

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



The sleek German shepherd stretched out his long sinewy body on the cool of the kitchen's rubber-tiled flooring to watch the golden-haired young wife move about her household duties with an air of feminine efficiency. He chose a corner, his favorite vantage point, and a spot he had come to consider as his own since his arrival at this new place. Though at first it had been strange to him and he had sadly longed to be with his real mistress, the warm affection shown him by the young woman and man had soon won his fervent attachment.

What was even more exciting and new to him was the freedom he had here. Before, he had been allowed outside only in the company of his mistress and leashed, but here he could come and go as he felt the urge, freely exploring the alleys and neighboring yards where other friendly young wives gave him bones and sometimes even took him into their houses. Of them all, though, it was this pretty, long golden-haired girl who answered to the sound of Karen that he preferred to be with. She fed him well and petted him often, making soft little cooing sounds that not only pleased him but set his great heart to beating faster. It was the lack of such attention this morning which gave the powerful animal his feeling of slighted uneasiness, and he watched her with unflinching, devoted eyes, instinctively knowing that all was not right with her.

Actually, Karen Smith thought to herself, as she rinsed the dishes before placing them in the dishwasher, she was being a little childish about the whole thing. Steve wasn't wholly at fault this time. After all, they had awakened later than usual and she should know after eight months of marriage to him what a stickler he was for being on time at the office. With only an hour for him to shower, shave, dress and eat breakfast, then drive into L.A. proper, she'd been just a bit unreasonable enticing him into making love to her. But after last night's big let-down on his part, she'd popped her eyes open this morning with the same sensual coals still smoldering inside her. Of course, he'd had too much to drink the night before at the Keller's dinner party... or maybe not enough, she wasn't certain which, they both did so little of it. But for some unusual reason, he'd been like a damned rabbit in bed, just whipping right off and leaving her in the middle of her passionate climb, dropping almost immediately off to sleep, while she'd lain there beside him in excited arousal for over an hour before she'd fitfully dozed off.

It was little wonder to the twenty-two year old, curvaceous blonde wife that she'd awakened in no less an erotic tizzy than the sizzling state which sleep had temporarily banked through the night. But to endure a repeat fiasco within eight hours had been almost more than she could bear! Only the fact that she knew he would be late for work if she made an issue of it, had kept her from breaking right out in frustrated tears! Like a propelled young athlete trying for some sort of an olympic record, he'd raced his lengthy, swollen hardness in and out of the heated, liquid sanctuary between her legs, quickly seeing to his own needs, then hopped from the bed while she lay there panting!

"Sorry, hon, but I really got to make time, now!" he'd weakly apologized, wiping off his deflating penis with his soiled shorts as he moved toward the bathroom. Then, at the doorway, he'd turned and promised: "Look, I'll make it up to you tonight, Karen... for sure. We'll go out for cocktails and dinner, just the two of us, and after, we'll come home and have a real party. Okay?"

"O-Okay, all right, darling," she'd feebly answered, somehow managing a smile for him before he'd darted into the bath, closing the door behind him.

Well, at least he had understood the whats and whys of her frustration, she'd thought as she lie there, fighting the tremendous urge to finish the task with her finger before he popped out like a jack-in-the-box from the shower. But she hadn't and for personal reasons known only to herself. When she'd married Steve Smith she'd hopefully put the need for self-gratification behind her, and

to this point she had not violated that optimism, for once begun it would be too easy a practice to continue.

Karen was quite aware and certainly unashamed of her carnally amorous nature, and so far, her slender, loveable, unhomely young husband had shown his appreciation of it to the best of his limited ability. There... there she went again, privately deriding him with that one word, 'limited', and after vowing to herself only several days before that she would not let her mind think that way anymore! What was it the book she had read on marriage and sexual love had said ? Allowing this vein of thinking toward one's mate to dwell in the mind will only breed further discontent. It is important especially for the new inexperienced bride to adopt a positive and patient view. Either partner might well detain the event of harmony in the sex act by mentally unloading blame of inadequacy on the other...

Well, inexperienced she'd certainly been and still was, she supposed, if one was to measure by the length of time she'd been at it. Steve had been the first and only man in her young life, the initial and wondrous night going back to four months before their wedding. And what a blissful, bang-up performance that had been on his part right there in the back-seat of his car! God, her climax had been so dynamic that she'd fainted dead away, nearly frightening him to death... poor darling.

Karen smiled to herself now as she remembered, momentarily pausing in her dish rinsing. But such infusing recollections were not doing a damn thing toward soothing the immediate ardor still glowing hotly in her soft belly and simmering young loins, she reasoned, forcefully sealing the memory back inside her mental archives. The main points of importance were that they were totally and rapturously in love with each other, that they were both sound and healthy, and that her twenty-five year husband's position as an insurance agent was secure and progressing beyond their fondest expectations. What young bride of eight months could ask for more than the beautiful new home they were buying in the enviable Oakmont Shadows development? Even their two-year old car was paid for, and in three more months, their furniture, would be entirely their own!

So, their sex life wasn't yet all that it might be, at least it was a hit and miss proposition, and when she wasn't left in one of these fired-up states she felt confident that in time...

A soft whine from the big German shepherd behind her interrupted the pony tailed blonde girl's stream of thoughts. She turned, smiling down at the handsome animal her Aunt Janie had asked her to look after while the vivacious older writer fulfilled a magazine assignment in London. Though she would have done it out of gratitude for this fiftyish, spritely woman who had raised her following the accidental death of her parents when she was twelve, she had truly welcomed the magnificent dog's company. Too many nights, Steve was obligated to meet with clients... the unfortunate plight of a successful insurance agent's life, and as well as the dog's company, Karen appreciated the protection in this new, outlying area the powerful animal afforded her.

"What is it, Bronson darling?" she softly cooed down at him in a tone she somehow had adopted especially for him. "Hungry, baby?" she continued, lovingly stroking the mighty dog's big, glossy-furred head. "You know, I think I'm beginning to understand why Aunt Janie gave you that devilish little name, it's the wicked, loveable gleam you too often get in those big brown eyes. To tell you the truth, young man, it sometimes appears to be bordering on salacity."

The pleasing sound of her soft, crooning voice along with the gentle pressure of her small, stroking hand on his head filled Bronson with warm-hearted relish. Instinctively, he raised his head, licking at her smooth hand to impart his growing attachment to her. Whatever had troubled her was of relative unimportance, his keen animal intuition made him know, as with that hand moving to his neck, she hugged him against her soft, outer thigh.

"I'm not sure but what you might be some reincarnated Lothario from another time," the curvaceous, doting young wife teased, happy that they exercised a six month dog impounding law in England before you could bring them in. Otherwise, she'd never known the tying bond that could grow between a human and their faithful canine friends. She had always loved them but never owned one herself. It hadn't been until after Uncle Bill's passing away and her own marriage to Steve that Aunt Janie had discovered this wonderful animal. Now, he had become one of their own little family after only a week, and already she was dreading the day that Aunt Janie would come home to claim him. "Supposing we look into the fridge to see what we can find for you, handsome? I think there might even be a nice big ham bone there."

The noble animal whined, almost as if he knew what she were saying, Karen thought, embracing him against her leg and stroking his head once more. He whimpered and she lightly laughed. The darling. She hoped she was doing right by letting him traipse out and around the neighborhood. Aunt Janie had been in such a rush that she'd given her little advice concerning him. And inasmuch as the neighbors had all taken to him, she couldn't see any harm in letting him get out and romp a bit. He seemed to know where home was and that was the main thing... along, of course, with his gentle temperament.

Although she very much enjoyed taking him on his leash grocery shopping with her, there'd been several times he'd been off gallivanting when she couldn't. But invariably, when he accompanied her, any number of wives who lived in the Shadows made it a policy to come up and pet him, such as the day before when three of them had approached him, hardly looking at her as they almost blushing made over him. He had become quite a focal point in the neighborhood, and though proud, she had come up with some misgivings over the attention. There was such a thing, she'd read, as dog-knapping, and God, how could she ever explain that, should it happen, to Aunt Janie?

"I don't want to be strict with you, darling," his new young mistress intoned with a final, loving pat, "But I just might have to curtail some of your wanderlusting habits. Aunt Janie would never forgive me, I know, if anything happened to you, and I couldn't forgive myself."

Bronson was aware only that her melodious, gentle voice bestowed kindness and love. But beyond that, 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 big, muscular body. It was the human mating aura he had been skillfully educated to recognize, and he did, but perhaps with more eagerness than usual, for this was his beloved new mistress who made his animal-heart beat rapidly when she petted him!

Her mind still a conglomeration of mixed-veined thoughts, Karen opened the refrigerator, identified the ham bone on its plate and bent down to retrieve it from its backward place on the tray. She said aloud, more to herself than the waiting dog: "Ham shouldn't really be kept this long, anyway... even under refrigeration!"

Though it gave her a jolting, if wild start, the astounded young wife didn't move! She was still bent over, but frozen immobile at the feel of the unmistakable cool wetness of Bronson's nose high on the soft inner side of her left 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 had been smoldering inside her since the night before! Instead, she continued to stoop there, waiting, knowing that the big dog's huge head was up in under her short shift from behind, animalishly sniffing, and then, the hot pressured lap of his unmistakable tongue came against the moistened nylon strip of her sheer, snug-fitting panties hugging her seeping vaginal lips!

Good God! He'd sensed her erotic heat!

What else? It had to be that, and his singeing, long thick tongue had felt like a firebrand caressing the protected swollen lips of her still hotly fired pussy! Again, he did it as she hung there in her stooped-over position, drawing the length of his feverish tongue undeniably between her partially spread thighs, along the length of her flushed, wet cuntal crevice!

Karen raised up slowly... straightening, only because she couldn't spend the day in that position! She held the bone in her hand as she turned to gaze down at her animal-paramour who was staring up at her with almost twinkling brown eyes, erect ears, open mouthed and with wagging tail.

"You loveable devil! I was right! That's why your name is Bronson... because you are!" she tremulously whispered, all the sensations she had managed to keep from overwhelming her the past ten hours, suddenly spiraling with passionate intensity over her voluptuous, young feminine curves. "You, you are Don Juan returned, a licentious male lover in a dog's body, but so help me, more handsome than any of them! Wh- What has Aunt Janie been teaching you, anyway, Bronson darling?"

The massive German Shepherd whimpered, but the sensually intoxicated bride wasn't sure why... whether for the bone she held, or the now-inflamed secret between her trembling thighs! She shivered outright as she took the first step toward the washroom as if satanically driven. Inside, she held the bone high in a mind-spinning, teasing gesture, so that he would see and follow, lascivious things she had never before even conceived of permeating her brain!

"Come in here, darling, in here with Karen!" she consciously hissed, as if someone might overhear, though she was the only human in the house! "Come on, baby, that's my darling, and after, you can have the bone! Come on, look what Karen has for you!"

It was too late to stop now, the breathless, wildly infused Karen insanely reasoned, realizing the depravity of her act and knowing she intended to do it anyway! The eager animal whimpered before her as she stood there, door partially closed and spread legged, her short skirt luridly raised, the fingers of her same hand pulling seductively to one side the thin narrow crotchband of her dampened, nylon panties, hotly exposing her lightly hair-fringed, wet cunt before him!

"Come on, Bronson! Do it for Karen! Lick it... baby, lick Karen's hot little pussy for her!" she lewdly whispered, the obscene thought and knowing of what she was doing inspiring almost frantic jolts of raging excitement to charge through her!

Eagerly she watched, the sight in itself as the big dog moved closer, enough to jell her knees! Then, unimaginable sensations of frenetic lust stabbed within her when she realized that he was really going to lick her there up between her thighs! Ooohhhh, this was beyond obscenity, she thrillingly trembled, pulling even further to one side the elastic legband and the sheer strip of her wet panties to better expose her fire-filled pussy to him! He was, wasn't he? God! He had to! And, he did!

The beautiful darling's long and thick animal-tongue wetly snaked out, curling at its tip as it searingly splayed open the fervid, sensitive lips of her pouting pussy! It laved the very seeping, inflamed mouth of her vagina, separating the soft, hair-fringed folds, drawing with a scorching heat upward between them, ending and twisting at the delicate bud of her already hotly quivering little clit! And he wasn't about to stop there! Again and again without the slightest urging on Karen's part, the handsome brute repeated his fiery lingual caresses, raising gasps of lurid intoxication from the young blonde wife as she stood there with shapely naked legs spread wide, her exposed loins thrust obscenely forward, her little hand holding the narrow wisp of her nylon panties one side for Bronson's lustfully delicious licking of her erotically steaming cunt!

The bone she held in her small hand had lost its interest for the big German shepherd the moment

his new, beautiful blonde mistress had raised her skirt and made naked for him her hot, wet young pussy lips. He knew from vast experience the feeling of racing blood pounding ruttishly through the animal veins of his mighty body. The delicate scent of her roused, fluid heat filled his keen sensitive nostrils as he ardently stroked his long, thick tongue through the moistened, pink flesh between her sensuously spread thighs. His strong animal-heart beat faster at her exciting feminine sexual odor, the intense fever of her desire contagiously charging to his own powerful loins.

"Oh... oh God... yes, darling... like that! Lick it good!" Karen hissed, still holding the bone high in one hand and her tiny panties lewdly pulled away from her burning, blonde-curled pussy with the other. "Oh lover, you sweet... sweet beauty! Lick! Lick! Karen'll cum in a minute, darling! Oooohhhh... faster, baby, faster, then you can have your bone! That's it, lick, lick, lick!"

At last, the unwelcomed sound penetrated, a knocking at the back door... persistent but not demanding... yet! For a long moment, the lustfully captivated Karen did not move, couldn't in the throes of her forbidden enchantment, but the knocking continued until the huge dog finally stopped his obscene caresses, growling reflexively in his husky throat. Oh God, just a minute more and she would have! She almost frantically screamed within her wildly excited brain, thrusting her seething wet cunt obscenely forward, trying to tempt the big animal back to finish his lewd tonguing. But instead, he nosed his way through the opening of the door she had not quite closed to move toward the kitchen entrance.

"Damn! Damn!" the fiercely incited Karen cursed under her breath, quickly pulling her panty crotch band back over her saliva-moistened vagina as she shivered maddeningly from the impassioned sensations electrifying her hotly inflamed young loins in their almost reached orgasmic moment! Who the devil could it be? She raged inwardly, then heard Barbara Keller's throaty voice speaking to Bronson through the screened door.

"Well, hello there, handsome! Where's your pretty mistress? Oh, there you are, honey," their stunning, new neighbor greeted as Karen emerged with forced calm from the washroom. She was a comparatively tall girl, older than Karen by several years, with an extremely attractive face, fluffy mini-bobbed, coal-black hair, enchanting onyx- eyes, and an enviously curved body which she revealingly enhanced by wearing the meagerest and tightest ensembles available. "You washing or something, honey? Hope I didn't interrupt?"

"No... no, I, ah, was getting a bone for Bronson," Karen stammered, helplessly trembling as she sensed the uncontrollable flush to her cheeks. God, that had been stupid, she quickly realized, a bone from the washroom? Her attractive caller's head cocked to one side as if in wonder, but Karen refused to notice, managing a smile as she concentrated on the other's skin-tight white shorts and matching, low-cut halter. "My, don't you look fresh and cool, though? How about some coffee?"

"Love it, hon, and thanks for the compliment," Barbara replied, watching the big German shepherd take the bone from her curvaceous blonde neighbor's hand and march toward the door.

"Now don't you go away, Mr. Gallivanter," Karen affectedly ordered, pressing open the screened barrier for the proud animal to pass, the thought of the lurid act she'd involved him in only minutes before still discomposing her. "Stay right in the back yard," she added, struggling desperately to hide her mounting feeling of guilt. Then, turning to smile again at her neighbor: "Sit down, Barbara... I'll get some cups."

The alluring brunette was a warm, outgoing girl and a new acquaintance whom Karen liked very much. Though Barbara and Don had just moved into their home across the street some ten days before, already the two couples had struck up a friendly and close relationship, but somewhat taxed

at that moment in the once again frustrated mind of the wrought up young housewife...

"You really like this outfit, or are you kidding me?" the long-legged brunette asked as she slid into the breakfast booth. "Don says if it was any tighter I might as well sew some simulated pubic-hair on the front, the wise guy. Actually, he likes them this way. What do you think, Karen?"

Perhaps at another time it wouldn't, but right then her attractive friend's rather lewd remark only added to Karen's uneasiness. All the same, she laughed, struggling for casualness and angered with herself at the hot twinges she knew continued to redden her cheeks. She quipped: "Well, let's say you're not leaving anything in doubt to the naked eye, but I do like it on you."

"Thanks again. Your sweet, Karen," the stunning girl bubbled. "Now, how would you like to go shopping with me this afternoon? There's several sales going on downtown."

"Oh, I shouldn't, Barb," Karen replied as she poured their coffee and slipped into the booth across from her neighbor, aware that the fire had lessened in her cheeks, her confidence slowly returning. "Steve's taking me out to dinner tonight and I don't want to be dragging for that. Otherwise, I'd love to join you."

"Ooohhh, and I thought sure you would," Barbara disappointedly moaned, and then as quickly, she was smiling again. "But we can do it another time. I don't blame you for storing up your energy for that sweet husband of yours. He's a doll, Karen." She leaned forward over the table. "Tell me, was he over, under, or soused just to the 'nth' degree last night? God, I thought he was going to rape you right there on the couch, once!"

Karen had already been exposed to her enravishing neighbor's unexpected, sensual probes and revelations, blushing surprising questions or statements of which her good-looking, athletic husband seemed to eagerly enjoy, and which at first had embarrassed both Steve and herself. But it was the innocence and spontaneity of them that had soon brought down her prudish guard, along with her Steve's. One couldn't know Barbara Keller very long without recognizing and accepting, even becoming infatuated with her unvarnished candor, which usually encompassed sex. Nevertheless, her immediate personal question irked Karen, setting her on the alert. There were, after all, some things...

"God!" the widened, onyx-eyed girl went on before she could answer, "Don was a savage! I thought he was going to tongue me right out of my mind, and he hadn't drunk anything near what Steve had! Then, it was dog-fashion, and believe me, honey, with that cock of his rammed up in you from behind you know you're getting fucked!"

Karen actually lost her breath at her fetching neighbor's casual use of the two four-letter words, the very sound of them tumbling from her pretty, white-glossed lips momentarily spellbinding her! In all of their association to date, the younger wife had never heard her use the ultimate graphics, even when she implied them! At the same time, she couldn't deny the sparks they raised in her soft, smoldering belly and loins... like a poker being stroked into a caked bed of white-hot coals!

Somehow, Karen found her voice and quivering as it was in her undeniable excitement, she softly managed to convincingly lie: "Steve had to be at the office early... so we went right to sleep."

"Really? God, I was as hot as a Spanish onion! I must've cum a half-dozen times, but that's that heavy-hung husband of mine," the sparkling brunette randomly informed, then sipped from her cup, her dark-eyes mischievously scintillating as they gleamed across the table. "Anyway, I'm sorry you guys didn't cut it. I know you were right up there with me, hon, the way you were hanging onto Steve." She set down her cup and shook her pretty head. "That's the trouble with insurance, or

Don's real estate. Sure, we make wonderful money, but the time involved. It kills me. I can seldom plan a dinner and have it on the hour, or figure on my legal-lover to be on deck when he says. It's always a client who wants to look at property at the most unreasonable hours! Sometimes, I wonder if it's worth it, then I look around, or go out and lounge by the pool and decide it is."

Once more, Karen worked up a smile. "Of course it is," she heard herself say, all that her curvaceous young neighbor had openly unfolded without a grain of conscience tossing wildly inside her own wrought-up brain... Cum a half-dozen times? God! Even once would be heavenly! ... Heavy-hung husband! Steve was as big there as anyone she would ever want to know! It was so long and thick... bigger than most, she'd almost bet, or at least an equal, wasn't it? Wasn't it? How could she know? It was the only one she'd ever seen, felt, or loved! How could an inexperienced girl compare! Even if she wanted to?

"Honey! You didn't answer me," Barbara said, half-smiling across the table at her with her lovely head cocked to one side in characteristic fashion. "You off in a dream world on me?"

"I'm sorry, Barb... I guess I got carried away there for a moment... something I ought to do," Karen lied again.

"Well... what I asked you is, when are you guys putting in your pool? Last night, you said you were going to."

"Oh, not until next summer, probably," Karen quickly replied, ashamed of her momentary lapse. "I really didn't intend to get carried off like that."

"Oh, for God's sake, think nothing of it, baby. I get that way once in awhile, too. But listen, why don't you and Steve come over Friday night for a pool party. We'll have cocktails, steaks, and," she leaned forward, covering Karen's hand with her own, "some exciting movies to stimulate the sensual blood-flow. Don just sold this estate to a real big-time operator who handles the distribution of stag movies. God, hon, they're wild, all the way... everything you can imagine with beautiful gals and handsome males! Sound like something?"

"I ah... well, I'll tell Steve tonight when he comes home," Karen huskily responded, her own blood pounding through her at the thought. "I-I have to go by his schedule, you know."

"Of course you do, baby," the enravishing brunette smiled, getting to her feet. "Now, I better run and let you do your thing. Sorry you can't go shopping with me."

"Another time, Barbara... Tonight looks like a big night for the Smiths," Karen said, the urge to imply something sensual to her friend almost overwhelming her.

"Ahhhhh, and I can see it in your luscious eyes, you blonde beauty! Okay, I'm off and running. Let me know about Friday, eh hon? And, and you might even give me a run-down on the big go tonight! I love to hear about other people's private sex-lives!"

Karen laughed. She followed her neighbor to the door and saw her out. At the same time, she looked for Bronson, but he wasn't to be seen. The devil had wandered off again. There was his bone, but he was nowhere in sight. Damn him...

"Bye, Karen."

"Bye, Barb... see you later."

The raven-haired girl smiled and waved, then she was gone... like Bronson!

Something out of the ordinary had been bothering Karen, the dark-eyed Barbara thoughtfully mused as she crossed the pleasant street back to her own new home. Subconsciously, she added a little extra bounce to her gait plus a provocative waggle of fully rounded hips and buttocks, just in case there might be a man admiring her from some concealed vantage point. Of course, they'd only known the dazzling blonde charmer and her adorable husband less than two weeks, but that was long enough to learn considerable about a person's character and temperament. There was no question about it, the enticingly sexy doll had been mighty worked up over something... or someone, when she'd walked out of that washroom! Her cheeks had been flushed and she was still trembling when she poured the coffee, Barbara remembered, her own excitement growing. God, was it possible? Could there have been someone hidden in there, a man, perhaps? It certainly had taken her long enough to answer the door! And she'd rapped at least a half-dozen times! Well, if there had been, he was still there, but he'd have to leave sooner or later, and little Barbara was just going to watch from behind the living room drape for a bit!

Karen Smith having an illicit affair! Wow, now wouldn't that be something, though? Damn, if it were only true, the raven-haired neighboring wife eagerly speculated, making her way through the cool, well-furnished house to the living room where she could comfortably watch, wait, and think. There was still plenty of time before she had to change and dress for her shopping tour. God, Don would just flip if it were true, Barbara imagined, smiling to herself. She'd never known him to get quite as horny over the possibility of a new conquest as he had with Karen. Admittedly, the golden-haired angel had it all, looks, youth, and a perfectly breathtaking body, but she didn't figure that she, herself, was any slouch at twenty-seven.

Of course, that really had nothing to do with it as far as she and Don were concerned. They were very much in love and it was doubtful that any third party, even with Karen's or darling Steve's qualifications, could destroy that. Sex not love, was the secret ingredient that all of their swapping friends had shared and lustily enjoyed with them throughout the two years of their marriage. Not only had it added that needed spice to their individual lives, but it had actually put new zest in their own marital love-making. God knows, it was anything but a boring ordeal for her to go to bed with Don, and especially following a bout or two with some of the other husbands in their circle. Too often, a wife didn't really appreciate what she had at home until she'd laid down for a few of her girlfriends' spouses. And that was another advantage to their private, swinging get-togethers: the exciting exchange of new ideas, ways and approaches, or the actual teaching of a one-track minded husband, or half-frigid wife.

Anyway, the swapping around had certainly meant everything to her and Don's lives together. Being financially comfortable and having all of the luxuries that went along with money was not, in itself, enough, and both of them had realized it almost from the beginning. Sooner or later, the inevitable boredom was bound to set in, usually leading to shady little affairs which divorce attorneys thrived on, and neither of them had wanted that.

Oh, at first, she'd been quite bent when Don had come right out with the idea, the dark-eyed girl remembered as she continued to watch the house across the street, but being that she'd been enjoyable promiscuous all through her senior year in high school and the next four at college, she'd soon bought the program as a wild method of having her cake and eating it too. And so it had been for both of them.

A movement in the yard to the right of Karen's house caught her eye, interrupting Barbara's thoughts, but then she saw it was Bronson and sighed to herself. He was a beautiful animal, she mentally reflected, admiring his sleek, graceful actions. She remembered then that he, too, had

come out of the washroom... first, in fact. If only he could talk... for if luscious Karen did have a lover tucked out of sight in there, the handsome brute would have to know who it was. Poor Steve, he'd probably fall apart if he ever suspected; that was the usual result when a new young wife or husband was discovered kicking over the traces. And he was such a loveable darling, too! God, how she wanted to get him into bed for an hour or so, and just maybe, this startling event, whatever, or whoever it might be, was going to make that a reality!

Don was truly going to soar when he found out, but no, she wouldn't say a thing until she was sure! Damn, who could it be? One of the neighbors, maybe? That didn't sound logical though. There were only a few and most of them so much older than Karen... unless she was one of those gals who nursed a secret penchant for older men! Besides, Barbara realized, she, herself, wasn't at all familiar with the couples who lived on the street behind Karen. It could be someone from there, a younger man she'd met over the back fence, or at the shopping center...

