

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part 1

Tiffany had fallen on hard financial times and was feeling hopelessly trapped. This wasn't anything she ever encountered in her privileged life before. She grew up the California golden girl, in an affluent suburb accustomed to comfort and not really wanting for anything. Her family wasn't really wealth, not like the super rich that surrounded her everywhere, but they were doing fine. She went to good schools, got her new BMW for her 16th birthday and always had money for clothes. She lived a carefree life, sheltered by her family from life's more dark and difficult challenges and lived a life devoid of the daily financial concerns of most people.

In high school. Tiffany was an athlete and the homecoming queen. She had an astonishing body, lean, strong and perfectly proportioned with the legs of a runner and the figure of a centerfold. Her flowing mane of strawberry blond hair and her crystal blue eyes were hypnotic and captured the attention of everyone she met. The boys all wanted her and she would occasionally catch girls sneaking admiring glances in the locker room, which she enjoyed. She'd do the same.

She was never wanting for friends, romance or adventure. But for all her advantages and position, she never had the princess attitude of the other girls. She was always open to meeting new people and genuinely enjoyed talking, laughing and listening to the life tales of others. It was the horrible stories her teenage friends told that humbled her. Stories of abuse, life changing financial devastation and loveless families always kept her grateful for what she had. Thank God that wasn't her. How do they survive those things, she wondered. She admired her friends strength.

After high school, Tiffany went on to college eventually earning an MBA from an elite Ivy League school. Her college years were a continuation of her high school lifestyle - privileged and carefree. She was a serious student but this was, after all, college and her first time away from her folks. She was on her own and independent with "nobody watching". She filled her life with adventures and sexual experimentation. She was pushing the edges well beyond her school girl flirtations. Gone were the concerns for her "reputation" - everyone was hooking up in every imaginable combination, and she was looking to live her fantasies. Isn't that what college is for, she wondered.

There was her FWB pal Dave and his friend Tom who introduced her to all the possibilities and delicious sensations of MFM three-ways. She loved surrendering and being ravaged. And Steve, an older grad student who had a wonderful assortment of BDSM gear that she loved trying. She was surprised when she admitted to herself that she liked bondage and all the submissive feelings it brought out. And of course, her room mate Susan with whom she explored every thing two (or more) woman could imagine, from oral sex and strap-on's to lesbian orgies and public play. Tiffany was enjoying her sexual exploration and personal growth- trying new exciting ideas, discovering her boundaries and challenging herself to push beyond them. She wanted hot sex and lots of it. She wanted it to be as hot as her dreams, with explosive orgasms - and nothing was too extreme. No stone was left unturned, no fantasy unexplored, except maybe one.

Tiffany's family had always been a close knit clan, or so she thought. Her parents appeared to be a perfectly matched couple, with her Dad being a successful entrepreneur and investor and her mother happily playing the role of the stay at home mom. It was a happy home with the three of them and their black lab Max. Max was a member of the family and growing up he was a friend to Tiffany almost like a brother. He was always happy to see her come home from school and he loved going out on a daily run along side her. She knew she was safe when he was at her side. The house seemed filled with love and affection.

Her dad and mom had always tried to instill genuine values in Tiffany. Values of money, self worth, honor and integrity. They made sure that during high school she had a part time job and worked during the summer. They wanted her to feel and understand the responsibilities of her own finances. In her college years, her folks paid for an apartment for her while she held several part time positions which helped pay for all her other needs like the occasional new skirt, some concert tickets, tequila shots and the trips to the toy store.

Tiffany was also expected to take out loans for her education. While she was a good student, she didn't get nearly enough financial aid to cover all the costs of her Ivy league education and ended up with loans of over \$150 thousand dollars, at graduation. She never really worried about them because she always knew that her parents were behind her - they were her safety net - and if she financially failed for some reason, they would be there to bail her out. Tiffany had brains, charm and world class beauty. Things couldn't have looked better, her future couldn't have been any brighter as she graduated and went out into the world.

But life has a way of being the great equalizer and everyone, at least once in their life, faces real adversity. Her father always said people will get challenged and it is a measure of the person how they find their way beyond the troubles. For all her advantages, Tiffany was no different and now, as she was establishing herself in the world, she was about to be tested - her sense of security and well being challenged in difficult and dramatic ways. She was ill prepared.

~~~~~

## Part 2

The call came early on a Saturday morning. In an instant Tiffany's world was shattered.

After college, she had found a position in the marketing department of a hot new start up. The pay wasn't great, certainly not enough to cover her rent, expenses and pay back those college loans, but it was the stock options that attracted her to the company. If she could help this start up on the growth path for an IPO, she'd make a fortune. She'd be set for life. The stock market had been on fire for several years and in her final years of college, her goal was to strike it rich in a start up IPO and retire by the time she was 30. So when she was offered her position, along with a very generous stock option plan she had found exactly the situation she was looking for. So she thought.

She had spent several years in college watching her peers get rich quickly. She couldn't wait until it was her turn. And although she had the great job, the IPO market was in melt down - in a matter of months, it disappeared. The promise of quick riches disappeared like duct in the wind. There would be no instant riches. There would be no IPO overnight wealth. There wasn't even a job. She showed up for work one morning and there was a note on the door saying the company was out of business and wishing everyone good luck.

Tiffany was devastated. All her plans had disappeared in the blink of an eye. And there was no alternative. There were no jobs and what positions were available were taken by unemployed marketing people with far more experience than her. No one wanted her. It was a new experience - being rejected. She had always gotten by on the idea that she was smart and her advantage was that she was so attractive. She took that for granted. That was the way of the world. But now, she was being passed over. Sure she was attractive but she didn't have the experience. How would she pay the bills?

Tiffany was burning through her modest savings and she tried to find a job or some solution to her troubles. Her looks had always given her an entre to job interviews. But now, that didn't matter

anymore. Credentials and experience mattered and she didn't have a lot of either. She couldn't believe the ongoing rejections. Rejection wasn't something she knew. But now, she was being told she had no worth or value. No \_ there were no jobs for here.

Tiffany had little left. Rents were extraordinary and with all the costs of her life style, her modest savings were quickly dwindling. She found herself relying on her folks to fill her budget gap. Not a pleasant idea but she knew they could fill the void. They always did.

The phone rang early that Saturday morning, awakening her from a sound sleep. She had been out the night before teasing the boys and deciding if she wanted to take anyone home. No - not tonight, she thought. She was jolted from her sleep - who would call at this hour? She drew the phone to her ear and asked who was calling. It was her mother.

"Tiffany, I need to talk with you". Her mother's voice quivered and the tone scared the half asleep Tiffany. To death. "Sweetheart, your dad is gone". Gone? What do you mean gone? She tried to get her half asleep brain around the words. "Yes," her mother continued, "your father committed suicide last night. He's gone" she said with her sobbing voice. The pause - the silence - seemed to last forever.

Tiffany dressed quickly, and in a haze drove to her mother's house. The conversation was long, emotionally confusing and devastating. The story her mother told pierced the thin veneer of the image of the happy household that Tiffany always knew and relied on. Her mother had always suspected that her husband's business dealings were not on the level but she never asked questions. Her job was to be the good, unquestioning housewife. Besides, her husband provided everything she could want so questioning the source would only disturb their perfect life.

Her father's deceit was extraordinary and complete. His life was a scam/ It was all a scam. For all his talk about ethics and honesty, his life was a lie. His entire financial world was a grand ponzi scheme. He had built a sham business and had been bilking investors for years. He skimmed much of the cash for his own purposes - supporting his family's life style - and the rest went into horrible investments which failed along with the stock market.. Her mother told her that the Feds had come to evict them from her family home and seized all family assets. They had nothing. Her dad, his scam exposed and facing jail time had gone into the garage and shot himself leaving Tiffany and her mother with no home, no explanation and a mountain of debt and legal troubles.

Tiffany's mother was a wonderful but simple and fragile woman who didn't want to know her husband's dealings. Where the money came from was not her concern. Tiffany had inherited her mother's outlook on life. Now, both of them were confronted with the harsh realities of life. Their perfect life was in shambles and they were left to clean up the mess.

Her mother couldn't, or wouldn't cope with the issues. She retreated into her fantasy domain and went to live with her sister - she was a shell of herself incapable of dealing with the realities that life had dealt. For the first time in her life, Tiffany was actually alone - no parents, no support, no financial safety net - hell, she didn't even have a job. And she had all those bills hanging over her head. \

Her father had taken the coward's way out of his responsibilities and the lying mess he created. Tiffany was determined to not do the same. Maybe her old man had spouted all those ethical rules and maybe her mother was too frail to live up to them but not her. She was going to find a way through these troubles. It was the measure of the person.

~~~~~

### Part 3

Tiffany took stock of her situation and quickly realised that her biggest asset at the moment was her looks. Maybe she could model, she thought but she quickly dismissed the idea – not enough money. And she didn't want to become a stripper for all the world to see. She needed cash and she needed it fast. As she went through her list of potential opportunities her choices were dwindling. The prospects were bleak and her desperation was growing. In a moment of surrender she allowed herself to think the unimaginable. She could always escort.

The thought of giving herself to an endless parade of men disgusted her. She was repulsed by the visions of being groped by hoards of overweight old men. No she couldn't do that. Besides it would be hard to make the kind of money she needed \$250 at a time. That would take several thousand men! Thousands of different men pawing at her. Thousands of men demanding intercourse and blow jobs. No, that wasn't an acceptable solution. But she had seen stories about high price escorts that made some very serious money. She had heard that rich and famous men would pay big time for an evening with a beautiful, young and classy woman. Hmmm.... maybe,

She had to start somewhere so she picked up the phone book and flipped to the escort pages. God there were a lot of them, she thought to herself. It was strangely comforting to think that there were a lot of girls doing this. It made it feel less "dirty". But it also meant that it was going to be a very competitive business. She breathed a sigh of resignation, shrugged her shoulders and muttered "what the hell". And she picked up the phone to make some appointments with agencies to scope it out further. She took her first step on a journey that would lead to some very unexpected encounters. She was about to become a changed woman.

Tiffany met with several agencies, discussing their businesses and what would be expected of her. The girls in the company, owners and escorts alike, seemed pretty reasonable but they had a hard edge about them. She could only speculate that they became that way after years on the job coupled with endless troubles in their personal life. They were nice enough but seemed trapped and going nowhere in life. She trembled at the thought of becoming one of them.

For all her meeting, nothing was working out. Sure, all the agencies wanted her. They saw dollar signs whenever she walked in the door. Several even said they had jobs for her that day if she wanted to start immediately. But none of the were the big money positions she had heard about. Her final stop was at an escort ad that claimed they were only catering to elite clients.. She liked that because she saw herself that way and the woman who managed the place had been really sweet to her on the phone. There was no big push to get her working just the suggestion that they meet and talk about the business. Tiffany liked that.

The agency was located in a beautiful old home run quietly by Denise, a sophisticated and beautiful woman in her early 40's. She exemplified elegance and class. . As she walked in the door Tiffany was impressed by the beautiful architecture and furnishing. The house was spectacular and projected an image of wealth and style. Denise came out to greet her and they retreated to a back bedroom which served as the company office.

Denise had an air of sensuality about her. Her short dark hair and deep black eyes made a riveting sexual image. She spoke with ease and was both intelligent and artful at putting someone at ease. "So, tell me a bit about yourself" she asked and Tiffany started to explain her financial situation. Denise reached over to her, interrupting her talk and took her hand. "I know that you need the money. All the girls here need it for one reason or another. But before you tell me about that I want you to tell me about you – your hopes and dreams, what makes you laugh – tell me about Tiffany." Tiffany was pleasantly surprised by the question and the two engaged in an open and wonderful

conversation. Tiffany realized she had always been the listener, as her friends told her intimate details of their lives. But now she was the talker – it was her turn to open up and reveal herself to someone else. Some of the questions were lighthearted and some were very sexual and intimate. She answered everyone with candor. She was totally open and trusting of this fantastic woman and she liked it.

