

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was at a special age, 18. And lived in a rural area of Cambridgeshire. I didn't know what I was supposed to 'consent' to, but that was the law. Even so, I was at 18, an innocent, winsome lass. Petite, pretty, blond, perky breasts in their early budding. I was proud of my shape and looks. I had learned about some sexual things earlier when riding and straddling a very large horse. There was some bleeding; my Mum took me to her doctor. It was the first time I had fingers in my fanny; it's what I called it then, an exciting, nervous time with my naked privates being examined and, yes, probed by a man, even though he was Mum's doctor, his fingers started me going. My breath got short, and I closed my eyes and gasped. I wonder if Mum had heard me. I covered my mouth as I took another deep breath. I looked at the doctor, and he smiled and removed his fingers. He had started something and I didn't want his fingers gone.

Later that night, in bed, I used a hairbrush handle to finish what the "naughty" doctor had started. I wondered if he knew the fire he lit in me. I had never known that first a horse, then a doctor's fingers, and then, later that night, under my bed covers, a hairbrush would make my legs shake, and my body come alive, finishing what the doctor had started. It was an exploding pleasure and I wanted more. Not horses or, maybe not doctors, but hairbrushes or other things! I was learning some exciting things in life but there was more to come, as I am telling you. After the doctor's visit, I got 'more' every chance I had with hairbrushes and other things.

But, back to the story of my neighbor, Jim. I went inside his house that first day after school and fed the dog. I did a little gardening and then sat at the kitchen table to do my homework. It was quiet that afternoon, just the clock ticking and the dog licking at his water bowl. I looked over at him and began my studies. After a while, doggie came over and sat near my legs, his tongue out and panting. I looked down at him, a little pink tip of his cock was sticking out of his sheath! I had never seen a cock before, or any other for that matter, except Dad's by accident, only the quickest glimpse, mind you, once or twice when he was in the loo. But doggie, uninhibited, sat there, panting and the tip of his doggie dick pulsing out of its sheath. It was fascinating to watch and I put down my pencil. It was like he was smiling at me, showing off his manhood. Then he licked my ankle several times. I must have tasted good as he kept licking, and with each lick, his dick seemed to grow. An amazing thing to watch and his warm tongue on my ankle felt good.

I reached down and petted his head: "Good dog," I said as he continued his licks and I went back to my homework. But not for long. It was stupid and wrong but that doggie tongue was arousing my fanny. Speaking of words, my girlfriends and I would talk about boys and things and dirty words, as we called them, including the word "fanny." My best girlfriend, Varda, laughed when I told her what the doctor had done to my "fanny." "Silly!" she had said, "that's such an old word. We call our private parts different things now. Words like 'pussy' and 'cunt or cunny' and 'minge,' even "'vagina!'" By whatever word it was a special and exciting part for me indeed. I was getting an education in many ways.

Anyway, what I called my privates was the farthest thing from my mind as doggie was concentrating his tongue on my leg and now my calf. He was arousing me. It was naughty, I knew that much, but it felt good and I began to tingle and then I didn't want him to stop. He wasn't satisfied with my ankle and calf and started farther up my leg and sniffing loudly, a little whine. I knew I was getting moist and he must have caught my scent. Then I came to reality and pushed him down. He wouldn't take that push as any answer and climbed up, nosing under my short purple school skirt to the source of that scent. I pushed at him again but my body was saying 'No don't push him off. It feels good. He wants more. Let him have more.'

There were quiet noises in Jim's kitchen, the clock ticking, the sound of the dog's tongue on me, his

lap, lap, lapping and my breathing, taking deep breaths. It was very wrong. I couldn't help myself and I opened my legs for the dog. He was all the way under my dress, his nose poking my panties and his tongue licking my bare flesh on either side. He was frantic, letting out little whines and I was out of breath, softly patting his head under my skirt. My Mum and Dad were both gone until later. We were alone in the kitchen, just doggie, his hot tongue and me and I pushed him away for only so long as I needed to take off my panties!

I lifted my skirt so I was bare at the waist. I didn't need to do any more than that and doggie was at me again. This time without any skirt or panties in the way. I was open and hot and I felt my cunt. It seemed the right word to use for my naughty body just then was on fire. I wanted licking. I didn't care. My cunt was wet and ready. I ran my finger over my cunt lips; I was slippery and shivered to my touch. I patted doggie's head. His nose was cold and it shocked me. I jolted. His nose was nudging my clit as he licked. I thought I would cry out. This was too good; his tongue licking inside me now. I must have tasted good because he was frantic and dancing on his hind legs. I looked down. His red cock was halfway out and all because of me. It was an exciting scene and I was excited. Doggie, too.

Now I was seeing the doctor's face, smiling and his fingers. He must have known he sent chills in me when I had let out a loud gasp. And Mum was just on the other side of the little curtain! I saw him smiling again and was under the covers that night with my hair brush. I was back in the kitchen being very naughty. I was patting the head of a doggie licking my cunt and I let out a loud gasp and pulled his head closer. He couldn't get enough and I groaned this time. He was licking both sides of me and my clit and with each lick his nose was teasing.

I scooted down more on my chair. My legs were trembling and tears were on my cheeks, hands smoothing my legs, feeling his tongue at work, pulling my cunt lips open, 'lick me you dog you' patting his head, hoping he would never stop. It was the best climax I had ever had, nothing like that old hairbrush, and it was all so spontaneous and delicious and heavenly and I was in my own quiet heaven and ultimate female bliss. I couldn't breathe or think. All I needed was to feel, FEEL! I had to push him down. I was finished. I couldn't take it any more; finally resting in the quiet kitchen; pushing down my skirt, looking down at doggie who was sitting there now at my feet licking his beautiful dick. I covered my cunt with my hands; it had been on fire; I couldn't believe the intensity of it all and fingered myself slightly, softly. I was puffy, my hairy curls were wet and held myself, squeezing my legs, pressing my fingers inside, giving me a last little grunt and shiver; I closed my eyes and sighed. It was so quiet.

I brushed the wet from my cheeks and got back my breath. I hadn't finished my homework but I was finished and slipped into my panties. "What a naughty dog," I said, laughing to myself as I was naughty, too; very naughty. It was the best time of my life, to that point. I couldn't wait for school to end the next day when I would be back to take care of doggie and maybe, probably, definitely, have him take care of me. I would insist on it!

Jim would be away a few more days; maybe he would stay away longer. I sure hoped he took his time getting back. I was also a little scared. I mean dogs are what are called "dumb animals" and have no sense of propriety or any discretion at all. What if, when Jim got back, and I was there and doggie was there. What if? Seriously. What if?