The telephone startled the provocatively dressed Barbara and she bounced up to answer it, but never taking her eyes from the house across the way. It would be Don wondering what had happened.

"Hi, Babe, Well tell your loving husband! How did it go?" his deep voice warmly filled her ear.

"My lecherous husband, you mean?"

"Same thing, Babe, but let's not banter trifles. What happened? Did you talk to her?"

"Yes, Lover, I did just what you said, including salting the conversation with erotic tales peppered with a few four-letter words," the ravishing Barbara throatily informed, at the same time tracing the smooth erogenous flesh of her full, white inner thigh with narcissistic finger-tips. A little shiver rippled along her spine at the self-taunting.

"So, how did she take it?" her husband eagerly questioned.

"I think what you want to know, Darling, was, what were her responses, and frankly, they were all that a man like you, with the hots, could ever ask for. She didn't get uptight, and she was damned sure sensually aroused," Barbara informed in her suggestive tone, knowing that she was telling the truth even if she weren't revealing all of it.

"Sweet pussy!" her athletic husband hissingly exclaimed, using one of his favorite expressions. "That's music to my ears, Angel! Okay, now get this. I had coffee with your future lover-boy this morning."

"Steve?"

"Who else've you got cockitis over at the present, Baby?" he teased.

"Well, come on, tell me what happened!"

"Foundation work mostly. We're having lunch together tomorrow... a few martinis and the likes... get the scene?"

"Yes... yes!"

"So, when I think he's ready, I'm going to spring it on him."

"Spring what? Swapping?"

"You're right on, Lover girl," her deep-voiced mate said. "He'll never be more ready, and you know what a few drinks does to Steve Smith."

"God! Do you think it'll work, Don?" she questioned, afraid that they could be rushing it. "I mean, maybe we should soften them a little more first."

"Don't be silly. The first jolt is going to carry the same impact when ever we spring it, and I'll tell you, Baby, I don't think I can wait much longer for a piece of that Karen's delectable, tight ass! You wouldn't want to be bringing cigarettes to your raping husband in the jug, would you?"

"You are pumped full of stifferine, aren't you, Darling?" Barbara responded with an excited laugh. "Wow... okay, that's fine with me. You know I've been ready for that sweet, gentle husband of hers ever since we moved in! But I just want to be sure we don't blow it."

"We won't. I've got a little thing working in the back of my mind," Don answered. "Steve Smith's ambitious for one of those 'Million-Dollar' buttons successful insurance salesmen flash, and once I make him understand that association with our select circle can gain him that, he's going to start worrying less and less about his young wife Karen spreading her legs for a few loving friends."

"Well... I hope you're right, Doll."

"Don't worry, I'm right... just a bit of man to man psychology. What did she say about the pool party?"

"She's to let me know after she talks with Don. But I think it looks favorable."

"Good. Let's invite a few more couples... makes for more interesting prelims to newcomers. Meantime, dig a pair of thick steaks out of the freezer, have a pitcher of martinis ready, and prepare yourself for a wild time, Sugar. Big Daddy's going to take up from where he left off last night!"

"Is that a promise?" the stunningly shaped wife huskily questioned, a tremor of fervid excitement rippling over her curved, susceptible body.

"No, it's a threat, pussy-girl, so prepare yourself," he half- whispered in that way of his that could drive her right up the wall. "Your ogre is knocking off early, and all the king's horses can't stop him!"

In the course of the remaining morning hours, Karen gradually recovered her composure by throwing herself into unnecessary house- cleaning, including the washing of windows. By noon, she felt quite herself again, the unsatiated fire in her provoked loins at least banked once more, enough anyway to allow her reasoning capacities to function with some normalcy. She sat down to a light lunch of soup and a sandwich, filled with vowed determination and a hangover of vivid shame. God, what demonical thing had ever tempted her into committing such a loathsome act she'd never know! The mere recalling of it to mind now was enough to make her want to break right down and cry. Oh, if Steve ever knew! She couldn't even bear to think of that! And Bronson, the loveable darling, it had never been his fault! She was completely to blame, goading him the way she had! What was worse, the handsome animal had gone off somewhere immediately and hadn't returned! Had he somehow realized her warped depravity and ran away? Dogs were credited with having unexplainable instincts that the human intellect couldn't conceive of! Oh God, if anything ever happened to him after what she'd done, she could never forgive herself!

Then, she remembered Barbara's unexpected visit for the thousandth time. Lord, what had she thought? Really, what had she thought? The shame-filled, upset girl was already aware that her beautiful neighbor was anything but a fool, that she possessed a keen, if sometimes, lurid mind, and it might very well be that vein of luridness which had helped her see through Karen's flushed, unhidable emotions. Damn, how ridiculous she must've looked carrying that bone and stammering about going in there to get it for Bronson! At least, she'd stupidly implied that!

Oooooohhh... she wasn't hungry... couldn't eat a bite, she concluded, pushing the food from her. And where was he? Why didn't he come home? He'd been gone for over two hours, longer than she could ever remember... or was it? He'd hardly touched his bone, just simply disappeared. Maybe, she should canvass the neighborhood, or even call the police if necessary! She just couldn't let anything happen to him!

Bronson observed his new pretty mistress seated at the booth in the kitchen, while he stood quietly outside the screened door. As always, his warm, animal-blood raced faster at the sight of her. She had not yet noticed him there and he patiently waited with opened panting mouth and wagging tail, tired and thirsty from his romping through a near-by field where he had chased a cat up a tree and remained to bark and jump at it, until the game no longer pleased him.

He was not hungry, even for the bone that she had given him earlier and he instinctively knew the reason. The heated taste and scent of her mating essence earlier had whetted his trained animal-desire, leaving his vigorous loins in a state of incompleated agitation. It was for this reason he had impulsively raced into the field to relieve the tensions through expelled energy. At the same time, he had ignored his usual stops at other back doors in the neighborhood where kind, and excitedly smiling females had learned to let him into their kitchens and bedrooms to perform, the skilled feats which he loved so much. But none of these could have any longer pleased him with this new yearning born in his heart for the golden-haired Karen with whom his real mistress had left him.

"Oh! There you are!" Karen jubilantly exclaimed, rising from the booth and turning to see the handsome animal standing beyond the door. A warm sensation of loving relief flowed through her at the beautiful picture his unexpected presence inspired. "You naughty dog... where did you run off to?" she crooned with emotion, opening the door so that he could trot in, his big brown eyes twinkling, his opened, panting jaws reminding her of some devilishly grinning Casanova.

Bronson immediately moved close to rub against her soft thigh, her welcomed sounds, aroma, and the feel of her small hand on his head and neck delighting him. He licked at her hand as she continued to coo down at him and stroke his head.

"You don't know it, Darling, but you had me very worried, after this morning," the young wife almost tearfully whispered in her choked- up happiness at having him back home with her. "I-I was afraid you might hate me for what I did, and Karen could just never stand that, you handsome beauty!" Irresistibly, she haunched down and hugged him to her. "Oh, you're so sweet, Baby... please forgive me? I promise, I'll never do anything so wicked to you again!"

He was both tired and thirsty, but the enthralled Bronson would have contentedly given himself to her caresses indefinitely, had she not of her own volition sighed, then straightened. It was then that he went to his water-dish while she watched for a moment before going on with other things to busy her. He lay down in his special place once his thirst was quenched, stretching out on the cool of the flooring to watch her, his big, played out body filled with gladness at being home with her once more...

Had anyone ever told her that the mere sight and presence of a dog could fill her with such elation,

or so completely put her mind at ease, Karen would have thought them batty. But as she went about washing cupboards with a fresh burst of energy, occasionally stealing glances at the now sleeping animal, it occurred to her that the handsome Bronson was no ordinary canine friend. There was something exceptionally unique about him that caused the irrational little flutters inside her when she looked at him.

She self-consciously blushed as she realized this and tried to remember if her feelings toward him had been the same before... before she had let him lick her there. God, she couldn't remember, not really. Perhaps, they'd existed from the beginning, but it had been this morning's sensually firing incident that had made her wholly conscious of them.

She thought these things as she feverishly scrubbed the unending cupboards, surprised at her ever lessening feeling of guilt and revitalized excitement with the vivid memory of the forbiddenly obscene act of the German shepherd licking her under her panties. God, she could still feel his searing, long, thick tongue parting her softly curling pubic hair and splaying through the sensitive flesh of her passion-moistened vaginal lips, the lustful recollection in itself enough to provoke a new wetness between her full, hot thighs. Oh, this would never do! She had to get hold of herself and put such lurid, bestial thoughts from her mind! They were utterly abominable, and it must never happen again!

By the same token, she wasn't going to take any more chances of having something happen to him! She would keep him at home with her, take him out on his leash when necessary and that would be that. Maybe it would be better for everyone after Aunt Janie did come and get him ... though the confused young wife knew she was going to miss him terribly. And then, she began to think more profoundly of the aunt who had just about raised her.

The attractive woman had always been a vibrant person, leaning a bit toward the impishly wild side, Karen mused, but while Uncle Bill was alive he'd seemed to have been able to pacify her. Karen had only seen her once following the funeral, up until her aunt had personally delivered Bronson to their home the week before. Actually, she had been quite surprised at her older relative's vivacity and modish style of dress. She looked more like a gay young bachelorette than a middle-aged widow, and the way she had bent down to kiss the whining German shepherd with tears in her eyes... God, come to think of it, while she was in that position, Karen remembered, Bronson had tried to nuzzle his handsome head under her skirt between her legs! He had! She suddenly recalled the whole scene, tiny, odd sensations responding inside her with the recollection! Was it possible? Had... had Aunt Janie actually taught him his naughty little tricks... perhaps, even bought him for that purpose?

The ringing of the telephone brought her back to the immediate and she hustled into Steve's study to answer it with the awakened Bronson two steps behind her.

"Oh, hi Steve darling," she smilingly said, recognizing his voice.

"How's my baby?" his gentle tone questioned.

"Fine, and keeping busy with her housework," she answered. "How's my breadwinner doing... making a lot of money for us, I hope?"

He hesitated. "As a matter of fact, that's one of the things I called you about, in fact, the main thing, Honey. Something unexpected's come up that's going to postpone our plans tonight, and if I land it, it'll be the biggest policy I've sold yet! It's J.L. Woodward, you know, the wealthy Cadillac dealer!"

Karen couldn't help her disappointment, nor could she hide it either. This night was going to mean so much to her, especially after last night and this morning... "But what about our going out for

cocktails and dinner, Steve? I had so planned on it. Do you have to see him tonight of all nights?"

"Oh, come on, Doll, let's be sensible," he replied, slight irritation in his tone. "You know my appointments have to be at their convenience, and I've worked on this one for weeks! Maybe you didn't hear me right, Karen, but this will be the biggest policy I've written yet!"

Damn, she could almost cry, she was that angry! Even though she knew he was absolutely right it hardly lessened her sense of chagrin. "Oh... oh, what can I say but all right!"

"Golly, Darling, I'm sorry," he apologized, his usual tender voice attempting to sooth her. "I know I promised, and how much you planned on it, but won't it be okay if we do it later on in the week? We'll even enjoy it more, Hon, especially if I sell old J.L."

"Yes... I'm sorry, too, Steve. I'm just being selfish again," Karen managed, attempting to reconcile herself. "You'll be home for dinner then at the usual time?"

"Well... no, I won't Hon. That is, I'm to have cocktails and dinner with the Woodwards at their mansion," her uneasy husband feebly informed. "Actually, I'll probably be rather late, though I'll try to hustle it up."

His admission was like rubbing salt in an open cut! She just couldn't keep the knifing bitterness out of her tone. "Really! Well, don't bother to hustle at all! Just take your time and enjoy yourself, Mr. Smith!"

"Damnit! Please, Karen, try to understand, will you?" he begged, something of a pleading whimper filling her ear.

"I'll make every effort!" Karen uncontrollably responded, no longer attempting to hide her cold resentment, and with that, she hung up, bursting into tears and heading toward the bedroom for the good cry that had been plaguing her since the night before!

Once or twice, after her tears had dried, Karen thought that she dozed, but she doubted that she'd really slept. On the floor beside the bed, Bronson faithfully lay watching the open doorway into the hall with the keen eyes of a posted sentry. She smiled when she saw him there, his welcomed presence lessening the loneliness she might have felt. She swung her feet to the floor, sitting on the edge of the bed to reach down and pet him. Immediately, he arose, crowding affectionately against her legs, finally settling his big head contentedly in her lap.

"Have you been guarding me, baby?" she softly spoke in the voice which seemed to please him? "You're a real angel, sweetheart, and I guess it's just you and me for the rest of the evening," she resignedly added, stroking the soft crown of his furry head. "But I suppose it could be worse, couldn't it?"

He raised his head and before she realized his intentions, his warm, moist tongue quickly darted out to brush hotly against her lips. In a natural reaction, Karen drew her face back away, surprised, yet not repelled. In fact, the loving wet contact sent an unexpected sensation fluttering through her! For a long moment, she stared deeply into his wide brown eyes, taking his handsome head between her small hands. He had kissed her and he knew it! The devilish glimmer in his guileless eyes gave him away! Slowly, she leaned forward, holding his face warmly, then near breathless, she parted her moistened, lush lips with her slightly exposed, tiny pink tongue! Unhesitantly, his longer, thick one gently touched it in a fiery caress.

Karen couldn't move! Had a human lover implanted a passionate kiss on her mouth or embraced her

excited tongue with his, she could never have felt it more intensively! Again he did it, until she realized that she was exchanging little fervent lingual caresses with him, and then he whimpered, the almost pleading sound shattering her unnatural world!

God almighty! What was she doing? She pushed him away, almost leaping to her feet to stare wide-eyed down into his never innocent, yet unguilty animal face. Again, he whined, as if sensing the heat he had easily rekindled within her dormant belly and loins.

"Oh, Bronson... Bronson... what am I going to do with you?" the re- impassioned, shaken wife whispered in self bewilderment. And she was not ashamed this time! That was the befuddling, unbelievable part! No, instead she was as hot as a firecracker ready to explode! Oohhh... what she needed was a drink, something to steady her before she lost her wits completely!

Looking at her watch, Karen saw that it was after six and that amazed her. She must have slept... yes, because at first, she'd felt considerably better, but now she wasn't so sure. Damn, why did Steve have to let her down tonight? She'd never needed him more... the evening they'd planned... their love party! He'd said he'd be quite late, too, and now was when she wanted him, not some eight or nine hours away! Oh damn! she tremorously swore to herself as she poured scotch over ice, forgetting the water...

Bronson watched her every trembling move, never straying too far from her side, his stimulated senses knowing from experience her want and need. The piquant aroma from the fluid heat of her human beauty filled his nostrils, just as he had tasted it from her mouth. But he was not used to the waiting, for his real mistress called him to her immediately at such times, as did all of the others in this new neighborhood. Still it was this, the waiting, which made him long all the more for her, and he could do nothing until she bade him.

She refused to sit down and he stalked her like her own shadow, sometimes, getting close enough to brush against her, but then she would quickly ease away. Many times, she refilled the glass and drank it empty. Her soft, warm body still quivered when he crowded against her. Again, and again, her melodious voice sang soft, sweet sounds down to him. The aura of her female sexual smell grew stronger and stronger, until he knew a throbbing in his powerful flanks. And then, at last, she sat and perched before her, resting his head in her lap, the hot, spicy fragrance from up between her warm, soft legs saturating his trained, animated instincts!

"Oh, you mind-bending lover!" Karen hissed, stroking his great head cradled on the short skirt her revealed upper-thighs composed into a lap. He was more than just a magnificent dog! There was something elegantly human about his maleness! He'd enchanted her and he was well aware of it... knew that she hadn't dare sit down because he would do what he was doing at that very moment! His rounded animal eyes were filled with more than affection... rank lust gleamed there! "You want to make an animal out of me, don't you? You want this morning completed , and, and so do I, Bronson darling! I do... I can't help it!"

Karen's brain swam from the Scotch she'd drunk. But the liquor had done nothing to ease the burning, sensual excitement within her. Nothing could do that, she wildly thought, except love, and her only lover lay his head devotedly in her lap! Oh God, she was absolutely aflame with desire, and she'd tried so hard! She was a total, seething wetness between her legs, and she knew that Bronson keenly sensed it! He was merely waiting... waiting!

"Oooooohhh." she moaned aloud, once more pressing him back away and gaining her feet, though not too steadily. God, she should have eaten, but it was too late now; she wasn't hungry. One more drink and a bath... Yes, perhaps a bath would do it... had to, before she turned herself into something

obscenely wanton!

The huge German shepherd instinctively discerned his pretty blonde mistress' anxiety. He, too, was unsettled. Should he be pleased or thwarted? He followed her into the bedroom, sitting on his haunches with ears and eyes alert as she began to strip away her clothing. She had stopped looking or speaking the soft, pleasant sounds down at him. He watched her slowly make herself naked before him as if he did not exist, the soft whiteness of her human, female body finally exposed completely before him. The rounded, curved excitement of her caused him to pantingly wait with open jaws. He saw in her female beauty all of the hidden secrets he had come to know and enjoy with others, his trained eyes centering on the golden pubic ringlets partially hiding the thin heated little crevice he well-remembered from earlier up between her legs!

She turned and smiled at him. Something throbbed in the weight of his loins.

"I'm going to bathe now, darling. You can come in if you want," Karen heard herself, teasing him, as if she were definitely speaking and taunting a man lover. She sensed a tiny shudder ripple upward over her delightful feeling nakedness. God, she was already a bitch if the truth were known, she thought moving toward the bathroom.

Bronson sat beside the tub watching and Karen couldn't rid herself of the lewd, tingling little feeling that she was being voyeuristically observed by a man other than her husband. By the same token, she couldn't deny her own excitedly rising sensations of playing the exhibitionist! All through the ritual he avidly stared, and then, when she finally stepped out onto the mat, he began to lick her ankles and calves.

"Damn, what a seducer you are!" Karen softly intoned down at him, the Scotch generously warming as well as dulling her mind. Sensuality, born from hours past churned within her. She thought briefly of her Steve, last night, this morning, and then of Barbara's visit. Six times she'd cum! And Don's heavy-hung cock! Was that the way she'd put it? No, but that's what she'd implied! You know you're getting fucked! She'd said, Karen wildly remembered, her friend's use of the lewd words racing through her brain to incite additional sparks of mounting lust inside her. She thought of her own husband, Steve's, penis... so long, hard and thick! Was Don's really bigger?

Bronson backed away as she reached for things from bottles and spread them over her pleasingly curved, naked body. He watched her small hands massage the swollen mounds of her resilient white breasts, saw the tiny, pink nipples harden to her own touch and he wondered why she scented herself this way. He gazed levelly as she took more from the bottle and spread it over her soft naked belly, and then more, to applicate between her thighs over the patch of soft curls and downward to her legs.

"Well, darling, that's it! I can't kill anymore time," Karen heatedly breathed at the waiting animal she had been intentionally avoiding. The damn bath had done nothing for her! She was a raging inferno of unsatisfied desire inside and the dog knew it... smelled it! She could see it in his eyes... his eyes, ooohhh! "I-I'm frightened, Bronson... like a brand new bride! I'm scared, yet... oh darling, you've got to... got to!"

The excited German shepherd knew what she meant and trotted out beside the bed to stand there. He had to wait... That was his training. He watched her parade nakedly from the bath, her rounded, white curves rippling enticingly to her graceful stride, and then, she lay down on the bed, and still, he anxiously waited for some gesture...

Karen wasn't certain but what she might lose her mind completely! She had never known an equal

to the feverish sensations raging within the seething, fluid channel between her legs, upward into the very secret depths of her ovenlike belly. Her own short, panting breaths seemed unreal to her. She lay on her back with trembling thighs spread partially open, her finger-tips tracing upward over the satin-smoothness of her rib cage to the sensually swollen mounds of her full, tingling breasts. They found the tiny, hardened pink-nipples and narcissistically fondled them, while her eyes searched the burning ones of the dog waiting and whining beside the bed!

Bronson felt the throbbing quiver of his enlivened, powerful loins at the torrid craving his naked mistress' eager eyes transmitted to him. His heart pounded in his broad chest at the sight of her long golden hair fanned out on the pillow beneath her beautiful head. Why did she make him wait? He could not understand this!

"Now, lover... come up here to me!" Karen's voice tremblingly hissed. "Come up to your Karen and love her!"

With an effortless leap, he was onto the bed, momentarily poised in a picturesque stance as he stared down at her. Karen's breath uncontrollably caught in her throat at the sight of him ardently surveying her exposed vulnerable nakedness. It wasn't too late! She frantically reasoned. She could stop him... order him off the bed... come to her senses! And then, he lowered his head to lick out with his hot, wet tongue over the white smooth flesh of her nervously quivering belly!

Oh God... yes, yes, it was way too late! She never wanted him to stop! Again, she felt the delight of its curling, fiery length and she raised her head to watch him licking upward over the round, small basin of her belly! Higher and higher he came, until at last he was licking the smooth, sensitive undersides of her desire-swollen breasts, ever creeping upward over them to their little bursting nipples!

"Ooohhhh," she shamelessly moaned aloud to his fervid tonguing caresses wetly grazing the pink, erogenous tips again and again, sending maddening little spasms of lust whipping through her nakedly roused body!

Her feverish mind was a blank to everything but the captivating sensations his ardent, licking tongue, brushing with a moistened heat over the firm young mounds of her sensuously heaving breasts, was creating inside her. She heard him whimper from deep in his animal throat, her impassioned gaze fixed on his seductive love-making. Then, his great brown eyes raised to meet hers, their candent glow level with her own. She waited, not speaking, not moving, only intensely breathing through parted, gasping lips, and he moved upward to lick them!

The boiling animal blood fiercely rushed through Bronson's strong body as once more he tasted the delicate essence of her simmering heat on her lush lips and small, fiery tongue. With his own, he excitedly brushed the tiny, pink member receptively darting from her opened mouth, licking and loving its wet sweetness while faint mewling sounds purred from beyond it. He saw then that her eyes had closed as she lay there beneath his meaningful tongue, emotionally returning caress for caress, and instinctively he knew it was time!

Abruptly, his intense lingual kisses stopped and Karen felt the bed give from his moving weight... She opened her eyes to see him positioning himself between her slightly spread legs, her breathing quickening as automatically, she spread them further for him! Lifting her head, her brain wildly spinning, the nakedly trembling young wife watched him poise his beautiful head above the obscenely offered intimacies between her full, flushed thighs! Fleeting memories from that very morning raced intoxicatingly through her lust-incited mind! She heard her own animalistic little whine when he slowly lowered to her, his hot breath taunting the sparse blonde-curls there! Then,

his cool, wet nose brushed against the impulsive, flame-filled flesh of her inner thigh, and finally, the blood-heated lips of her wet cunt! She heard him whimper as he sniffed, and she waited in nearly frantic passion, her legs opening wider still of their own volition!

Karen couldn't hold back the sudden expressive gasp when she felt his damp nose move lower between her thighs and brush wetly down against the tiny puckered ring of her sensitively exposed anus! She hadn't expected that! "Oh God!" she blurted, the moment his irresistible tongue splurged between her widely spread buttocks to wormingly lick up and down the smooth, fleshed split surrounding her snug little anal mouth, the tip suddenly burrowing into its tightly clasped, babyish lips!

How long that blissful titillation went on down between her thighs, Karen had no way of measuring; she'd lost track of time! Only that his rapturous animal tonguing never stopped was all that mattered! She felt his searing, wet lavings bringing him to the narrow pink crevice her clingingly pulsating cunt-lips hid. She shivered delectably as he drew its burning wetness upward over the full length of her pussy, from her tightly clenched little anus, tracingly along the thin hair-lined edges of her vaginal lips to the tiny, hotly trembling bud of her concealed clit. Again he did it, this time his lengthy, fire-filled tongue spreading through her softly yielding cuntal flesh like a hot knife through butter! It didn't stop, but blissfully continued splaying wide the hotly welcoming flesh, at last lunging in an invading curl far up into the clutching heat of her deliriously craving vaginal mouth! She moaned, spasming with ecstasy beneath his oral loving, her liquor-hazed eyes lustfully feeding on the incredibly obscene spectacle they made!

Ooohhh... she would cum a dozen times, the lewdly spread young housewife giddily moaned from the intense sensations his long, thick tongue was erotically sending through her hotly smoldering nakedness. Her gasping mewls increased, her sensually ignited brain slipping deeper into a salacious vein she luridly welcomed! Again and again his scorching tongue eagerly grazed through and over her quiveringly upraised loins, from the snug, tightly puckered lips of her tight little anus, upward through the moistly glistening crevice of her openly spread pussy. At its peak, it hesitated, penetrating the hot, liquid flesh to flick skillfully at the palpitating bud of her tiny clit, fanning the growing flames inside her like a bellows!

How long it unceasingly went on without letup, Karen in her erotic intoxication had no idea... only that it did, the heavenly loving tongue licking wildly through and over her wet, seething cuntal flesh until she was frenziedly whimpering and squirming beneath it!

"Oooohhhh, my lover!" she gutturally wailed as he lunged the long, thick lingual organ with a lust-teasing curl once more up into the clutching, feverish channel of her burning vaginal passage. "Ooohhh... God, darling, it's so beautiful! Don't stop... please, ooohhhh!" she begged in a hiss, frantically drawing her knees all the way back to touch her erotically tingling breasts to give him greater access to her widespread cunt. She vaguely heard his whines blending with hers, while he continued to devotedly lash and penetrate the fluid pink cunt-flesh between her obscenely raised thighs and buttocks!