“The reason I asked all those questions” explained Denise, “is that I need to have a complete sense of the girls that work for me. First because of the nature of the service we provide. Our customers pay a lot of money to spend time with our girls and the girls have to meet a very high standard. The men want them to be smart as well as beautiful. Most times the girls start the evening out on the town – fine dinners, black tie business events – and the man will be publicly judged by the quality and sophistication of the woman he is with. It’s unacceptable for the woman to act or appear to be some common call girl.” This was sounding terrific, especially the part about good money and living the high life, Tiffany thought.

“Second, the men also expect you to stay the night with them. They are paying top money and they expect top quality sex” Denise continued. “Our men are pre-screened so we are very sure that the girls will be safe and we keep very detailed information on their likes, dislikes and desires. Most of the time the sex is pretty straight forward, nothing too kinky. Sometimes it’s even very good. But we do have a few guys who have certain fetishes. Yes, you can always say no to them but I’ll tell you now that you won’t get many call backs that way. It will be harder to build a loyal customer base for yourself.”

“No” Tiffany said, “I’m very adventuresome and enjoy new experiences. I’m open to pretty much anything”. Denise smiled. “with your looks, brains and charm – and your outlook on sex – you’ll have a big following” she said as she stroked Tiffany’s hair away from her face.

“Now, you’ll have to be tested regularly and you can’t start before getting tested. Denise handed her a card and explained that this was the clinic all her girls used. Take the tests ASAP and the clinic will sent the results directly to Denise. “Once I get the results, I’ll give you a call and we can discuss schedules”. It all sounded exactly like what Tiffany had hoped she would find. But there was still a question = “How much is the pay” Tiffany asked. Denise gave her a small nod of approval/ “Good girl. Don’t forget, this is business. It can be a lot of fun but it’s still business and we are here to sell the dream. The men should walk away completely physically and emotionally satisfied. They should believe you loved every minute and that they were one of the best sexual experiences you’ve ever had”. Denise gazed closely at Tiffany and said, “We charge \$5,000 a night. The house keeps \$1500 and you get \$3500. You never have to discuss money, that is all taken care of in advance”.

Thirty five Hundred dollars for one night with one guy!!! “It all sounds fantastic” Tiffany said with a smile. “Let’s get going”. But Denise had one final step. “Before you start” she explained, “you need to meet with the other girls. They have a say in this as well. We work closely with each other and we don’t tolerate infighting or politics here. It helps us stay focused on the customer.” Denise took her by the hand and lead her down the hall towards a giant living room decorated in fabulous Victorian furniture. There were several girls lounging on the sofa and chairs. They were stunning. “We are a big happy family here” Denise said with pride. “we watch out for each other, in every way. We need to all agree that you’ll fit in, so I want you to talk to the girls and let them get to know you. I’ll be back in a while”.

Tiffany stood alone in the center of the room with all eyes on her not really sure what to say. A cute asian girl with long black hair smiled and chirped “Sit here by me” as she patted the seat. From there, it was like a gathering of best girlfriends. They asked lots of questions about Tiffany and answered many of her’s. They explained that there were many days that they didn’t work but you

were always welcome to come by the house to simply hang out. Denise would often cook lunch or dinner, the gym in the basement was always open and available, the computer room was set up so that several people could work, write or surf the web and there was always one or two girls there if you wanted to chat. And of course, there was a back bedroom for those times when the girls wanted to play. They really felt like a big happy family and Denise made the place feel like home. It was nice to have those feelings again, Tiffany thought.

About an hour had passed and Denise came back to a room of giggling excited girls. It was like a sorority party. "Well, what do you think" she asked. The decision was unanimous. They told Denise she simply had to hire Tiffany. She looked at Tiffany and said, OK, you're in. I'll call you when I get the test results". Then she walked over and gave her a hug and kiss on the cheek. "I'm glad you're with us" she said as she went back to the office. All the girls, in turn, did the same. Tiffany was ecstatic.

~~~~~

#### Part 4

It had been several days since her interview with Denise. Tiffany spent the time making sure she had a proper wardrobe and accessories. She spent nearly all of her remaining saving on clothing in preparation for her anticipated work. It was a fun and exciting time, picking out the proper clothes while thinking about her "clients". She thought about her first time and what that was going to be like. She was nervous. She was excited and she was very ready.

The phone rang early in the morning. Denise and she had an appointment for Tiffany that evening. A visiting businessman needed a companion for a black tie charity event that evening. Denise walked her through all the details, giving Tiffany a complete description of the event, the customers likes, desires and expectations both in and out of bed. She took careful notes. She was to meet him in the lounge at his hotel. They could have a drink and get acquainted then a limo drive them to the event and back.

It all went exactly as Denise described. The client was in his early 50's, a polished CEO type who was in charge and knew exactly what he wanted. Tiffany liked that he was assertive and took the lead, it made it easier on her. She spent a grand evening on the town meeting and chatting with rich and powerful people and then a night of sex which she thoroughly enjoyed. He was a creative and passionate lover and left her feeling more like a Princess or a friend not a hired escort. If all her customers were like him, she thought, this is going to turn out great!.

Tiffany went to the office the next morning to talk with Denise and add to the files any personal information she had gleaned from her first client. Several of the girls saw her come in and swept her aside into the living room. They wanted details! How was her first time? They were curious and excited to hear and shared their own stories of first times as well. Denise called her in to the office to chat and was pleased to hear that Tiffany had nothing but positive comments about the experience. "Your gentleman called me this morning" Denise told her. She always gave the girls any feedback she received, good or bad. "He thought you were ..... um, where did I write it down?" she wondered aloud as she rummaged through the papers on her desk. "Oh, he thought you were magnificent. His words. He was very impressed with how you conducted yourself at the gala and appreciated that you had studied up on his company and industry. He said it made for a far more comfortable time with you and he didn't have to try and explain who you were to everyone. They just assumed you were a friend or a colleague in his marketing department". Denise was delighted with Tiffany's efforts. "It's those sort of things that separate us from the other services. You really did well". Tiffany smiled and was buoyant from the praise. "Thanks for all your help in getting me

prepared. It really does help sell the fantasy.” she said. “Well” Denise explained, “I don’t know all the details but whatever it was you did, whatever you were selling, he is one extremely happy customer. Good girl”. Denise handed her a check – \$3500! Yeah, she was really going to like this.

~~~~~

## Part 5

Over the first several months, Denise explained, you’ll spend time building a customer base. Once you have that established, you’ll have very regular work and some real money coming in. And that’s just what happened. Initially, the work was a bit sporadic but the money was really helping. It wasn’t what she needed but at least she felt like she was making progress on fixing her financial mess. She actually looked forward to the evening appointments. It usually meant a nice evening on the town, taking in all the city had to offer, and getting to talk to some fascinating men – rich sophisticated and charming. And then she spent the rest of the night discovering all of their sexual secrets and doing whatever it took to please them. There were some wonderful and exciting adventures.

Tiffany’s client base had been a bit slow to develop. She always got rave reviews but the majority of her customers were visiting businessmen. Now it was Summer and this was the slowest time because people were on vacation and things wouldn’t pick up again until after Labor Day. She talked to Denise and explained that she could really use more work and asked her help in finding some local clients who might be more regular.

It was a warm and quiet August Saturday and Tiffany had decided to hang out at the house. She and several of the girls were lounging around the living room catching up on world news and other reading. She had discovered early on the importance of knowing current events and information. It made a major impact on her customers. It’s one of the reasons they kept calling for her services. That and the fact that she was extraordinary in bed. At least that’s what her customers would say. The nice part was, she didn’t have to fake it. She really liked the sex – all of the sex. Apparently that showed through.

Denise came into the room and told the girls that Sara, one of the girls they all liked, had decided to leave. “She wasn’t enjoying the experiences” Denise told the girls. “Her attitude had changed and she was refusing to do certain things that customers were requesting. She was getting very bad feedback and no one was requesting her anymore. So, she’s gone”. Everyone understood what Denise was saying.

“Tiffany, would you come into my office please” Denise’s words startled and frightened her a bit. She made her way back to the office and sat down. “Close the door, would you”. Now she was nervous and Denise could sense it. “Don’t worry. Everything is fine” Relief replaced Tiffany’s anxiety but now she was very curious about what Denise had to say that required a close door meeting. Everyone in the house was very open with their talks, even sharing some of their most intimate details. This secrecy was unusual.

Denise started. “First, anything we say right now stays in this room. This is strictly between you and me. The other girls don’t need to know. I have something I want to ask you” her tone taking a serious turn “and you need to be completely honest with me” Tiffany couldn’t imagine what this was about and could never have guessed that what Denise said next would forever change her life.

I received a call yesterday from a man – a local business owner who I have checked out. He is very successful and rich – a millionaire many times over and all reports are that he’s a decent guy but apparently he has a kinky streak.”. Tiffany immediately perked up. This sounded promising. “He



called to see if we could provide him a girl for an evening. He has very specific wants and they're pretty extreme." Tiffany had never backed away from extreme sex. In fact, in her college life she embraced it. So this sounded like it could be very interesting but she knew that people can have some pretty strange and frightening fantasy's. She wanted to hear more.

Denise looked straight into Tiffany's blue eyes. "He wants a girl to have sex with his dog while he watches".

Tiffany let out a slight gasp and straightened up in her chair. " He claims that he has tried this with two other women and both times it was a failure" she continued. "Apparently the girls didn't enjoy the experience and it was obvious. He explained that this idea is only exciting to him if the girl is a willing and eager participant and is obviously enjoying the sex".

For all her experimentation and wild sex in college, Tiffany had one fantasy she never explored. For as long as she could remember, her hottest sexual dream was to be mounted and ravaged by a big dog. She had thoughts of surrendering to a dogs lust, his powerful body dominating her - his hard cock inside her using her as his own. She was always sneaking looks at any male dog she encountered - checking him out and drifting away into a dream world of lustful sex .

As a young girl, when she had to give her dog Max a bath, she would slide her hand along his sheath, gently touching his hard red dick as it stuck out. It was electric. She wanted more but didn't dare. She would retreat to her room and masturbate to the thoughts of Max ravishing her.

Now, suddenly, she was being asked to actually do it. To let a dog take her. Her heart was pounding with excitement. But this was such a taboo idea - she had never told anyone her desire, for all the obvious fears. And no matter how much she liked and respected her, she wasn't ready to admit this fantasy to Denise. Tiffany tried to keep her cool and remain emotionless.

Denise shook her head slightly as if to comment on the strangeness of the request. " Now I don't expect to find a girl that actually enjoys this but the question is, can I find someone who can be convincing and make him believe that she's enjoying herself?" She watched Tiffany for any indication or response. "That's why I wanted to talk to you first. You've shown an incredible talent for selling the fantasy to your clients and you are very open to nearly anything sexually. So - do you think you can sell this fantasy to this guy? Do you even want to try/"

Tiffany tried to act unphased. She started to discuss the idea as if it was simply business, but inside she was ready to jump out her skin. Hell yes she wanted to do this. Right now! She wanted this so badly she was getting wet just talking about it. "Well, let me ask a question" she said in a calm matter of fact tone. "This is a unique request. And I suspect he'd have extreme difficulties in finding anyone. So, is there a special fee for this?"