In the meantime, I made sure I was at Jim's house each day after school and on the weekends for my activities. Doggie and I became best friends. It was so relaxing and all. One day, walking home with my best friend, Varda, I left her at the sidewalk and walked to Jim's front door. "Why are you blushing Laney?" asked Varda and I got more red in the face. I was already wet in anticipation and Varda wasn't stupid. "You want to come inside with me and find out?" I said, suddenly being bold.

"Sure" she said and we walked inside together.

I put food and water for the dog and the two of us sat at the kitchen table. Doggie, no-discretion doggie, was right at my ankle. He knew our routine and the presence of Varda meant nothing to him. At that moment I knew I might not see much of Jim when he got back. His dog would quickly reveal our secret but, well, Varda was my very best and closest friend. We talked of boys and the words for our privates and just about everything else. This was too good a secret not to share.

"Promise not to tell?" I asked. Varda nodded. "I mean really, truly promise?" "Go on," she said, "tell me." I looked her in the eyes and knew she would keep our secret. "I don't need to tell you," I said, "all you have to do is watch." Doggie was already at my side, licking my ankle and sniffing loudly. "Look under the table, Varda," I said and she did. "He's just licking your ankle Laney," she said, "what's the big deal." "Be patient," I said. I was getting that dreamy feeling. Even more dreamy with my best friend watching. She kept looking under the table and then up at me and then under the table.

I was scared. Maybe I was doing too much. "Promise?" I said. "Stop it. You know I won't tell." Varda looked at the dog, looked at me; I knew my cheeks were crimson from the scene, the licking, being watched. "Okay," I said, my lips trembling a little, my breathing getting deep. "Okay." I scooted down on my chair and opened my legs. I was naked, as usual, and I heard Varda suck in her breath and kind of whisper: "Laney...what?" I stared at her. The 'you promised,' stare! Then it was too late as doggie was on my calf, licking my knee and licking my thigh. I lifted my skirt to my waist and looked at Varda again. Her eyes were big. She could see the soft down of my minge, and my naked cunny, words she had taught me. It was my turn to teach her something she never would have guessed and patted my tummy. I didn't need to. Doggie knew it was time for his cold nose and hot tongue.

The slurping began in earnest and soon my legs were shaking, my eyes closed, I was somewhere else, tears and groans and little grunts. Gasping and my legs shaking all right in front of Varda. I didn't care I was lost now in feelings. I looked at her in mid-climax and what a sight. She had her skirt up and was inside her panties. Her eyes were fluttering. Then, "Varda!" I said. She sat up and we smiled. "Want some of doggie?" I asked thinking she might call me a perv or something. The something she said was nothing, just nodding her head.

"Get naked," I said and she stood and slipped off her panties, lifted her skirt to her waist and sat on the edge of her chair.

Doggie was off me and licking himself. I went over to Varda and made a noise, patting her knee. It got the dog's attention and he was soon sniffing in the air for Varda; licking her knee and thigh. His red cock was out again and he was nuzzling my best friend.

Varda jumped at the first lick and jumped again as his cold nose hit her. "God," was all she said and the licking began. Doggie had a lot of stamina I was thinking because he was frantic for Varda right away. "God!" she said again, "lick me you dirty dog," and he did and she was petting him, petting herself and letting out grunts of pleasure.

It was quiet in Jim's kitchen again and we sat opposite each other. "I can't believe it," she said, "that was so good. Better than good. Much, much, better. How did that happen?" I told Varda my story and after that, until Jim came back, the two of us couldn't wait to visit his house after school.

Then Jim came home. That first afternoon I thought about limiting my visits, making them quick and business-like or maybe not at all as I was afraid Jim would learn what a naughty girl I was. But I did

go that first afternoon, fed the dog, which immediately was excited to see me. "Did he bother you when I was gone?" Jim asked. "No," I said but my face was red and the doggie was at my ankle. "He seems to like you," Jim said. I'm sure my face was beet red. "Yes," I said, "we got along just fine." The stupid dog wouldn't leave me alone right in front of Jim. "Would you like a drink?" he asked. "No," I said, "I'd better be going." I walked toward the door, Jim said: "Please stay for a few minutes and talk with me." I turned and nodded. "I guess I'd like a drink then," I said. I was very afraid. Just a short drink and I would go. It didn't turn out that way.

Doggie was nosing around me and whining. He wanted to have our usual lick and didn't know what was happening. I wanted it too but obviously not in front of my neighbor. Varda was one thing but not my neighbor. "He seems to really like you," Jim said, "You must have taken good care of him." If only he knew. "You're sure he didn't bother you?" Jim wouldn't let the subject go and I began to wonder. "Sometimes he bothered my wife." I looked at Jim then and he smiled that knowing kind of smile. "Will I see you tomorrow, Laney? Please?" I nodded, finished my drink, didn't know if I would be back. It was embarrassing. On the walk home I thought it over and decided I wouldn't go back. I'd keep my secret and it was just an interlude that I would try to forget.

Next day at school I told Varda that Jim had returned and I thought he had guessed about the dog and me. "I can't go back there," I said. "Laney," Varda said, "are you sure?" It was my turn to nod and then school was over; Varda and I walked home, right past Jim's house. I saw him on his porch and waived. He waived back and I waived to Varda as she walked on. My mind was a blur as I walked to my house. Then I stopped and thought about things. Jim was a nice man and lonely and it wasn't the dog's fault, it was mine. What to do? I stood there and thought it over. It would be okay. I would just push the dog away until he got the message. I kind of had promised Jim I would see him, hadn't I?

I turned around and walked back. There was Jim on the porch, smiling and greeting me. We walked inside together. I was full of good intentions. I was a good girl and would teach the dog to leave me alone. The door closed behind us and Jim was making us a drink. My parents wouldn't be back until later. Jim said: "Come into the living room and we can watch a movie. It's called 'Women in Love' and I think you'll like it." He turned on the TV and the VCR and we sat on the couch. The film was about two women and they began getting close with each other, kissing.

I was shocked but curious. As the movie continued I sat closer to Jim and his arm was against mine. The women were doing more than kissing. There were some magazines on the coffee table. "Would you like to see one?" Jim asked and reached for one that was full of pictures of women in various poses. It was a Swedish magazine and an eye-opener for me, as the women were naked and very pretty. Their pussy hair showed. "Maybe you're too young," Jim said. But now I was turning the pages and getting relaxed in his living room. His arm felt good on me.

I was turning the pages and watching the movie. I stopped at one page. It was a picture of a woman, on her knees, and a dog on top of her. "Maybe you shouldn't look at that one," Jim said, "it's naughty." I pushed against him. "It's okay," I said. I hadn't noticed his dog who had come into the living room and now was licking my ankle and calf. I pushed him down saying "Bad dog." "It's okay," Jim said, and then said: "I know. He used to bother my wife sometimes."