Bronson was reveling in the exotic odor and taste of her human, female passion, the keen aromatic spice to his tongue and nostrils pleasurefully enraging his mighty canine loins. Though he loved his real mistress and had enjoyed the many unexpected sallies with excited wives here in this new neighborhood, none had come to mean to him what the pretty Karen with the long golden hair did! In her pale, sky-colored eyes he saw love, and her voice sounds, gentle and warm, had captivated him from the first. Her smooth white face glowed when she looked at him, and he sensed this now flowing through the soft curves of her entire unclothed body. There at the core of her mating hole where he lovingly licked with his perceptive tongue was the hot, liquid proof of it all! This yielding,

pink flesh in its hotly flowing moisture assured him that she truly loved him too, and as he excitedly tongue- loved the curl-fringed softness, he felt the strong urge in his ruttish animal loins for more!

Karen, in a gripping wave of disappointment, felt his magnificent hot tongue abruptly end its laving delight, and she raised to her elbows with a start, slowly lowering her upthrust legs. "What's wrong, Bronson darling? Do it? Don't stop! Karen wants you to do it!"

But he didn't! Instead he backed away a step and from her half- upraised position, the desperately inflamed, naked young wife saw it! His cock! Breathlessly, she gaped at the sight of its glistening, hardened reality emerging from its long sheath, wet and thick, the dripping, tapered end danglely swaying as it slipped from its protective sleeve in an ever growing length of thickening, reddish hardness! God! It was as big or bigger than Steve's! Unrestrainably, Karen moaned, the realization that she had fired the handsome animal to this very point registering somewhere in her insanely lusted mind.

After all, he did have feelings, didn't he, this devoted, handsome lover? Oh God... he wanted to fuck her! He did! He did! And, and... "Oh darling, it's evil... forbidden... shameful!" she gasped, unable to take her eyes from the still lengthening, thick rod of his glistening, hard animal-cock. "Ooohhh... I love you, too, but , but how? Not like animals, lover!" Karen impassionately hissed, delirious sensations racing almost violently through her as she took the pillow from beneath her head along with her husband, Steve's, and obscenely lifting her hips and buttocks, stacked them there beneath her so that her open asscheeks were raised high in the air and she was resting back on her shoulders and the back of her head.

The young blonde wife's eyes glowed with the fervent lasciviousness of her act... her obscene intention of letting her aunt's dog fuck her! She made no effort toward thinking rationally. Her young, sensual body was alive with screaming desire! Utter lust saturated her brain! She raised her legs, drawing them all the way back once again until her knees touched her excitedly swollen breasts! Her obscenely upraised cunt was a well of molten fire! From the flatness of the bed, she raised her head to look up between her firmly throbbing breasts and lewdly spread legs to see her handsome animal-lover waiting, his huge wet cock danglely from his hairy like balls something she might expect of a stud pony!

"Oh God, Bronson, crawl up between my thighs." she half-blurted. "Do it! Come on, baby! Fuck your Karen!" She reached down between her thighs to stroke her pussy in a lewd, goading gesture. "Now, lover, now! Fuck me! Come on... fuck me before I lose my mind!"

Bronson had all the intentions in the world of doing that. He had hesitated only because his real mistress had taught him to wait until she turned over and got onto her knees... the same way all the other neighborhood women who gave him bones, to do it to them did it. His heart pounded in a heavy animal heat. She was ready and her way would be more exciting because he would see her beautiful face all of the time! He could kiss her tits with his tongue and watch the warm lights of passion flash in her eyes! He moved forward, easily mounting between her wide-spread legs, his head above hers, feeling the hot, wetness of her openly spread vagina as his excited rod of hardness brushed against and into its soft fluid heat to raise tiny whimpers from both of them.

She hugged him first, her soft, moistened lips kissing his face while he tried to answer with his tongue, but then, she was reaching down beneath him until he felt her gentle fingers grasping at his huge animal hardness and parting the soft blonde pubic hair with the end of it, press it into the warm pulsating entrance of her cunt.

"Ooohhhh, Bronson, it's so hot and hard!" Karen whispered hotly. "Goddd... can I take it up in me?"

Ooohhh... I've got to... got to! I need it so bad, darling! Now! Now, there it is... the tips just up inside! Do it, baby! Ram it into me and fuck your Karen out of her mind!"

Instinctively, the very second the dog felt the moistly clutching young pussy flesh nibbling at the tip of his animal-hardness, he did nothing less than what nature demanded of him! He fucked forward! Without the least consideration of mercy, the powerful German shepherd sunk his long pulsating length of hugely blood-swollen, animal-cock into the up raised channel of his blonde young mistress's upthrust cuntal mouth! He squatted partially on his hind legs to do it well, to bury it deep up inside her hotly screaming little belly. Immediately, he sensed his sperm-bloated testicles brushing, and then, slapping hard up into the smooth, wide split crevice between her warm, soft buttocks as he established his rapid-fire pace!

"Aaagghhh! Uuunnhhhh!" Karen gasped out at the unbelievable, first penetration of his massively hardened cock, but there was hardly time to linger on the way it had spread her passion-dilated cuntal passage open even further! Then, ten thrusts at least, maybe more, had pumped up into her hotly flaming pussy while she was still trying to acclimate to the first! Like the powerful animal he was, his searing dog-cock fucked deep up into the far hidden depths of her passion-filled belly! She gasped and cringed beneath him, her mind a blank of sensual desire, the very hearth of her young womanhood aflame with a soul-blinding wave of unequalled lust!

Maddening delights of unholy ecstasy quickly filled her lewdly submissive nakedness and the frenetic young woman could do no more than groan and squirm salaciously around beneath the beautiful beast as she offered the whole of her nakedly spread cunt up to him! She strained to watch with lewd fascination as the scarlet rod of hotly stiffened dog-cock slithered in and out of her ragingly stuffed vagina with wet, breath-whipping charges, fucking its way to the very hilt in her wide stretched cuntal passage, Bronson's heavy, sperm-bloated balls slapping heavily down against the tiny puckered anal mouth between her luridly spread young buttocks!

Her painfully bent head jarred from his every effective, breast-quivering plunge, her brain reeling in the blinding pool of her forbidden animalism! She gaped at the glistening length of cone-shaped hardness pistoning deeply into her open cuntal crevice, kicking her legs out and wrapping them tightly around the furry muscles of his strong back to rhythmically lift her fire-filled loins in a wildly salacious grinding motion to meet his powerful driving strokes with lewd ecstatic abandon! Base lust saturated her nakedly slaving body as she sensually pumped her rounded hips upward onto his ever-thickening cock skewering deeper and deeper with heavenly delight into her raging hot belly! Furiously, his hairy animal belly and loins battered and thudded resoundingly downward against her taut, wide-spread asscheeks, his huge, pleasure-bringing cock a relentless rod of wetly glistening joy sinking to its full hardened length into the fluid inferno of her wildly clasping cuntal passage! With shameless, whimpering mewls, the lust-drunken young wife furiously rotated her hungrily working hips and buttocks up at him, grinding the omniverously swallowing walls of her vagina hotly around the hardened length of his thickly piercing animal cock, a blissful cry of enraptured passion escaping her opened lips.

The signal flashed through Karen's erotically maddened young body; the unmistakable beacon of sensual fulfillment! It sprayed through her erotically seething loins like the prickling of a million needles, gnawing at the inner base of her sensuously quivering belly with the lewd, lascivious promise of frenzied orgasmic rapture! She moaned tremulously to the jagged edges of her mounting climax, straining beneath her heavily panting animal-lover to see his wet, thick cock furiously vanishing into the blonde fringed cunt-lips between her wide-spread thighs and upthrusting buttocks! She gaped lustfully with eyes bulging in unrequited passion at her pink cuntal flesh wetly clinging to his long, thick cock when he pulled out of her, then disappearing up inside again with his heavily thrusting hump, his heavy cum-filled balls smacking down solidly against the smooth tingling

crevice of her obscenely working ass! She saw and felt her swollen, nipple-bursting breasts dancing rhythmically on her chest in time to his beautiful animal fucking!

"Oooohhh... my lover... fuck me... fuck me, you magnificent darling!" Karen gasped, pulling his big head down so she could smother his panting face with hot, moist kisses!

Bronson's heart overflowed with desire and basic animal-passion for his naked blonde mistress beneath him, whose soft white legs were wound tightly up over his back, as were her arms now, around his neck. She whined in a low, almost crying voice while she feverishly kissed him as no other woman ever had, at the same time, thrusting her eagerly clasping cuntal crevice up onto his aching rod of lustfully throbbing hardness. The wet heat of her vaginal passage was clinging greedily to his pounding maleness, rapidly urging him toward that point of wild, primeval release!

Abruptly, Karen raised her sensually slackened face to wail out a guttural, animalish groan from deep in her throat. Her glazed blue eyes grew large and unseeing. "Oooohhh, oooohhh... god, lover... I can't stand it! I'm going maddd! Oooohhh... kiss me, darling... kiss me with your beautiful tongue!"

Wildly, the lust-blinded young wife opened her mouth as his long, thick tongue thrust into the heat of the moistened shelter, brushing against her own tiny one as it went almost to her throat and she sucked it! Unbridled passion, nothing short of bestial, Karen insanely reasoned as with shameless abandon, she thought of herself being fucked in the mouth as well as her steaming, fire-filled cunt! It was enough to trigger the ultimate moment! She started to wail out, but her voice died in a strangled mixture of sob and sigh, then, the first spasm of hotly bursting orgasm struck her and she shrieked, thrusting her wildly convulsing young loins up hard onto his consummating dog-cock in a desperate lunge! Bronson responded with a forward, downward stabbing, his huge hardened cock beginning to jerk inside her and to spew out its hotly scalding animal cum deep up into her soft constricting belly with long, liquid spurts!

Again, Karen erotically screamed out, her smoothly tautened buttocks beginning to contract convulsively to the lewd animal eruption exploding into and filling her raging belly and loins almost to the bursting point! His tongue left her still greedily sucking mouth and she flailed her head and long blonde hair from side to side in her incredible, erotic bliss, suddenly feeling the lewd combination of their human-animal cream warmly trickling out together from her tightly clasped cuntal-mouth and on down the insides of her open thighs as it clenchingly milked her lover's slowly deflating cock of the last few droplets of the precious liquid of his lust. She groaned softly then, letting her legs fall jerkingly out onto the bed on either side of his flanks, a long sigh of enchanted relief escaping her as she felt his softened penis slip from her wetly flooded cunt mouth with a low wet sucking sound.

The following morning, Karen Smith was still too overwhelmed from the obscene thrill of her forbidden sexual coupling with her aunt's dog to feel any significant amount of shame or remorse over what she had done. Oh, admittedly, there had been several light twinges of both in the hours that followed. She wasn't quite that calloused yet, not to realize the unnaturalness or unlawfulness of their abnormal love-making, but the delectable pleasures her darling Bronson had raised and sated within her young susceptible body overshadowed everything else. She loved him with a new-born possessiveness that was as contrary to nature as the lurid act they had committed, and she couldn't help herself even had she wanted to!

God, it was a wonder that she'd kept her head at all, Karen shiveringly rationalized as she picked up the after-breakfast dishes from the booth. She had been that emotionally drained when her handsome animal-lover had withdrawn his sperm-slickened penis from her vagina and backed off of her nakedly prostrate body. She turned now to look down at him stretched out in his favorite corner,

his loving dark eyes watching her every move. The curvaceous, vibrant young housewife softly said: "We have our beautiful little secret, don't we, Baby? Oooohhh... you're such a wonderful lover, darling, and Karen loves you so much... I don't know how I ever had wits enough to remember that Steve might well come home with a desire all his own last night?"

And how right she'd been! Cocktails, especially martinis, invariably did it, inciting a superficial virility in him which made for speed rather than endurance. This, on top of the fact that he'd written that big insurance policy for J.L. Woodward had unleashed an amorous tiger in their bed. Thank God, that he had had enough to drink not to notice her excess wetness up between her legs. Proud and dominant, Steve'd taken her, racing his long, thickly hardened penis up into the still animal-sperm slickened sheath of her vagina, until in less than a minute she'd known a renewed excitement, and that's when she had felt the first twinge of shame and remorse over her act with her aunt's dog. But it hadn't lasted any longer than her over-zealous, young husband.

"Now, Angel! Here it cumms! Oh Christ... here it cuummmssss!" he'd cried, as if she hadn't known he was beginning to squirt his thick, scalding sperm with powerful jets she'd felt spewing deeply and hotly up into her already semen-flooded belly!

The shallow anger she'd known had been diluted to a weakness of mild aggravation because of the magnificent loving of Bronson, but her husband didn't know this as she forcibly worked her vaginal muscles, massaging and milking the fiery semen as desperately as she could from his already deflating penis. Had she waited for him and not let Bronson do it to her first, this is what she would've gotten... further frustration!

God, was it any wonder that she'd awakened more filled with love for the handsome German shepherd than a meaningless shame or remorse for what she'd let the love-trained animal do to her? And he was! There wasn't the slightest doubt in Karen's mind but what Aunt Janie had either educated, or had him schooled in his forbidden arts!

She glanced down at him again from where she stood rinsing the dishes for the dishwasher, reading the almost devilish sparks in his dark, animal-eyes, wishing to God she could discern the thoughts or instincts filling his keen brain at that moment! One thing for certain she'd settled upon: he wasn't going to roam the neighborhood anymore! No damned wonder the local wives were blushingly coming up to pet him in the supermarket! The bitches! They'd been taking advantage of his love-oriented temperament! How many of them had he mounted... fucked? A feeling of bitter jealousy scraped through her, leaving smarting and burning mental scratches. Oh yes, Bronson darling, there's a new regime for you as long as you're with Karen, and you're going to be with her forever, once I convince Aunt Janie! The blonde, mini-skirted housewife excitedly planned, feasting her glowing eyes on the languishing, sprawled dog where he lay watching her from his chosen, cool corner of the kitchen.

Steve Smith wasn't pleased with himself, nor exactly feeling up to snuff as he sat behind his desk in the office hung over, but looking busy. If it hadn't been for the policy the slender, chestnut-haired young man with the hazel-eyes had written the night before, he might go douse his head in a toilet and flush it a few times!

What the hell... who was he kidding? Himself? Hardly! Karen was as cold as a dead mackerel's belly, had been from the first night of their honeymoon, and probably always would be! Why? He'd fired her guns before! There'd been times when he'd wanted to stay in bed with her forever! And then, there were those like last night, and a few nights before that, and on and on backward to the beginning! She loved him, he reasoned, or at least, he thought she did! Goddamn, he loved her! Yes, more than anything in the whole frigging world, but sex, a man couldn't deny the necessity of

fulfilling sex... could he? No! Damnit, no! He, Steve Smith couldn't, anyway!

"There's a call for you, Mr. Smith," the young short-skirted Shelly from the front desk came back and told him with a smile, her encased full tits thrusting the cotton of her blouse out at him like a pair of tent-poles. "I tried to ring your desk. Must be something wrong. I'll have it checked... You want to try and see if outgoing is working?"

Steve took it, his hazel-eyes still fastened on her forward onthrust. "Mr. Smith, may I help you?"

"Hi, Steve, Don Keller. How's it go?" the friendly deep voice filled his ear and Steve nodded at Shelly that they had contact.

"First rate. With you?"

"Oh great... great, man. Look, wanted to confirm our luncheon. The Shadows Inn at One? That okay with you?"

"Yeah, I guess it is," Steve hesitated, trying to think, then deciding why the hell not? "The Inn, at One."

"I've called in reservations, you know how it is there at Zeneth?"

"Pretty wild. I had two reservations canceled out last week after arriving with damn good clients, too. I don't have to tell you that I didn't sell them."

Don Keller's deep voice warmly laughed. "Well, you can count that this reservation won't be canceled, Steve boy. They know better. Trouble with you is, you're in the wrong field, buddy! I could use a man like you in my office! No crap! With your selling ability, you'd make a hell of a real estate salesman! Well, we can talk about that over lunch, among other things, eh?"

Steve couldn't deny that his neighboring friend's words fired his ego. He smiled to himself above the telephone's mouthpiece. Christ, there were certainly plenty of times he got fed up with this racket. But... "Yeah... we'll talk about it, amongst other things," he laughingly replied.

"Good deal. One o'clock, then, right?"

"I'll be there, Don. See you then."

"Right on, man."

Steve recradled the phone and sat back. His thoughts returned to Karen, punctuated by a few of the flirty Shelly, then some rousing ones that concerned Barbara Keller.

Shelly Daniels was a top-heavy little red-head with boyish hips and a cute face, somewhere in her late teens. She'd been advertising "here 'tis" to him ever since her first day in the office. Except for her dynamic tits, she did nothing for Steve, and even if she had, he would still pass it up. Christ, his Karen had it all, the face, the hair, and the most curvaceous body he'd ever set eyes on! Damn, he had only to see her naked and his crazy cock went wild! If only she could get with him, tie into it the way she had the very first time in the back seat of his car. Man, he'd never seen a girl cum like that, actually fainted dead away and nearly scaring the crap right out of him! He could almost count the number of times she'd climaxed since... though she always started out with plenty of zip, but that was as far as it went, great beginnings and nothing endings...

He'd bet Barbara Keller really knew the way to a man's 'hard'! Now there was a girl, if he were going to play any naughty games, whom, he'd welcome for a partner. What a sexy doll, and the goddamned revealing outfits she wore!

The other night at their dinner party, he remembered how she'd sat during cocktails right across from him straddling the arm of the davenport beside Don, her next-to-nothing mini-dress hiked way up to expose just about all of her full, rounded thighs! But the payoff had been that she'd been wearing only panty-hose beneath, no bikinis over them as Karen did, and the manner in which she'd sat there with her thighs spread around the arm of the davenport, he'd been able to see the entire outline of her pussy through the sheer nylon! Hell, she had to know he was looking and what he could see... her very crevice between those puffy little cunt-lips and the shadowing ringlets of black pubic curls!

Damn, he hadn't dared to stand up for an hour, his cock had gotten so frigging hard! Oh, she'd known, all right, because she'd caught him gaping several times, but still she'd never moved or changed her exposing position... nothing, only smiled, her dark eyes dancing and sparkling each time she'd caught him feasting!

Why had she done it? Hell, he knew the extent of his physical attraction, which never ceased to make him wonder in awe why Karen had ever fallen for him. Barbara's had been the old come-on if he'd ever seen it employed! Damn, it could only mean one thing when a girl... wife, or whatever, displayed her wares the way she had. Barbara Keller was letting him know that he could have some if he wanted it! And more and more, he was beginning to wonder if he didn't!

What the hell, he was thinking like a cunt-struck hair-brain! Lay the possibility of losing Karen on the line for a sexy piece of ass? No, he was not apt to, nor of making an enemy of Don Keller, either... but he'd bet his left testicle that she would be one wild and sexy fuck, all right! She had all the qualifications, like Karen, with one more needed ingredient... hot desire, and that was as obvious as the goddamned hardness of his cock from just thinking about her! Well, he better start getting rid of that before he attempted to walk past Shelly and the other girls, or he might just have to have his lunch sent in!

Around mid-morning, Karen changed into casual slacks and blouse, leashed Bronson and drove their second car, a six-year old station wagon, to the shopping center. The striking animal sat upright on the seat beside her, flashing his affectionate eyes in her direction each time she spoke to him in her special way. Though she had ample reason to concentrate on prospective shopping, the long-haired, shapely girl could not rid her still-excited mind of the sensual delights her handsome passenger had brought her the night before. Throughout the morning, it had been the same, her infused thoughts constantly returning to their obscenely bizarre love-making, mental pictures of it all vividly flashing again and again in her head.

Actually, Karen realized as she carefully drove, it had been either a matter of forcing herself out of the house, or taking her darling to bed again! She had worked herself up to that sensual degree by the simple exercising of her memory bank alone! Not that she didn't intend to again very, very soon, probably that afternoon in fact, for she had to experience it all over... except that this time it would not be hazed by liquor! She wanted to be certain it was as magnificent as she now visualized, but there were still other things to be done, too.

Besides, grocery shopping, she intended to buy a lengthy measure of good rope at the hardware to keep her philandering animal-lover at home. Just the thought of her neighboring wives taking advantage of his unique training jealously enraged her. And until that very moment, it hadn't occurred to the young new wife what those very depraved women must imagine took place between

her and the amorous Bronson!

It struck Karen with more than a minor jolt what nature of opinions they had to arrive at! None of them were aware, excepting Barbara, that Bronson was only a temporary ward, that he actually belonged to her Aunt Janie! Good God! It was no wonder they seldom spoke to her and only to him as they petted his grand head! They were probably as jealous and hate-filled of her as she had suddenly found herself of them!

The blonde, blue-eyed beauty sensed an emptiness, a vacuum that only guilt could cause, abruptly come into being at the base of her soft belly. For a long moment, her intelligent young brain swam. Fear, too, clutched at her. Supposing Steve should somehow find out through one of those wives... especially if she tied Bronson up and they couldn't... couldn't use him anymore? God! But she had to keep him home away from them! He belonged to her, and she wasn't about to share him!

"Oh, Bronson, you, you naughty Don Juan!" Karen sharply snapped over at him, bringing his rounded, surprised brown-eyes to focus on her. She knew he sensed the anger in her tone. "Why have you had to be so damned promiscuous, and you were, I know you were! God... I could just cry!"

She didn't, of course; she was too irate over it all. Instead, she finally parked and set out for the supermarket, already determined to brazen it with her degenerate neighbors one by one as they met, and she hadn't long to wait...

The first was an overweight, buxom woman in her late thirties who spotted Bronson and approached to pet him in the customary blushing fashion Karen had not understood before. The woman's sneering little eyes raked over the prepared young housewife as if she were vermin, at the same time a pussy smile spreading her apple-face.

"Oh, you know Bronson, do you?" Karen sing-songed. "How nice. He has so many more friends than I do... seems to have met every wife in the neighborhood in a little over a week."

"Y-Yes... he comes to my backdoor once in awhile," the hefty girl replied, again sweeping her small, vicious eyes over the neighbor she had not met. "I feed him and he comes back. He's such a beautiful animal."

Karen smiled, but with anything except warmth. "Yes, he is that, and talented, too. He's a show-dog, you know, Mrs?"

"Thornton," she informed.

"So nice to meet you, at last, Mrs. Thornton. I'm Mrs. Smith, and I've wanted to get around and talk to you ladies in the neighborhood regarding Bronson. He is only boarding with me for a few weeks, you know, and the owner when he left him with us let us know that Bronson had... well, some unusual traits, shall we say. It seems that he was once a carnival dog and used in some rather rare, forbidden feats, but these he seldom resorts to unless goaded."

"Really?" the other managed, her tiny eyes expanding into a feigned shock.

"Yes, I'm afraid so, Mrs. Thornton," Karen casually went on. "But he has such a loving temperament that I've hesitated to tie him home... up until this morning when I heard he... he... well, let's say he'd been a bit indiscreet with one of our teasing neighbors."

"Really, Mrs. Smith?" the plump girl questioned, her eager tongue snaking out to lap at puffy, red-toned lips. "What did he do? Who was it?"

"Well... resorted to his carnival-show training, I'm afraid... and that's why I've finally decided to tie him after all."

"Ooohhh, that's a shame," the other moaned. "He's such a beautiful dog. I-I loved to have him call on me."

"Yes... I'm sure you did, Mrs. Thornton. You have that certain way with animals which too many people lack," Karen insinuated. "I can see by the way Bronson's rubbing against you. But then... he is such a loving darling, isn't he, Mrs. Thornton?"

"Y-Yes... yes, he is."

The gloating Karen had walked away from the stammering heavyweight feeling like the proverbial cat which had just digested the canary... except that the fat bitch had been anything but a bird! And then, there were two more who excitedly dashed up to pet her lover and work at degrading his mistress with their accusing eyes. They too, had shied off open-mouthed, the flush in their warped faces more from shame than excitement at seeing her darling, once she had finished with them. Goddamn them... she'd fix them all!

Bronson felt a hurt within his big, muscular body. He had never been tied up before. A leash held in the hand of his loving mistress was one thing, but to be secured by a long length of rope tied to a tree was quite another! He couldn't ignore the feeling of sorrow which filled him, or that of sudden loneliness. Why had she done this? At first, he'd been allowed to wander as he felt the urge... had made many friends who fed him and took him inside to mate with them...

He walked around the yard, testing the strength of his new imprisonment. It was strong, too strong to break. He whimpered to himself, Why? Why? his keen intellect questioned. He loved her! This was a hateful thing she had done to him. He could no longer go to the field and run! She had taken his freedom away, that first wonder he had quickly learned to love so much! The rope pulled at the collar around his throat... pulled more angrily when he strained against it! He hated it! Wrath began to seethe inside him. With bowed head he walked in small circles. This couldn't go on! He despised it! To run and play and enjoy the trained things, that was what he loved! His Karen had done a terrible thing to him! The powerful German shepherd's inner fury grew!

Earlier that morning, Don had called to let Barbara know his luncheon date with Steve Smith was still on and that he intended to pour it to their neighbor, along with the martinis, just the way they had rehashed it the night before. Not that the voluptuous, onyx-eyed brunette ever felt the need for an aphrodisiac, but the way Don had painted mental images of what it would be like for her with Steve had certainly reacted on her as one. God, she'd gone wild, and so had he, neither of them able to get enough. He'd tongued her raging pussy right there on the living room davenport for a good half-hour, until she'd lost track of her climaxes, before fucking her the first time on the floor. Then, it had been into the bedroom for another fierce bout with him taking her from behind, his big, long, thick cock pumping into her fire-filled vagina like a beautiful battering ram, and still neither of them had been ready to quit.