A slight smile crossed Denise's face. Good girl, she thought. Stick to business. "Yes, he's paying a premium." I could use a few extra bucks Tiffany mused. "He's willing to pay \$15,000 dollars to the right girl". Tiffany was stunned. That was a lot of money. Money that would really help. "Now, the house usually takes a third" Denise noted "but in this instance, I'll take \$3,000 and you'd keep the other \$12,000".

Tiffany's head was spinning. In a matter of moments, not only had Denise unknowingly offered to fulfill her darkest, hottest fantasy but she'd pay her big money to do it. All Tiffany had to do was make the client believe she enjoyed getting laid by the dog. That was going to be really easy. She already knew she was going to love it, just like in her dreams.

"And when is this supposed to happen" she asked. "He's traveling right now and will be back in

about a week. So, sometime after that.” Denise had no read on Tiffany - no idea of how the proposition would be accepted. “So what do you think?” she asked.

“I can sure use the money” said Tiffany. She paused and answered slowly. “ Will I enjoy it? Of course not” . She was lying as best she could. In a calculated voice she said “But for that kind of money, I can tolerate nearly anything for one night” Laughing, she continued “Yeah, I’ll have him believing I’m some crazed dog slut”. Which, of course, she always thought she was. And now she’d have an opportunity to show it. “Yeah, I can sell him the fantasy. Let me know when you have it set up”. Tiffany couldn’t believe what she was saying.

~~~~~

## Part 6

“Oh my God, I’m going to let a dog fuck me”. She had decided to head home and all along the way her inner voice kept yelling this in her head. Driving was difficult. The visions were distracting. Sex with a dog!! Every time she thought of it her heart raced. Her body vibrated and the thought was so erotic that she let out a moan and cry of lust. “I can’t believe I’m going to do this”. Tiffany was on fire.

She had decided to go home to do some “research”. If she was actually going to follow through with this, she wanted to be prepared. Just like with her other clients, she wanted to know all she could about Tim, her dog client. But she also wanted to know about dog sex.

Until now, sex with a dog was a hot fantasy that Tiffany really didn’t know a lot about. Sure, it was a dream, but the reality could be very different. She wanted to know everything - to be prepared for the reality of having sex with a dog. She wanted this to be great - for her client and herself.

She could have spent time looking up information at the house but she wanted her privacy. She didn’t want the other girls to know so she went home to do her research. Tiffany was about to venture out into the most erotic and hot explorations she could have ever imagined.

God bless Google, she thought. Huddled around her computer, she started on her journey into delicious deprivation. She searched for “Dog Sex” and was astonished at the volume of results. Were there really that many people in and around “the business” she marveled. She started clicking.

Within minutes, she found a wealth of video’s. She was stunned and captivated. There was a steady stream of videos of wonderful women being fucked by dogs. She loved the woman bent over her hassock squealing her appreciation and encouragement as her Golder fucking her hard,. And the terrific girl with the short hair rolling over, at the direction of her boyfriend, and letting her lab pound her hard. And the foreign films - where the woman was on her knees shouting encouragement to her dog “Ca va” as the dog slammed into her. Yeah - ca va - it’s good! Tiffany was in heat.

Several times Tiffany had to go to her bedroom for relief. Damn, this was beyond hot. And very soon, she thought, she was going to be one of them- one of the dog girls - totally surrendered to a dogs lust. She couldn’t wait.

For an entire afternoon, she watched videos. And for an entire afternoon, she was in heat but it was only the beginning. After hours of the most erotic movies imaginable, Tiffany froze with the image in front of her. A beautiful blond - something like herself, was laid back under a dog, his hard cock hanging inches from her face.

She had always imagined having a dog fuck her hard but she never considered the idea of performing oral sex on a dog. She was stunned but captivated. She realized she had never actually seen a dogs erect dick. Now she was watching a girl suck one. It was big, hard and, in it's own way, beautiful. It had a different shape and the knot looked enormous but it looked powerful and sexy. And she wanted it.

She watched in fascination. The girl wasn't just performing - it was obvious she was sucking him for her own enjoyment as much as his. The dick was big in her mouth and she happily wrapped her lips around it and took all she could. She would tease it with her tongue and then slide the entire length into her mouth. There was cum everywhere. Each time she withdrew the hot hard cock, the dog would shoot a load on her tongue and face. His cum seemed endless. The idea took her breath away. Tiffany always enjoyed giving blow jobs. She loved the feeling of a hard dick in her mouth. And she really loved sucking it until it exploded - shooting jets of cum in her mouth. Imagine sucking a dog cock that just kept squirting. The more she sucked the more he would shoot. She had always dreamt about a dog fucking her but now, the idea of a doggie blow job totally consumed her. She had lost control.

She couldn't take any more so she decided to look at this the same way she did with new clients. She wanted to research and know everything, the real facts, about K9 sex. She wanted to be completely prepared if this guy should call. Her explorations had produced a wealth of information.

A dog, she found out, has a different shaped dick with a "knot". The idea of the knot fascinated her. This dick swelling inside her to the size of a fist and locking her together with her canine lover. She had no recourse but to let him fill her with his cum. God, the idea was hot. And she read about how a dog cums almost continuously for a long time. Tiffany could only imagine a dick shooting that much cum, into her or in her mouth.

Tiffany read all about the knot, the tie,, the turn - she wanted to know everything, Spending hours in front of the computer with all those insanely hot videos - she was beyond aroused but she was also now completely prepared. She had always wanted a dog to ravage her and now she knew how to make that happen. Now, she just needed the client.

She was lounging one afternoon at the house. None of the other girls were around and Tiffany was catching up on some reading. Denise walked into the living room and saw Tiffany's long lithe form stretched out on the sofa. Damn she was beautiful. Even she, for all her experience, couldn't help but admire and want Tiffany. But, business first.

She walked in and sat next to her on the sofa. Denise looked deep into her eyes and paused - "I just talked to him". The words went like a shock through Tiffany's body and brain. She sat upright. "What are you doing tonight" Denise asked. Oh God, here it was!. Yes or no. It's no longer a fantasy, this is for real. There was no hesitation, just a burning desire. "I don't have anything special on the calendar." said Tiffany, "Why? Do you have something for me."/ She knew exactly what they were talking about. So did Denise. She gave Tiffany a slip with all the needed information - address, name, phone, time - all the info that would lead to her first encounter with a dog.

"Are you sure?" Denise asked as she held Tiffany's hand. Tiffany smiled and said "hey - we are in the business of selling dreams, and I can tolerate anything for a night Let's do it". Denise was pleased by her enthusiasm. Tiffany was shocked by her own eagerness.

Denise pressed a set of keys into the young girl's hands. "Take my Jag, it will make the right impression". Always the businesswoman, thought Tiffany. Denise didn't know but she had nothing to worry about.

## Part 7

Tiffany was giddy as she was getting dressed. Denise had told her that the client, Tim, liked the girl next door type that could dress up in style for a night out or dress down for a back yard barbeque. This was the first meeting, so she decided to go glam. She settled on her "little black dress" - above the knee hem, low neck showing off her magnificent breasts, and spaghetti straps - classic, elegant and hot. Before she slipped it on, she checked herself in the mirror. Her black thigh highs hugged her beautiful legs perfectly. And the black lace bra and panties were a sexy contrast to her alabaster skin. Some make up, a simple brush through her hair and she was ready. She hoped Tim would like how she looked. She hoped the dog would like it as well. It made her giggle a bit, and a little weak in the knees to think she was making herself look attractive for a dog. But she wanted him to be as turned on as she was.

The dog! What kind of dog were we talking about? What breed? How big? She had never even thought to ask. Oh well, she'd find out soon enough. She just hoped it lived up to her fantasy.

The drive to his home was only about 15 minutes but it seemed like it took forever. Time seemed to slow down and as she got closer the butterflies and anxiety got bigger. It felt surreal, as if she was walking through a dream in some out of body experience. But it was very real.

She turned into his driveway and went up the grade, parking near the garage. The house was beautiful - tasteful and not ostentatious. No doubt he could afford some grotesque sized mansion but he had settled on a classic Georgian with some California twists. Big enough but not outlandish. She was impressed already. She did a last quick check of her make up and started towards the door. The butterfly's had strangely disappeared replaced by a sense of calm excitement - excited but not nervous. Finally, it was happening.

Tiffany rang the bell and waited. The door opened and she was greeted by a man in his early 40's. He was tall, about 6' 3" she guessed, and in great shape. She took note of his sandy brown hair that had a touch of gray on the sides. He had bright green eyes, a ruggedly handsome look and a smile that quickly put her at ease. "Tim?" she asked. "yes. Tiffany?" They shook hands. The first few moments were always a bit strained. They both knew what was happening but to just launch into a kiss would be inappropriate and out of character with what he said he wanted. "Come on in" he said, leading her in gently by her arm. He took a second to look her over. "You look great! Terrific dress". Tiffany was pleased, she had guessed right about the dress.

Tim had a certain air about him that made Tiffany instantly comfortable. "Can I get you a drink? Some wine maybe?" "Wine would be great. Thanks" she said. "What kind do you prefer" he asked. Tiffany remembered reading that Tim was a big wine enthusiast and had a large cellar in the house. "Well" she started " I understand that you're an expert on wines. I'm afraid I know very little so I'll follow your suggestion. Surprise me. Teach me something new" she said with a big smile. Tim loved that she knew this detail about him. And it didn't hurt that she was drop dead beautiful. "I don't think I'm an expert but I've got something you may like" he said as he went to a wine rack in the living room. Tiffany followed.

Tim opened a nice Amarone and spent several minutes telling her all about the wine. This gave her a chance to get a better feel for the guy. She liked him instantly. He was smart and funny without being arrogant and pompous. She was genuinely interested in hearing his stories and she asked questions that he seemed to like. They fell into a light and easy conversation, him seated in the overstuffed chair and she on the sofa in front of the fireplace. They talked for an hour - maybe more

- talking about everything and anything. Politics, personal life, sports - Tim listened as she discussed how the Padre's needed to fix their pitching. "Elegant, charming, sexy and she likes baseball!" he thought. "This girl is something very special. They talked easily like long lost friends - no time pressures or deadlines. They were actually enjoying each others company."

Suddenly, from another room a beautiful black lab came trotting into the room. Tiffany's heart leapt. God, he's gorgeous, she thought. This was it. This was the dog that was going to take her - that she was going to have sex with. She was beyond excited but she tried to remain calm. "And who's this?" she asked. "This", Tim said as he reached down to pat the dog's head, "This is Max". Tiffany melted. Max! The dog she was going to pound her was a black lab named Max! It was as if she was a teenager again, at home playing with her beloved Max. Her pet that had initially aroused these desires in her. She had never done anything but some minor play with him but it was those moments of a young girl's exploration that were the genesis of her K9 desires. And now here she was, all this time later, and she was going to finally have sex with Max. This was perfect. This was going to be hot and wonderfully emotional all at once. It couldn't be better.

"Max, this is Tiffany. Go say hello". The dog walked to the sofa, his tail wagging happily. Tiffany reached down and scratched him along his neck and ears. "Hi there" she said with a laugh. Max was just a big, dopey guy. She loved him immediately. She kept scratching him as Tim told her about getting him as a pup about 3 years ago. She loved how he talked about the dog - as if he was family or the two of them were best friends. Max jumped on the sofa to be next to Tiffany. Tim started to scold him about jumping up but she quickly said "I don't mind. Really. So long as you don't mind him being on the sofa". How could Tim protest. This beautiful girl was sitting on the sofa with Max's head resting in her lap. She gently petted his head and rubbed his chest while they talked more. The sensuality of it all was nearly overwhelming. While they were just chatting, the sexual tension was electric. Both were completely aware of how this looked and what was about to come.

Tim was saying something about a trip to the beach but Tiffany was distracted for a moment. She had looked down at Max while she was rubbing his chest and let her eyes drift to his sheath. Her desire for that dick exploded and she wondered just how big he was. What would it feel like? Quickly she realized where she was looking and immediately turned her attention back to Tim, who was looking straight at her. She was caught - caught staring at a dog's cock. Her hand flew up to her face. "Oh God. I'm so embarrassed. Sorry". "Don't be" he said. "Do you know how hot it is to see you checking him out. That's exciting." Tim went on to explain that he had two other experiences like this and both turned out badly. The girls were just there for the money. "To see you actually taking a sexual interest in Max, that was completely hot" There it was. The ice was broken. Tiffany had never been sure how to get around to the topic or start things going. But now, there were no boundaries. It was time.

Tiffany stood up from the sofa. She took Max over to the chair and had him sit beside Tim. "What's up" he asked. Tiffany bent low and gave Tim a slow gentle kiss. And then knelt down and kissed Max on the nose. She took a few steps backward, away from the chair and said, "I figure my boys want to see more of me". She turned her back to them and slipped her dress over her head, revealing her flawless body. Her soft shoulders, her long tapering torso leading to a small waist, nice hips and a perfect ass. And long beautiful legs in thigh highs and strapped pumps. She unclasped her bra. Tim and Max sat mesmerized by her beauty. The boys were enjoying the show. And it was going to get much better.

With her hands across her chest, she turned slowly to face them. Her hands lowered to her side and then she slid them up, along her waist until she was holding her full round breasts. She gave her nipples a pinch that caused her to let go a little moan. "Is this OK?" she asked. "My God" choked Tim, "You're perfect!" She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her blond hair flowed