With all of the movie of the two women, the picture of the woman with a dog, Jim's doggie licking my calf, I was aroused and not really paying attention to everything else but Jim's hand was around my shoulder, I had leaned in to cuddle a little. Except for the sounds from the telly it was very intimate. I realized Jim was testing me; the movie, the magazine, the dog, his arm. I didn't move away from him but got closer. I had passed the test and was feeling warm and moist. I pushed the dog down again. "No," said Jim, "let him."

Jim's hand was on top of my breast and feeling. I was in a state of confusion with all the temptations and my body was relaxing and consenting to all of this. I patted the dog's head and he looked up. Jim was somehow inside my blouse now and feeling my bare breast and nipple. I had gone past stopping him or the dog or any of it. I wanted to continue. His hand was warm and felt so good, fingers feeling my stiff nipple. Now somehow my blouse was off and the dog was under my skirt; that cold nose.

"Take off your dress, Laney, it's in the way and you don't want it wrinkled," he said. I stood and soon my panties were off, too. I sat down, my hand resting on Jim's pants. He was stiff and I squeezed on it. I knew it was wrong to squeeze but it all was so natural. I was naked, the dog, his fingers on my nipples. "You too," I said and he lifted out of his pants. I pushed down and released his cock, putting my hand around it, feeling it and stroking very fast.

"Not so fast," he said, "we're not in a race." I slowed my stroking and felt the wet tip of him, smoothing the wet oozing over the head of his cock. He flexed and it was his turn to moan. We were both moaning. The doggie was at me with his nose bumping on my clit and his hot tongue licking my cunt. Jim was feeling and sucking my nipples. We were both somewhere else. I glanced at the screen and the two women were surely in love. My legs started shaking and Jim got tense and came, spurting all over my hand just as the dog was making me cum hard, so hard I cried. Jim kissed me some more and I leaned over and licked him clean. He was soft now and I was still coming down.

"Maybe we shouldn't have done that," he said, "I hope it didn't scare you." I didn't say anything except, with my clothes back on, I smiled at Jim and asked: "Can I come see you tomorrow?" His face was beaming with a wonderful smile. The dog was in the corner licking himself. My whole body was alive and now I finally knew what "consenting" was all about. My knees were weak as I walked home. It was dark by then but my parents weren't home yet and I went inside and cleaned up. I opened the dresser drawer and saw my old reliable hair brush and smiled. Those were the days but this is now. And so much better!

I Share My Naughty Secret...

A girl at school asked me: "Laney, what do you do after school?" My face went instantly hot. "What's the matter?" she said. "Nothing." "Come on," she said, "I saw you walking home yesterday but you didn't go home. You went into a neighbor's house." "I," I stammered trying to think of the proper answer..."I clean up his house while he's gone." "You're blushing," my friend said, "what's so blushing about cleaning his house?"

I paused again. Fran was my best friend at school and we had fun together. We shared our innocent stories about boys and things. We went to some of the youth parties together and talked of "things" after the parties. I thought and thought. She said: "Well?" Maybe it was too good a secret not to share with someone. Right? So I swore her to secrecy...she agreed...and I told Fran the whole story. How it was an accident; that I was just feeding Jim's dog, doing my homework in the kitchen; that the dog had teased me, started licking at my ankles, showing me his red pointed doggie dick and then licking my leg and had insisted and aroused me a lot...and well...I told Fran the rest of the story.

It just came tumbling out once I started, including my not wearing panties; even what a great feeling I had on his licking tongue. Her eyes were big. Very big! I swore her to secrecy again and she promised...sacredly. I didn't know but it was a relief to tell someone else what had happened and she didn't condemn me or anything...she was just amazed and obviously excitedly curious.

The two of us walked home from school that day...both of us very silent for a change...I walked into Jim's house and she waved and walked on...only after taking a long look at me and smiling. "You promised," I said and she nodded but her eyes were flashing. Was she jealous? Did she believe me? But my mind was on other things and she walked on home.

Doggie was excited to see me and be fed but more excited to see me. He was jumping up and down as I put his food in the dish but his pointy red dick was already peeking out. I went to the table, set out my books but didn't plan on homework just yet. The feelings he gave me were too good to wait for, besides I was already aroused...just walking home from school with Fran. What did she really think about what I had told her?

I sat down, lifting my skirt first and scooted to the edge of chair, exposing myself completely, patting my leg and doggie trotted over, looking up at me, sniffing my aroma, poking his nose on me, making me jump when his cold nose hit me. Then that wonderful tongue licking up my spend. I reached down to spread my lips for him...I was so wet and hot...his licks didn't take long to make me close my eyes and start shaking all over as I came hard.. Then I pushed him away...I couldn't take any more...and that was the best part you know.

I pushed my skirt down settled in to my homework and the doggie finally licked himself clean and laid down against my leg. He was warm and had a nap as I worked away. Finally, I closed my books, laid the papers aside. The noise of the books awakened him and he stood and licked at my leg. "I've had enough," I said but he continued licking. "Down, doggie," I said but he was fully rested and ready for some more fun...gripping at my knee, and nosing under my skirt...the thought of that cold nose and hot tongue, even so soon after our afternoon, was arousing me again. My homework was done and I wasn't due home for another hour and it wasn't long before my skirt was up and doggie and I went for another wonderful round of pleasure. Wow, what a way to spend (spend?) an afternoon.

Lunch the next day at school and Fran and I sat together again in a kind of strange silence; our thoughts elsewhere. Then she said: "Laney," I looked up from my sandwich, "I...I'd like to meet your doggie." I almost dropped my sandwich. "Really?" I asked. "Yes," she said. 'What you told me...in secret...I couldn't stop thinking about it. All last night; lying in bed and all day today until now. "Please don't get mad...it's still our secret...but...but..." I just nodded and mumbled "okay." After school we walked to Jim's. She said: "I told my Mom I'd be late; that I was going to do homework with you."

We walked up the steps and I opened Jim's door. I was already excited but didn't know what would happen. Fran and I were best friends but this something else. We had never shown our bodies to each other or anyone else for that matter. What would I do now? I almost changed my mind...but then I closed the door. The two of us walked into his kitchen and there was doggie: tail wagging, tongue lolling, eyes bright.

"Nice doggie," I said reaching down to feel his ears. His tongue was out and he licked my hand.

