted Cesar onto the couch and gotten him up into a standing position so that his own glistening pink penis was sliding forward out of its

sheath. Sharon inclined her head slightly and took in as much of the dog's immense penis into her mouth as she could, sucking ravenously as her brother-in-law continued to fuck her.

By the time Bob had opened his eyes and noticed what was going on, he was too far gone to care. And anyway his moral position was not very good, as here he was fucking his own thirteen year old virginal sister-in-law. He couldn't very well protest, then, at her sucking on a dog's penis. So he merely closed his eyes again and continued fucking.

Rhonda stripped off her clothes and then sat down naked on the carpet, lighting a cigarette as she watched her gorgeous blonde sister being fucked by both the neighbor's German Shepherd and by her fiancée. It probably wouldn't be a bad idea to get some pictures of this, but that could wait until later.

In the meantime she would just sit there, finishing her cigarette and rubbing her fingers into the slippery wet folds of her pussy. She would want to have Cesar's long beautiful penis ramming up inside her rectum next while she sucked on her husband's penis, and wouldn't that be a surprise to Bob! She had always been such a prude in sexual matters — until this beautiful dog liberated her body and soul.

But then they were in the future now, a bright new future. Cesar, that wonderful neighborhood pest, had come to change their lives. She would love him for all eternity, and Bob as well. Maybe Sharon could come and live with them once they were married. And Cesar? What about Cesar? Rhonda couldn't bring herself to think about that unhappiness now...

Eventually tiring of her cigarette and the grim thought of losing the animal back to her neighbor, the tall redhead stubbed out the butt and sauntered over to her fiancée. Gripping his perspiration soaked curls, she twisted his head around to bring his nose and mouth directly in contact with her hotly squirming pussy.

Bob got the idea immediately, his tongue shooting out to penetrate the trickling wet folds, moving inward swiftly through her hair-lined furrow to lick at her vibrating little clitoris. Rhonda groaned, her head falling back with all of her long red hair falling over her prettily dimpled buttocks. The nearness of her huge hard breasts also acted like a magnet for Cesar's lengthy red tongue, and he began lapping them hungrily in a dual assault of oralism.

By now Bob could feel his orgasm come thundering up from his wildly throbbing testicles. He groaned loudly, shuddered once, and then he was spewing his hot churning sperm upwards into his teenage sister-in-law's ecstatically rippling cuntal passage just as Cesar also began barking and helping, squirting scalding animal seed down Sharon's gluttonously sucking throat.

With cum being poured into her from both ends, the lascivious thirteen year old blonde reached her own orgasm as well, gushing a clear viscous fluid all over her brother-in-law's still pistoning cock as she wailed in rapture, "I'm cumming!"

Her mind spun with ecstasy and she wanted to swoon — but not before her greedy little cunt and mouth had gobbled as much cum into her belly as she could take.

By their side, her gorgeous redheaded sister was also reaching her climax under the mouths and tongues of her fiancée and animal lover. Rhonda groaned and twisted as if trying to get away, then smashed her wildly throbbing pussy over Bob's face like a rubber mask, groaning endlessly as a series of loins-splitting orgasms rent her flesh, one on top of the other, from toe nails to hair ends.

By the time the four of them had stopped shuddering, the two females were lying on their backs on

the carpet, holding hands and moaning as only a satisfied woman can moan. Cesar lay down, too.

“What... how?” Bob looked up at Cesar quizzically. Then seeing the smirk on his fiancée’s face, he broke out into a grin, too. “Some show, doggie! What do you do for encores?”

“He’s our new pet, darling. Borrowed ’til the weekend, but he doesn’t live far away,” informed Rhonda.

“Christ, if that’s what it takes to get you two off, then I’m all for it. If you’re going to make it with other males, I guess a dog isn’t going to steal your heart away.”

“Oh, yeah,” giggled Rhonda. “You’ve got pretty stiff competition there.”

“Tell you what. You can have Cesar and I’ll take your little sister here. It’s best we make those arrangements now before we’re married...” Bob looked serious for a moment.

“That’s right darling... Oh, so much has happened since you went away. So much has changed. But I have the feeling it’s all for the better...”

Bob looked down at Sharon’s parted unblemished ass cheeks and moved his rigidly growing cock in between to part them towards her snugly puckered anus. “So do I,” he smiled up at his wife-to-be.

THE END