over her shoulders and across her round tits. Her small pink nipples were hardening as her desires rose. "And how about you?" she said as she stared at Max noticing the end of his red dick emerging from his sheath. "Do you think you'd like to fuck me"? She was naked and asking a dog to fuck her. It made her feel sexy and slutty. She was out of control, on fire and she loved it. Tim couldn't believe his ears. THIS is how he always dreamed it should be. His heart pounded and his dick stiffened. Max didn't know what she said but he liked what he was seeing, his tail thumping happily on the floor. It was difficult to say who was more turned on - Tiffany, Tim or Max.

Tiffany slid her panties to the ground and let her hand slip legs. She had gone totally animal. There was no hesitation, no second guessing. There was only lust and hard cock that she needed to satisfy. And she didn't care if it was Tim's or Max's. She wanted both.

She sat on the floor with her back propped up against the sofa, her legs spread open and patting her pussy. "Here Max" she called, hoping he would get the idea. The big lab got up and made his way to this wonderful female. "Good boy" she said as her fingers tickled her clit and then dove into her waiting pussy. "Lick." Max didn't need to be told twice. He knew what he wanted and it was exactly what she hoped for.

The lab crawled forward and settled between Tiffany's legs. He lay on the ground, his paws draped across her open legs and moved his nose to her alluring scent. Tiffany reached down and spread her pussy open giving Max total access to her clit. Suddenly his tongue was working across her lips - alternating between soft and sweet and urgent. "Oh God that feels good" she gasped. It was obvious Max loved the taste of his new partner. His tongue swiped across the length of her pussy, licking her lips, playing with her clit. He loved the taste. Tiffany was in heaven, lost in the sensation of Max's tongue.

She reached down with her hand and patted his head. "Good boy" she said. "Oh my God you have me so hot. Lick me Max. Please lick me". Not only did the dog make her hot but he brought back all the loving feelings of her own Max of her youth. The emotions were overwhelming.

The visual set her on fire. A dog was between her legs licking her and she was begging him for more. What kind of slut was she. She didn't care. With the first sensation of his tongue on her throbbing pussy, Tiffany was in heaven. She couldn't believe how wonderful his tongue felt. She loved his long laps of her clit. No one, man or woman had ever eaten her pussy like this. Tiffany had surrendered control and was completely submitted to this wonderful dog. She stroked his head and encouraged him to continue. If he kept this up much longer, she was definitely going to cum.

Tim was beside himself - laying back in his chair, pants around his knees, he was watching the most erotic thing he had ever seen. He was stroking his hard cock utterly turned on by the scene in front of him. He had never seen a woman this beautiful and he never imagined he'd see one in his living room begging his dog to fuck her. He stroked his cock faster. This was a perfect fantasy. He was ready.

Tiffany looked away from her K9 lover and saw Tim running his hand over his his hard dick.. It was huge - bigger than any man she had ever had. It was obviously hard as a rock and thick. His length surprised her. "Oh God" she thought "Two magnificent cocks and they are all mine." Max continued his relentless licking and she lost it. "I'm cumming" she shouted. Her legs trembled and fell wide open. Her body shuttered and a violent orgasm unlike any she ever had washed over her. She was gripping for the carpet and screaming in joy. "Oh God, I'm cumming". It was everything she had hoped for. And the best lay ahead.

Even after her orgasm subsided, Max continued his oral attack. As Tiffany looked over to Tim, she

could see he was also headed towards an enormous climax. She moved Max aside and crawled to Tim's lap, Her tongue started licking at his balls and he let out a groan. She gently replaced his hand with her own. She was stunned by his size. It was so thick she couldn't even get her fingers all the way around him. And his length.....wow. Tiffany took up where he left off, stroking him towards completion. She looked up at his face and could tell he was close. A quick smile crossed her lips and she leaned forward closing her mouth around the enormous dick jerking it into her mouth. It didn't take Tim long to respond.

Tiffany's skilled attention to his dick sent Tim over the edge. His breathing became quick and his body stiffened. She knew what was next, or so she thought. "If you keep doing that you're going to make me cum in your mouth" he shouted. Tiffany moaned in sweet approval and sucked with even more enthusiasm. "Oh God" Tim cried. "Oh God." Tiffany went deep taking all she could of him, all the way to the back of her throat. . Tim exploded in a torrent of cum. Tiffany thought she was drowning but if she was going to die, this is the way she wanted to go. His jets of cum were enormous and filled her mouth more than she had ever known. She swallowed as fast as she could but long strands of cum escaped the sides of her mouth.. She was in heaven.

Tiffany slowed her rhythm as Tim's contractions subsided and held him in her mouth utterly satisfied by the enormous load he had given her. Tim was stunned. No woman had ever done this for him and he was shocked that she could take it all. Erotic didn't begin to describe what was happening. He collapsed back against the chair. She licked his still erect cock, lapping up all the cum that had escaped her mouth and kissed the end of his dick. "Thank you" she said smiling at a destroyed and happy Tim. She returned her attentions to Max! It was time to take care of his magnificent dick.

Tiffany was hot, wet and out of control. She had an enormous cock explode in the mouth but now she needed to feel that dog cock in her. She needed to surrender to his lust. She needed to live her fantasy.

Tiffany crawled back to where Max was sitting, took his head lovingly in her hands and spoke to him. " Fuck me. Please fuck me" she implored. She was wanton. "I want to feel you deep in me. She stared into Max's eyes and begged. " I want your dog cock pounding me. Please?"

Tim was still recovering from the unbelievable blow job but her words immediately aroused him again. A dream come true, he thought. She was everything he could have asked for - beautiful, charming, classy and sexually wild. He liked her more every minute,

Tiffany got to her hands and knees, doggie style, in front of Max. Images of the videos she had seem raced through her head. Now it was her turn. She felt so nasty and sexy offering herself to Max. She hoped he knew what to do.

Max approached her from behind, curious about her scent. His big tongue once again was attacking her pussy. Tifrfany moaned in pleasure. His tongue worked its way along her pussy and up further to her ass. No one had ever done this to her! She moaned in the new found sensations. God this was hot!. But was he going to mount? She had seen so many films where the girl knelt there while a dog fumbled and never figured out what to do. That would be so horrible, she thought. It would leave her feeling stupid, or even worse.

As she contemplated the possibilities, her concerns were resolved, in a big way. Suddenly. Max jumped on her back, his legs gripping her hips tight as he thrust against her, trying to find her pussy. Tiffany was lost in the feelings of his weight on her back, his paws pulling her close with lust, and a steady poking of his cock trying to hit home. His chest was on her back, his crotch against her ass. She was enveloped in warm soft fur. It felt wonderful.

Max gave her no time to think about the situation. After a few probes, his dick found the mark and Max quickly thrust his cock into Tiffany's waiting and wanting pussy. His powerful thrust stole her breath away. There was no lead up, there were no niceties – Max wanted to fuck her. His dick was buried in in this girl and instinct took control. He was going to fuck her – hard.

He didn't care about her blond hair. He didn't care about her thigh highs or high heels. All Max cared about was fucking this warm wet pussy. All he cared about was slamming his dick deep into this bitch and filling her with cum. That was all Tiffany cared about as well.

"Oh God", she gasped.. "Oh my God". Max started thrusting his dick deep into her. She couldn't believe it. "I have a dog dick in me" she howled. She sure did. Max was driving himself completely into her, knot and all. As he pounded her wetness Tiffany was lost in the sensations. She could feel his cock reaching deep inside her and his knot was beginning to grow. She swooned at the sensations, remembering images of the girls she had seen on the computer. She was now a dog slut and loved it.

This wasn't a fantasy any more. This was a hot powerful dog cock urgently pounding into her and she was loving it – more than she imagined. Max 's legs gripped even tighter at her hips, drawing her closer so that he could get his hard cock even deeper into to Tiffany's waiting pussy. His body covered her back and his head was hanging over her shoulder, panting his lust in her ear. Tiffany was so swept away by the erotic sensations that she came in an instant. "Oh my God. Fuck me, fuck me!. Give me all that dick" she screamed, in a voice she had never heard. The giant orgasm exploded in her. "I'm cumming. I'm cumming!" as she shook violently.

Tiffany was in heaven. Max was ravaging her just how she wanted it.. He was enormous, his hot cock driving deep into her and his knot expanding inside.. Tiffany surrendered to his lust. She completely gave up control of her body to the K9 onslaught. She let go control of her body, of her brain, of her emotions – and gave herself over completely to Max. "Fuck me. Give me all that dog dick" she shouted. "Oh God Max, give it all to me." Tiffany's legs spread even wider. Her pussy opened even more, spreading wide to take the full length of him deep inside. His length reached places no man had ever reached. His knot filled her in delicious ways, stretching her full and rubbing her G spot like never before. "Oh, Max. I love it. I love feeling you inside of me. Oh God, I love dog cock". She exclaimed in wonderment. The passionate admission triggered a second orgasm that broke over her, her entire body shook. She was cumming on a dog dick and it was more intense than she could have imagined.

Tim froze. This was incredible and it wasn't a dream, it was happening right in front of him. All his lustful fantasies were being played out on the carpet and he was watching his dog fuck the most beautiful girl ever. And she was begging for more.

Max was slowing his thrusts and Tiffany knew what that meant. She had the best orgasms of her life and her mind was swimming with the realization that the giant dog dick inside her was the cause. Now, he was going to fill her with cum. Delicious.

She had always enjoyed the emotions of submission and surrender. But now, she was completely surrendered to this big dog cock buried deep inside her. She wanted every inch, and more. "Oh" she exclaimed and she felt Max start to cum inside her. His cum was hot. " Fill me Max. Fill me with all your cum. I want every drop." She had a dog in her and she wanted all his cum. She really was a dog slut – and she loved it. "Oh God, shoot it all in me" she cried. Then she said it. The final submission. " Oh Max – I'm totally yours" and she pushed her pussy back to take him even deeper. Her hand slipped to her pussy and she was quickly playing with her clit. It didn't take long before Tiffany was crying out another orgasm. "I love it. I love your cock" she screamed. "I'm cumming again. I can't



stop cumming". She was rocked by the intensity and collapsed forward, her hips in the air presenting her pussy to this beast while her head fell to the carpet, her hands stretched out in front. The sudden shift of her position caused Max's giant knot and dick slid out. His cum ran like a river down her thighs.

Tiffany was in a daze. She could feel Max behind her lapping at her pussy and ass. How perfect was this she wondered. She had been ravaged, just the way she hoped. Max's dick felt huge and he had pounded her in a relentless way that she could only have dreamed. And now he's cleaning her up. She was happy.

Catching her breath, she started to come back to her senses. But that was going to be a temporary thing.

Tiffany rolled over to gaze at Max. He was standing just a few feet away and he shocked her. No longer was he a big dopey funny dog. He stood there strong, powerful and very male - his big cock throbbed pendulously under him. Tiffany wasn't scared, she was captivated. That entire thing was in her she marveled. His dick was substantial. The shaft was long and fat, thickly veined and throbbing. No wonder he made her cum so hard. His knot was the size of a fist. Only a submissive dog slut would dare take that monster. "Anytime" she thought. "Anytime".

look. She slid her head slightly under his body. His dick was beautiful. Strong and masculine, she thought. And she was a soft little girl whose job it was to make dicks happy. She loved the job.

In a moment of instinct, she moved her mouth closer to this red dog cock. Her tongue slipped out to take a tentative lick along the side. Tiffany was caught up in the moment - she was under a dog and licking his cock. She wanted to experience more. Max's cock had a slightly different taste than a man's but she found it terrific. Her tentative licks became more. She moved closer and opened her lips slightly. Tiffany let the dogs hot cock slip across her tongue and deep into her mouth. Her lips circled gently around the throbbing dick as her inner voice screamed with delight. She was making small involuntary noises of lust and pleasure as she drew him deep into her mouth. His cum was warm and continuous. With each squirt, she let out a moan of pleasure. She loved the feel of a cock shooting in her mouth but this time, instead of 15 seconds of cum like a man, she was being rewarded with non-stop jets of cum. Tiffany swallowed quickly, not wanting to let this delicious dick escape her mouth. She sucked and Max came. It went on for a very long time which is just what she wanted.

Tim was speechless. What he was seeing was way beyond anything he every imagined or hoped for. Tiffany was sucking his dog and she obviously loved it. So did Max. And so did he. This was unbelievable. "God, you look like you're enjoying that" he blurted out. Tiffany reached up and pulled the giant dog dick from her mouth. " I love it. Do you like watching? Is this OK?" she asked. She really didn't care what he said. She was lost in this delicious experience and Max wasn't complaining either. " If you like it, I'm OK with it. You look fabulous and Max seems happy" he responded.

Tiffany smiled a sexy and wicked smile and went back to her task. "I'm under a dog, sucking his big dick. He has a giant load of cum in there and I'm begging him for every drop" Just the thought made her cum again, her body shaking and groaning as Max's cock continued to fill her mouth to overflowing.

After many minutes of holding his throbbing, ejaculating dick in her mouth, Tiffany had a sense that Max was winding down. She let his cock slip from her lips and gave it a final kiss. Max laid down on his side seeming happy with his new friend. Tiffany was more physically and emotionally content than she could remember. She cuddled next to Max, his fur lined against her body. Tim saw the pair and went to get a blanket for the lovers. When he returned, he covered the two. Tiffany grabbed his

hand and pulled him close. "Lay with us" she asked. Tim happily lay close in behind her, feeling her body pressed to his. . Tiffany felt safe and loved, surrounded by her boys. "You know" Tim said softly, "he'll probably be ready again in a few hours". She turned and smiled at him. "Me too" she whispered as she dozed off. . She'd never been happier and Tim knew he had found his girl.