Fran leaned down and he licked her hand. She squatted down and gave him a good pet, his tail wagging vigorously. I looked at her playing with the dog and had these strange feelings of what we might do...what I would do...and, of course, what would the doggie do with both of us there...one a stranger and the other, well, his "woman." "What a friendly dog," Fran said. Just nervously making small talk. We were both blushing and not knowing what to do next. I put my school books on the table, filled the dog's water dish and put out some food. He eagerly started eating and then went to the water dish...his tail wagging all the time.

"Fran," I said, "come and sit down at the table."

She did and we sat there in a suspended, anticipating silence. "Are you?" she asked.

"What?"

"Are you naked under your skirt?"

My face went red. Fran and I never talked about things like that but I had told her my secret, all of it, every detail, so I guess it was natural for her to ask. I was embarrassed and just looked down, nodding.

Fran said: "Can I tell you a secret?"

"Of course," I said.

Then it was my turn to be shocked. "Me too," she said and we both broke out in a serious case of giggles. "Do you think he'll do it today?" she asked and I nodded again. "Well," she said.

I leaned back in my chair and looked into her eyes. She licked her lips. I didn't know how to get it started...this was brand new. "Don't be scared," Fran said, "I would never tell anyone our secret. Go ahead."

Then we sat there. It was so quiet except for the doggie breathing or panting. Fran sat across from me but I was in full view. The doggie walked to me, not nervous at all of the new company...just like a dog to go do its thing no matter what. He started with a few licks. I looked at Fran...she was staring intently. Then a few more doggie licks and out came his red dick...it was dripping...and I took off my shoes and played on it with my toes. I looked at Fran. She took off her shoes.

"Come here doggie," she said reaching out for him with her feet. He licked her toes and she began feeling his cock. "It feels so funny," she said, "but funny and nice." He kept licking Fran's toes. They were tickling each other. Now I was a little jealous.

"It's my turn," I said and patted the dog to my side. He came over and paid attention to me now. "We'll have to share," I laughed.

"Fran," I said, "you're scared aren't you?"

She nodded.

"I was, too, at first. I thought he might get excited and bite me or something but he never did...just lots of humping and wonderful licks."

Fran looked at me very hard, thinking...then she said: "Well, Laney, let me watch him lick you then!"

I just looked back, stood up, lifted my skirt to my waist, exposing my nakedness to my best friend...now I was really blushing...she said: "You're very pretty Laney," she smiled at embarrassed me...but it was done now.

I held my skirt at my waist, feeling very exposed, and sat down on the edge of the chair. "Are you sure?" I asked.

Fran nodded. The doggie was at attention now and came to me, his red dick out, gripping my knee and humping. Then it was as though Fran wasn't there. There was no audience. Just me and doggie

at work.

I watched Fran as I felt the first lick on my cunt and I squirmed...Fran's eyes got very big...and then more licks...I closed my eyes to enjoy...the quiet of the kitchen...I could hear birds outside in Jim's garden...then another lick and I opened more widely...relaxed at giving my girlfriend an intimate little show and then she wasn't there...it was just me enjoying doggie licks, his tongue dipping in my cunt...I held open my lips for him and petted his ears. It didn't take long. I was ready to cum and started opening and grunting my little girl grunts...I opened my eyes. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

Fran had her skirt up, her legs open to view, I could see her cunt..."You're pretty, too," I said between breaths...she looked at me and smiled and was stroking herself with both hands. "I couldn't look at you without getting hot, too," she said. "Will he lick me?" Doggie had finished with me and went to his water bowl, started licking his dick. I patted my leg and he looked up and walked over. "Here is another treat," I said and led him to Fran's side...he looked at her, sniffed around, caught her scent and licked her leg.

Fran petted his head and pulled his ears toward her. He didn't need coaxing at all and started humping at her knee. I took Fran's hand in reassurance. I touched her cunt and she jumped. She was dripping wet and I took my fingers to doggie who licked them. I pushed him a little forward and he licked out at Fran's cunt. She had pretty light brown hairs...more than I had...and when he touched her lips she jumped and then jumped again with another lick. "Oh!" she exclaimed and then "Oh!" again. Now doggie was into his act and anxiously licking my girlfriend's cunt, nosing her hairs, hitting her clit. Fran squirmed a little, put her hands on doggie's head, encouraging him. I watched this scene...the cold nose...the active tongue and Fran shook again and "Ohhed!" again. She was into her reverie and I could tell she would come soon...her legs opened wide, her bottom moved for better access to that wonderful tongue. "I had no idea," she groaned, "no idea...Oh...God...oh god." Her body was shaking and tears were in her eyes as she moved her head, her tongue out of her mouth, gasping and then she pushed down on the dog muttering "Enough. I can't take any more." And things calmed.

I confess, I watched Fran and got hot again...as she was cumming I released her hand, lifted my skirt, sat back down on my chair and brought myself off...I was so hot I had to. Fran opened her eyes, finally, watching me masturbate to another cum. What a wonderful afternoon we had in the quiet of Jim's kitchen! After that we walked home together and took care of the dog. It was our secret that we enjoyed again and again.

Jim—more than just my neighbor...

Then, Jim came home. Darn! But he was still quite immobile, walking slowly with a cane and asking me to continue coming by in the afternoons until he got better. Not thinking, I agreed. Then I thought: Jim's back, the dog's there, the darn dog'll come to me and want to lick, I knew it and what would I do?

So the next day and my Jim duties after school. I got nervous but excited, too. I wore my bra and panties that day, thinking maybe the dog would behave and that I could feed him, trim some flowers and go home. But then I arrived at Jim's, sat down in his kitchen, said our "Hellos" and just as soon as I sat Jim's dog came over, just as I had feared and began sniffing around, licking at my toes. Now I was embarrassed and my face got red. Jim smiled at me and I knew his dog had just revealed my little secret!

"Was the dog any problem?" Jim asked. "No," I said, "he was not a problem." "Good," Jim said, "sometimes he would bother my wife when he would get that way. So I'm glad he didn't bother you if you know what I mean." All I could do was smile, look down, feeling that my blushing face had already told Jim about his stupid dog! "See you tomorrow, then," I said as I left for home. My face had told him what I had done. I could just tell in his smile and that stuff about "bothering his wife." I thought about not going back; let him find some other person to help out but I did go back, the very next afternoon. I even went a little early, wondering what might happen. I wasn't disappointed.

Jim was a nice older man, not really old, but getting that way and he was nice to me and interested in me, asking about my school and my friends. "Do you have a boyfriend?" he asked and I told him of the holding hands at the local church dances and told him I had never had a boyfriend. He smiled and asked more questions: "Would you like to see a movie on the VCR?" He put in a movie called "Women in Love" that had some scenes where women were kissing each other. I had never seen anything like that and Jim and I sat on the couch and watched. I sat right next to him and kind of snuggled in. He told me of his wife and how he missed her and said I should have a boyfriend and was very pretty and started holding my shoulder.