Barbara's yet roused brain sensually reflected the lustful scenes from their wild sex-party as she went about straightening up the house. Her dark-eyes glowed with the pornographic stimulant of her husband's lewdly phrased word-pictures of what she should look forward to and with what she should surprise the young Mr. Smith.

"Now, if he's anything like me, baby, he loves to have his cock sucked," Don had goadingly suggested as they lay there naked and breathing heavy from the animal-fashion fucking he'd just

given her. His arm was around her, his strong hand fondling her full breast and worrying its tiny, hardened nipple, while she lovingly played with his still partially swollen, amazing big cock. "What do you think?"

"Don, I hope so, darling!" she honestly exclaimed. It was one of her favorite erotic acts. Nothing could turn her on like the hot, hardened feel of a thick, virile cock in her mouth. And invariably when it squirted its scalding-sweet cum down her throat she would cum like an earthquake by the mere squeezing of her full thighs together to massage her clit between the educated lips of her never unsensuous cunt. "Though I've yet to find a man who doesn't. And would that be some sort of hint you're passing on to me, Mr. Keller?"

He'd chuckled, giving her swollen breast an almost painful, loving squeeze, sending revived little chills of desire up her naked back. "Well now, seeing you put it that way... why don't you just demonstrate how you'll suck old Steve... I mean, kind of practice on me."

Again, she'd trembled with anticipating excitement, never hesitating as she leaned over him to trail her soft, moistened lips down across the taut muscles of his hairy stomach. Then, lifting her head, she'd said: "And you can imagine that I'm Karen sucking your big cock for you, but I want you to keep telling me what Steven and I will do! Go on, lover, please?" Her fingernails scratched lightly over his re-stiffened hardness which was still wet and shiny from their fucking. She crawled between his spread legs to hover on all fours with her face just above its towering length, knowing that he could feel her hot breath washing over it.

"Ah... he'll lick your hot cunt... bury his tongue right up that tight pussy hole... unh!" he had tried, choking out a grunt as haunched there, she began to stroke his thick rod of hardness first with one hand and then between both of them with a slow, pressuring motion. He'd groaned again, thrusting his lean loins upward as the warm wetness of her tongue-moistened lips closed over the throbbing, sensitive head of his now rock-hardened penis.

"Mmmmmm," Barbara had hummed, both as a signal for him to continue telling her, and an added little thrill of vibration that she well knew set him right up. "Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"Oh fuck, ooohhh... he'll lick your little asshole and, and try to worm, ooohh worm his hot tongue into it!" he groaned once more, reaching down and tangling his fingers in her short hair to guide the rhythm of her now bobbing head. She knew he would be lifting his own from the pillow to watch her contorted face lustfully stuffed full. It made the sensation that much more exciting when he could see the thickness of his sinewy cock buried between her eagerly sucking lips, just as it always did for her when she watched his laving tongue working in the open wet crevice of her pink cunt.

And then, she no longer cared whether he went on with his lurid visions or not, her rapt attention centered on the pulsating hardness fucking into her mouth. Sometimes, she imagined it to be Steve's, but it wasn't necessary to increase the sensation building in her soft belly and feverish loins. She sucked up off of it then and began to play over the purple, spongy glans with her tongue, the tip boring teasingly into the wetness of its tiny slit the way all men liked. He tremored beneath her as once more she worked the heavy outer layer of skin up and down, finally drawing it all the way back to slide her warm lips down over the hardened fleshy rod, enclosing the swollen rubbery head in a hot, moist pressure. She tightened them elastically around its solid thickness and again began moving her head in the lewd motion that sucking a cock thrillingly demanded.

"Oh shit... suck it, honey!" Don gasped, as she cupped the flaccid flesh of his cum-bloating balls gently with one hand and stroked the base of his heavy-veined penis with thumb and forefinger of the other. At the same time, she twirled her saliva-coated tongue spiritedly around the smooth, fiery

head with every upward suck, letting the tip flick incitingly across its tiny split. She felt his buttocks flex and imagined his head still raised to watch the lust-infusing sight her obscenely bobbing labors below made for him.

She sensed his throbbing reaction and began to suck his big cock harder, the tips of her teeth gently scraping the resisting hard flesh, leaving small white trails beneath the surface of the skin. In uncontrollable masochistic hunger, she began taking more and more of it into her mouth toward her throat, sliding her hands beneath his tensing buttocks to pull his loins up tighter toward her face. Furiously, she swirled her tongue around and around the swelling head of his huge cock, until she knew it was near the bursting point, almost all of its thick length plunging deep into her throat!

It was then that she had tightened her thighs together, Barbara heatedly remembered, massaging their soft fullness against one another rhythmically to squeeze her flushed cunt lips between, and in turn, the tiny bud of her quiveringly erect clit. Almost immediately, great swirls of heat began to pressure in her seething loins and belly. She felt her swollen breasts dancing and swaying delightfully to her slaving motions. Beneath her, the muscles of Don's lean belly tautened like steel bands as he arched his hips up off the bed to push even further into the hot cavern of her wetly sucking mouth and throat. He began to groan incessantly, the signal for her that he was only seconds away. She set herself, fervidly straining her thighs and cuntal muscles to join him in the ultimate moment of his climax, knowing that the first taste of his hot, sweet cum was all she needed to detonate the ecstasy!

Suddenly, he rasped: "Oh, sweet pussy! Fuck... fuck! Suck it cock-girl! Shove it down your throat! Here, it's cuuummiinnngggg!"

Now, Barbara shuddered with a chill of passion as she remembered the way his throbbing cock had shot its thick, boiling load of sperm into her sucking mouth, the very first nectarous taste bursting the bubble inside her. Wildly, she'd sucked as he emptied his cum-filled balls, his hands tangled cruelly in her hair while she swallowed the white, hot gushes bloating her cheeks down into her raging belly!

Ooohh, what a night that had been, and as thrilling a lover as Steve Smith might turn out to be, the roused, raven-haired wife knew that he could never out-perform her lusty husband.

God, she'd worked herself right up into a sizzling tizzy just remembering and anticipating. This would never do... not even mid-day and a case of the hots. She laughed to herself, as if there was something new about that. All the same, she had no intentions of playing lewd little finger-games with her pussy today. Besides, sometimes the pleasures of hot-pants were more tauntingly exciting than the satisfying of them. No, she'd just slip into a bikini and go out beside the pool for some sun. In fact, she'd remove her halter out there and get a good dose... their backyard was that secluded.

It didn't make Karen feel any better to know that Bronson was unhappy with his new curtailing rope, and she could readily see he was by the way he was walking around in circles with flattened ears, presenting a picture so unlike him. She'd watched off and on from the kitchen window, especially when at one point he'd barked loudly, then began to howl. Though she could understand how he must feel after being able to run fancy free, there was nothing else to be done. The thought of him being used sexually by her lustful female neighbors had filled her with a jealous nausea. She could almost scratch their eyes out!

"Anyway, darling," she whispered softly to herself as she watched him uneasily stalk around the yard, "Karen's going to make you happy in a little while... right after lunch, I think. She'll bring you inside and you can go into the bedroom and bath with her... watch her undress, then bathe... like

last night. Yes, it's going to be just like last night for us, lover!"

But there was no way that Bronson could know his new mistress' intentions, or that she'd been watching him and had now turned away from the window to prepare both of them some lunch. Instead, he knew only the hurting bitterness growing within his powerful body at his shocking imprisonment. No human had ever treated him this way before, and it was not only impossible for him to understand, but the more impossible because she, his golden-haired Karen, had done it!

Mild fury toward her rankled inside him, so much so that he ignored her and the plate of food she brought to set beside the tree for him. She came to where he had lain down and bent over him, petting his head.

"Come on, lover, aren't you hungry? Are you that put-out with Karen?"

Her sounds were soft and warm as always, but they didn't satisfy him as they had in the past. The rope stood between them, and the young, possessive housewife in her unnatural love, felt his displeased indignation. It would take a little time, she reasoned as she gazed lovingly down at him. Soon, he'd be used to it, as he would've been by now had she done this in the beginning.

"I'm sorry, darling, but Karen had to tie you. She couldn't have you making love to every woman in the neighborhood! You're her... my lover, you handsome angel, and very shortly you're coming inside to prove it. Just a little while longer, after I finish some things I have to do. Then, darling, you and I are... well... we are!"

Bronson listened to the silky sounds he'd become attached to and which now confused him. Was she going to untie him, let him free again? He got to his feet and watched her, waiting, hoping... But she walked away toward the house, crooning something back at him, yet leaving him tied there even as he whimpered after her.

"You eat, darling, then Karen will bring you inside. Please eat now like a good baby."

And then, she was gone again, with nothing left but the hateful rope between him and freedom! He turned on it with a vengeance, a deep growl angrily sounding in his throat, his powerful white teeth sinking into the woven strands of hemp to sever it bit by bit. Constantly, the brief while it took the infuriated animal to destroy his confining bond, throaty snarls poured from him... until at last it was done and with a single bounce he ran and leaped easily over the back gate to gallop along the alley.

Bronson chose a different direction for no particular reason, unmindful of the length of chewed rope which dangled from his collar and trailed along behind him. He followed the alley to the street, crossed it and entered into the mouth of a second. Free once more, the big German shepherd's wrath quickly left him and he trotted happily along with no particular destination in mind. It was the soft faint sound of music, beyond a wall that intrigued him and as effortlessly as he'd leaped over the gate of his own yard, he repeated the feat to investigate.

Bronson saw the dark-haired girl lying beside the water, close to the small radio, her nearly naked body showing whitely against the sun-colored towel stretched out beneath her. She lay on her belly, her cheek resting on a small pillow, her arms comfortable enfolded near her head. She was the girl who answered to the sound of Barbara, the big animal immediately recognized as he moved toward her. He whimpered and she raised her head.

"Well... I seem to have company," Barbara responded, looking and finally smiling at the handsome German shepherd. "And just how did you get in here, Bronson... if you didn't jump over the gate? I know it's locked because I just checked it."

Again, Bronson whimpered, watching as she turned over to sit upright, her naked breasts, full and thrusting forward with their colorful crests pointing teasingly at him. She reached out, petting his head and continuing to smile.

The beautiful animal had found a soft place in Barbara's heart from the first day of his arrival, though she'd had little to do with him. It was the first time he'd wandered over to visit her, but she knew that Karen let him romp around the neighborhood, that, somewhat surprising her. There was always the chance that he might run off or be stolen, and after all, her blonde young neighbor was supposed to be looking after him for her aunt...

"Hello... what's this?" the onyx-eyed brunette questioned, noticing for the first time the length of rope dangling from his collar. "Hmmm... looks as if someone did have you tied, darling, Karen, maybe... or has someone else been trying to keep you for their own? Come closer and let Barbara untie it, then we'll go inside and call Karen."

Bronson let her gently draw his head closer so that she could remove the terrible rope he had chewed... closer until the colorful hardened tips of her soft, white breasts were almost brushing against his nose, the sweet smelling essence of them filling his keen nostrils. Reflexively, he licked out with his smooth wet tongue!

The unexpected contact caused Barbara to jerk back with a start, her widening eyes bursting into a sparkle as she looked at him. "Why ... why you old lecher! Just what made you do that?" she half-whispered as she stared wonderingly at his almost grinning, handsome animal-face, the expression in his rounded, big brown eyes one which she was familiar with in the human male animal, but certainly never in a dog. They were twinkling... seductively twinkling! as if he were well aware of what he'd done and would like very much to do it again!

The temptation was too great for the voluptuous young neighbor woman to by-pass. She felt a tiny ripple of excitement in her belly as again she leaned forward to unknot the piece of rope, consciously thrusting her naked, full mounds slightly toward him. And again, he did it, his long length of hot, wet tongue grazing meaningfully over the sensitive, hardened nipple of her left breast! Nor did it stop after one or two laving swipes against the warm sensual flesh! Instead, Barbara gaped excitedly down to watch his long, thick tongue curl in a heated wetness over their smooth, fleshy resilience, moving from one to the other to affectionately lick their undersides as well as upward through the deep cleft between them! Again and again, her breathing beginning to hitch in her throat, Barbara watched the pink length of his long fluid tongue graze hotly over the erect, berry-like nipples of her nakedly swelling tits, the feverish sensations she had known earlier quickly rousing from their dormant state.

"Oooohhh, you loving devil you!" the ardently astonished brunette whispered in a tremulous, throaty voice. She had finally fumbled the length of rope from his collar, and suddenly she braced her hands behind her and leaned back in that half-erect position, the very nature of it thrusting her up-tilted, full breasts even more invitingly forward in their white nakedness. She held her breath and waited, the now simmering little sensations racing through her tingling belly causing the moisture seeping from her now warmly flushing pussy-lips to dampen the wispy bikini crotch band between her thighs!

For a moment, he seemed to hesitate, disappointing Barbara, but only for a moment, then, he whimpered and moved forward to wedge her long legs willingly apart with his own legs, dropping his head and once more his hot tongue darted out to provocatively wash over her exposed, rising and falling breasts!

Wild emotions began to fill the raven-haired girl as she stared into his deep-brown, dancing eyes raised upward to focus on her face while his long, fervent tongue continued to lovingly lick her naked tits! He knew exactly what he was doing, and what it was doing to her! She could see it... read it there in his devilishly gleaming eyes! My God, she was beginning to see the inside, but, but, a dog? Suddenly, his incessant, searing tongue began to work downward over the softly giving flesh of her belly, dipping into her navel and downward... until finally he was sniffing between her legs, as if he could smell the slowly awakening heat of her moistened pussy!

He whimpered while Barbara stared with incredulity, the lustful sensations his hotly probing nose was firing in her loins were nothing short of rank obscenity! And it was the latter as much as anything, the voluptuously sensual girl concluded, which could irresistibly drive her to submit to him! And then, a mind-shattering realization dawned!

Her next door neighbor, Karen Smith's, lover! No wonder she hadn't seen a man leave yesterday morning! There wasn't any man! "I-It was you, wasn't it, darling!" Barbara hissed at the whining animal still sniffing at her aroused bikini-concealed vaginal split. "Of course! You came out of that washroom first, then Karen with that silly bone, her face blushing like a little girl who'd just been caught fingering herself!" The excited young neighbor woman sat upright, taking Bronson's head between her hands to raise and stare into his eyes. "What was she letting you do to her in that room, you handsome lover? Lick her pussy, maybe? Was that it, baby, do you like to lick women's pussies? Well... Barbara just happens to have a real hot one that needs tonguing something fierce, and if that's your secret trick, you and I are going to get on famously!"

With that, the curvaceous brunette was on her feet, wanton sensations charging incitingly through her. "Come on, Bronson darling... let's go into the house and find out if Barbara's hit the nail on the head... or something!"

Bronson happily trotted along behind the beautiful young woman who had draped the towel around her shoulders, concealing her naked breasts, the piquant fragrance of her mating heat firing his trained instincts. He had not been in her house, nor ever smelled the rising aroma of female excitement from the hotly burning vaginal crevice between her legs before. It had been more potent than most, impulsively attracting him with its pleasurable promise, and he was eager to sample it again, but as always, he must wait until she bade him.

She led him into a room where there was the biggest bed he had ever seen. It was round with many pillows and she walked toward it. She turned then to look down at him, her dark eyes sparkly, a faint smile widening her pleasing face as she dropped the towel to expose her white, firmly rounded breasts once more.

"Now, we'll see what we shall see, darling!" she sounded softly. "Just what has young Mrs. Karen Smith been letting you do to her while her husband's at work, you handsome devil?"

Watching her, Bronson keenly detected the tiny shiver ripple upwards along her white flesh, causing the colorful pointed mounds of her breasts to quiver like soft jelly, then sway even more as she began to roll the thin bikini panties down over her smoothly rounded hips. He watched through unflinching eyes the darkened area of soft pubic curls and the puffy fleshed lips of her glistening little cunt mouth as it was revealed before him. She wiggled lightly and the thin, flimsy material slipped down her long, trim legs to the floor where she stepped out of it, then stood there with hands on hips, thighs pressed forward and slightly spread as she gazed excitedly down at him.

"What now, lamb?" Barbara throatily questioned, intensive charges of lurid sensuality hotly aglow inside her at the obscene act she lustfully hoped was going to take place. God, his animal-eyes, she

felt certain, were reflecting as much anticipating desire as she knew hers must be! Was it possible? Once more, a series of feverish little chills swept over her as she stood there waiting, but he didn't move... merely stared hungrily at her, his beautiful ears standing erect, his tail slightly wagging! "Just how do we... we get this little party under way, precious... that is, if Barbara hasn't misjudged."

Bronson's avid eyes never left her curved, white nakedness standing before him, his yearning growing rapidly, but his training holding him back. He had no way of knowing why they sometimes made him wait; his real mistress had never done that. And then, she was crawling onto the big, round bed to lie back, her eyes still fastened on him. Why didn't she call him?

It occurred to Barbara that maybe the beautiful big animal was more aggressive to the reclining position, associating the way she had lain beside the pool when he'd approached her. But still, he didn't move... simply stood there staring at her through feverish, seductive eyes that were driving her wild with anticipation! Damn!

"Well come on, damnit! Come up here you handsome brute and do whatever it is you do... if you do anything at all!" the naked, raven-haired young neighbor woman feverishly commanded, patting the huge bed with her small hand.

And he did, with the most graceful, effortless leap Barbara could imagine, the expression in his loving eyes and on his handsome animal-face almost passionately human as he moved up over her from the side, then leaned down to again graze his long, thick tongue over her desire-swollen breast with a hot licking wetness!

While finishing up the few minor household chores she'd set herself to complete, Karen intentionally allowed her mind to play a small, dreamy game of slowly building desire. She wanted to be as sensually excited as she had been last night, but without the benefit of liquor, and her fervid memories of the grand fucking her darling Bronson had given her was all she needed. She thought in lewd, four-letter terms, the lust-inciting words that Barbara could and did use so casually. Fuck and cunt and cock and cum constantly flashed in her mind as she mentally pictured the beautifully forbidden love-party they had shared. And it was going to be as heavenly when she brought him in very shortly, the moment she finished rinsing out the pairs of nylon panty-hose filling the sink.

Flashes of her husband, Steve's gentle face, interrupted her thoughts, but she wouldn't let him remain. What she and Bronson shared had nothing to do with her frustrating husband... nothing! She loved him and always would, but if he knew the truth he should be thankful that the magnificent German shepherd had come into her life! What might've happened with other strange men if he hadn't, Karen didn't want to even imagine!

Finished with her last personal task, the roused curvaceous housewife scooped up the sheer garments with intentions of hanging them on the umbrella clothes-lines in the backyard, at the same time freeing Bronson and bringing him back inside. She smiled to herself, stirring enchantment whirl-pooling at the base of her belly and downward into her tingling loins at the thoughts of what it was going to be like. God, could she ever thank Aunt Janie enough for bringing her such erotic thrills? And just how was she going to make her Aunt Janie know that she had to have him? Well, there was still time to work that out and she would, because she truly intended to keep him...

Karen stopped short outside the backdoor, her eyes widening, a strange sensation of astonished emptiness completely engulfing her! She scanned the yard in a glance, knowing that he was gone from the sickening sight of the rope's empty end lying unmoving on the lawn! She dropped the plastic pan of wash, and ran to pick up the rope's chewed end. Tears uncontrollably bubbled upward into her eyes, brimming there. For a moment, the shocked new wife couldn't think, and then, she

began to!

He had run away! She never should've tied him! He was at one of her neighbor bitches, fucking her like an animal! Or maybe, he'd gone to the field! Had someone stolen him? No... the rope was chewed... angrily chewed! Oh God, she'd made a terrible mistake in tying him up! But, but it wasn't going to do any good just standing there bawling! She had to do something, but what? Call the police? Stupid, without even canvassing the neighborhood first to see if she could find him! Yes! That's what was to do! Scour the whole neighborhood, and if she found him with one of the bitches taking advantage of him, she'd call the police! She'd have her arrested! She would! She would!

Barbara Keller needed no priming to fan her voluptuous curves into a glowing furnace of lust. She realized this as she lay thrillingly naked beneath the wet, searing caresses of Bronson's loving tongue, once again hotly stroking the swollen mounds of her nipple-hardened breasts. She watched with fevered eyes his every incredible, passion-wetting lick, wildly beginning to wonder how this lewd sexual act had ever escaped her! God, and she'd thought there was nothing under the sun in the realm of sex that she'd left untried!

"Ooohhh, you precious doll!" the excited, sensually oriented wife mewled, gently stroking his big, fur-covered head while he continued to graze his fiery, thick tongue damply over her exposed tits. And then, he was working downward once more as he had beside the pool, causing her breaths to shorten in nearly frantic anticipation. "Th- That's right, darling!" she gasped, luridly spreading her full thighs which were already beginning to quiver. "All the way down to Barbara's pussy! Get between my legs, Bronson lamb... yes... like that... like that!"

But with all of her past experiences, Barbara still had nothing to measure by, none that she could draw upon to know what would happen next! She knew only that she wanted to make it as enticingly magnetic as possible for him, and she raised her legs to obscenely draw her rounded thighs back until her knees were flattening out the yielding resilience of her swollen, full breasts, her knees almost touching her shoulders. Then, with head raised slightly from the pillow she stared down between them to breathlessly watch!

He whimpered and a potent, frenetic little sensation charged over her sensitized flesh as she watched him lower his head and begin to sniff once more at her pussy, except that this time it was nakedly exposed and waiting! She felt his cold wet nose like the brushing touch of an ice-cube against her flushed cunt-lips and taut thighs! Suddenly, she sensed it... the first contact there of his hotly branding tongue! Impulsively, she squirmed beneath its fluid hotness as it began to ardently lick up and down the smooth vale between the tensed, writhing mounds of her upraised buttocks! Her heart pounded, the fervid blood racing through her veins from his sizzling animal- tongue glazing the sensorial area surrounding her tiny, puckered little anal mouth, its worming tip burrowing with an uncanny knowledge into the tiny oval of its tightly clenched lips!

"Ooohhh... damn, you do know it all, don't you, baby?" Barbara gasped, her mind filled with delicious amazement at the obscene skill of his fiery tongue! "But Barbara doesn't believe you learned that all by yourself! You, you've had a very sexy teacher... ooohhh!" Again, he was taunting her tiny puckered asshole, until finally she felt his tongue tip burning a wet path slowly upward toward the sensuously swollen lips of her smoldering cunt! A tremor of impassioned animalism brushed over the nerve-ends of her satiny flesh as he swept it wetly along the moistened pink crevice between her lewdly spread thighs and buttocks, then over the entire length of her hair-lined pussy! From the babyish mouth of her snugly clenched little asshole, it traced without relenting, to the pink, desire-fleshed edges of her excited cunt-lips, and at last to the tiny, erect bud of her clit!

"Unnhhhhh!" the voluptuously inflamed girl moaned, lifting her head higher to better see between

her obscenely drawn-up legs and thighs the unbelievable tonguing the beautiful dog was giving her! Seething stabs of mounting lust saturated her naked body at the sight of his moistly melting tongue curling over her super-sensitive vaginal slit! Again and again he did it while she gaspingly watched his thick length of fluid flesh spreading deeply through the flowing wetness of yielding, pink cunt with all the knowledge of any human male she'd ever laid down and spread her legs for!

It didn't, didn't, didn't stop, and that was the absolute ecstasy of the entire sordid scene to Barbara! God, somewhere, sometime, she'd heard about dogs and women, but she'd never given it even a second thought! Then, suddenly her girl friend, Linda Farnum, and her big Boxer, Fonda, momentarily penetrated the lurid haze rapidly lifting her up and away. Was this why Linda kept the huge animal? But Fonda was a female? Sooo? Linda loved to eat pussy, too, didn't she, and little Barbara could understand that all right, after getting fucked by Linda's husband, Frank, disappointedly a few times... But, ooohhh... couldn't concentrate on it now... not with the way Bronson was splaying the glistening, pink flesh of her flame-filled pussy with his hotly lathing tongue, finally pausing, as she watched, to curl it with a loving thrust far up into her incitedly wet vaginal passage!

"Ooohhh... sweet lover! You've got the most educated tongue in the world, darling!" the raven-haired, luridly positioned young woman exclaimed in her lust-mounting nakedness. She knew... could see her sensuous curves spasming beneath his unbelievable cunt-licking and suddenly wished she could have her husband, Don's... no, her next door neighbor, Steve Smith's cock fucking into her mouth while this beautiful dog was licking her cunt! Damn, she'd suck him like he never dreamed ... suck him until he squirted his hot, creamy cum down her throat, just the feel of it making her cum and cum as it pumped into her mouth!

"Oh, damn... damn! No wonder Karen takes you into the bathroom with her, baby! Agggghhh... yesss, lick it for Barbara, darling! Like that... like that... way up inside! Tongue-fuck it good!" she salaciously goaded, lifting her intensively simmering loins and quaking asscheeks higher to the wild, wet swirling of his loving animal-mouth. "Ooohhhh... further, darling, further! Shove your tongue up Barbara's cunt as far as you can!"

Uncontrollably, she reached down between her wide-spread thighs, grasping his furry head to pull his long nose tighter into her wetly palpitating cuntal channel! His firebrand tongue shot up into the seething curl-fringed little hole like a white-hot cauterizing whip, his own animal whines matching hers as he hungrily lashed and tongue-fucked the blood tingling inner-flesh with a skill and intensity no man had ever shown her!

"Aaaggghhhh, you're driving me wild, you sweet, hot cunt lover!" Barbara hissed, head still raised and eyes licentiously gaping. The lustfully forbidden sight was all but bending her mind to a point beyond reason! Oohhhh, if only she had Steve Smith's cock fucking wildly into her mouth at the same time to complete the wild orgy!