~~~~~

## Part 8

Tiffany slept a deep and wonderful sleep, with visions of Max in her head. When she awoke she felt more satisfied than she could remember. She was a very happy girl. Tim had apparently gotten up and was not where to be seen. She pulled the blanket around her and went to the kitchen. He was quietly sitting with a cup of coffee.

"Hey, you're up" he said with a smile." God she looks stunning even in a blanket, he thought. Tiffany walked over to Tim and gave him a soft slow kiss. She liked kissing this man. She stood behind him and wrapped her arms around his neck, laying her head on his strong shoulders and hanging dreamily to his body. " How long have I been sleeping" she asked. "Only about an hour" It had seemed like all night. "Listen, I have an early flight to catch and if you spend the night here, I won't get a minute of sleep" Tiffany had planned to stay overnight but she understood. Besides, what a nice compliment, she thought, kissing his cheek as she went to the bathroom to clean up.

She checked her face in the mirror - what a mess. Her lip stick was smeared from all the attention she gave Max's cock, and her hair all a wreck - she looked like a woman who had been ravaged. She hated the look but loved the feeling. She had all she needed in her over nite kit and she decided to wash off all the make up and go "au natural". The warmth of the shower was soothing to her thoroughly used body. She dried off, pulled a brush through her hair and quickly slipped on her dress again. It was time to go although she didn't want to.

Tim walked her to the front door with Max tagging along. He was as sorry to see her go as she was to leave. Tim placed his hands gently on her shoulders and looks deep into her eyes. "Thanks". She understood what he was saying. She slid her hand behind his head and drew him close. She kissed him. This time she really kissed him. His arms wrapped around her and she melted into his hold. She smiled and said "I should be thanking you! You boys know how to take care of a girl." and knelt down to scratch Max's ears. "And thank you too!". She kissed his nose. "You were great"

As she stood, she placed her hands on Tim's shirt, brushing it out. "Maybe next time we can switch things up? she asked coyly. She was hoping there would be a next time and she was fishing for an answer. "And what are you proposing for the next time?" he asked with a slight grin. Tiffany was thrilled. This wasn't going to be a one time thing. "Well, maybe you can pound me doggie style while I suck Max". The directness and heat of the comment made Tim chuckle. "Sounds like a plan. I can't wait". Neither could she. He gave her a quick kiss and she was off.

Tiffany arrived back at the office at about 11that night. Denise was alarmed that she had returned so quickly. "Is everything all right" she asked. "Are you OK? I thought you were spending the night" She was concerned. Tiffany tried to act nonchalant. "Yeah everything is fine. He just had an early flight and wanted to get a nights sleep. That's all". Denise still hadn't heard anything about the obvious. "So how did things go?". Denise was curious about her clients satisfaction but also about the dog. Tiffany wasn't ready to tell the woman her real feelings about it. "Yeah, well we got through it. I think he bought the act. I put on a good show for him". She had a far away look in her eyes. Denise had the feeling that she wasn't hearing the entire story but she wasn't going to ask right now. She was back and safe that's what mattered. Tiffany gave her back the car keys and started to

leave. "Hang on a minute" Denise said. She went to the office and returned with an envelop. Tiffany was so distracted reliving the evenings events in her head that she had forgotten about the money. "Here, I hope this is OK" she said handing the girl the envelop. Tiffany didn't even look inside to see how much it was. She would have done it for free! But she could still use the money. The two women hugged. "Thanks" Tiffany said and turned to leave. Denise watched her walk down the street to her car.

"That girl isn't telling me everything" she thought. She hoped her client was happy.

~~~~~

## Part 9

It had been a couple of days since that night with Tim. Tiffany had stayed close to home not really interested in going out. She spent much of the time going over the events of that night. God she loved it. It was so erotic it made her want to scream. She had some of the best sex of her life with a dog, and she wanted it again. She got goosebumps thinking about it. And Tim - what a great guy. There was something about him that she really liked.

The experience had some interesting residual effects. First, Max was so big in her that she could still feel him a day later. That was hot. Suddenly the world took on a new texture. She walked down her block and saw new potential lovers everywhere - at the end of a leash. She wondered if the women walking the dogs had the same experiences as her. She'd sneak glances at the dogs sheath wondering how big he was and how good did he fuck. It was fun.

Laying around for several days was too long and she decided to drop by the house and see the girls. They were all talking a mile a minute in the livingroom, comparing notes on some of their recent clients. She couldn't tell them that the best lover she ever had was a dog she met a few nights ago, so she made up some stories about previous clients. In the office, Denise thought she heard Tiffany's voice and came out to see. "Tiffany, can I talk to you a moment?" They went into the office together and shut the door.

Denise flopped down into her chair and just stared across the desk at Tiffany. Not an angry stare but a look of amazement. "What on earth did you do to that guy the other evening?" she asked. Tiffany thought something was wrong. "Nothing. Why? We just did our scene and I left" she said defensively. "Well, he called this morning and didn't stop talking for 10 minutes. He said it was the most unbelievable night of his life. He wouldn't stop talking about how fantastic and special you are. What the heck did you do?" Tiffany was relieved that there was nothing wrong and she liked that he thought she was special. "I only did what we discussed. That's all. I sold him the fantasy, just like you tell us to do." she said.

Denise got up from her desk and walked around to where Tiffany was standing. She spent a moment looking into her eyes. She had been in this business a long time and learned how to read people well. But she couldn't get a read on this girl. She sat back on the edge of the desk and started. "Sweetheart, I like you. But there's something you're not telling me. And if we are going to work together, we have to trust each other - no secrets. At least not about the work" The room fell silent and Denise watched and waited for an answer. Tiffany felt like Denise could see right through her and as embarrassing as it was, she had to admit the truth. "OK.....OK but you have to do me one favor. Please don't tell the other girls anything about any of this. I don't want them to change their opinion of me. I don't want them thinking I'm disgusting. Please?" she pleaded.

"I told you, this one is just between us. No one else needs to know anything. But I need to be clear about what's going on". It was time to admit her secret. Now, there would be someone else who

knew of her desires. Maybe that would be nice for a change.

She took a deep breath and started. "When you asked me about having sex with a dog, I nearly died. It's been my one real fantasy. The other evening I had the opportunity to live it .... and I loved it!" she blurted out. So, this was what she was holding back. Denise had been around the sex industry long enough to see everything. She was completely non-judgemental and even appreciated all the various potentials of sex. "It was amazing. I was completely swept away by the experience. There was no need to fake the enjoyment, I was totally turned on and had the best sex I've ever had. I can't even count the number of orgasms." There it was. Tiffany was embarrassed yet she liked hearing herself admit it out loud. She lifted her gaze from the floor to Denise's face, hoping to see something other than revulsion.

A small smile crossed Denise's face. She extended her arms and wrapped them around the girl. "Am I a freak?" Tiffany asked. Denise swept the hair from across the embarrassed girl's face. "No. You're not a freak. Not at all" she assured her. "Look, people are amazing. They enjoy all sorts of sex and all variations. That's just human nature. That doesn't make anyone a freak. Besides, sex with a dog is a very common fantasy with women" she explained.

"I'm proud of you" she said. Tiffany looked at her in stunned amazement. "Really? Why?" The older woman tried to explain her years of experience to the girl. "Because you're strong. Too many people are scared about their sexuality. They never allow themselves to explore their own desires. I guess they are afraid it might change the way they see themselves or how the world sees them." Tiffany's blue eyes sparkled. "Exactly! How did you know?" She said. She was so relieved that someone understood.

Denise continued "But you have the inner strength to let yourself live and explore all the facets of life and sex without it hurting you. Without judgment. That's a rare gift" Tiffany lept into the woman's arms and held her tight. Any self doubt or shame was swept away by Denise's words. "Thank you. Thank you so much" Tiffany cried.

Denise took the girl's face softly in her hands and said "He's right you know". "Who's right?" "Tim. He's right when he says you're very special." Tiffany smiled a grateful smile. For the first time, she noticed just how beautiful Denise was and how safe and loved she made her feel. Denise moved close and gently gave her a long slow, loving kiss. Tiffany melted happily in to the embrace. Her body relaxed into Denise's arms and a small moan escaped her lips. There was real emotion exchanged in that kiss. Then, a brief swap of tongues and the moment was over. But it wouldn't be forgotten, she thought. "Now, get your butt out of my office and let me do some work". Denise playfully swatted the girl on the rear and Tiffany left smiling and very happy. Denise watched her walk down the hall singing with a bounce in her step. Yeah, very special indeed.