He had a nice house; a small house but it was comfortable and he made me feel at home holding my arm and rubbing my shoulder and I got a little closer as we watched the women and talked. There were some magazines on the lamp table and he showed me some of them. One was called The Forum and had letters by people who wrote about sexual experiences and then some magazines with pictures. One of them was a foreign magazine, maybe Dutch or Danish, with pictures of women in the nude. It was shocking to me as I had never seen pictures showing pubic hair. One of them showed a woman with a dog straddling her, fucking her and Jim said maybe I shouldn't look at those. I couldn't take my eyes off those pictures and told him it was okay: "They're just pictures," I said.

I forgot about the movie just then as his doggie had come into the room and was licking my ankle and my calf and it was very embarrassing. I pushed the dog away and Jim said: "No, let him lick. It's okay. I know." Then I got red in the face. Jim knew my hot secret. Jim knew I had been licked to orgasm in the kitchen while I was doing my homework. It was why he showed me the magazines, why he was rubbing my shoulder and I felt his fingers inside my blouse rubbing my stiff nipples. Jim knew but it was OUR secret and by then I was hot and breathing and enjoying the privacy in his home in the afternoon. My nipples were telling me to relax; to enjoy these feelings, to open my legs for the dog.

Jim moved his hands down and told me to get out of my dress, that it would get messed by the dog and helped me get it off. I didn't know why I was doing this and shouldn't have but my body was taking charge, making me hot and cool all at the same time and he was being nice to me, telling me I was pretty that the whole thing was about feeling good and I liked feeling good so I let him do things to me. He reached down and pulled my panties to one side and the dog was at me now. "Get the panties off," he said. I lifted up and they were off; my blouse was off; I squeezed his leg and felt his hardness.

He took out his cock and put my hand on it. "That's nice," he said. I nodded. My first cock, hard but soft and smooth, amazing thing. And I was into my own nice with a cock in one hand, my other hand petting my pussy, the dog licking on my hand, between my little fingers, and that extraordinary tongue working at me and there was no movie or room or sound except the licking and I gushed out an "Oh My God!" squeezing Jim's cock and he was oozing his come on my hand and wrist. It was very slick and I kept rubbing; doggie lick, licking, me rub, rubbing, his ooze dripping on my hand and we three, Jim, dog and especially me, sweet good girl me with an older man's cock and being licked by a dog!

It couldn't have been a more wonderful afternoon after school as I came hard and "Oh My Godded" again and still again. I came so hard and Jim squeezed my breast, played with my nipple and it was his time to confess that he missed his wife; that she had taught the dog to please her; that I made him feel good again. His words were just mumblings in my ears.

My ears were ringing and I rested my head on his arm; Jim was petting me down and I started to breath again in the quiet room. The dog was licking himself down. He had such a busy tongue and I saw tongues and cocks and Jim's slick come on my hand, his hand on my small pretty breasts. He asked me to come and help him when I could and he would pay me for the help. I would have done it for free. It was nice being a good girl and I smiled at myself, at all the excitement and rarely wore panties after that. At least I didn't whenever I saw Jim which was as often as I could. They would only have been in the way.

Jim has a friend...

I found myself helping Jim several times a week. Mum asked about him, home from the hospital, needing me still? I let her know I did his yard work and washed the dog sometimes and it was a quiet place to do my homework...and, he paid me so Mum didn't have to worry about that. Mum approved and she saw how much I enjoyed "working" at Jim's and making some extra quid. Don't get to thinking like that! I would have let him play with me for free and the dog was a real bonus so it wasn't just the money at all but I was learning about sex and enjoying my lessons!

One day, when I arrived at his house he said we should take the dog for a walk to his neighbor's house a short distance and off we popped, the dog sniffing at my legs between pees on the bushes. His friend, Kevin, was younger and they had worked at the same office. Kevin had a larger dog and we sat on his porch out back where his garden was...there we were, two guys, two dogs and one very horny and ready lass. I had expected Jim and I would spend some time at his house but here we were. With me all sexed up on the way to Jim's, the dogs could smell something was up, and up my dress they both went. I pushed them off. "Bad doggies. Bad." They looked up with curious looks and I had to push them down again.

Then Jim said, like I thought he would, "It's okay honey. (Where had I heard that before!) Kevin knows and wanted to meet you." Kevin brought us glasses of wine and we sat on the back porch. There were birds washing themselves in a bird bath. It was quiet and pretty of an afternoon and I was already hot as the dogs started sniffing again. I saw the bulge in Jim's pants and the wide eyes of Kevin, and a big bulge in his shorts. "You're a very pretty girl," Kevin said as his dog got in a good, direct lick on me from bottom right up my wet slit and I jumped at the lick. Better than Jim's dog I thought and then he licked me again. Kevin said: "Jim's told me all about you and I didn't believe him. I had to see for myself." Kevin took down his shorts and he was stiff and big and started stroking which made me hotter still.

Kevin stood, his cock sticking out under his shirt, and pulled his chair near mine, his dog at my cunt, Jim's dog licking my ankles and Kevin feeling my thigh, watching his dog at me. I laid my head back. It was so silent in the yard and the wine was good. My legs spread wide to enjoy all the licking I could get. A cool afternoon and I was on fire and spending and Kevin took my hand to his cock and I started pumping away. Kevin grunted and I watched his spurt of come shoot into the air, settling on my wrist and I continued rubbing until Kevin stopped my hand with his, his dick gone limp.

"I can't take any more," he said.

But I was still coming on the dog's tongue licking inside and out and down and up washing my lips, and I laid back again enjoying all this attention. I looked over as the dog finally calmed down, I was calming down, Kevin was just limp and sipping his wine. Jim had a big smile on his face. Me, too. Kevin reached over and settled my dress down to my knees. The wine started to cool me as it trickled down my throat. I was so happy Jim had a nice friend, with a dog and a big dick. What a lucky girl I was. I started to hear the birds again singing in the garden.

I get better acquainted with Kevin

Later Jim went out of town for a few weeks. I didn't tell my Mum. I didn't tell anyone but went to Jim's house anyway because, because Kevin was taking care of the mail and Jim's dog while he was away. So Kevin and I had some fun. On the way to see Kevin I was already hot and dripping when I went inside. Jim, you see, never got close to fucking me even though my body ached for a real fucking. Dogs were fun and wanking Jim was fun, getting his come all over my arm, seeing him get stiff and then limp...telling me to stop because he couldn't take it any more. But I was still longing for the real thing. Jim was nice and had his "standards" as he told me, often, but I had my own "standards" and I wanted a real fucking.