Bronson felt his loins and flanks ruttishly throbbing from the scented, liquid heat flowing from her openly pulsating young pussy lips. He sensed a stronger fire burning inside her than any he had ever known, even his mistress, Karen, and its intensity made the blood pulse furiously through his powerful body. The affection he generally felt for human females was not the same with her. The soft whiteness of her smooth flesh and the heated fumes of sexual excitement she generated from the warm, hair-lined crevice up between her wide held legs made him feel a fierceness which urgently excited him.

Instinctively, he sensed the lack of tenderness in the warm, soft portions of her nakedly curved body, unlike those of his temporary mistress, Karen. But that didn't displease him. There was something of

his own kind in her which was taking its place. The hot, pink flesh between her legs in its flowing wetness was communicating through his tongue a wild stimulation which delighted him in his angry escape from Karen's hateful rope. He felt as if he were being bad, and the knowledge of that made him know a stronger ferocity, the axis of which was centered in his demanding loins!

Barbara had enchantedly fallen into a rhythmic tempo of sensual gasps beneath the huge animal's fabulous tongue hotly licking and fucking snake-like up inside her inflamed, susceptible cunt walls. She rolled her head from side to side to the cadence, still holding his huge, furry head by the ears between her lewdly upraised thighs. Her brain had become a mirror for both her husband, Don's and Steve Smith's lustfully hardened cocks, each fucking in turn into her hungrily sucking mouth while Bronson lapped the maddening fire from her sweltering loins and belly. She lifted her head once more to watch, and it was then that she caught sight of it!

Barbara's sparkling, desirous eyes widened at the glistening spectacle of the German shepherd's thick, scarlet cock emerging from its long, hair-covered sheath... wet and hard, the tapered end slipping and dancing as it continued to slither hotly out of its fleshy concealment! God! She leaned to one side, gaping at it! Oh, was it possible he would dog-fuck her with it! A licentious impulse of unbridled animalism raged through her naked, lust-charged body, an obscenely mind-bending urge which fascinated the voluptuous housewife in its forbidden lewdness alone! His cock was beautiful... huge and beautiful! Never had Don's looked anymore tempting to her, and she doubted if her neighbor, Steve Smith's, could either! It, it seemed longer and thicker than her husband's, if that were possible... different in contour with its beveled tip, but its very thickening coned shape adding to her wildly building passion!

For a long sensation-sparked moment, Barbara stared at the big dog's wetly gleaming rod of raw masculine hardness dangling beneath his powerful animal-loins, sensing her mouth and throat at first going dry, then salivating at the erotically infusing sight of it! The depravity of her intentions never concerned her, only how she was going to accomplish it! In fact, it was the very sordidness of the act that was spurring her wantonly on! But how? How?

Relentlessly, the ardorous German shepherd licked at her cunt, his scorching, wet tongue like a gentle abrasive as it slithered over the tiny erect bud of her quivering clit! Maddening thrills of unnatural desire burned in her obscenely set mind, adding to those his singeing tongue was stoking in her lewdly offered loins. How... how... how?

"B-Bronson baby, ooohhh, you loveable lamb?" Barbara hissed, trying to raise higher and stroke his huge head nuzzled between her widespread thighs and asscheeks. God! She could see his lapping tongue splaying through the wetly saturated crevice of her cunt's pinkly splayed flesh! He'd spread her flushed pussy-lips open until they appeared to almost be pleading in their desire-swollen ravishment. Her sensitive, inner cuntal flesh sparkled up at her, its surrounding black curls damply matted, the entire lurid scene further bellowing the flames raging inside her! Her nakedly thrusting breasts seemed electrified in her giddy excitement as she continued to caress his furry head! "Bronson... baby... lie down! Lie down, darling! Barbara wants to love you too! Please... lie down and roll over!" she whispered, her throat raspy with tension. "Do it, Bronson! Lie down so Barbara can make you happy! I-I'll even put my pussy upside down where you can lick it all you want, baby! Come, do it... lie down, Bronson!"

Barbara's brain raced in a form of reckless delirium as she slowly eased herself forward, not wanting to upset or destroy what she already had, but only to add to it! She raised to her knees as Bronson, confused, backed away from her seething, wet loins. He looked displeased, but Barbara didn't hesitate. If she were to have what she wanted, there was no stopping now! She whispered in gentle tones, at the same time, brushing her soft hand lovingly over him, her eyes locked on the solid

length of his long, thick scarlet cock hanging below his belly!

Bronson watched the beautiful naked young woman raise up and move toward him, surprised when she didn't turn around on hands and knees so he could mount her. He had decided that was her intentions, the way all of them, except Karen, had done. But she did not, though she cooed in soft sounds at him. Perplexed, he whimpered, sensing his mating hunger leaving him in his confusion. Again, she gave the command he recognized and he dutifully obeyed, laying down...

His unhappy whimper vibrated through Barbara as she saw his huge cock withdraw into its hiding sheath. He dropped down onto the bed, stretching out and finally responding when she continued to whisper: "Roll over on your back, lamb, you won't be disappointed for long! That's it, lover, ooohhh, that's just fine!" With blinding excitement, she crawled and positioned herself so that her cunt was inches from his face, and less when she drew her naked thighs back! She eased forward, placing herself so that her face was directly above the sensuously peeking opening of his cock-sleeve where the big, scarlet hardness had vanished back inside.

Frenzied emotions swept through the animalishly keyed-up wife! The thought alone of what she was about to do was driving her mad with salacious desire! Gently, she moved her arched hips toward his handsome animal-face, spreading her thighs and lovingly taking his head... She lay on her side with one leg lifted to draw his nose meaningfully in toward the wetly pulsating heat of her trembling cunt. Immediately, she felt his lengthy, thick tongue lash out at the palpitating crevice between her legs, again lapping through its sensually aroused pinkness like a fluid flame, and if she'd ever known obscene, bestial lust it was at that very moment! She lowered her cheek to rest against his warm, hard animal-belly, her one hand quickly moving toward his hidden cock!

This was new to Bronson, but it hardly nettled him. As Karen's way had been different, so was the pretty Barbara showing him hers. Once again, he sensed the throbbing blood beginning to pound at the heated aroma and taste of her wide split pussy mouth. He felt her delicate fingers moving over his loins, their gentle touch causing him to pleasurably tremble. The urge to close his eyes and lay there devotedly licking the warm, wet sweetness of her up between her thighs almost carried him away!

Barbara had never reached such erotically fired heights... or was it depths? God, she hardly gave a damn, she thought, clasping hold of his sheltered dog-cock and beginning with her fingertips to manipulate the outer flesh back and forth, feeling its lust-hardened thickness within! It had to come back out to her... had to! She must know it now... the taste of his long, thick animal-cock slithering wetly around in her warmly sucking mouth!

His tongue laving the frantically jerking bud of her tiny clit... God, ordinarily she would have cum a dozen times! But it'd been the unreal wildness of it all distracting and amazing her, which had rerouted her concentration, holding her climax off and pleasing her in its choked-back, insanely building intensity! Oh, the beautiful darling, she thought, clinging to his cock and avidly beginning to stroke it. With feeling, yet gentleness, Barbara worked the heavy protective skin back and forth, his warm head nestled between her opened white thighs, his hotly searing tongue licking unrelentingly up into the wet, yielding crevice of her steaming cunt. And then, it suddenly reappeared, the redly glistening tip of long, thick hardness, slipping slowly forward toward her breathless, tongue-moistened lips... until at last, it touched them!

With a low, lust-inspired moan, the obsessed Barbara parted her lush, warm lips to let the slenderly tapered forepart of Bronson's wet hardness slide between them, easing further and further into the torrid moistness of her eagerly absorbing mouth, until it brushed all the way back to the depths of her throat! She brought her tongue into play in an irresistible fervency, greeting and welcoming the

unnatural presence with omnivorous, though still hesitant, eagerness. Her brain swam with the spinning intoxication of the lewd, unspeakable act she was performing with her neighbor's dog, and then she tasted the thick, pulsating cock, a sensation of wanton relish racing through her at its warm, virile maleness! Ooohhhh, it was no less delicious than any man's she'd ever sucked, and it was so hot and hard, swelling up into greater hardness in her mouth with every passing second!

She heard his high-pitched animal-whimper as he continued to lovingly lick her hotly inflamed pussy, and she began to suck and twirl her caressing little tongue around his long, thick cock to repay him for the unbelievable pleasure he fantastically had and was bringing her. She felt his powerful body responding to her lewd sucking, his canine loins jerking and pressing forward. She brushed one exploring hand along his hairy belly to his huge, sperm-filled balls, cupping them warmly first, then lightly teasing them with her finger tips. Again he whimpered, the titillation making him begin a pumping cock-rhythm between the clasped oval of her moistly sucking lips.

God, the exotic taste of it was the maddening delight, Barbara sensuously reveled, beginning to mouthingly nurse and tongue the ever- thickening spear of burning, hard flesh with obscene up and down head movements. Delicately gamey, her brain wildly tagged, yet spiced with the sweet raciness of nature's semen! Ooohhhh... daammmm!

The smooth, coned length of his growing cock fucked up into her roundly ovaled mouth in perfect cadence, while his own tongue down between her open thighs laved the hot, liquid flesh of her wide splayed cunt and smoldering vaginal channel with swirling, ever-increasing enthusiasm! She nipped and gently scraped with her teeth, at the same time swirling her own tongue in tiny provoking little flicks over his excitedly pulsating hardness, her mind totally lost in the licentious thrill of her bizarre action. God, it was like honey in her mouth, taperedly plunging in a wet heat all the way into the back of throat! What would his animal-cum taste like... mannish... warm and thick, squirting from the tip of his beautiful cock in spewing jets... or were animals different?

Bronson had never known anything to equal this! What the beautiful young neighbor woman was doing had never been a part of his training. She was taking his thickly hardened love-shaft hungrily up inside her warm, wet mouth; still it felt as if it were thrusting into a hotly clenching vaginal wall. There was a difference though, a pleasing difference in the feel of her little tongue and teeth nipping and swirling greedily around it. He whined to those sensations which were causing waves of wildly pressuring fire deep down in the depths of his loins, knowing that very soon he would feel an all powerful, heavily spurting release!

Karen stormed through the neighborhood, uncertain of which emotion was prompting her most, love, anger, or anxiety. But at each house, she somehow managed to hide them all with a forced air of casual concern, merely asking the frau in charge if she'd by chance seen Bronson pass that way, ignoring the blushes her question inevitably produced. A few wanted to chat, but the curvy, anxious young housewife never lingered; her nearly frantic brain was too concerned with the whereabouts of her runaway lover.

As the possibilities of finding him began to frightenly decrease, Karen sensed the first strong twinges of real panic eating at her. God, what a fool she'd been to tie him up in the back yard. If anything ever happened to him how could she live with herself? The tears puddling her eyes were almost blinding, causing her to stagger unsteadily as she stumbled on.

Oh darling, where are you? Karen's sorry... terribly, terribly, sorry! Just come back is all, and I promise never to do anything like that again! I-If I have to share you, then I will, precious... I will! Y-Yes... Karen will even settle for a portion of you... only please come back!

In her mental anguish, the blonde, young Mrs. Smith, was hardly aware that she'd come to Barbara Keller's back gate and was subconsciously reaching over to unlatch it. Not until she was inside the yard did it dawn where she was, and that music was coming from somewhere near the pool. She moved toward the sound, hopeful of seeing her new friend there and perhaps, yes... even confiding in her, at least to some extent! God, she had to talk to someone! But there was no one around, only the radio beside the pool, a small pillow!

Karen's eyes widened when she saw it, an undefinable shock jarring her. Quickly, she bounced forward and scooped up the length of Bronson's rope, examining its frayed end!

Barbara Keller had never sucked a human male more vigorously or with such wild, forbidden lust drenching her voluptuously laboring nakedness! With a voracious animalism, the sensually steeped young wife mouthed and pulled at Bronson's huge hardened animal cock, her shameless mind a boiling pit of lust. Oh God, she was so hot she could die! She actually wanted his dog-cum shooting into her mouth... dribbling down her throat... flooding her belly! Raging tongues of flame blazed between her legs! Her belly seethed, and her loins... her fire-filled cunt, glowed with the searing passion scalding it! She clutched at the loving German shepherd's hugely swollen balls, beginning to milk and caress them as she sucked ever more greedily at his heavily thickened cock. Oh damn... she was going to cum like an atomic explosion beneath his beautiful tonguing of her saliva slickened cunt walls! She heard him whine then yip in his own bestial ecstasy, and so did Karen Smith outside!

It was that frenetic little sound from him that led the solicitous blonde girl uneasily through the house to the open bedroom door. There, she froze, her disbelieving eyes expanding in shocking jealousy at the incredulously obscene spectacle taking place on the huge bed before her! Even as joy filled her at the sight of his lustfully driving hardness, Karen was staggered by the jolting wave of bitter possessiveness which jelled her knees and made her cling tightly to the door frame! Barbara Keller... the bitch... she was actually sucking him with her widely ovaled lips, and he was licking her back with a wild, uninhibited frenzy between her lewdly spread thighs!

She was! Barbara... her friend... she was sucking her own darling Bronson's desire-hardened cock... taking almost all of its beautifully thick hugeness into her tightly locked mouth... until... until it had to be reaching all the way back to her tonsils! Karen stood spellbound, not even her jealousy was strong enough to put down the lewdly fascinating surge of envious lust their bestial love-making immediately fired through her. In those few paralyzing seconds while she stood there, the confused blonde housewife weathered a series of transforming emotions, which only the visual spectacle of the luridly sexual performance unfolding before her could have ever accomplished!

That only minutes before she had mentally pleaded for him to come back, that she would willingly share him with another woman if he would, was true! That she was first a wife to a loveable handsome man and, inhumanly infatuated with a magnificently adorable animal, ran a close second! But more profound than either, was the stimulating sensuality the captivating sight of the huge dog and her own girlfriend's forbidden lovemaking was involuntarily stroking in her sensually roused loins and belly! Barbara was stunningly beautiful in her white nakedness, and her unhidden passion as effective as her frank use of four-letter words! She was no camouflaging fraud... she was beautifully for real, Karen knew, because her dark, onyx-eyes had found her and momentarily settled upon her there in the doorway, but she'd never stopped! Love and sex were obviously thicker than pretension to Barbara, and at that moment, Karen understood her new girlfriend's feelings!

Maybe she was losing her mind, but at such a time what did a girl do? Barbara salaciously thought this as she tongued and licked Bronson's throbbing cock in her mouth, not even the sight of her next door neighbor standing open eyed in the doorway preventing her race toward her wild climatic fulfillment. She could hardly concentrate in her insane drive, but she did see her young, blonde

neighbor moving toward her, an open-mouthed expression of sensual excitement causing her beautiful face to slacken! And, and then, Karen was undressing... stripping her clothes away with utter abandon until she was gorgeously naked and crawling onto the bed behind Bronson! Barbara watched her snuggle up tightly against her lover's furry back and put her arm possessively around him! It was almost as if the dog knew who it was without looking, for he never stopped his delectable licking of her hotly sizzling cunt!

And then, Barbara heard the loving brute's guttural snarl, at the same moment as his flanks began to furiously hump to drive his cock down her throat! But there was more... her girlfriend Karen's finger which she passionately discerned probing at the tiny, tightly puckered mouth of her upraised rectum! It gently, knowingly wiggled and wormed, until like a slender cock, it was sliding eagerly up into her nakedly exposed nether channel, moving around in the delicate swirling little motions a woman loves, and triggering fantastic sensations inside her! She moaned out around Bronson's throat-plunging cock, sucking until it began to spasm and jerk crazily up inside her mouth, then, then, it spewed out its scalding liquid cum from deep down in the well of his sperm-inflated balls!

At that moment, Barbara was enlightened! The stream of viscidly burning sperm was like an unceasing hose, filling her sucking, desperately working mouth before she could swallow it away! Time and again, as if his bladder had opened and he were pissing down her throat, the climaxing German shepherd continued to cum, the lust-charging realization firing her own wildly bursting orgasm like some never before reached cataclysm of pure sensual bliss!

And finally, his sperm-drained cock was slipping wetly out of her cum-flooded mouth and he was moving up and away, with only her girl friend Karen's finger still thrust deeply up inside her tightly clinging rectal walls, and at last, with a slow, moistly sucking withdrawal from between her widespread buttock cheeks, not even that remained up inside her!

Bronson had not been pleased to see his mistress, Karen. She had come to take him back to the rope, he felt certain, punish him for running away, and he did not intend for that to happen. He had leaped down from the huge bed and chosen a corner of the room from where he could watch her as well as the pretty Barbara who had just brought him a new form of pleasure. His throbbing loins and flanks still quivered from the wild force of his animal ejaculation up into her warm, wet mouth which had pulled and drew at his maleness like a warm, hairless vagina itself. He would have done it again had his mistress not come to take him away, but she had and that angrily irritated him.

The big German shepherd keenly surveyed them laying on the bed in their white nakedness just as he had left them, unmoving and soundless except for the pretty Barbara's heavy breathing. Then, he thought he detected a little sob come from his golden haired mistress, and as he watched he saw her lovely curved body shudder!

Barbara, too, heard it and raised to her elbow, looking down toward the other's partially hand-hidden face which was still directly opposite her own thighs and loins. A tremor of unburned sensuality rippled through her belly at the lewd proximity of their faces to each other's still nakedly trembling pussies. She gaped at her stunningly beautiful young neighbor's whitely flared hips, her rounded, thrusting breasts with their tiny, hardened pink nipples, the slenderness of her dipping waist, but mostly the nearly concealed pouting lips of her pink slitted cunt in its enwreathing triangle of blondish, silken-like curls! God, and those flawless legs... those breathtaking thighs! And she'd shoved her eager finger right up Barbara's asshole when she'd cum! Something bordering on frustration was tormenting her gorgeous young neighbor for she was sniveling all right, and maybe that wasn't so bad either... if Barbara played her cards with skill!

"Wh-What do you want me to say, Honey?" the still trembling brunette spoke softly, raising herself

more to reach down and run her hand caressingly through the other's blonde tresses. "That I'm sorry? Because, I'm not, Darling, and that would make me a bald-faced liar."

"Oh... oh, Barb." was all that Karen could manage at the moment, the mixture of sensations racing through her very much aroused belly and loins completely befuddling her. She realized that the ravishing, dark eyed girl who lay in enticing nakedness on the huge bed with her could never understand, for not even she, herself, could untangle the maze of emotions confounding her. The sight of them... Barbara sucking her Bronson's hardened, big cock, swallowing his hotly gushing sperm right down into her belly, while he lovingly laid there licking her pussy, had triggered something next to frantic lust inside her passionately aroused mind!

She had blindly thrown herself into their love making, jealously wanting to be part of it, the sudden urge to make both of them happy uncontrollable as she'd hugged the handsome animal tightly against her and obscenely thrust her finger up into the smooth soft depths of her girl friend, Barbara's hotly spasming little anal hole! God, she'd never done anything like that before in her life! But now, it was plain to see that Bronson wanted nothing more to do with her... the way he'd squirmed out of her embrace and ran from her!

"I-I think it's fair to say that at first, Bronson seduced me, Baby," Barbara's throaty voice went on, her soft hand still gently stroking Karen's head. "But I'll have to admit that I soon took the initiative. I couldn't resist, Karen... can you understand that?"

God yes! She could well understand it, Karen reasoned, lowering her hands from her face to look up into her friend's sparkling eyes in an attempt to convey her feelings. She swallowed tightly and nodded. "I-I know, Barbara... believe me, I do!"

"It's happened to you, hasn't it, Love?" Barbara whisperingly probed, her brain beginning to race with excitement. "Yesterday, in the bathroom?"

Again, Karen swallowed, feeling the blood flowing hotly into her cheeks. Denial hung on the tip of her tongue, but instead, she said: "Yes... what he was doing to you, but."

"You mean, licking my pussy?" Barbara interrupted, lewdly interjecting the graphic description with purpose and watching the younger, naked girl shyly admit to it in a second nod of her lovely head. The raven-haired wife glanced over at the watching, sprawled animal and smiled. "He's a real seductive lover all right." then, flashing her eyes back to Karen, she added: "Have you sucked him yet?"

The obscene meaning and sound of the question was enough alone to erotically shock Karen's sensitized nakedness, without the added caress of her stunning new friend's soft hand suddenly stroking over her sensuous breast! For a long moment, the fever-filled younger wife had no voice, resorting once more to head gestures, Barbara's stroking hand brushing over the hardened, tingling nipple of her breast maddeningly exciting her.

"Damn, Honey, he's delectable!" Barbara exclaimed with a little shiver. "As good and better than most men, I've had... But maybe... tell me, Baby... have you ever sucked a man's penis, your husband, Steve's perhaps?"

"N-No... never!" Karen hissed, but God knows she'd thought about it enough, the idea never failing to excite her desirous mind! Oh... why was it their love making had never reached that beautiful, heated intensity?

"Well, you've just about missed the boat entirely, haven't you, Hon?" Barbara sympathetically

intoned in her soft, throaty voice. "In that case, I can pretty well imagine the rest," she went on, caressing the luscious warmth the resilient mound of Karen's full breast sent tingling through her cupping hand to her never unpassionate brain. "Too often, a good fucking for him but ending in no cum for Karen, and probably never getting your pussy kissed or tongued... right? Am I unveiling the awful truth, Karen baby? Am I?"

"Oh damn... yes, yes you are! The awful truth of... of a marriage that was terribly close to floundering, I think... if it hadn't been for Bronson!" Karen breathfully revealed, the sensations racing through her exposed curved body from Barbara's lovingly stroking hand rapidly strengthening the warm confidence she'd had in her new friend from the first. She was such a beautiful girl, and she understood... everything!

"Would you believe that Don and I went through the very same, identical chaos, Doll?" Barbara lied with divulging whispers, satisfied that the end justified the means. Gently, with plucking thumb and forefinger, she nipped, rolled, and grazed the erogenous, tiny hardened nipple of her breathtaking neighbor's rising and falling breast as she went on. "But we found the answer before the shoals grew so dangerous that they were bound to wreck the ship, and both you and Steve can too, Darling... You see this big round bed we're on? Well, I designed it, and believe it or not, as many as eight couples can romp comfortably on it at one time!"

Karen felt her brow wrinkling with the obscure meaning in the onyx-eyed girl's statement. Eight couples? Romp comfortably? Wh-What was she getting at, anyway? "I-I don't understand, Barbara?"

Enough for the first dose, the voluptuous brunette cautiously decided as she tenderly stroked and kneaded the enticing mound of naked white flesh. But her now inquisitive blonde neighbor with the enchanting curvaceous body wanted more for an answer, her sky blue eyes eagerly searching Barbara's.

"What do you mean... eight couples... romp comfortably?" Karen pressed, the other's words somehow adding to the sensual emotions razing her.

"Well... there's a group of us," Barbara slowly replied, watching Karen's face carefully as she again gentled the truth, "and when things get too dull in bed at home alone, we get together for a private party. No exaggeration, Baby, it does tremendous things for your love life."

"You mean, all of the couples do it... make love in front of each other?" Karen gasped in roused disbelief.

"Why not, Love? We're all married and it's legitimate!" Barbara exclaimed with a smile, very willing to let it rest there at this point. The lovely young doll wasn't quite ready to hear the word 'swap' yet! But there was no denying the added stimulation she was enjoying at the idea, either! "Can't you imagine what it might do for your Steve, or you, to lie there and watch another young married couple fuck and suck, or whatever they like to do to make one another happy? Can't you, Angel?"

"God!" Karen choked, because she could imagine it, and her mental pictures were intensively firing her belly and loins! She had only to remember the sight of Barbara and Bronson when she'd entered the room to realize the erotic delights such a sensuously stimulating circus could be! But Steve, he'd swear she was depraved if she ever suggested such a thing!

"And don't worry what Steve's reactions would be to such a party, Love." Barbara said, as if she were reading her mind. "Husbands might put on a big front in the beginning, but they're notorious for liking to see their wives get fucked by other guys. Remember your ancient history... Greece, Rome? It's simply that they have to acclimate to the idea of their own wives being the women in the

orgy instead of a flock of whores. Believe me, Karen, I know," the raven haired girl assured while her hand lovingly massaged the other's swollen full breast with intoxicating caresses. "Anyway, if you think you'd like to try a session, Don will talk to Steve, and your loving husband will never know we've discussed it... or planned it."

"Oh, Barb... I don't know... I-I'm so damned keyed up right now, I might say anything!" Karen truthfully exclaimed.

"You're hot, sexy, your pussy needs loving, that's your immediate problem, girl," Barbara whispered, wildly excited with the way it was all shaping up. "And there's many kinds of love that're intoxicatingly satisfying," she added, brushing her hand down over Karen's softly quivering belly toward the delight of her pink, golden fringed little cunt mouth. She wasn't surprised when the younger girl moaned softly and voluntarily opened her legs to her, nor when Barbara lowered her head back down to see and feel the hot wetness which had seeped from between the tremoring Karen's pussy lips to saturate her soft, slightly spread inner thighs.

"I-I know!" Karen breathlessly gasped at the delicious feel of Barbara's fingers suddenly contacting, then playing in the intimate, fluid flesh of her hungrily simmering cunt! God, she was, actually stroking and finger fucking her! Oooohhhhh, it felt heavenly, so certain and knowing as a finger tip shadowingly brushed over the tip of her tiny, excitedly pulsating clit!