~~~~~

## Part 10

Summer was a bit of a slow time so Tiffany took every opportunity to hang at the house. It had become a place where the girl felt at home and comfortable. The other girls were like family .... sort of. It was late in the afternoon on a Saturday and Tiffany was lying naked with Allison in the rear bedroom. Tiffany had become close to Allison over the summer and they had started a physical relationship as well as a friendship. The sex was great. And after several hours of fun they were lying in bed talking and laughing. Allison was still wearing her strap-on which bounced with any movement on the bed. Tiffany thought this was hilarious and her laughter just kept feeding the bouncing more.

"There you are" said Denise as she walked into the room. She smiled and laughed a bit at the sight of the strap on and the silliness and sexiness of the two girls. "Tiffany, I've booked you a date that I'd like to discuss. In my office". There was something in Denise's voice, or maybe a look on her face. Something was up and she quickly realized what it was! Scrambling to the office, she closed the door. "He called again. He wants to see you". Tiffany's heart leapt. "When?" "Tomorrow night around 6pm"

Denise was captured by the young girls enthusiasm. The two women locked eyes. Nothing needed to be said. A hundred thoughts were exchanged without a word. Denise came to her side and stroked her hair. She smiled "Have fun!" and sent Tiffany on her way.

The next day the time dragged on endlessly. Tiffany thought that 6 o'clock would never get here. She was excited and impatient. She laughed at her own feelings - impatient to have sex with a dog! The day was spent wondering what to wear and how to approach things. She was excited about the sex, that was for sure. But she wanted to make an impression on Tim. She found that she really liked their time together. Not just the sex but the lounging around discussing wine, baseball and all that they discussed. Should she come in like a sexual harlot and just start in or would that put him off? Should she play coy? That would be a pretty hard to sell - after all, he had seen her begging Max to fuck her. Should she dress up? Should she go casual?. What the hell - she decided to stop worrying and just be herself and today she was in a relaxed mood. She was happy to be seeing her boys again.

She settled on her best pair of black denim pants and a sleeveless form fitting red top. That was sort of summery she thought. She pulled her hair back in a pony tail to show off her shoulders and back a bit more. A glance at the clock showed that it was time to go. Finally!.

The drive to Tim's place the last time seemed long and slow. The entire way she was in a haze of lust and anxiety. Now, she was happy, light and carefree as if she was going to visit friends. She liked the feeling. She pulled into Tim's drive and parked next to his collection of cars. Tim liked his cars - all kinds. He had several luxury cars like his Jag and Benz. And he had a Bugatti that was beautiful and fast. And a few everyday cars as well for when he wanted to just cruise around town without attracting attention.

Tiffany honked the horn to announce her arrival and jumped out of the car. The front door to the house opened and out bounded Max. He came running towards the girl obviously happy to see her again. He couldn't be any happier than she was. Tiffany knelt down to meet him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him close. "Hey! How are you?" she said. "Yeah it's good to see you too!". Tim came walking out and made his way to the duo, enjoying the visual of the two of them together and the erotic undertone knowing what was to come. "Looks like he's happy to see you" he said watching the two of them greeting each other. "I know I am" he smiled. Tiffany jumped to her feet and launched herself into Tim's arms. She grabbed around his neck and wrapped her legs around his waist. It caught him by surprise, but it was a pleasant and welcome surprise. "'Hi!" she said and gave him a quick kiss.

Feet on the ground again, she stepped back. "I hope this is OK? I wasn't sure what to wear". The girl searched his face for some kind of approval. He paused and let his gaze run all over her. Tiffany did a little pirouette so he could get the full effect. Geez, she even makes jeans look sexy, he thought. Smiling his approval, he told her she looked terrific. She was happy.

"I was thinking we'd get some dinner and then maybe come back here" he announced. Tiffany chimed in "let's go real casual". Tim was rich and had been for a while. His lifestyle had changed dramatically. So had his perspective. Before the money, his tastes were pretty simple but after that he always seemed to be out to the finest restaurants. Even casual dining was elegant, People always excerpted him to go high class and that was OK, he figured, he had an image now. It had been a long

time since he had really gone “casual” the way most people think of it.

“What did you have in mind? I know this little place that makes a wonderful Cog au Vin and their wine list is terrific”. Tiffany looked at him and smiled – “How are your pool skills?”. “Pool? As in billiards? I’m kind of rusty” Tim said. “It’s been a while” “And I assume you eat pizza” she continued. “Yeah, it’s been a while for that too but I consider myself a pizza aficionado” he declared. “I was in this place in Naples once .....” Tiffany laughed. “Well, it’s not Naples but I know a great little neighborhood bar, sort of a dive place, fairly close by. The crowd is nice and I know the owner. They make the best pizza in the area and they have a pool table. Lets get a pepperoni and a couple of beers while I kick your butt at 8-ball”. She wasn’t sure how this was going to go over. She hoped that in her enthusiasm she hadn’t made a mistake and lost sight of her client. Pizza, beer and 8-ball. Tim hadn’t had a night like that since his college days. He didn’t realize how much he missed that until Tiffany suggested it.

“OK. Let me put Max inside and get the keys to the Jag and we can go”. “Nope” she said kneeling next to Max, patting his head. “We’re not leaving him home alone. He’s coming with us”. Tim just stared. “Look, I know the owner. He loves dogs and occasionally lets people bring them in if they are well behaved. He’s not supposed to but no one cares.” Coming to Tim’s side she continued, “So, go get his eating bowl and leash and grab the keys to the jeep.” Tim had a Wrangler, the traditional kind with the soft top that he rarely put up. “Don’t you want to take the Jag” he asked. Tiffany pulled a baseball cap from her back pocket. She tugged the cap on, looping her ponytail through the hole in the back. God, she looked adorable, he thought. “Nope, I like the Jeep”. She called to Max and the two scrambled to the car. Tim was liking this girl more every minute.

The drive to the bar was quick. Max was buckled into the back seat and sat happily as the wind blew in his face. Tiffany rode “shotgun” sitting next to Tim with her legs up, feet on the dash and the wind blowing her golden hair in the sun light. They were a real sight to see. People honked and waved at them as they made their way along the streets to the bar. There was something about it all that touched Tim at his heart – at his soul. It made him genuinely happy in a way he hadn’t been in a very long time. The limo’s and gala’s were nice, he thought, but this was real. It brought back memories and feelings of who he was and how he felt about life before all the money and hoopla. He liked it.

At first glance, from the outside the bar really did look like a dive and it gave Tim a bit of a pause. It had been a while since he’d been in this kind of place. They put a leash on Max and went in. Inside, it wasn’t nearly the dump he thought it was going to be. It wasn’t fancy but the place was friendly and inviting. The bar stretched the length of the long room and there were a number of tables with comfortable chairs facing a wall of televisions. It looked like every sports event in the world was on TV. Sports and auto racing pictures hung everywhere sprinkled between the signs announcing pitchers of all kinds of beer. It reminded him of his own neighborhood bar in college. This place was OK.

“Come on” Tiffany said, taking him by the hand “I’ll introduce you around”. With Max at her side, she lead Tim around the room introducing him to folks. It was an eclectic crowd – locals, a smattering of bikers, a few suits and a lesbian or two – just the kind of mix Tim used to enjoy but hadn’t seen in years, his current world being littered with tuxedo’s and ball gowns. Everything was designer, there were no Levi’s.

The crowd all seemed nice enough but he had to laugh. After a handshake and hello, their attention immediately turned to Max. Everyone loved him and he loved the attention. The women all fell for him, kneeling down to scratch him and talk. Tim gave a quick glance at Tiffany and she returned him a small sheepish smile. Oh, if they only knew.

Eventually, she ran into Dominic, the owner and head pizza maker. She hadn't seen him in quite a while and he grabbed her and gave her a giant bear hug and a kiss on both cheeks. "It's been too long" he said. "Whose the guy" he asked right in front of Tim. He extended his hand and introduced himself as a friend of Tiffany's.

"And who's this guy?" That's Max" she said. Dominic loved dogs. He reached down to pat his head and Max eagerly responded. "He smells the food on my hand" Dom laughed. "What can I get you?" Tim chimed in "I'm told you make the best pizza anywhere." "Pepperoni and extra cheese" he asked looking at Tiffany. "Yeah, the usual" - they laughed. "Oh, and one of your giant burgers" she added. "No fries or anything just the burger". Dom understood but Tim was bewildered. "You're going to eat all that?". "No silly, Max needs dinner too and pizza isn't puppy food!"

Tiffany scooped up a couple of beers from the bar and they grabbed a table in the back of the room. "What do you think? Is this OK?" He gazed around the room taking it all in. "Yeah, this is great". Memories came flooding back. It just felt right to him. The pizza arrived along with Max's burger. Dom placed the burger in the bowl in front of the dog and then tied a plastic bib around his neck. "Can't have him making a mess of himself" he laughed. They all dug in to dinner.

"So, tell me about yourself" Tiffany began. Tim started with some details that sounded like an article from the Wall Street Journal. " No, I mean tell me about you. Where did you grow up? What was your family like? Did you have a girlfriend in high school?" Tim hesitated. As he became wealthy he got very guarded with his personal life. He let very few people in and never revealed much of himself. For all his money, he wasn't sure who he could trust, he explained.

A look of disappointment came over Tiffany's face. Tim looked at her and his heart sank. He through caution to the wind. "But I trust you. I know we don't really know each other well but something tells me I can trust you. I want to". Tiffany smiled. " What happens with us, what you tell me, stays between us" she said. He wasn't sure why but he believed her. It had been a long time since he had someone he liked enough to confide in. They had an instant connection.

The conversation flowed easily, both of them telling their very personal stories and revealing every detail. Tim had been the son of a janitor. He worked as a kid and worked his way through college, getting an MBA. After college, he met a guy who had an idea for a new business and they partnered up. "We got lucky" he said. "Right place and right time. We made a bunch of money and went our different ways".

Since then, life changed dramatically. He had "people" to take care of much of his business and he was surrounded by folks he didn't know, all of whom wanted his time and attention. He didn't trust their motives. And the women - initially there was an endless string of beautiful women. He soon discovered that beauty can be deceiving and he came to trust no one.

He explained that he gave up the dating scene altogether. The women he was meeting only saw him for his money and what he could do for them. It always seemed that it would eventually revealed itself causing him to question their real feelings toward him. So he made a rule that he would only go out with women that were recommended to him by someone he knew. The polish and finesse of the women improved - meeting worldly sophisticated beautiful women - but the end result was the same. They were just really good at "selling the fantasy" he said. But they were not real either.