By this time I was old enough to start taking the pill. I went to that handsome doctor who had first "examined" me and got a prescription. I was old enough and it was all routine for doctors but he had a glint in his eye when I told him what I wanted. "I guess you're graduating from horses to 'horsing around.'" he said. "No, I told him," though I was blushing, "it's not that." But I left it there. It was none of his business. I had been on the pill for several weeks when Jim went on vacation and I dreamed of what real fucking might be like...up to that point it was hair brushes and other things, dogs licking me to climax, but my mind and body wanted more and I was determined to get what I wanted.

All these sexual things in my life and reading magazines that were full of stuff about sex and orgasm, how women had trouble with sex and coming and there were all kinds of things they should do or needed to do; what food to eat, where to have sex, when to have it and all these techniques and such as that. I didn't understand the problems they were having. Maybe there was something wrong with me? I didn't need the magazines or the advice, it was just how I felt, and it was so easy to relax and to feel and to be licked or stroking myself without hang-ups, which is what the articles called it I was hung up on wanting sex...hung up on enjoying it...that was my hang up...I couldn't get enough..

"Hi Kevin," I said as I went inside, wondering, was this the afternoon? Kevin was drinking some wine and offered me a glass. It went coolly down my throat right to my waist, my naked waist, tingling. We went out to the yard and sat on the swing. Kevin's dog was there along with Jim's and both of them started sniffing. It was like they knew the routine and of course I pushed them away a couple times, making them eager, our little game and they were ready to play!. I could see Kevin's cock rising in his shorts and thought he probably was ready for another wanking but I just sat there with him in the swing, moving back and forth, my dress down over my knees. Playing coy like one magazine had advised. I think Kevin knew this afternoon I had something different on my mind.

"Jim has standards," I told him.

Kevin replied: "Yes, I know. He's told me the two of you and his 'standards.' He's a good man and you're a good girl."

I nodded and we moved on the swing. I let the words sink in and Kevin's dick was at full mast in the pretty garden, the dogs on the patio, and a little more wine. I was thinking maybe this wasn't a good idea after all and was having second thoughts. Kevin put his arm around me.

"I have different standards," he said.

His words sent a thrill through my body from my ears, down to my nipples that were suddenly stiff and right down to my center. "You do?" I said.

"Yes," he said, and I felt that electricity along my arms where his arm held me and my nipples brushed on my dress when the breeze moved the fabric ever so slightly.

"So do I," I mumbled, but now I was getting nervous. "Maybe it's time for me to go," I said.

"No. Stay right here," Kevin said, holding my body closer. We were quiet, thinking, and then:

"Play with me," he said. "Take charge," he said.

I reached down and unzipped his shorts and out it sprang like a demon, fully erect. "You have a nice penis," I said.

Kevin looked at me saying: "It's not just a penis, sweetie. It's my cock, my knob, my Little Kevin, my prick and right now it wants to prick something, someone. Look at him standing up and pulsing."

I smoothed the skin of his cock.

"Talk to him," Kevin said. "He wants more than your hand he wants to be kissed."

I leaned over and kissed him. His wet on my lips and it was my turn to lick it, flexing on my mouth. Kevin's hand went to my head, caressing my ears and my hair, I licked the top of Little Kevin and he moved on my tongue. His wet on top tasted strange...kind of like bananas. His cock was sweet and moving as I licked it. Like it was talking to me.

"Little Kevin likes that," it seemed to say. "Little Kevin wants more licking," And I was licking, tasting the oozing on my lips, Big Kevin's hand stroking my head in approval...both Kevin's and me enjoying this quiet time on the swing.

I put him in my mouth, my lips going around his head, my tongue still licking the while and Big Kevin scooted down on the swing, more banana taste in my mouth and Little Kevin pulsing inside. I thought of the time I had used a banana and here was one again; a wet, hot banana!.

My dress was off now, my body alive and Kevin was stroking my back down to my ass and squeezing my ass cheeks and I was tasting more ooze. When I leaned over I felt very cool and my juices were running on my thighs. I was so ready but I was doing Kevin's hard dick and enjoying that too. Kevin lifted my head off him and got up from the swing.

"We need more wine," he said.

I looked at him as though I was doing something wrong. He hadn't come yet and I was working to make him come having forgotten about my own plans. I had gotten carried away and Kevin knew it. Talking to Little Kevin! Wow! There was a tease. And back he came with the wine. We settled down with each other and I started to come down from my heat. His dick had settled down, too. Was this our day? Or not? Maybe not. I changed the subject.

"Yes, Jim keeps telling me of his standards whenever we get together" he said.

"Kevin?" I asked. "I don't agree with Jim. Those are his standards. They aren't mine."

I watched Little Kevin getting hard again! And I was getting hot again. "They aren't?" Kevin asked.

I shook my head. He smiled. His dick was fully erect, my body tense, expecting.

The wine was going to my head. I was getting my nerve back. Kevin put his hand on my thigh and moving up and back over my knees. "You're a naughty girl," he said and I nodded again. "Naughty and very, very nice." I nodded and Kevin's hand was at my crotch, his fingers moving along my slit, slipping along the walls of my cunt. It was good already being naked, sending my own little message to his fingers: Open, Ready for Business! I opened my legs, wondering, is this what I was hoping for? His finger slipped inside. His cock had gotten huge. "My cock wants to taste you," and I leaned over. "No," Kevin said, "not your mouth. Little Kevin wants to taste your cunt."

I looked up at him. "Are you going to fuck me? Is your cock going to fuck my cunt?" It was his turn to nod. I was scared now that the real thing might happen and moved my legs together. My legs pushed his finger into me and sent thrills. Kevin smiled, took my hand and led me back inside to Jim's couch.

"Sit down," he said. And I did. "Lift your legs. Spread your legs." And I did. I was scared and hot, laid my head back. I thought of stirrups and my young doctor and his probing... "Take hold of my prick." I reached and took hold. His dick was stiff and the tip was dripping. Kevin looked in my eyes: "You're a hot little girl. Are you sure you want me to do this?" I looked down. I nodded my head. "Show Little Kevin where to go."

[to probe me like that doctor? Except no Mum outside the curtain, no slick, Little Kevin was already slick. I wanted probing on the couch] I held him and put the tip of him at my lips. Kevin leaned over and kissed me. I could taste the wine on his lips. His tongue shot into my mouth and I sucked on it. The tip of his cock was teasing me. Kevin made it move up and down. It was soft on my clit.

"Your clit is stiff little girl," he whispered.