"How do you know, Baby?" the naked, voluptuous Barbara immediately prodded, wanting to drain every innermost secret from her goddess bodied friend while she had her in this state of mind. Her avid eyes feasted on the lust-provoked spectacle between the blonde young housewife's eagerly spread thighs as she waited for the answer, and when it came it was as potent as summer lightening charging her own insatiable loins!

"Because... because Bronson... the darling f-fucked me last night!" she hesitantly admitted.

Barbara sat upright, her dark eyes widening in uncontrollable fascination. "He... he fucked you?"

"Yes... yes, oh yes! He fucked me like I've never been fucked before, even by my own husband, Barbara! Like I've never ever been fucked before!"

"Dammmmmnnnn!" the raven haired girl gasped, flashing her fire- filled eyes onto the big German shepherd who still lay watching from his chosen corner. She hadn't visualized the possibilities of that! The tongue, yes, but that massive cock sliding up into her pussy with all its hungry animal swirling had never dawned on her! "That... That Aunt Janie of yours... she must really know what it's all about, Baby!"

"I-I think she probably does!"

"She must have taught him!"

"Or bought him this way!"

"Damn, if you can buy them, I want one!" Barbara exclaimed.

"I want him... Bronson, my sweet and handsome lover!" Karen heard her own admittance. "B-but... he doesn't want me. He's angry because I tied him up... because I wanted to keep him for myself, away from the rest of these lecherous neighborhood bitches!"

"Dogs?" Barbara queried in surprise.

"Wives! Wives, Barbara! He's been screwing them all!" Karen whimperingly answered. "And now, he's angry at me!"

Wildly, Barbara ate the huge animal up with her rapacious eyes, searing sensations of new lust charging pelf melt through her! To have that huge animal cock fucking into her... from behind, yes, from behind like she, too, was just another kneeling animal! She looked down at the erotically incited girl laying in her naked, opposite position before her, and said: "We're going to lure him back, Baby! Step by step... and the first step is to let him fuck me like he did you, while I lick your pussy until you flip! Does that sound like something... or would you rather take your dog and go home?"

"Oh... oooooohhhh, Barbbbbb, do it, do it for meeee, pleeeasssseeeeeee?"

Don tipped the hostess after she'd seated them, the unnecessary gratuity irking Steve. He intended to mention it, but the immediate appearance of the waitress killed the intention. She was young, shapely, and attractive faced. Don immediately registered with her, wise cracking, smiles exchanging between them. Steve smiled too, but no one seemed to notice. Martinis were set before them in what seemed minutes by the smiling girl, and Steve felt certain he heard the soft sexy sound of patting flesh against naked flesh when she put Don's drink in front of him. He was leaning back with his arm out and encircling her just right! Christ! The arrogant bastard! He had a way with them, didn't he?

"I wasn't crappin' you, Steve," his broad shouldered, athletic neighbor said, leaning forward with forearms onto the table. It was too dark in there for Steve to really see his face. The place was set up for noon seductions, it seemed to the young insurance salesman. What the hell, he hardly belonged in this environment... "I could use a man like you in the office, Steve. I need someone with a lot of gusto to take over under me. Been looking for some time, but you know how that is. Good men don't happen along everyday."

"Well, you make it sound inviting enough, fella... except I know from nothing about real estate," Steve answered, sipping from his cocktail.

"Admitted. But like I say, no problem, man!" Don responded, sampling his drink. "A little schooling of the intricacies and a license is all you need. The latter I can get for you with no problem. I know the boy up there, eh? Don't worry about an exam or cramming a lot of bullshit to pass it. That malarkey doesn't matter anyway. You want to come over with me, and I sure can use you, we'll do it in one day, your present income guaranteed. Can I say more?"

Steve studied his smiling face. Goddamn, it was a tremendous offer, he had to admit that, but after all the time he'd spent on insurance? He had his renewals, which he'd lose, and besides that, the frigging office was seeming to depend more on him everyday to bring in the bacon with all the new guys they were hiring. The secretary's Shelly's tits, wouldn't be there to look at anymore, either.

"You haven't answered, man?"

Steve smiled. "Momentous decisions aren't made on the spur of the moment," he said, pleased with his modulated voice.

"Well done! Well done, neighbor!" Don laughed, raising his glass. "A belated cheers, eh?"

"Cheers," Steve replied, feeling quite adept, regardless of his obviously successful new friend's worldly mein. He, himself, wasn't exactly a drone... though he more and more felt that way when it came to Karen! But this was no time to think about that... his love life, though it was difficult to keep

out of his mind. Daily, things were growing worse instead of better, but this was no time...

"Barb and Karen, they seem to hit it off real well, Steve," Don said, nibbling at his olive. "I noticed the other night at dinner, the two of them speak the same language. And that's good, all the better if you make up your mind to help me run a business that's growing in leaps and bounds. I'll lay it on you, Steve, if you've got some cash, not much, to drop on some land. It'll double in less than two years! No crap! And those gems come my way everyday!"

Steve drained his martini, pulling the olive from its prong to relish. He had some money, considerable in fact, with what Karen's grandad had left her. They could make a sizeable investment if necessary, but insurance had really helped to make that possible. Did he want to... could he turn his back on it?

"Two more, Baby!" Don grinned at the attractive waitress.

"I'm insurance oriented," Steve said, dropping his head and speaking truth.

"Of course you are! We're all shaped in the frame of our school, man!" Don said, lighting a cigarette. He held the case of them forward and Steve refused; he'd never taken up the habit. "Bart Wesson, he dragged along in med school for three years before coming with me! Lou Graff, was a set up architect and doing all right for himself before he decided to join the circle! These guys have all got it, Steve, but they can see where the loot lies, eh? Come on, get with it, man!"

The waitress returned with her serving and Steve picked his up right away. There was something about martinis at noon, anytime, really, that set him off. He sipped deeply and smiled at his host. He said: "Give me twenty minutes, or so, to think about it will you, friend?"

Don laughed. "Just about," he said. "A man of your caliber doesn't need much more."

"Oooooohhhh... wow! Do I detect a snow job?" Steve parried. "You remind me of my wife the night I took her to the last prom we attended."

"Well, there can't be anything wrong with that... not with Karen," Don cut in, smiling all the way.

Steve grinned. Anything that praised Karen naturally pleased him. Christ, he loved that girl... if only he could figure some way to crank her up. She was always passionate enough at the kickoff... "Sorry, Don, I missed that. What was it you said?"

"I asked if you and Karen were coming to our pool party, Friday night?"

"I don't know, this's the first I'd heard about it," Steve replied.

"Oh? Karen hasn't mentioned it?" the other questioned in surprise. "Barb asked her yesterday morning, I think it was, and she said she'd talk it over with you."

"She must've forgotten. I didn't get home until late last night, and I had to rush this morning," Steve Smith allowed. "But I don't see why we can't make it."

"Should be a pretty good show," Don said. "I've invited some hip couples," he dropped his voice and leaned forward. "And I've got some real groovy stag movies to liven things up when they get droll!"

"Y-You mean, the real thing, Don?" Steve pressed, the idea of watching dirty movies with Karen and the other wives around giving him an odd feeling.

"I mean the juicy, sweet pussy, suck and fuck flicks, man!" his good-looking neighbor lewdly answered. "The kind that'll make Karen grab you right by the cock and lead you to the nearest bed!"

The last remark seemed hardly called for, Steve thought, sensing a hot flush to the back of his neck with the other's casual use of Karen's name and what he'd implied. Yet, at the same time, it occurred to him that a stimulant such as a good stag movie might be just the secret needed to fire her right up with him. All the same, he wasn't sure that he liked Don's.

"And you might give this a thought, too, buddy, especially if you decide to stay in the insurance racket," Don said, interrupting Steve's private rancor. "The hip couples I mentioned who'll be there are all the young people and well off financially. I mean, like prospects to help you crack that 'million-dollar insurance sales club', eh."

Steve forgot about his resentment; the athletic man across the table from him had just spurred his interest to no end. He drained his martini, picked up his ears and listened while Don named them off. He knew all of them by sight and had met a few formally, but he'd never given too much thought to the fact Don was quick to point out.

"You talk about a gathering of sweet gems! Man, there isn't a wife amongst them who couldn't make front row center in any chorus line. Dolls, every one!" He turned then, signaling the waitress for another pair of martinis, while Steve worked at fathoming the reason for his last remark.

"Just what... what do you mean, Don, by hip couples?" Steve questioned on second thought. It was the very line the young realtor had been waiting for, wondering why it hadn't come before. He swallowed from his cocktail, letting his eyes search his friend's. "Now come on, Steve boy, you're familiar with the term, aren't you?"

"To some extent," the slender, younger husband answered, feeling the gin glowing warmly in his belly and sensing something of a sexual nature about to ease into their conversation. "I mean, how are they hip ... or what're they hip to, music, fast cars... sex maybe?"

Don broke into a slow grin. "A little bit of everything, Steve boy, but lean closer and I'll tell you a story." Steve did, trying not to give away the rousing interest already built-up inside him. He drank half of his martini and waited for the other's lowered voice to begin. "We've got a nice tight little circle of chosen couples, all good friends who're ready to help each other out in any kind of an emergency, financial or whatever. Like I said before, they're all beautiful people, intellectually as well as physically. Are you with me?"

"I'm following," Steve answered.

"Well, to make a long story short, one of the couples hit one of these emergencies. Their sex life was for shit and they were about ready to head for the divorce court. But they were sensible, modern young people and one night at a party they laid their problem out before all of us. We kicked it around amongst the whole group, until come to find out, several of the other couples were having similar problems. Ideas flowed like wine, you know, ways to spike up their performances together, like sucking and cunt licking, a little sodomy now and then. And then, suddenly, one of the wives came up with the most brilliant of all suggestions... swap partners for a night!"

"Jesus Christ!" Steve blurted, the gin fuzzing his brain to the mellow point, sending a charge of excitement to his groin. "What happened?"

"To put it mildly old buddy, the divorce court was foiled," Don replied with a smug grin. He was stretching some points, gentling others, but essentially, he was telling his neighbor the truth. "That

was two years ago, right after Barb and I were married, and I can tell you truthfully that gone are the days of sexual boredom!"

"W-What you're saying is... that this is a wife swapping group... right?" Steve managed, dry mouthed, but determined to get the facts straight.

"It is that and then some, Steve boy. We all do our share and see to it that every couple is sound financially, with all of the luxuries necessary to make life worth living."

"Christ, I can't believe it!" Steve said, dumbfoundedly shaking his head. "I can just see Karen buying a deal like that! Besides calling me a pervert, she'd probably have me arrested for indecent suggestions!"

He gaped at the face opposite him. "And Barbara... she swings, too?"

Don laughed, as if the question were ridiculous. "Of course... we both do, man! That's what makes our marriage solid!"

"And you don't, don't get jealous?"

"Hell no, Steve! That's childish... kid stuff. Besides, how can you get green eyes when you're laying some sweet ass yourself?"

"Jesus Christ!" Steve Smith gasped under his breath, still shaking his head as he lifted his glass and drained it. "I-I just can't believe it, is all!"

Bronson had not moved from his commanding position on the floor of the bedroom corner. Though his irritation with the golden haired Karen still rankled strongly inside him, along with his dread of her trying to take him back to the rope, his trained interests had been aroused by the increased heavy breathing of the two nakedly writhing girls on the big, circular bed. They still lay on their sides as he had left them, except closer to each other now, and his mistress had spread her legs, the top one raised and bent with her foot on the bed. He could see her white, beautifully rounded hips facing him, and as well, her blonde, hair-fringed vaginal slit wet with moisture as the beautiful next door woman's fingers played teasingly around up inside it. Then, he saw Barbara's face through the arch Karen's bent leg made... saw it lowering closer to his golden haired mistress' wetly shining pussy crevice. His animal eyes widened and he watched in mounting fascination.

She'd tongued pussy ever since she could remember, Barbara sensually thought as she lowered her face toward the enticing, blonde ringlets adorning Karen's softly flushed cunt lips, but she could never recall any she more eagerly wanted to taste and love! She let her eyes glut on the narrow ribbon of pink, moistened flesh between them, resting her cheek onto the hot, soft flesh of her younger neighbor's satin smooth inner thigh, close enough for her lips and nose to be tickled by the wispy, silken hair curling softly up between them.

God! What a tempting sight! She could even see the frustrated girl's tiny, puckered anal hole, pinkish and occasionally spasming in her passionate excitement. Yes, she needed loving all right, but no more than little Barbara was going to want it in damned few minutes! Bronson's big thick cock, thrusting up her vagina, she remembered... what a heavenly obscene thought, and this tight young cunt of her next door neighbor right next to her mouth had already experienced that! Damn... what a way to spend an afternoon!

The utterly salacious sensations charging Karen's naked body were totally foreign to her! Her belly seethed and her cunt was aflame with lustful desire! Oh, this beautiful girl, this wonderful,

curvaceous darling! She was going to lick the raging need from her pussy! And they would share Bronson from now on... keep him... his loving, a secret between them! Oh... she'd never had her susceptible pussy tongue-loved by any person, let alone another girl! Lesbianism! Yes, that's what it was... contrary to everything she'd ever been taught and known, but she wanted it! Oh, yes... yes!

The impassioned blonde wife extended her head forward to see what she could, her eyes suddenly filled with the intoxicating spectacle of Barbara's ravenish, hair enshadowed loins between her lovely full thighs, the thin, curl-fringed lips of her wetly glistening pussy not inches away! She could see the seeping moisture that dampened the pink, erotic flesh between them, a burning sensation of craving wildly soaring through her! But, but first, she must see... watch with her own eyes what Barbara was about to do to her down between her thighs, and she did!

The lust-driven young housewife gaped at her neighbor's lovely face moving closer toward the exposed, expectantly waiting little pussy hole up between her legs! Then, then! Yes! She was nearly overcome with incredible, erotic emotions and physical tremors that rippled through and over her nakedly vibrant young body! She first felt tender kisses along the soft flesh of her supple, inner thighs, sensed the warm puffs of breath, and then, the magic wet contact of Barbara's little tongue licking the cleft of her pussy-lips and exposed cuntal flesh as if lingually advising her of what was to come! She licked in long, brushing strokes, from the bottom of her vaginal crevice to the top, not entering, but impelling Karen to thrust her loins forward with each tantalizing up-lick of tongue against her sensitive cunt lips!

Karen felt her clit quivering in its tiny erectness and knew that it was peeking out from its thinly spread lips, enraptured with the first gentle stab of ecstatic bliss as the delicate pink tongue grazed it. She expelled her breath with a hissing sound, tossing her head from side to side in rising passion as Barbara eased her tongue inside the moistened crevice to draw it upward from her vaginal mouth toward the fire spasming bud of her clit!

Karen's gasping lips began to uncontrollably mumble out incoherent little mewls of pleasure. Then, she held her breath, at last, exhaling sharply at the delicious contacts, new delights flooding her with every passing second!

Barbara, whose own feverish loins were alive with impish tongues of lustful flame, hungrily pressed her tongue moistened lips closer, separating the fleshy outer folds of Karen's wet, down-fringed cunt with them. Immediately, her mouth became an omnivorous ravisher, open and hot, nothing but tongue invading the smoldering, liquid flesh beneath it. Ardently, her eager tongue lashed at the tiny, erect clit... tongue... tongue... frantic tongue everywhere in the gasping Karen's hotly writhing pussy! Lurid, wetly sluicing oral sounds from the hotly flowing vaginal secretions mixed with Barbara's own saliva filled the bedroom!

Karen moaned and squirmed to the rapturous mouthing of her burning cunt, ripples of fantastic sensation spasmodically twitching her smooth, curved body. She began to pant explosively, spreading her legs open as wide as possible and thrusting her steaming loins lewdly forward to bring the magic tongue tighter into her wide splayed cuntal mouth! She heard Barbara's slaving gasps, as if she were sucking air in short surges, never breaking the fervent contact of her beautiful tongue and lips! Even her little nose was buried... immersed in the wet, fluid flesh, and it was that last lascivious realization which triggered the last maddening pressure in Karen's convulsing soft belly and screaming loins!

"Oooohhhhhh... oooohhhhhh, Brrrrbbb! I'm... I'm ccuummmmmiiiiinnnnnggggg!"

Her voice trailed off in a choking whine of sob and sigh, then broke out once more in a thin, high-

pitched wail. Ecstasy deluged her naked, spasming body, intensive sensations sweeping through her inflamed loins like a prairie fire. She writhed in the throes of sweet agony, jerked and tremored, but never broke with the open, sucking mouth glued to her climaxing cunt! And the flicking, pleasurable tongue continued to play over her tiny, frenetic clit, sending waves of electric like delights through her to the bliss swooning brain in her head, her still hungrily licking neighbor refusing to stop and end it!

Steve Smith knew that he wasn't feeling any pain, but hell, he was a long ways from being drunk. All the same, the goddamned revelation Don Keller had unloaded on him had whipped his appetite away, and he could only pick at his steak and french fries while his host ate heartily. Steve'd ordered another martini with his lunch and now he sipped at that as Don said:

"Hey aren't you going to eat, guy? Great steak... just the thing to put gusto in the loins!"

"Christ, I thought I was hungry. I guess the martinis killed it," he said, unable to keep his mind off the thought of Barbara Keller being a swinger... fucking other men! Don's hopping from bed to bed didn't come as any shock to him, but Barbara! Shit, no wonder she'd opened her legs and shown him her cunt under her skirt the other night at their dinner party! Now, it was all making sense... or was it?

"That's unusual," the good-looking face across the table said to him. "Martinis generally spark the appetite... they do for me, anyway. You sure you feel okay, Steve?"

"Yeah, sure, I'm fine," the younger husband managed with a numbing grin. "Hell, if you want to know the truth, it was that load of dynamite about the party you tossed me a few minutes ago that staggered me. I still can't believe it!"

Don softly chuckled, laying down his knife and fork as he watched his martinied luncheon guest, confident that everything was going just as he'd planned. He thought of young Karen Smith's luscious, rounded ass and what it was going to be like worming his big cock into the hot, wet pussy hole up between her beautiful legs for the first time. Then, he said: "Nothing fantastic about it, Steve. These days, the swap is the 'in' thing. I know with Barb, she'd go bananas if she thought she had to put up with a steady diet of me in the sack."

"Christ!" Steve blurted for the dozenth time. "Y-You really mean it, too! I can see it in your face!"

"Hell yes, man! Of course I mean it! Come to the pool party Friday night and see for yourself. And don't worry, no one's going to try and talk you into anything. But if you want to join the circle, you'll be welcomed."

"Y-You mean... Barb would go to bed with me... if I asked her... and you wouldn't get sore?" Steve finally asked the question foremost in his mind for the past thirty minutes.

"Hell yes, she'd love to let you fuck her, man! Talks about it all the time, and don't worry about me getting uptight. Like I told you, that's kid stuff."

"S-She talks about going to bed with me, all the time?" Steve Smith questioned in a thickening, incredulous voice.

"Like you were the great white hope, but look, don't just take my word for it. Tell you what, let's go out to the house and you can hear it from her own sexy lips! What do you say?"

Steve groaned out a baker's dozen of blurted 'Christs'! It was crazy, absolutely unbelievable, but he

had to know for sure! Imagine, their gorgeous next door neighbor, Barb Keller wanting him to fuck her, and damn, how he wanted to! But Karen... shit, she'd never go along with it... just wasn't made that way! Too much of a frigging prude if he wanted to get right down to the bare fact!

"Well, man?" Don pressed.

Steve pushed back from the table. "Lead on, neighbor!" he drunkenly answered. "I'm right behind you!"

Barbara's lustfully fanned desire had reached a familiar boil in her naked little belly and insatiable loins. She felt her skilled vaginal muscles hotly clutching and releasing of their own volition in the craving depths of her wetly seeping cuntal sheath, sensing the warm dampness saturating the throbbing area between her legs. Still, she wasn't ready to give up the obscene delight which her younger neighbor's delicious, moist cunt was bringing her, and as she thrust her tongue deeply up into Karen's now hungrily grasping pussy hole, she slowly arose to her knees, spreading them to climb upside down over the blonde young neighbor girl's exquisitely curved nakedness.

Barbara heard the other's whimper beneath her as she positioned herself so that her exposed cunt and widespread buttocks were directly over Karen's face in the lewdly familiar '69' stance. Temporarily, the dark-haired woman was contented to wait and see, which she did as she unceasingly continued to tongue fuck the blonde beauty's feverishly flooded cuntal flesh!

To Karen, the sensual display of Barbara's dark, curl-lined cunt lips moistly offered to her a tongue's length away was a wildly exciting sight. She knew what was expected of her and what she wanted to do, but she was still drawing shuddering breaths, no longer certain whether she had cum or was cumming; she had climaxed so many times. Earth trembling sensations spiraled constantly through her pleasure racked body until they became a continuous flow without interruption, sapping the very strength from her erotically tremoring curves! Her heart pounded in her chest, her mind seeming to float on a cloud of fluffy white bliss, nothing else in the world mattering!

The huge German shepherd, Bronson, had watched the naked white bodies squirmingly melt together on the bed with mounting interest. His trained animal instincts made him keenly aware of what they were doing and the bodily sensations that came of it, but his fury and mistrust of his new mistress had held him from joining them. Now, as he saw the pretty Barbara crawl up on hands and knees over the golden-haired Karen, her face buried between his mistress' widely yawning legs, his eyes leveled on the dark haired girl's smoothly rounded upraised buttocks. It was almost as if their nakedly spread beauty were calling out his name. The scent of the hot liquid heat growing between the thighs of both the naked young housewives suddenly filled his nostrils to stir new life in his always eager loins as he arose to his feet and moved pantingly toward the bed...

Both girls felt the weight of his presence interrupting their lurid entrancement, but only Karen saw his handsome, loving animal face above her own! His long nose moved in close to sniff at Barbara's moistly exposed sexual genitals, its black, wet tip actually touching her dark haired neighbor's tiny puckered anal lips!

"Ooooooh God... is that who I think it is?" Barbara gasped, her mouth breaking contact with Karen's wetly raging pussy for the first time since she'd begun to tongue her, the brief let up allowing the younger wife to draw a slow, long needed breath.

"I-It's Bronson... his nose!" Karen partially gasped, her heart filling immediately at the sight of him. "Was it cold?"

"Like an ice cube!" Barbara exclaimed with a small passionate shudder that Karen felt and

understood. "H-He's sniffing my asshole... isn't he?"

"Y-Yes!" Karen replied, feeling her excitement lewdly mounting at the absolutely spectacular view she was going to have from beneath, of the dog's cock fucking up into her girlfriend's wetly waiting vaginal slit. "I think... he intends to... to fuck you, Darling. T-That's the way he begins... by smelling and licking between yours legs, then!"

Karen never got it out of her mouth before Barbara felt his long, thick tongue once again snaking wetly up into her seethingly fired loins! She trembled beneath its washing heat laving between the widespread cheeks of her nakedly upraised buttocks, then engulfing and splaying open the fluid flesh of her erotically fired pussy! It teased with hotly curling flicks down over the palpitating bud of her tiny clit, wildly increasing the intensity of her lustful desire!

"Ohhhhhh God... reach up and guide his cock into me, Karen!" Barbara lewdly cried back. "I've got to have it... got tooooo!"

Karen tilted her head backward to see if it was yet in sight. It wasn't, and lovingly she reached back and up to gently grasp its fleshy sheath with her fingertips, feeling the thickening hardness growing excitedly inside it! While she began to coo, the soft sounds she thought pleased him, she tenderly massaged his heavy animal cock, eagerly watching for the first peeking out of its sleek scarlet beauty!

"Oh lover, don't be angry with Karen," she whispered up at him. "She loves you, and she'll never try to tie you up again! Please, Baby... come down and give me a kiss!

But he didn't. Instead, his cone-shaped rod of hardness suddenly emerged from its sleeve of soft, hairy belly flesh like a red hot branding iron, glistening wet and dangling inches away from his excited mistress' longing lips. And then, he was mounting the slavishly kneeling Barbara from behind, working in close on his hind legs above Karen's face, his huge cock dancingly sparkling like a freshly painted beveled-tipped flagpole which grew even more massive as it neared its thick, scarlet base...

"Do it, Karen! Please... help him get it into me!" Barbara feverishly begged, her widespread, up-thrusted buttocks obscenely undulating backwards in search of the hardened spear of animal flesh to fill her sizzling, wet vaginal passage! She tried to look back, then down between her legs to watch, but all she could see were the swollen mounds of Karen's rounded, white tits! Then, she found the mirror above Don's dresser reflecting it all and saw Karen's little hand guiding the heavy rod of animal hardness pointedly toward the pink wetness of her inflamed little cuntal passage!

She felt Bronson's strong forelegs grip tightly around her naked hips and waist, then sensed the first searing contact of his moistened tipped cock with her hungrily clasping pussy mouth!

"Now, Barb... now! He's going to fuck you!" Karen lasciviously exclaimed. "Hold tight, Darling! He's going to bring you more delight than you ever imagined! Hump forward and fuck her, Bronson! Fuck her good... like you did me!"

Those absolutely obscene words bounced off the stunned pair of husband's eardrums as they stood in the bedroom doorway gaping through widely disbelieving eyes at the lewd three-way orgy unfolding on the massive bed. Steve felt that his knees were going to buckle, but Don's strong hand clutching beneath one arm was support enough! His head swam in a gin haze, nothing else than utter shock overwhelming him at the precise moment! C-Christ! Could, was that his young naive wife, Karen, lying there as naked as a whore, and, and tonguing a dog's balls while it fucked into, into Barbara? It was... Bronson... as sure as hell, fucking Barbara from behind like a goddamned

female bitch in heat, and Karen was licking his balls... even his cock, as it slithered wetly out on the outstroke!