The quote made Tiffany pause. Is that what he's going to think about me, she wondered? She hated that idea. Maybe that's how the two of them started but she was way beyond that in her feelings for Tim. In a very short time, in one incredible intimate evening, she had come to like this guy. Call it chemistry, call it Kismet it didn't matter. She felt a closeness and love for this guy from the moment

they met. She needed to be open and honest with him, no “selling the fantasy”.

They finished dinner and went to continue the conversation over some 8-ball. A couple of beers arrived that they hadn't ordered. It was just one of the guys buying the bar a round. Tim appreciated that. someone he didn't know bought him a beer and didn't want anything in return. He went over to shake the guys hand and say thanks, then returned to the table.

Tiffany was definitely kicking his ass. That was OK, his ego could take it. While she leaned over the table to make her shots Tim would glance admiringly at her perfect ass. She caught him doing it. “Are you staring at my ass” she asked laughingly? “Are you kidding? Everyone is staring at your ass” he joked. “Well, do you like it?” Whistles and shouts of approval came from across the bar. He chuckled “Yeah, I think everyone likes it.” In a hushed voice that only she could hear, he added “even Max is looking”. She went to Tim and leaned close, “I'm glad you like it” she whispered. “And I love that Max likes it too”. She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and went back to sink the 8-ball.

The night had flowed easily. Tim hadn't had such an intimate and wonderful evening with a woman in forever. And Tiffany loved hearing his stories, hanging on every word. But now it was time. She went over to Max and stroked his head. Tiffany smiled and turned her gaze from Max to Tim. “Take me home”.

~~~~~

## Part 11

The duo and Max said goodbye to everyone, stopping to let everybody pet Max. Last in line was Karen. She was a mid 30's dirty blond who had befriended Tiffany during her toughest times. Karen had her own troubles. Her husband walked out on her and she had been out of work many months. She had taken up full time residence at the bar, often very drunk at the end of the night and going home with whoever would take her. It was temporary positive reinforcement of her self worth, even if it was numbed by an alcohol haze, leaving her feeling even worse in the morning. But Tiffany liked her. She believed Karen had a good heart and just needed to get back on track.

Karen threw her arms around the girl and kissed her cheek. “It's so good to see you again. Don't be a stranger” she said as she knelt next to Max. “You too!” she told him with a smile as she ruffled his fur. Tiffany said goodbye and turned to walk away but as she was leaving she had a strange feeling. There was something unusual in the way Karen had said goodbye to Max. Not what she said but maybe a tone in her voice or her body language towards him. There was something different and she wasn't sure what it was. No matter, they were headed home. That made her smile.

Opening the front door, Max bounded ahead and went to the living room. Tim closed the door and as he turned around, Tiffany grabbed him and kissed him with heart-felt emotion. Tim looked a little stunned. “That was for trusting me enough to talk with me” she said. “And for letting me win at 8 ball” she laughed. “Trust me, you won 8 ball all on your own. You didn't need any help from me” he chuckled. “I sucked”. A mischievous glint flashed across the girl's blue eyes. “Well, now it's my turn to suck”. She dropped to her knees and tore open Tim's belt. Before he even had a chance to register in his mind what was happening, Tiffany had his pants on the floor taking him all in her mouth. Tim let out a moan of pleasure and surrender. “I've been wanting to do this all night” she said, looking him in the eyes as she put him back in her mouth. “Glad I can help” he groaned in amazement as he leaned back against the counter.

Tiffany was a master at oral sex and it was very obvious that she enjoyed every minute of it. His cock swelled to full size challenging her ability to take it in her mouth. “God, I love your cock” she said as



she licked the sides and up to the tip. "You're perfect!" her eyes fixated in wonder at the size of Tim. She had to admit it, she loved 'em big and this guy was perfect - long, without being too long. He could go deep, to the bottom, but without the pain of going too far. And thick. It made it difficult to get her mouth around and she couldn't wait to feel it in her. She was transfixed by this beautiful cock.

Tiffany lavished exquisite attention on Tim, moaning softly as she slid her hand and mouth along his hard manhood. Her fingers went down to caress his balls as she sucked, causing Tim to whisper "oh, yes". Then she replaced her fingers with her tongue, taking his balls into her warm mouth and licking all those sensitive spots she liked finding while stroking his ever hardening rod.. Tim let out a groan as he looked down to watch this beautiful girl work her magic. Women had performed oral on him in the past but no woman had done it with such joy and skill before. He was harder than he had ever been. Tim closed his eyes, lost in the eroticism and intimacy of it all.

Tiffany's attention suddenly stopped and he opened his eyes to see her standing up. "What are we doing?" he asked. He really didn't want her to stop but she obviously had other plans. Tiffany took him by the hand and said "I told you last time". In his condition, Tim could hardly form words much less remember "last time". Then it clicked, what she said when she left. "I told you, I want you to pound me hard while I suck Max." Tim was numb. Every nerve ending was buzzing. Hearing her say it now nearly drove him over the edge. "Come on" she laughed as he shuffled to the living room, his pants still around his knees.

Max had found his spot beside Tim's chair and was patiently waiting. Tim shuffled in, laughing but in complete heat. Tiffany guided him to his chair and pushed him down into the seat. God, he's a nice guy, she thought as she chuckled at the sight of him struggling to get his pants off over his sneakers. She had her boys in place. Showtime!

Tiffany stood in the middle of the floor, the plush carpet covering the oak floors in front of the fireplace. This tease wasn't going to last very long, she thought to herself. She was wearing no underwear, a fact Tim and Max were both keenly aware of throughout the evening. She went and turned on the radio - any music was going to be fine, she thought. The music was perfect - slow and sensual. Marvin Gaye singing sexual healing. Oh, how she agreed with that idea. All three of them needed some of that healing right now.

She let her body move to the music. Tim watched and thought how fluid her movements were. It was like watching liquid sex. She slowly peeled off her top. She had on a form fitting top that clung to her breasts, showing off her nipples for everyone to see. She liked the attention. The top clung tightly to her mid-section, showing off her tiny waist and long flat stomach that lead down. Tim watched as she drew the top over her head baring her perfect breasts.

Tiffany let her hands trace the lines of her body, along her waist and across her stomach, eventually cupping her full breasts. She gave her nipples a slight pinch and looked at her boys for their reaction. She knew what it was going to be but she liked the feedback. Tim just shook his head slightly and said "Perfect". Max slapped his tail on the floor in appreciation.

She turned from them and slid her jeans down - she had no underwear - and that incredible ass that Tim had stared at all night was on full display. Tiffany leaned down keeping her legs straight, and pulled her jeans off over her feet - her ass pushed back open to her admiring audience. She turned slowly and stood silently with her hands at her side. Tim was absolutely captivated. She was a complete work of art. She could see the appreciation as his eyes slowly wandered over her body, drinking in every inch of her beauty. Max barked his approval. She felt, sexy, beautiful, safe and loved. And she felt horny as hell.

First things first, she thought. She sat on the floor with her back propped up against the sofa. She needed to feel Max's tongue again. Right now. She patted her stomach and called to the lab to come over. Max didn't need to be told twice. He knew exactly what he wanted and fortunately, it was what she desired as well. The big dog settled between her legs, his nose inches from her. His tongue lashed out, swiping along her lips and clit. The feeling was electric and she responded immediately. "Oh yeah" she whimpered. "Good boy". Max seemed to understand and pressed the attack, alternating between pushing his long wet tongue inside her and his long, slow delicious laps at her clit. Tiffany was in heaven and losing control fast. She looked down and saw this beautiful dog making her crazy and melted under his wonderful oral attack. Her hands slipped to her breasts, squeezing them gently and plucking at her sensitive nipples. "Oh, God Max." she cried. Her legs spread wide to give him full access to her.

Tim was in stunned disbelief. He had seen Tiffany do this before with Max but it still was a stunning visual. He sat in the chair striking his rock hard cock. He wasn't going to last long watching this. His strokes became faster and he let out several passionate moans. Lost in her own world of passion, Tim's utterances cut through the lustful haze of Tiffanys delight. She looked up and could see that Tim was close. Real close. She really had hoped for a different ending but this was just as good. Her desires drove her to his lap. Encircling his dick in her mouth, she loved the feeling of this throbbing member. Tim lost it. All the sexual innuendo tonight, all the verbal foreplay, all the time watching her and Max was just too much and he exploded uncontrollably. Tiffany was in heaven, this large dick shooting stream after stream of cum and she was sucking and swallowing as fast as she could. God, this was terrific, she thought. She loved it. She held Tim lovingly in her mouth until her was finished and then kissed his cock appreciatively.

"That was great" she told him, holding him in her hand and kissing his cock gently. "I had hoped for a different ending but that was fabulous. I love when you do that" she declared. Tim wasn't quite as naive as he appeared. He knew that he was with a scorching hot young woman who he may not be able to keep up with - not without a little help. He had taken one of those "little blue pills" earlier in the evening, something he had never done before and he could feel the effects. It was as if his cock had a mind of its own and it was obviously not ready to quit. "Don't worry" he assured her "We have a long way to go". Tiffany was thrilled. His big cock wasn't going limp at all. He still had a lot left in him and she knew that it would take a while before he climaxed again. It would take lots of stroking, lots of thrusting, lots of pounding before he would cum again- just what she wanted. Yeah, this was going to be a great night.

She turned her attention to Max and smiled. What a great dog. What a great lover. He sat waiting patiently for her to return so they could resume their activity. How great was that, she thought. Tiffany crawled to him lost in the lust of the moment. She pushed him over and started to stroke his belly. Max happily complied, laying on his back with his legs spread surrendering himself to her.

Tiffany crawled to his side and started stroking his chest and stomach, her face close to his, calling out his name. "I love you, Max" she whispered. "You're such a good boy" she repeated as she caressed his belly. The sexual tension was thick. All three of them knew what was coming and they all wanted it.

Tiffany realized that she had sucked Max before but never from start to finish. She had never seen him in anything other than a fully erect state. She was curious. Slowly, gently she let her hand slide over his sheath. Her gaze went from his eyes to his crotch where her hand had fully surrounded him. She slid her head down to get a closer look. The end of his red cock was pointing out but she wanted more. A few fumbling moves and she quickly figured out how to slide his sheath back and expose all of his cock.

All those things she had read and seen kicked in as she held him in her hand. She grabbed him firmly behind the knot and started to squeeze in rhythmically. She was surprised by the size of him. She had seen him fully erect but never flaccid. He actually wasn't too big, which excited her. That meant that he was going to grow tremendously in response to her touch. She loved that idea - getting him hot and feeling him get big and hard in her hand and mouth. The thought was magnetic and her mouth slowly enveloped the red hot dog cock.

She remembered all she had read - be gentle. Slow and easy is what he'll like orally. She loved the thought. That way she would always be aware of what she was doing and how hot and nasty it was. Tiffany sucked Max and it was only a matter of moments before she felt him start to shoot jets of cum into her mouth. She was in heaven, swallowing as fast as she could. She didn't want to lose a drop. His dick grew at an astonishing rate, the knob growing in her hand to the size of a fist and the shaft thickening and elongating to that beautiful size she had remembered. He was big, hot hard and she wanted it all. She was lost in the idea of sucking this dog.

Visions of the mpegs she had seen on line ran through her head of the girls all sucking their k9 partners and now she was one of them. She was thrilled. Max's big rod was unleashing load after load in the girls mouth as she moaned her appreciation with every stream. She loved sucking his cock but soon discovered something special. Each time she let her tongue tickle and caress his tip, he would shoot cum almost in appreciation. She had found a way to give herself a treat. She would suck him slow and deep, reveling in the feeling of Max deep in her mouth and when she wanted a reward for her efforts, she'd lick his tip and get a nice load as a thank you. Oh, this was too good to be true, she thought.

Lost in the lust of Max's cock, Tiffany had completely forgotten about Tim - but not for long. Tim had been watching the two of them together - this beautiful girl sucking his dog, and he was hot and ready. Tim knelt behind Tiffany and pulled her hips up to meet him. She had forgotten about him but now all she wanted was to feel him pound her.

Tim was rock hard and slid himself easily into her waiting pussy. Tiffany gasped at his size as he spread her wide and filled her up. "Oh yeah" she pleaded. "Fuck me". Tim didn't need to be asked twice. He grabbed her by the hips and started rocking into her. Tiffany was in heaven. Tim's hard dick filled her while she sucked Max's hot cock. She let out a loud groan - she was cumming, loving these two enormous cocks.

Tiffany totally surrendered to the lust of these two wonderful males. She was theirs, body and soul. Her job was to make those dicks hot and happy and she loved the job. Max was flooding her mouth with cum while Tim stroked her from behind. "Fuck me hard" she implored Tim. "Oh God, fuck me hard".

Tim sped up his thrusts and Tiffany groaned gratefully. He was beyond hot. His entire body was alive like never before. This beautiful girl was sucking his dog while he fucked her. The vision was more that he could bear. He held out as long as he could - a good long time he figured. Finally, he came, letting out a loud groan and shooting a giant load into Tiffany. She could feel his throbbing cock cum deep inside her as Max finished in her mouth. Her own orgasm exploded, wracking her body with tremors.

Tiffany collapsed to the carpet as satisfied as she had ever been. Tim looked at her lying on the floor, exhausted and happy. This girl and her fantastic sexuality had given him one of the most extraordinary nights of his life. He let her rest a moment and gently reached down to give her a hand up. She was wobbly on her legs and there was a look of spent passion and satisfaction in her eyes. Tim took her to bed and the two of them crawled in together, cuddling and enjoying the after

glow of a fabulous evening. Little did he know.

Tim slept the sleep of death. He hadn't slept like since he was a kid. Still, there was something that woke him in the middle of the night - a noise or something. He reached for Tiffany to pull her close but she was gone. And then he heard it. The sound.

Tim slowly made his way back to the living room as quietly as he could. He was met with a vision that made his heart race. Tiffany was on her knees draped over the hassock with Max on her back pounding himself into her. She tried to muffle her cries of joy and lust into the pillow to no avail. Max's big cock was in her driving relentlessly deep into the young girl. His every thrust shook her body and made her groan in passion. Max was fucking her hard - and she was loving it. Tiffany couldn't smother it anymore and didn't care. "Oh God, Max. Fuck me. Fuck me hard" she cried as the dog pounded into her. She could feel him thrusting deep into her, his knot massaging her g-spot to orgasm after orgasm. "Oh God, I can't stop cumming" she Cried. 'It feels so good!'. Tim watched as her body shook repeatedly in violent wonderful response to Max's assault. Tiffany grasped and clutched at the hassock and rug for support. He couldn't help but think how great they looked together - her beautiful white body surrendering to Max and his powerful black fur gripping her tightly as he pounded himself mercilessly into the girl. They obviously both loved it. Tim felt like the luckiest guy alive. So did Max.

Tim watched as the duo finished and Max withdrew going to his corner. Tiffany was spent, unable to move and unaware that Tim had been watching. He slowly walked to the girl and lifted her into his arms, cradling her limp spent body. "I'm sorry" she said. Tim didn't understand. "For what?". "I couldn't help it. I needed to feel him inside of me so bad." Tim gently kissed her cheek. " You have no idea how hot that was to watch. I love that you needed to be with Max." He kissed her again, "you really are very special". Tim carried her back to bed and lay close to her as she dozed off to sleep. This girl was magic, he thought.