I put my arms around his neck holding him close. I was breathing hard. My cunt was dripping on my ass cheeks and cool and his cock was moving muscularly on my lips. I was ready. I was scared. I wanted his fucking and whispered in Kevin's ear something I didn't think I would ever say: "I want Little Kevin to taste me. I want to taste him inside. I want him to fuck me." "You're a naughty girl," Kevin whispered, our cheeks hot and sweaty. "You're a dirty girl." "And you are a dirty old man," I said, teasing him back. "Fuck me now, please." "Pretty please?" Kevin said. How long was this teasing going to last. I was so hot. Dripping. So ready.

My time had come for the real thing and I felt his cock pressing against my lips. Spreading me. Entering me. I lifted my body and moved my hands down Kevin's back pulling him close and I felt his huge, stiff hot member sliding into my body, my slick spend, his slick spend, gliding us, his cock sliding into my cunt. The real thing at last! I squeezed on Little Kevin and he flexed inside. Gliding deeper. His balls finally pushed against my ass.

He was in all the way. It was my first real thing. He started churning, back and forth, again and again. His balls bounced on my bottom. I reached down and felt his slick cock and my juices. His hair moving on my hand and against my hair. Soft, erotic, wet and hot. I touched him with my fingers, he was at my little mouth, his cock milking me, thrusting into me, over and over. I saw doggie dicks and tongues and hair brushes, that doctor, and then there was this happening to me. I was dreaming and our bodies oozing life.

My ears were full. Kevin's body was on mine, my nipples against his shirt. We were naked at our waists and fucking, gloriously fucking and sweating and I was puffing in his ear. His cock hit against

me. The room was silent. My legs were splayed wide, I was impaled on this thing poking at me, sticking me, again and again, pricking me, pricking at the quick of me and I began to feel pricked, pricking out my senses, something deep inside moving up, bursting out, my entire body coming alive, impaled on this instrument pricking at me, strumming my soul and I grunted. Then I groaned. "Unh. Ugh. Kevin!" "What?" he said. "I'm coming on your cock. I'm coming on your dick. I'm...ooh...I can't take this any more. I'm finished," I gushed.

"You're not finished and I'm not," he said and kept fucking me.

His body slapping on mine. We were in a rhythm. I was exhausted and breathing hard and then it started, again, it was that wave churning, washing over me..."What are you doing to me?" I was alive again, I moaned. "You're going to come again," he said, and it was happening again except this time I was writhing on his cock, begging him: "Don't stop. Don't stop now. Fuck me hard!" He was at my mouth, kissing my ears, sweat dripping on my face and I felt him tense and thrust hard, stiffen and spurting inside me, deep inside. That glorious cock was at my throat it seemed and my cunt held on for the whole ride. "Please don't stop. Please don't stop. Please.....don't....stop!" I exhaled. My breath was gone. My mind was pulsing. Alive!

Finally, we laid together on the couch, sweating, breathing, come glistening on his cock, come running down my thighs wetting my ass. I was breathing again. He petted my tummy, petted my fanny., petted my hairs, dipping his finger between my slick lips. A silent, gentle: "That was glorious, you're sweet." I giggled on his finger...a silent "thank you."

His cock made a final pulse and lay across his waist. It was very quiet and I was thinking how wonderful to be alive and be alive like this; my first real thing, it was worth all the planning and worth waiting for. It was exhausting and thrilling. I looked at Kevin and smiled, squeezing his hand, mouthing a "thank you" but his eyes were closed. His cock had grown small. It still shined from our juices. It deserved a rest. Kevin opened his eyes and looked at me, squeezing back.

I was glad Jim had a friend like Kevin. Glad that Kevin had different standards, like my own, and that was a good thing. It was for me, finally, the real thing. And the very best thing. I slept soundly after that, hoping Jim wouldn't come back for another week! He didn't.

A friend and I visit Kevin...

I was blushing when my girlfriend learned I hadn't finished my homework the next day: "But you go to your neighbor's house to do your homework. What happened?"

I went beet red and looked down. Varda and I were walking home that day and we often talked about "things" that were personal...you know boys and things. Varda told me about her brother catching her in the shower and his dick at attention but I didn't tell her much. I mean if I told her about Jim and his dog what would she think? It might be the end of our friendship because it was way, W A Y, out there.

"You don't have much to say," Varda remarked as we walked, "Can I come with you to Jim's when he gets back? I'd like to meet him."

I was beyond red in the face and my pussy was dripping just thinking about Varda meeting Jim and his dog. I was speechless and then she knew that she had to, absolutely had to, meet Jim and she told me so. I asked: "You won't tell anyone...promise?"

She nodded as we walked past my house. "Are we going to Jim's now? You said he wasn't home." "You're my best friend? And you promised?" We walked to Jim's house where I knew Kevin would meet me. It was my turn to have a surprise for him. Varda was almost 17 and she was a sexy female. She had that pretty shape that made boys look. Neither of us ever wore knickers any more...it was our secret, and she told me how sexy she felt, how she wanted to have sex but didn't know how to get started.

It was weeks ago that I told her I didn't have any answer but that if I ever did have sex I would help her get started. We had made our mutual promises and pledges of secrecy and just now I was feeling so horny and my body had taken control of me, including my feet, walking us to Jim's. I took Varda's hand and we swung our arms and smiled and she was getting excited.

I had a key to Jim's and we went right inside. His doggie was there, his tongue lolling, looking up at me. Then he walked to his bowl for water and sat down and licked his balls until his dick peaked out. Varda was watching and looked at me. I smiled and she looked back at the dog. "I've never had a pet and I've never seen a dog's dick. It's amazing," she said. "What would you think of a dog licking or fucking you Varda?" I was getting bold and taking a chance she would run home screaming. It was quiet just then in Jim's kitchen as I waited to learn Varda's response. "You're kidding aren't you?" she said. I just shook my head. "Really?" she said. My eyes got wide and she knew. Another secret shared between us, that was sure.

"Sit down," I said, "and I'll show you."

We sat opposite each other, her face flush. Mine too. "Open your legs and pull up your dress," I said. Varda looked at me, like: Is this real? but also did as told, both of us lifting our dresses, exposing our hot bodies. There we were, two hot young girls with open legs and both dripping. I could see her spend glistening along her pretty slit. We both had ginger hair and I was glistening too. She smiled at me, wondering what would happen.

I patted my thigh and over came the doggie, his dripping red dick out and ready, putting his legs on mine and beginning to lick. I was squirming and looking Varda in the eyes. She looked with amazement as the doggie slurped on me and she began fingering her slit slowly with one hand while spreading her lips with the other, listening to the doggie licks and my sighing. "This is really hot," she said. A huge smile.