"Sweet pussy!" Don Keller hissingly exclaimed beside him, but with no anger in his voice. "I've seen a lot of things... wild and obscene... even been a part of them, but this, this is the first of its kind, Steve! Those girls are right out of their gourds, about as happy as you can get!"

Steve Smith craned his neck to gape in numbed wonder at his friend's half smiling face. Jumping Christ! Maybe, he was wrong and they were all right! Because, Don wasn't anywhere near ready to flip his lid at the shocking sight taking place right there on the bed in front of them! He wasn't... even though Bronson was fucking his wife like she was a goddamned bitch animal... while his own sweet young wife, Karen, licked the bastard's cock and balls, it was more than she'd ever tried to do for him!

"Come on, Steve, get a grip on yourself!" Don whispered, clutching at his arm. "I know how it's hitting you, and this is where we separate the men from the boys!"

"But Christ, a goddamned dog, Don?"

"Better than some sonofabitch of a friend you've always hated fucking your wife, buddy" his neighbor snapped back at him. "Besides, by the looks of how that goddamned brute is doing the job we can both take a few lessons from him! Look at the way he's fucking into my wife's cunt! Like a frigging trip hammer! Sweet pussy!"

Bronson saw the intruders first, an immediate sense of wariness causing him to tense and suddenly come to a complete halt in his mating. Though he recognized both men as friends, instinctively the big animal knew a guilt feeling, and before either of the lust-incited girls realized what was happening the German shepherd had pulled his length of thick hardness from Barbara's luridly undulating loins and leaped over Karen to the floor...

"Bronson! What's the matter?" the younger, naked wife called after him as he slunk toward the corner, and then, she too, saw them!

"Oh God! Where did he go with that beautiful cock?" Barbara lewdly gasped out, suddenly feeling the squirming lovely body beneath her struggling as if to push her away. "What's wrong, Karen?"

"Oh! Oh, my God... look!" the younger girl moaningly exclaimed as she worked herself from beneath Barbara's obscenely positioned nakedness, hunching and crossing her arms as if to shamefully hide her own nudity.

"Damn... couldn't you two have timed it just a little bit better?" Barbara directed with an irate tremor in her tone at the pair of husbands filling the opened doorway. "You just knocked a fired-up girl out of getting what was going to be one hell of a fucking!"

Neither Karen or Steve, who still was being supported by Don Keller's strong hand under his arm, could believe the unabashed casualness of Barbara's words as she worked herself around into a sitting position to face them, making no effort to conceal her voluptuously exposed body. Then, Don laughed, and Karen, shivering from shock, wondered if she wasn't going to faint!

"You'll just have to accept our apologies, Hon," the tall and broad realtor said, continuing to smile as he took his hand from Steve and walked into the room. "Though I didn't expect you to be knitting, I hardly considered this to be the way you spent your afternoons."

"Look, you've scared him," the carelessly sitting brunette said as she folded her shapely legs Indian fashion, still facing the doorway where Steve stood gaping in disbelief. "Come here, Bronson darling... don't be afraid. No one's going to hurt you."

Through his martini glaze, Steve ogled the cock-throbbing sight of her sitting there unblushingly on the bed with nothing displayed except her thrusting white tits, their little hardened nipples like a pair of cherries, and the saucy dark, hair-fringed area of her loins, the pink slash of wet vertical cunt flesh separating her fleshy pussy-lips staring right back at him! That was all... nothing more than that... and he was going to blow his fucking mind!

Somehow, he tore his straining eyes from her to center them on his own wife, Karen, who was ridiculously managing to wind her arms and legs around herself to conceal her precious intimacies, that in itself enraging him! The bitch! She had! She'd been licking the frigging dog's balls and cock from below while it fucked into Barbara! Christ almighty... he'd never even known her! The goddamned mutt had fucked her, too! He'd heard her say it when they first came in! Oh shit, this was it, all right, the windup of everything for them, but not before he was finished with her!

He started forward with a stagger, caught himself, and proceeded to come up beside his friend who was standing beside the bed and smiling as he looked down at them. Steve saw his wife's long blonde hair draped over her white, satiny body as she hung her head, and the urge to brutally wind his hand in it, then drag her from the bed was almost overwhelming!

"Keep your cool, Steve!" Don said, holding out a restraining arm before him, almost as if he could read his thoughts. "Remember what I said about separating the men from the boys. No kid stuff, eh?"

Steve tightly swallowed and looked into the calmed eyes of his new friend. Okay, maybe it was nuts... or maybe it was the martinis... or maybe he was just wildly dreaming, but he nodded his numbed head in agreement, then saw that Karen was quietly sobbing. Goddamn, he wished he could feel for her... understand, but he couldn't, and then, he realized that Don had gone to a closet and was tossing a negligee down in front of Karen.

"Put it on, Honey, and come on with me. Don's going to fix you a good stiff drink. I think you need it," his neighbor said in almost commanding tones. "Come on, put it on, and don't worry... everything's going to be all right."

Karen slowly raised her tear-dampened face to look up at him, his reassuring smile a desperately needed gesture. With a minimum of exposure, she picked up and flung the wrap around her shoulders, then carefully eased from the bed, avoiding the blazing eyes of Steve throughout the effort. She hardly knew what was going to happen, what was to come of it all, but at that moment she saw in Don Keller a much needed, understanding friend!

"Look, it's fine for you two to burst in here with your damned apologies," Barbara said, "and for you to nobly look after Karen, my sweet husband, but what about me? To be trite... Barb's hotter than a pistol!"

The onyx-eyed girl glared at her husband with a put-on expression, knowing exactly what was happening, but trying to play her role without over doing it.

"I leave you Steve, Darling... the man whose name you've been whimpering out in your sleep for the past two weeks," Don said with a smile at his wife, suddenly catching Karen by the arm and whisking her out of the room!

The slender, hazel-eyed insurance salesman could only gape after their disappearing forms, his wife's curvaceous body provocatively visible through the diaphanous, near floor length covering as Don Keller -guided her from the room. Then, he jerkingly turned to look down at the beautiful naked creature on the bed who had lain herself back in a sprawled position, looking up at him with sparkling dark eyes between widespread, sensuously bent outward legs. Her stunning face smiled, and there was the knowledge of the ages in her scintillating eyes!

"Let's not play at nonsense, Darling!" she half-whispered in her throaty voice. "I need you badly, and now, right now!" Strip, Baby , and bring your hard cock up here for me to kiss first! Then, we're going to fuck... just you and me, Lover... fuck and fuck and fuck! Hurry... get naked for Barbie!"

For a moment he stood there staring down at her, hardly believing his eyes or ears, and then he choked out a raspy sound. "Christ!" the lust-fired young husband swore as he began to pull at his clothing.

"Hurry! Hurry! I need your cock, Lover!" Barbara lewdly taunted, raising her buttocks and loins to obscenely undulate them before him, surges of searing passion razing her at the thought of finally getting this gentle, younger man into bed with her! "No... no! Bring it up here to me, first, Darling! I've got to kiss it!"

Christ, it was going to break once she touched it, Steve frantically thought! It'd shatter, sure as hell, but it didn't! He kneed onto the bed, his long, thick cock poling and wagging in its foreskinned hardness... kneed his way until he reached where she'd raised to her elbows!

"Oh, Steve... Doll, it's a beauty!" Barbara hissed, grasping its solid thickness at its base and licking with her tiny tongue tip at the slowly escaping drops of seminal fluid at its purple-headed slit. "Mmmmmmm... mmmmm!"

Then it was in her mouth! She was sucking it, Steve realized as he gaped down to see her tongue-moistened lips suddenly slip over its blood-engorged head and tightly clamp behind it, her tiny tongue swirling inside in a motion that was enough to make him cum like a river! Christ, he'd never had anything like this!

"Now, Baby... crawl between my legs and fuck me with it!" she lewdly prodded. "Fuck me like the beautiful daddy I know you are... like I've dreamed about, Steve lover! Oooohhh... Barbara needs your handsome cock in her hot cunt!"

Oh, motherfuck... he was going to lose his mind completely, Steve Smith's hazed brain swirled as he crawled between the breathtaking legs of the beautifully naked wife of his neighbor and buddy whose words and hotly sucking mouth sent burning waves of lust charging through him! He felt her hand reach down to grasp his cock and draw its heavily pulsating head through the warm wet heat between her excitedly flushed cunt lips... finally seating it at the mouth of her already greedily nibbling vagina!

"Now, Lover, shove it all the way up into mama's hot little pussy!" Barbara gasped up into his face, her arms wrapped around his back to crush his chest tightly against the soft yielding mounds of her nipple- hardened breasts. Her long trim legs curled up and over his hips, heels digging into his lean buttocks as she hungrily thrust her smoldering loins up at him with wanton lewdness. "Give it to me good now! Fuck me, Steve darling! Oooohhh... yessss!"

Steve lunged into her, his brain spinning as her fluid heat clasped his lengthy cock like a warmly resisting, velvet stocking! He choked out a slackened-mouthed grunt and began to pump vigorously up into her greedily swallowing pussy channel, long, urgent strokes that filled her receptive cunt to

greater and greater depths!

Christ, he couldn't believe it! He was actually fucking his beautiful neighbor, Barb Keller... right in her own house... on the biggest goddamned bed he'd ever seen in his life, and her husband was there... somewhere... with his own wife, Karen... the dog-cock licking little bitch! Shit... oh shit! Beneath him, Barbara's luscious, curved body quivered and trembled, her pebble-hard nipples digging into his chest with a pointed, erect pressure! Her soft, hot belly ground against his and her smooth thighs clamped and unclamped, holding and releasing him as the eagerly clasping inner-muscles of her cunt-passage sucked and pulled like a warm wet vacuum at his excitedly racing cock, the swirling pressure rapidly mounting in his balls and groin below!

"Oh... oh, Christ!" he groaned to the furious milking of her vagina squeezing and sucking at the full length of his thickly throbbing rod of hardness. "Barb! It's, it's!"

"Ahhhh, you're wonderful, Lover!" Barbara's tremorous words cut him short. "Mmmmmm... fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she gasped over and over as she strained and writhed beneath him. "Give it to me... balls and all, Love!"

Her lust-glazed face rolled from side to side. Marks appeared on her lips where she'd bit them, and every so often her panting mouth came against his, her small white teeth nipping into him! She sucked his tongue, then flicked her own tiny one into his mouth, gasping hot breaths into his throat!

"Goddamn... oohhh!" Steve swore and grunted, actually drooling but unaware of it. "I got to, Barb! Fuck... my cock, it's going to cuummm." he warned, unceasingly pounding his heavily swollen hardness deep up into her heaving little belly with long, hammering strokes!

"Oh no! Damn, not yet, Lover! We've just begun!" Barbara whined in quickly growing frustration. "You, you can't mean it?" But he did, she frantically realized, her sympathy suddenly going out to Karen! "A-All right, Daddy, but, but if you think this is where you get off, you caught the wrong train!"

Steve hardly heard a word she'd groaned out at him. He could feel the hot, white sperm amassed in the reservoir of his throbbing balls churning as they beat a tattoo against her naked, upturned ass! He thrust his salivated tongue almost to her throat and with harshly kneading hands, clutched the fleshy cheeks of her widespread buttocks hard up against his battering pelvis, slamming his now wildly spewing cock deep into her unresisting cunt!

"Unnhhh... Goddd... fill me, my little fuzzy bunny with your big cock! Pump your hot cum into me!" Barbara uncontrollably urged him at the first feel of his scalding jets of semen. After all, this was only the beginning, she wildly reasoned to the passionate delights taking place inside her seething belly and loins as the turgid, pulsating head of his deeply sunk cock suddenly flared into a hugeness that threatened to mangle her inner organs! It continued to squirt! She could feel his scalding, white cum shooting into her with the force of molten fire, sloshing around in her quivering belly like a pool of boiling hot lava!

Damn, how she wished she could cum with him, but she couldn't... not yet... he'd been too quick for her... poor Karen... no wonder, Barbara thought behind tightly closed eyes as he continued to shoot into her... And then, trembling, he relaxed on top of her while she held him. Finally, he rolled partially off but she wouldn't let free of him, even after his deflating cock slid out of her still clasping pussy. Instead, she cradled him there between her widespread thighs, drawing his head down to rest against her full, swollen breasts. Like Bronson, he needed considerable training, and he was going to get it before this session was finished!

Bronson, still slinking in his vantage corner, had watched their mating with an uneasy feeling gnawing inside him. The brief moment of guilt he had known had quickly left him with the rapid progress of events. The man called Don had taken his mistress somewhere, and the pretty Barbara had decided to mate with Steve rather than him. Now, he felt neglected, unwanted, perhaps unneeded, and this angered him. Somehow, he felt, it was all Karen's fault... just as she had tried to tie him with the terrible rope. He sensed a deep growl of anger building in the depths of his throat and arose to his feet. Where was she, his new mistress? Why had she done these things to him?

"Here, drink this, Honey. It'll put the zip back into those sexy curves," Don said with a grin, handing Karen a milkish looking concoction he'd blended at their small bar.

She sat on a sofa, Barbara's pale-green negligee wrapped tightly around her naked, still trembling body, well aware that its see-throughness could be more inciting than nakedness itself, but at least she wasn't completely exposed before him. "Wh-What is it?" she questioned, taking the drink and looking up at him.

"Absinthe... good for what ails you, Baby," he replied, one in his own hand as he sat down close beside her. "Drink it."

Karen did, sipping first to sample it and immediately liking its smooth licorice taste. God, she needed something, all right, she thought, drinking heavily from the glass. Then: "Oh Don... what can I say? And what's going to happen from it all?"

"Come on now, don't go weepy on me again," her handsome, athletic neighbor said, reassuringly slipping his arm around her slender waist and snuggling her against him. "What the hell's to say? You girls haven't murdered anyone. So you were sharing a little hot sex. You're not the first two dolls to do that, and like I told Steve, better that you were using a friendly dog than getting yourself fucked silly by some sonofabitch whom he always thought was a friend. Don't worry, nothing bad's going to come out of it... I can promise you that."

"Oh Don, you make me feel so much better," Karen sighed, hardly conscious of his big hand gently caressing the soft flesh of her waist through the sheer material, nor of its slow upward ascent toward her breast. "It, it never would've happened had Steve been what... what he should have."

"How do you mean that, Karen, in bed... fucking?" Don softly questioned, using the lewd word to assist the mild aphrodisiac she was drinking in easing her back into the right frame of mind. "What does he do, cum in you too quick?"

The distraught young wife couldn't deny the sensuous tingle his use of the graphic four-letter word sent rippling through her. She didn't look at him, only nodded her head, then lifted the glass and drained it. She heard his little laugh at the same moment that she felt his big hand warmly smooth over and cup her nearly naked, still swollen breast. A shudder of confused sensations brushed the exposed nerve-ends of Karen's flesh at the contact, the urge to stand and slip out of his embrace only prevented by his words.

"I'll wager that he'll be shortly cured of that frustrating habit, Baby... or I don't know my wife Barbara."

"Wh-What do you mean, Don... that they're doing something?" Karen managed, even knowing as she said it that they undoubtedly were, and that she'd simply been refusing to think about it!

"Well, I'd surmise that at the very least, they're fucking," he luridly suggested. "Probably with a little sucking thrown in. And I guarantee you when Barb finishes with him, he'll be an astute

performer, Angel. She won't take no for an answer, and she's the greatest fuck teacher in the world... next to her loving husband."

With that, he sat up, half-facing her and attempted to draw her to him, his other big hand slipping inside the loose negligee to hotly spread over her naked, resilient breast.

"Please, Don, don't!" Karen squirmed, straining her small hands against his strong chest. "Let's not make matters worse!"

He didn't relinquish his hold, only stared at her in irritated surprise. "What the hell!" he hissed. "You've got to be kidding, Baby! Here, your husband's in my bedroom fucking my wife, and after I find you licking a dog's balls you're suddenly going to turn pious on me!" He jerked her crushingly against him and kissed her not unreceptive lips, thrusting his tongue into her mouth to find her own. She moaned against him, letting, her tiny tongue begin to wetly embrace his while he clutched and kneaded the yielding mound of hardened, nipple-tipped flesh in his hand. She was gasping when he raised his head and rasped: "Karen baby, I've had my heart set on fucking that sweet little pussy up between your lovely thighs ever since I laid eyes on your beautiful ass two weeks ago, and just about nothing short of the end of the world is going to stop me! You hear me, Doll? Do you?"

"Y-Yes... yess!" Karen gasped, her hands uncontrollably slipping around his neck to clutch at the back of his head, her re-aroused excitement leading her lips to seek his in an open, wet tonguing kiss. "God yesss, I want you to, Darling! If they can, why can't we?"

"To hell with them, Baby! I would've done it anyway... even if I had to rape you!"

"Ooohhhh... Lover... where... how will we do it?" Karen whispered between kisses she was suddenly planting all over his face.

"On the same fucking bed with them! Where else?" Don Keller luridly answered, taking her by the hand. "That's what it was built for!"

Bronson had quickly found Karen, watching her and the man called Don holding onto each other. They didn't see him because he had remained in the shadows of the hallway, and then, he had heard her softly cooing in the tone she used with him, an unknown feeling of envy tensing his muscles. She had forgotten about him, just as had the pretty Barbara, but he had not forgotten her, nor the way she had tied him with the rope. A sadness, as well as bitterness filled his powerful body, but then they were coming toward the hall and he silently dodged in through an open doorway until they passed...

Though she'd expected to see something of a similar nature when Don led her back into the bedroom, Karen was nevertheless awed by the sight of her husband's stripped, slender frame cradled between Barbara's widespread thighs, her beautiful face twisted in lustful joy as Steve fucked his thick lengthy cock deep into the hair-fringed pinkness of her wetly clasping pussy!

"Now just look at that, Baby?" Don goaded, his hand slipping around her to smooth over the softly rounded mounds of her slightly trembling buttocks the wispy negligee veiled. "You tell me they aren't loving smacking their naked bellies together like that?"

Karen couldn't speak with the complexity of emotions filling her. Love, jealousy, anger, desire, all were creating the turmoil in her nervously throbbing stomach! Steve... she could hardly believe it... yet, why not? Was he any less human than she? God, she'd never seen him make love so beautifully, and the way he had her girlfriend's whole body twitching and writhing like a whore beneath him!

"Now you can shed that negligee, Karen doll, and climb onto the bed to watch, while big daddy rips these clothes off! Then, we'll give you some cock of your own to play with!"

His lewdly promising words were additional little spurs of lewdness to incite her passion, and obediently, Karen did exactly what he said, neither of the two lovers paying her the slightest attention as she kneed her way close to watch. They were soul-kissing, with Barb's arms locked passionately around Steve's neck, her long shapely legs locked tightly up over his back, their naked bodies straining and pumping, slapping with hollow, fleshy smacking sounds against one another. Oh God, the sight of it... them writhing nudely together, it was obscenely breathtaking! She'd never watched a man fucking a woman before! She heard Barbara moaning incessantly into the moistness of his mouth, knowing that her husband's tongue had to be thrust almost to the dark-haired girl's throat! Low hums of animalish desire were bubbling in little torrents from deep in Barbara's chest as her neck strained and her nostrils flared, a light film of perspiration covering her smooth-skinned forehead.

"Aahhh yess, Steve lover... now you've got the hang of it!" Barbara choked. "Fuck it hard! Hard, Doll! Th-This time we're going to... to make Barbie take off like a rocket!"

Karen enviously stared, unable to keep the embitterment from her mind as she realized that never in their married life had he fucked her, his own wife, with such wild, unbridled passion. She saw his hands slip under the white, rounded ovals of Barbara's tautly grinding asscheeks pulling them up tighter to him while he rammed his glistening hard cock forward into her with all the strength of his hips and thighs. Wildly, Barbara drew her legs back farther so that he could drive deeper into her! Karen could see the flushed pink folds of her wet vaginal flesh clinging desperately to his cock as it pistoned rapidly in and out of her, squeezing tightly around his swollen hardness, the sight maddeningly firing her own lustful craving!

"Now, for our little party, Baby!" Don Keller's voice came down to her and Karen turned to see him standing next to the bed in his athletic nakedness, his thick eleven-inch cock spearing out from his hairy loins in its awesome, foreskinned hardness! God! It was something to behold, all right, and yes, her girlfriend was right, it was bigger than Steve's nine-incher! His heavy balls hung bloatedly at its husky base between his thighs, and for the first time, Karen saw the lechery in his handsome eyes. He was grinning as he began to lewdly stroke the thick outer layer of skin back and forth over its moistened, bulbous head, thrusting his hips and pelvis obscenely forward. "Are you ready to take this little gem, up between those beautiful thighs of yours, Honey?"

"God, Don! I-I don't know, it's enough to frighten a girl," Karen excitedly whispered, unable to take her eyes off its portentous size as he proudly chuckled.

"Well get acquainted with it, pussy-girl," he rasped, continuing to massage its long, thick length. "Come on... take it in your hand and give it a sweet kiss!"

Fiery little charges rippled through Karen's sensually alive curves. She had never held another man's cock, let alone kissed one... not even Steve's! But she had touched her tongue to Bronson's! Something dynamic impelled her to move on her knees toward the edge of the huge, rounded bed where he stood, some two yards from their frantically groaning spouses. She reached out and gently grasped it, the heated feel of his solid hardness like a firebrand in her small hand! Then, not letting herself stop, the trembling blonde wife leaned close to kiss its tip, pressing back its long, heavy foreskin before licking away the seeping white drops of piquant moisture from the dimpled split at the tip, finally laving her moist, warm tongue eagerly over the hot, rubbery smoothness of its massive head!

"Hot fuck!" Don Keller luridly exclaimed at the sensuous contact of her soft, lush lips and tongue with his throbbing cock. "You're going to be a better fuck than I ever imagined, Baby! I can tell right now that you've got a real penchant for cock! Get back on the bed. Big daddy's going to let you ride the horsy, little girl!"

Karen did, never hesitant, but still more or less tongue-tied, the warm, masculine taste of his lust-inciting cock-secretion wildly inflaming her. She hadn't quite understood what he wanted her to do... 'ride the horsie', and she waited, watching as he dropped onto his back, his long rod of thick hardness towering ceilingward. Then, she knew!

"Oh Don, I can't take it that way at first!" she shied, her long blonde hair and full thrusting breasts wagging as she shook her head. "It's, it's too big!"

"Come on, pussy-girl, get up here over daddy, before he gets angry and spanks that luscious ass of yours to a rosy glow!"

He was warmly grinning at her, but there was an almost, sadistic little gleam in his handsome eyes too, which Karen decided to ignore as she climbed wantonly over him, resting on her knees with her simmering loins poised above his heavy, swollen-veined hardness! "Th-There!" she gasped. "Now?"

"Well Christ, reach down between your legs and put it in, Baby!" Don rasped. "Get the fucking thing into your cunt before I blow a fuse, will you?"

God... only once had she ever taken Steve this way, Karen remembered in frenetic excitement, reaching down to gasp the solid, stone hard rod to part the soft resilient pubic hairs and draw its smooth rubbery head through the sensitized flesh of her pink, wet cunt, placing it at the frightened mouth of her seething young vagina. And that one time... god, she couldn't remember how it had been... not now with Don Keller's handsome cock about to fuck deep up into her stomach!

And it did!, an unexpected, piercing stab of his mushroom-headed hardness, expanding the tight, elastic-like mouth of her moistly ready pussy with a furious thrust that whipped her breath away! He lunged his hips upward, at the same time grasping her hips and forcing her down onto his heavily impaling cock with sadistic delight! She might have cried out, but the naked, rounded-eyed wife was struggling first to regain her breath!

The fact that she didn't both surprised and left Don Keller with a feeling of disappointment. He loved to hear them squeal like speared pigs when he first rammed into them, and not even Barb could take him this way at first without begging, or trying to shake it out of her! Shit! He'd felt it bursting into her, his inflated, spongy cock- head reaming the soft, searing walls of her inner vagina and battering all the way up against her cervix! Still, she'd never made a sound or struggled to get it out of her! The luscious little bitch, she was something else!

Oh damn! She wouldn't cry out... she just wouldn't, Karen painfully vowed, determined to weather the shocking agony of his hugeness threatening to split wide the excruciatingly stretched channel between her widespread thighs! If-If his wife, Barb, could take all of him up inside her, so could she, and she'd never give her own husband, Steve, next to them the pleasure of hearing her wince in pain from another man's cock! But God, it was so big, and hard, and hot, and wonderful!

Bitch, Don thought in lustful amazement! Beautiful fucking bitch! He grasped her slender waist tighter just above the arch of her white, roundly curved hips and began to bounce her up and down on his loins, sadistically enjoying the sight of her voluptuously thrusting breasts jiggling and swaying erotically before him. He could hear her breathing increasing as he lifted his hips in rhythm to drive his heavily pulsating cock farther and farther up into the burning hole of her wetly clasp- ing vagina

to the far hidden depths of her soft little belly!

"Feel good, fucking into you like this, Baby?" he grunted up at her, the sight of her long blonde hair draped over her sloping shoulders, her dancing, pink-nippled tits, the entire, mind-bending sight of her voluptuously curved young body as she began to ride his aching cock like a golden goddess, about to rip him apart!

"Ooohhh yesss... now it is, but, but at first, it hurt," Karen hissed, looking down at him in mounting, glazed eyed passion. At the same moment, she clenched her anal and vaginal muscles as tight together as she could, fucking up and down his long, thick cock with the wanton lewdness of a well trained whore. She could feel the heated fluid of her desire spilling from the walls of her inner cunt as it warmly bathed his hardness up inside her. She knew the pleasure she was bringing him from the slackened, lust-driven expression on his handsome face.