I pushed down the doggie; this was something I didn't need just then; I was trying to get Varda on the sexual tracks that she would enjoy, just as I had promised her. I got up and showed the dog this new cunt. Varda looking down at doggie. Me just showing him, and standing, out of reach, he didn't need instruction. He had Varda's scent and just turned from me to her, licking her thigh, she was petting his head, waiting and then nature took its course and he was licking, slurping, licking as she shook and shook some more using both hands to open herself to this wonderful tongue.

She was grunting like there was no tomorrow, scooting down, spreading herself for deep licking, then the dog jumped up and his dick was slapping her cunt lips and I pulled the dog away saying: "No, not yet." He started to whine and Varda looked at me, curious, and I told her, "Just calm down. Calm down! There is more than a dog waiting for you. He's just not here yet and I promised him I would bring a friend," which was a little lie but Kevin and I had talked about Varda and how she was ready for sex like I had been. Kevin told me he would come by after work and we would see.

So Varda got down from her spreading and panting, pushing down her dress and sitting up. I had to stop her from fingering herself. "Just be patient. You won't be sorry," I said. I poured out some wine for us and we ate some cheese and I told her we wouldn't wait long but just to wait. She calmed

down finally, still looking at the dog which was licking itself.

Worth waiting for...

It seemed forever which meant another glass of wine for us but then I heard steps outside and the door opened. Kevin, with a big smile saying "Hi" and meeting Varda and I could see he liked her right away. So why was I jealous? I had agreed to this and was excited for my friend and that I got to watch and help out. They didn't need a lot of help. Kevin sat with us a little, had a glass and we visited, and then he took both our hands leading us into the living room. "What a nice surprise," he said, meaning Varda was a surprise and Varda looked at me with a smile that lit her up. I knew she thought Kevin was perfect for her.

He was good looking, younger than Jim and older than us but he made us feel comfortable, the three of us just sitting down. He told us of his day and looked at us. "Let's just relax and watch a movie for a while," he said. He got up and put a movie in which began to play and it was sexy stuff: A woman is alone in her room when her boyfriend arrives; they have small talk and they are both sexy and start feeling each other and removing clothing. Soon she had his pants down and his big dick standing straight up as she was feeling all over him; him rubbing her head and ears.

I took the first step, Varda watching the show, and I unzipped Kevin. His dick popped out, long, hot, fully erect, his tip was oozing; I started imitating the woman in the movie, feeling him all over and Varda looked over from the movie to this real scene right in front of her. Kevin took her hand and helped her get started on his cock. "How's Little Kevin, today," I joked. "Ask Varda," he said. She nodded and put both her hands on his cock saying: "Little Kevin is hot and fine and I'm stroking his wet slippery tip." It didn't take her long to get in step and now I felt that jealousy pang again but happy for Varda that she was getting into our little game. "Pull up your dress, Varda," I said and she did so, "Little Kevin likes a wet pussy. Feel yourself. Are you wet?" She was feeling herself, nodding and breathing more. I took my hands away and pulled up my dress. Kevin's hand went on me and I scooted down.

In the movie the man was lifting up his girlfriend and feeling her legs and cunt and I was watching, listening to Varda moving on Little Kevin then looking at the film and by this time the boyfriend had taken full advantage, putting her back on the bed, spreading her legs and playing his cock on her cunt. Varda looked back and Kevin, questioning, and Kevin gave her this warm and knowing smile taking both of Varda's hand to his face, kissing her hands, licking his spend off her fingers, then his hands were at her quim, spreading and playing with her cunt lips, Varda breathing hard now.

I could see that her body had taken over and that she was ready. I stood up and whispered in her ear: "Straddle Little Kevin. Let him have a taste. He loves pussy and quim and cunt. Squat down near him and let him tease you." I held her up and she hovered over Kevin and his erect wet cock. Kevin took hold of it and rubbed it up and down on Varda's cunt lips and Varda got this dreamy, squirmy look, her eyes glassed over. He held her bottom and his cock teased her all by itself. Varda started to squat down but Kevin held her up and brought her face to his, kissing her, slurping his tongue. I was petting Varda's bottom and fingering her from behind as she flexed and pulsed and tried to squat down on this instrument that was "tasting" and teasing her.

Kevin pulled his cheek to hers, his hands were spreading her legs, smoothing her down, slowly, down. "Kevin. Kevin," Varda whispered. "Please. I can't take more teasing. I want him in me. I don't want to wait any longer. My legs are weak. Please." That hot cock entered her wet pussy and she flexed and moved down, savoring every part of her body spreading over his tool. "Oh God," she said.

"You're hurting but don't stop. I want you to hurt me and fuck me. I waited so long and ached for a hot cock." She grimaced as he slid up inside, breaking her hymen, and she grimaced again and sat down on his dick and rested.

Kevin was good. He just lay there and petted her face, the sweat dripping off her cheeks. Varda started crying: "He fits right inside. He's so big and hot and I didn't know." Kevin lifted her on him and let her slide back down then lifted her again, her pain easing into other feelings, letting her rest on him, their hairs mingled with their wet. He lifted her dress over her head and Varda was naked and sweating and then she lifted off and sat back down, lifting again and back down. "Kevin," she said. "What," he asked. "Fuck my wet cunt," she said and kissed him as he began lifting and dropping her then she was lifting and her hands on his chest and she began to moan and ooze and coo and she was riding that cock, over and over. "Put him all the way inside again. You're at my throat. Oooo. Ugh. Kev...Kev...Kev...in. I don't know. I don't know what you're doing but don't stop. Please."

Every woman responds in her own way to a coming orgasm and I was worried at the start that Varda would walk out the door but now she might never leave! She was so hot on him and I put my hand under her feeling her cunt and Kevin's cock and their juices and I was playing with myself it was so hot. I glanced at the movie and the actors were fucking like mad. Just like Varda and Kevin. I was rubbing Varda's back and she was muttering and guttering and sweating and frantic to milk Kevin as he milked and stroked her cunt with his marvelous cock. They were joined and then she finally closed her eyes and sat on him and was out of breath and resting on his chest.

She slid off and laid back on our couch. I couldn't be jealous of her. Not now in her time of ecstasy and relief and she looked at me, saying nothing at all, but the biggest smile with big eyes. I covered her with her dress, squeezing hands, and wanted my turn but Little Kevin was one limp exhausted thing, lying limp on Kevin's belly.

I got up and washed my face and poured us some more wine. Going back to the couch I saw Varda's hand resting on Kevin's belly and playing with his limp cock, Kevin smoothing her hair and exchanging smiles. His cock flexed. And flexed again and went limp.

The End