Christ, her hotly sucking little cunt was swallowing up every fraction of it with a tiny maddening massaging action that pulled right at the lining of his balls, Don lustfully realized. How right he'd been about her, it was no frigging wonder Steve couldn't take care of her! She was a human fucking machine! Wait until some of the other husbands around the neighborhood got a taste of this! Hungrily, he reached up and clutched at her erect, hardened-nippled breasts, the yielding, softly resilient flesh oozing between his fingers like whitely flowing marshmallows as she ground her delicious, rounded asscheeks up and down with a wildly growing frenzy! Fuck, her tightly locked little pussy was trying to eat him alive!

It wasn't that Steve was unaware of what else was taking place on the huge, arena-sized bed and only some two feet away from them; it was the incredible cock-training the gorgeous, naked creature beneath was giving him! That's what she'd called it when he'd tried to crawl away the first time he'd blown his balls in her. "Cock-training, that's what you need, lover-boy, and that's what Barbie's going to give you! Now, you just get up over me and let that darling limp thing dangle into Barbara's mouth so she can suck it right back poker-stiff! Then, we'll carry on with the lesson!"

Goddamn, he'd sat right on her soft, full tits, squashing them into her chest while he looked down and watched her lick and suck his cock until it was as hard as a sash-weight! Then, he'd climbed aboard again, fucking into her already cum-filled cunt with determined new vigor, bringing her to orgasm the first time in a matter of screaming minutes! Still, his own climax he was able to control, and that was his secret, she'd said. "Just remember, my loveable cock-man, the first one for you doesn't count! Now don't stop, Barbie still wants more!"

His frigging back ached and they were both coated with perspiration, but Christ, he couldn't have stopped fucking her if his life depended on it! He had to cum again... release the now aching pressure building inside him! Even as he hammered into the insatiable cunt beneath him, he stole hateful glances at the unforgivable sight of Karen in her shameless nakedness, obscenely straddling Don Keller's cock with her pussy and fucking him like some two-bit slut! The bitch! He'd certainly never really known her! She was about as much of a puritan as a Tijuana whore! But he wasn't finished with her yet, damn her cock- eating little cunt!

"Come on, Honey, don't take your mind from your work!" Barbara gasped beneath him. "Fuck it harder... harder!"

Numbly, Steve responded, tearing his eyes from the agonizing sight of his own wife getting fucked shitless not two yards away, and concentrating on the unending task beneath him. It was as if nothing could stop her race for another orgasm, and Steve fucked like a demon between her widespread legs to help her attain it.

"Ahhh... good, Lover... good! Do more... more... shove your finger up my ass! Please... way up!" Barbara cried as he slipped his hands beneath the wildly pumping cheeks of her buttocks and cupped them tightly to him. He raised them higher off the bed, then reached to where his cock was jack-hammering into the raging, liquid depths of her cunt. He stretched the crevice of her ass wider, searching with the tip of his middle, vaginal juice dampened finger for her anus.

A tiny rivulet of warm moisture had coated the smooth, widespread cleft, moistening the tiny puckering hole. He pushed hard with the tip of it, feeling it give almost reluctantly, then suddenly the tight, elastic nether-ring opened before his pressure and his finger popped smoothly up inside the, soft, rubbery channel, sliding in up to the first knuckle joint. Her voluptuous body jerked forward in under him and she gasped out her delight.

"Oh God, it hurts, but beautiful, Lover, beautiful! More... more!"

He thrust to the second joint, feeling her legs reflexively jerk out into the air on either side of his hips! "How's that feel, teacher?" he taunted.

"Damn... wonderful... wonderful! Wiggle it around inside my ass , and fuck my pussy harder with your cock, Lover!" she gasped, skewering her lush buttocks back onto his lewdly embedded finger until it was buried up inside all the way to the palm of his hand, and he began to jiggle it fiendishly, rotating it around deep up inside the fleshy hot depths of her greedily spasming rectum!

Bronson, having returned to his vantage point in the corner of the room, had lain watching the whitely writhing bodies on the big bed with a growing rage inside his powerful body. He had been completely neglected and forgotten, unnecessary to Karen or the pretty Barbara now that they had their own kind. He was meant to be used whenever they wanted him, but not while they had their male humans. Even though his own ruttish loins were fired with the natural need he had been trained for and that they had taken advantage of, he was still supposed to lay there quietly. He instinctively remembered the rope and a low growl rumbled angrily in his throat...

The sight of his mistress being pulled forward and down on top of the man called Don beneath her caused him to pick up his ears. Human gasps and moans registered in his keen ears, as did the potent aroma of their heated sexual secretions. But it was Karen's smoothly rounded young buttocks lifting high backup into the air behind her as she sprawled over the man face to face that intrigued, excited his animal passion. He could see the man's heavily hardened penis inserted half- way up inside the soft, curl-fringed folds of his mistress' wetly clinging love-crevice, and above that, the small puckered circle that formed her anal opening.

Both revenge and a warm, unexplainable feeling rushed through him as he got to his feet, slowly beginning to move toward the bed, sensing his hardened love-rod slipping intentionally from its furry concealment.

Karen rubbed her tinglingly swollen breasts over and over Don Keller's hard chest, lewdly licking his extended wet tongue as he clung to her, smoothing his hot hands up and down the fire-filled flesh of her excited body. His wonderful cock was still partially engulfed by her hotly steaming cunt, neither of them having reached sensual delivery as yet, and wanting to prolong it. God, how beautiful it was... he was , and that was not to take anything from Steve! How much better, more passionately, she could love him now than ever before, and he, her! She knew because she'd listened to his and Barb's limited words... knew that the sensual brunette had found his failing of cumming inside her too soon and corrected it. But she couldn't shun the fear within her that nothing could ever make what she was doing right inside Steve's mind again. His was a double standard. All the same, she loved him, probably always would and was ready to prove it, but not before this rapturous exercise

was over...

Karen raised her head at the sudden movement of the bed, looking toward Steve and Barbara to see if he was suddenly coming at her! But he was a long ways from that, still fucking wildly and plunging his finger into Barb's eagerly upthrust rectum! Then, what was?

"Oh Bronson!" Karen tenderly breathed, twisting her head to see him behind her, then feeling his hot, loving tongue licking upward through the wide-spread crevice of her nakedly exposed buttocks. "No, Darling, you go back! Go back!" But, he didn't.

"Jesus Christ!" Don choked out, feeling the dog's tongue graze wetly over what was exposed of his sensitively aching cock. "What was that?"

"Bronson. It's the way I'm on top of you with my naked buttocks up in the air."

"You mean... when he sees a human female ass in the air he figures he has to take advantage of it?" Don questioned, looking up at her beautiful face in amazement.

"Something like that." she managed to groan through her still growing passion, "but don't blame him, my Aunt Janie is the one who must have taught him."

Don Keller couldn't hold back the roaring sensations of lust that suddenly sky-rocketed through him. He visualized it all in his mind before he ever raised to his elbows. "Lift your ass up higher, Karen! Go on, do it!" he said, reaching down and forcing her into the position with his big hands. Then: "Come on, Bronson boy! Crawl up on her ass! Let's double-fuck her together!"

At first, Karen's brow merely wrinkled in wonder, then, when she felt Bronson's strong forepaws on her hips and the soft fur of his belly against her naked buttock cheeks, she knew that he'd mounted her! She could only imagine what happened next with the beautiful animal... his massive, scarlet cock slipping from its furry sheath, dangling and dancing somewhere close to her loins! But she was filled there... there wasn't any place... except!

"God, Don what are you going to let him do to me?" she choked as he caught at the hanging fullness of her swollen breasts and drew her down against him.

"Keep your ass up in the air, pussy-girl! We're going to have a real party!" Barbara's husband exclaimed in a lurid-toned voice. "If his cock and balls were good enough to lick, you shouldn't mind him in a little ass-fuck, Baby!"

It was seconds before his shocking words registered. Karen made a furiously resentful struggle toward climbing off him and got no place. His powerful arms were too much. "Don... Don, my God! No, please... he has a huge penis! It'll tear me open back there!"

Don Keller couldn't restrain his sadistic laugh. "Baby," he said, "this may be the highlight of your sex life. But I assure you, he won't tear that little asshole, anymore than I split your beautiful, tight little cunt! It's all in your mind! Besides, looking at this animal- guy, I don't believe anyone could change his mind. So, why don't you just get with it... think what a wild cum you're going to have with both of us fucking you at the same time!"

Steve saw and heard all that was happening to his helplessly held young wife, but couldn't tear himself from the pleasurable mesmerization of his brain-lusted fucking. He watched the goddamned German shepherd mount her from behind, his unbelievable cone-shaped cock thrust forward with no place for it to go but her sweet little asshole! He tried to concentrate on the obscene spectacle, but

couldn't! His finger locked tightly up in Barb's rectum... his cock hammering into her cunt... her whimpering gasps up into his face... Christ,, he had all he could handle!

"Oh... oh Don... Bronson!" Karen choked out, feeling the animal's searing hardness trailing through the wide-spread crevice of her vulnerably cringing buttocks as her neighbor's husband, Don's, cock thrust paralyzingly up into her cunt from below! "Please... Darlings, don't hurt me, don't, don't!"

"Who's hurting you, Kitten?" Don lustfully whispered, increasing the speed of his upthrusting hardness into her, almost blinding her with its sensual pleasure. "Just hold tight... right there... he'll find it... or my name ain't."

Bronson did! Karen sensed its beveled, needle-like tip catch in suddenly and worm just up inside the tiny dimple of her anal mouth! She sucked in her breath, but hardly in time! There were no gentle motions from Bronson, she remembered, as he humped forward again, and again... and again... his huge, hardened cock grinding into the tiny, vainly resisting mouth of her virginal little anal hole like an inhumanly driven stake!

A deep and angry growl from his powerful throat reached Karen as she felt the tapered length of his massive penis fiercely stretching the channel of her elastically yielding rectum, worming its way all the way up into the hot, rubbery depths to probe heavily at her very bowels!

"Aauugghh!" the shocked young housewife uncontrollably gurgled to his inhuman impalement, her head flailing helplessly from the stabbing pain screeching through her naked, defenseless body! Lurching, she desperately tried to shake the piercing lance of hardness from her obscenely expanded nether hole, but her neighbor, Don's sadistically clutching hands at her waist, along with the dog, Bronson's, own tightly gripping forepaws, made that impossible! Again, the anger of the German shepherd's deep growl filled her ears, until at last it dawned on Karen that there was nothing to do but endure it... both of them, dog and man, fucking into both her forever stretched genital passages at the same time!

From the beginning, along with her own pain-filled babbling from their dual fucking, Karen heard both Don's lustful grunts and Bronson's growls become deep-chested whimpers, as they both humped with spine-shattering rhythm up into the intimate confines of her lewdly expanded vaginal and rectal channels! Only the intensive flames of passion which Don's earlier fucking had set wildly aglow in the hearth of her hotly raging belly made it all bearable! And then, the pain began to lessen to a hurtful blend of weird stimulation! She felt wetly saturated over the entire area of her helplessly exposed buttocks and loins, a new sensation of erotic mania creeping over her at the thought of being fucked by a man she'd only known for two weeks, while her own aunt's pet German shepherd sodomized her from behind!

Karen felt her animal-lover's burning, cone-shaped hardness rapidly fucking into her back there, pushing the spongy, resilient flesh of her widely stretching anal channel before it in soft, rubbery waves as it plunged again and again all the way up into the hotly constricting depths of her innocent belly! With a vengeance, it ground into the warm naked softness between her lewdly upturned buttocks, his bloated animal-balls slapping hard against the flushed, cock-stuffed lips of her pussy below! She was absolutely impaled to the hilt on ravishing, blood-swollen cock, masochistic sensations at the thought of her helplessly kneeling body being so lewdly used beginning to charge through her!

Moaning and whimpering in a crazed, intensely building passion, Karen tried to move with their human-animal tempo, wishing there was some way she could look back up between her wide-split thighs and watch their lust-swollen cocks vanishing up inside her searing, wet holes, but she could

only mentally visualize, the mere thought of their luridly unnatural coupling adding to the sensations filling her slaving young body! She saw her ripely full breasts dancing beneath her, their tiny hardened nipples occasionally grazing her neighbor's husband's chest, while her flaxen-blond hair flailed wildly in the air as she tossed her head from side to side. Yes... yes... their huge cocks were growing... ever growing inside the wetly inflamed passages leading up into her helplessly quivering belly!

"Oooohhh, ooohhh... sweet lovers! Yesss... fuck me! Fill me with your hard cocks!" the lust-charged Karen frantically begged!

The utterly obscene troilism furiously raging on the bed beside them was the final prod to carry Barbara toward the edge of the sensual, magic carpet she'd been erotically floating on. While Steve heroically fucked with his new-born cock and delighting finger into her omnivorously inflamed cuntal and rectal passages, she twisted her head to watch... unaware that Karen's husband, slaving over her, was watching also, but through incredulous, tear-filled eyes of confused jealousy!

He was watching Don's big, thick cock fucking with fury up into the pink wetness of his wife's insanely squirming, blonde-haired cunt, while her goddamned Aunt Jane's dog pistoned in and out of her unbelievably stretched asshole like a battering ram! Keller looked as if he were going to blow his frigging lid... lifting right off the bed with his every upthrust, raising the lewdly spread mounds of Karen's naked ass up to the lewd in and out fuckings of the rhythmically humping German shepherd! Christ! In-and-out, the relentless animal-cock drubbed, in and out of her vulnerable little asshole with long savage strokes, the two of them buffeting her like a life-sized, flesh colored rubber doll back and forth between them! Goddamn, and she looked as if she were loving it!

Barbara covetously stared at the pair of glistening hard cocks racing slipperily into her lovely younger neighbor's grotesquely expanded rectum and cunt mouths. The sight of the frayed pink edges of her inner cunt folds clinging tightly to her husband, Don's, heavy- veined cock on the down-stroke, then disappearing back up inside again when he thrust up between her full, white thighs salaciously fascinated her! But even more lewdly firing was that of Bronson's thickly glistening hardness wetly sucking back out of her asshole, sucking the tight coral ridges of her claspings, soft rectal flesh out with it to also fluidly vanish back up inside again when the handsome animal lunged back into her! Damn... oh damn!

"Now, Steve lover! Oh God... noowwww... B-Barbara's cuummiinnnggg!" the thrashing, dark-haired young housewife began to wail, bucking her convulsing naked loins up onto his hammering eleven-inch length of throbbing cock in a wild frenzied passion. "Oooooohhh... cummiinnnggg... cuummiinnnggg, agghheeee!"

Steve held himself back, determined not to and knowing the secret now! He pounded into the gasping, shuddering beauty beneath him as suddenly she locked her ankles in a death-like grip up over his arduously laboring back. Her arms hugged his neck, her open mouth smashing against his, her trembling body arching upward as she clung tightly to him! She stopped moving, only hung there, quivering and jerking around him in a pulsating rhythm that spilled her orgiastic fluids out around his still straining cock, down the widespread crevice of her wide-split asscheeks to soak his balls as they wedged hard against her tiny, hotly spasming asshole...

And then, she fell away from him, her full, white breasts heaving as she sprawled back lifelessly to stare and pant up at him. "Oh... oh Lover... let's rest awhile, you learn too fast!"

But Steve had no intentions of resting! He wasn't finished yet, and his throbbing, stone-hard cock was aching like a swollenly inflamed tooth! His brain whirled in a ginned-haze of vindictive

bitterness at the sight of the wife he'd loved so much wantonly giving her naked beauty to the obscene combination fucking into her! Willingly, wantingly, whorishly giving her... his, yes his, precious curves of white loveliness like a fucking bitch-slut! Damn her... damn her!

Tears filled Steve's half-drunken eyes as he kned up in front of Karen's closed-eyed face, right above Don Keller's slackened one. He caught his hand cruelly in her long blonde hair, winding it before he jerked her head upward until she was looking at him with startled, gaping blue-eyes!

"Suck it, you cunt!" he spat between clenched teeth. "Lick the cum and Barb's pussy juice off it first, then suck it right down your damned little whorish throat! I'm going to blow my nuts in your mouth until you choke on my cum!" Karen groaned, but not from the sight of him or what he'd ordered her to do... not even from the pain his hand was brutally causing. It was the hateful expression on his face and in his voice which tore at her heart! She saw the tears in his eyes and knew that she loved him more than anything in the world, but could she ever make him believe that again? Oh God, she could try, and right then, at that very moment! It might be her last chance ever!

The sight of his familiar, long thick cock, even covered with its glistening coat of wetness from his and their neighbor, Barbara's, fucking, fired an unknown, loving desire feverishly within her! She felt herself impassionedly squirming her vagina and rectum back onto Bronson's tapered, thick hardness, then downward onto Don's rigidly pulsating rod of cock-flesh, increased sensations of masochistic love boiling in her steaming belly!

Steve painfully jerked her head forward toward his wetly thrusting cock and she curled her fingers around its viscid wetness, sliding them back along the hardened flesh to circle its base and cup his sperm-inflated balls! Unhesitantly, she began to lick it as he'd ordered, the spicy masculine taste of his cum and Barbara's vaginal secretions inciting her all the more! She licked and licked, feeling her husband's lewd pelvic jerking motions to her wetly caressing tongue, at the same time, undulating her nakedly inflamed loins on the pleasure-bringing cocks maddeningly fucking up between her wide-split young thighs!

"Suck it! Suck it! Christ... suck it, Karen!" Steve shudderingly choked, the tremor in his voice causing her heart to pound. Her eyes ardently gleamed, she knew, as she slipped her eager mouth over the hot, bulbous head and worked her curling tongue along the thick, sinewy length of it, until her mouth was completely filled with her own loving husband's hotly pulsating cock! Passionately, she locked her soft lips around it, moving her head back and forth several times until Steve, himself, began to move his loins and fuck lewdly into her face as though it were a second cunt! She nearly gagged when he shoved it all the way to the back of her throat, then down, almost its entire length disappearing between her ovally clasping lips!

Voraciously, Karen began to suck... suck to win him back! Thank God, she'd never really done it before with her mouth to anyone... or anything! He, her lover-husband, was the first and she was going to revel in it! Her cheeks hollowed and bloated as she worked her head back and forth in counter rhythm to his thrusts, her tongue excitedly exploring every ridge and wrinkle of his feverishly thick rod. Her soft hand cupped and cradled his heavy, cum-filled balls with heart-felt affection, while simultaneously she heaved her dual, flame-seared passages back and down in a matching cadence onto the ever-growing cocks razing into her from beneath and behind!

Goddamn, Don Keller inwardly gasped! This was no doubt the hottest fuck show he'd been a part of in some time... maybe ever! She, this gorgeous piece of woman, was everything, and then some, he could ever imagine! Christ, greedily her milking little cunt was about to sap his screaming balls dry. The pistoning dog-cock racing up her ass-channel only a thin membrane away from his own solid hardness was about to drive him ape with its incessantly pressuring heat against the length of his

blood-pounding cock-flesh! And if that wasn't enough to dissolve his nuts, along with her beautiful white tits swaying lushly over him, sucking his cum-covered cock! Shit, any minute, any minute now!

If he had been angry and sad in the beginning, those feelings had long since left the panting German shepherd. Though their human vaginas had always pleased Bronson, the tiny little nether-holes nestled up between their curved white asscheeks he would seek out from now on. The tight heat of it clutching at his lustfully stiffened rod was a new wonder no human female had ever trained him to. He had discovered it by himself, and a proudness filled his broad thick animal chest, as well as revived love for his mistress who was giving herself ruttishly to it.

His strong hind-legs had begun to tremble beneath him in his humping position, but with the familiar burning searing through his loins, he would not remain in it much longer. Then, a movement to his right immediately caught his keen eye and he saw the pretty Barbara crawling closer until she was laying on her back beside them, her hand reaching out to clutch his mistress' hanging breasts. Now, all were around his Karen, but only he had the fiery love of her tiny, tightly clinging nether-hole.

God, what did it really, really taste like... their squirting cum... when it shot into your mouth... that thick, white fluid... cum! sperm! cum! Karen's brain frantically swam in the sea of her lust- filled love! Hot? Yes, yes! It had to be mentally scalding, bursting from the inferno of his precious balls! And it would be tangy... acidic, maybe, but sweet and delicious!

Shit, he loved her, Steve insanely reasoned! He'd always love her! She could fuck the whole U.S. Army and suck off the Marine Corp! He'd still love her! Christ, the way she was sucking him... taking it right down into her throat! He'd eat her cunt and she'd suck his cock... maybe later tonight they'd do it! And then, he'd fuck her for twenty-four hours straight... he knew now... until she'd cum so many times she'd want to suck him for breakfast! Christ, he loved her, and Barb, what she'd taught him! She... Don, they were real friends... and that goddamned dog, Bronson... what a wild helpmate he was going to make, and maybe Aunt Janie right along with him!

Karen wanted it so badly... wanted her wonderful husband's raging cum shooting hotly into her mouth... to swallow his seething, love- filled cum and feel it dribbling down her throat... filling her convulsing belly just as Don's and Bronson's huge cocks pummeling into her boiling cunt and ass-channels were going to burningly flood into her in a few moments time! All together, they'd drown her in their male scalding sperm, and she would cum like an erupting volcano! Oh God... beautiful Barbara was caressing her tits... pulling at their hardened, tingling nipples, actually milking them! Ooohh yesss, any minute now! Ooohhh... if only they'd all cum in her at the same time!

Though yet not that familiar with it, Karen sensed the oncoming climax of her lover-husband, and began to suck with increased fervor on his beautiful hardness as it abruptly swelled and pulsated in the wet, fervent cavern of her mouth! She heard his pleading moans and wildly tongued and sucked at it, sensing the tremor ripple over his naked body, his hands gently caressing her head and face as the first squirt of his cum ragingly shot into her mouth!

Karen clutched at his asscheeks, forcing his spewing cock deep into her throat in her frantic love for him, sensing it spurting in unending streams of thick creamy liquid that was everything she'd expected and wanted! It deluged her and she was unable to swallow it all away, her cheeks bloating and contracting as she continued to swallow in thick gulps to keep from choking on the incessant, heaven- sent gushes jetting from his husbandly loins! Hungrily, she drank it, clasping her wet lips around his frenziedly ejaculating cock, determined not to lose the tiniest drop of his treasured, love-filled cum!

Then Bronson whimperingly growled from behind her! Passionately, Karen whined in her cooing

tones for him around the deflating hardness of her Steve's cock, abruptly feeling the bullet-like shots of the dog's boiling sperm shooting far up into her rectum! Reluctantly, her sucking lips released Steve's wilting, drained hardness, strings of his loving, white cum covering her whitely glistening lips and chin as she cried out in sudden, lust-filled abandon!

"Aaaauuggghhh... fuck me... fuck me hard! Ooohhh... Oh God... I can feel both of your cocks so good inside me! Aaahhiieee... faster... faster!" Karen cried as Steve slumped back to watch... until it happened! "Now... Noowww... I-I-I'm cuummiinnngggg!"

Once more, Karen felt Bronson's scorching squirts of animal-cum flooding her rectum and bowels as though he were urinating up inside her belly, while enchanting spasms of pleasurable joy rocketed through her insanely convulsing loins. She could feel every contraction of his long, thick cock rifling its load of seething animal-sperm deep up into her greedily clenching and milking ass! Then, Don gasped, swearing obscenely as she plunged her flaming cunt down onto his towering, throbbing hardness, her gasping breaths heaving from her lungs! She held his cock completely absorbed inside her hungrily clutching cunt- channel, wildly undulating her naked hips in furious little circles while his huge, pumping hardness began spitting out, too, its thick jets of fiery semen far up into the hidden recesses of her wonderously absorbing womb!

She held it fast with the avidly working muscles of her inner-cunt walls sucking and pulling at it, her own orgasmic secretions puddling with his, an almost maddening convulsion of enchantment suddenly enveloping the wildly screaming, blonde haired young wife!

There was more that night... the night the young Steve Smiths became bona fide members of the close circle of couples which Don and Barbara Keller avidly promoted. Although only the four of them, along with the fifth presence of Bronson, occupied the huge round bed Barbara had specifically designed, no greater passions, or combinations was that specially designed mattress ever to know!

It was during a lull in festivities over sandwiches, coffee and liquors that the question of Bronson, who rewardedly did away with the last morsel of steak, became a topic of foremost interest. How were they going to wheedle him away from Aunt Janie? Christ, they certainly couldn't let a marvel like him get out of their grasp!

Not that the handsome German shepherd knew exactly what they were discussing, but Karen had the feeling he was not totally blank to it all, and to her the proof came at the Friday night pool-party.

Insanely involved with her own... their own... re-discovered love, she'd paid little more than caring attention to the loving animal the past few days. Steve had insisted they save him for the party... and not to cheat. It was kind of a joke between them, now, her making love with Bronson, but the thought was never too far from her mind even though she kept her promise. No loving with Bronson unless Steve was there, and God, those few times!

But it was the pool-party that really did it. Linda Farnum brought her female boxer, and while Don spiked them all with a continuous flow of sexy films, the pair of animals cavorted in the kitchen. Still, the topless young wives and the swollen-cocked mates they had paired off with, lounged, drank, and played promising games together, unaware of the sensual animal-love going on in the kitchen.

Not until Barbara invaded their little rendezvous for a bucket of ice did they learn. "Hey! Hey, you guys! Come look... look at this!"

Karen was one of the first, her hand caressing that of the young husband fondling her naked breast. She drew her partner beyond the doorway so that the others could see.

“Well?” she said, “so, they’re making love!” Which was exactly what they were doing, Bronson mounting the female dog, Fonda, in the conventional fashion of animals. “To each his own, Barb darling!”

“Almost, baby, but look closer! That devil’s got it shoved right up her ass!”

The End