~~~~~

## Part 12

Tim had nothing on his calendar for the next day. He was up before Tiffany and he thought he'd just let her sleep in. Her naked body was stretched out on the bed and he paused to drink in every inch of the beauty. He smiled to himself and pulled a sheet over the young girl, then went to the kitchen. Tim had always enjoyed puttering around the kitchen and prided himself on having some cooking skills. He put on the coffee and decided to make some blueberry muffins - little bite sized ones. He liked them as snacks during the week.

The morning sun streamed through the windows and a warm breeze made the air clean and comforting. Tim sat content at the table having his coffee and reading the paper. His house seemed filled with a new found warmth and happiness that he liked. He always liked his house but now, somehow, it felt like home.

Tiffany came shuffling into the kitchen wearing a football jersey she must have found in this closet. "Good morning" he chirped. She lazily came up behind his chair and draped herself around his neck, her head resting on his shoulder. She gently kissed his cheek and went to sit down. "Coffee?" he asked. She could only nod. Cute, he thought. Very cute. He brought her a cup and she asked "what am I smelling? Are you baking, because it smells terrific". The smell coming from the stove reminded her of her carefree days growing up, when she'd wake up to the smell of her mothers fresh made bread. It was a memory she had lost in the midst of all the chaos of the past several years. The delicious smell was comforting. "Yeah, we'll have some warm muffins in a few minutes." Tim puffed

out his chest, swatting it with a long wooden spoon and joking, "I fancy myself as pretty good in the kitchen" Tiffany gave a little laugh. "Oh, yeah?" She tossed her hair with her hands as it reflected in the morning sun. "Well, you're pretty good in the bedroom too!". Tim couldn't remember a time when a woman said that to him, not that he thought he was bad but he just never dated someone who would say something like that. Not that playfully, anyway. He walked over to the girl as she clutched her coffee with both hands and kissed the top of her head. "It's all you. You bring out the best in me."

The duo sat quietly for a long time, enjoying the silence of the morning and comfortable with the company. Max came in wagging his tail happily and Tiffany reached down to pet him. "And good morning to you too" she said as she ruffled his ears. Tim got up and let Max out to the back yard to get some morning exercise. He opened the sliding door and the big lab bounded out intent on chasing the robins that had landed in the yard. Tim's heart warmed at how perfect this all felt.

"How did you sleep" he asked. "Great, once I went to sleep" she responded with a sly grin. She loved the repartee they had developed - little quips and inside jokes punctuated by quiet knowing glances that needed no words. She loved the connection. "Any plans today?" "Nope." she sighed. "Just recovering from last night and enjoying the day". He knew exactly what she meant. "I have nothing on the calendar. Hang around here if you want". He desperately wanted her to say yes. He loved having her around. Her beauty and energy filled the house in a way he craved. "You can hang out at the pool" Tiffany liked the idea of spending the afternoon lounging in the sun. "I can't" she teased, "I don't have a bathing suit". Tim just smiled. "What's a bathing suit?" They both chuckled.

Tiffany called the office to tell them she was unavailable today. Denise answered. "Hi! Listen, I'm going to take the day off. Tim and I are just going to hang around the pool and relax. Is that OK?" She hoped Denise wouldn't be upset but she wasn't sure. She was canceling on short notice and Denise was always all about the business. She didn't like the girls to do that. They usually didn't last long if they did. Denise wasn't pleased. "Well, I'm not real happy about it but things are slow and a couple of the other girls have asked for an additional shift. So, it's OK this time" she said with a firm tone. Then her voice softened, "Is everything OK?" Denise always cautioned her girls about falling in love with their customers but still, it happened occasionally, often with bad results. She knew that for all her strength, Tiffany was still a bit fragile as she worked her way past the emotions of her family troubles. "Everything's fine!" she said. Denise could hear the happiness in her voice. "OK, just stay in touch."

Denise loved that girl and didn't want anything to harm her. She knew she was being overly cautious. Denise and Tim had spoken a number of times and she could tell he was a good guy. They always seemed to talk much longer than necessary, enjoying each others jokes and stories. Denise always kidded him, calling him Carmen San Diego. When he would call, she'd immediately say, "so, where in the world is Carmen San Diego today?" and he'd start telling her stories of his travels. They just liked lingering on the phone. Who knows, some day I may get to meet him, Denise thought.

Tiffany trotted out to the pool where Tim was sitting at the edge, dangling his feet in the water. "Denise says Hi" she told him. "How is she? I haven't talked to her in a while". Tim enjoyed their phone chats as much as Denise did. Aside from her obvious intelligence, Denise had calm strength that he enjoyed and the sexiest voice he had ever heard. He could listen to her forever.

"What does she look like?" he asked. "Denise? She's beautiful. Tall, long legs, black hair that's cut short - it makes her look real stylish" she told him. "She has a long, lean body with perfect breasts. They're not as big as mine but they fit her body perfectly. She's hot, and she's one of the nicest people I've ever met". Listening to Tiffany talk about her got his mind thinking. "Maybe I'll get to meet her someday" he said. The girl perked up "You'll love her"

Then she playfully splashed Tim and in an instant the two were in a water fight like teenagers. When it was over, both were laughing and falling into each others arms. Tim realized that he really did love this girl. But there was the age difference. The water fight had made him aware of it. There was no doubt looking at her that Tiffany was all woman yet, in some ways she was still a girl. It was exciting, rejuvenating being around her. He felt like he was recapturing lost youth and he loved the feeling. But she was young and he craved someone his age. Someone beautiful and sexual like Tiffany but with a few more years of experience and sophistication. His experience was that as they got older, those women lost the joy and passion in life and became very jaded and calculating. Not very fun to be around. Tiffany always conducted herself well in public, he thought, but there's a difference between acting sophisticated and actually being sophisticated. That only comes with age and experience. For the moment, Tim was very happy with this bubbly young woman.

The two laid beside each other on the lounge chairs, drying off in the mid-day sun. Tim would occasionally sneak a peek at Tiffany's body glistening in the sun from the oil and perspiration. Her head laid back and eyes apparently closed, Tiffany remarked, "you can look all you want. I like it when you do". How the heck did she know, he thought. "Did you see me looking? He asked. "Nope. You're a guy. I just assumed you were looking" she laughed. Yeah, she was right. Tiffany stood up and headed for the kitchen. "Do you want some iced tea?" Tim said he'd love some, thanks. "OK, but don't stare at my butt while I'm walking".

"Impossible. Can't be done. I'm a weak man" he shouted as he watched her long silky legs and beautiful round ass head towards the house. Tiffany looked back over her shoulder, her blond hair cascading down her back, and smiled.

A few minutes later she emerged with two big glasses of tea. She stood over Tim, where he was lounging and handed him the glasses. "Here, hold these". Tim took the glasses and watched in amazement as Tiffany took off her top to reveal her incredible figure. She planned to do some topless tanning. "No tan lines this way" she laughed as she took her tea and laid back in the chair.

She leaned her head back, her hair moving gently in the wind and sun. Her face was turned up to the sun, exactly the same way her pink firm nipples were. They both relaxed and enjoyed the sun and the sensuality.

Tim was enjoying the feeling of the sun beating down on his body. He felt like this was the first time he had been outdoors in weeks. As he basked in the warmth, Tiffany broke the silence. "How did it start for you - you know - the fascination with dogs and girls" she asked. Damn, she had a way of getting right to the point asking personal questions. But Tim decided to open up - it might be nice to have someone to talk honestly with about this.

The two were lying back and spoke without ever looking at each other. "I'm not sure, really". He continued, "I grew up with dogs and always liked them. And I always liked girls. I remember a day when I was about 12. I was just becoming really aware of sex - I know, late bloomer- and there was a girl I liked. She came over to my house one day after school, to study. Tex, my collie, was a great dog. He was always friendly and happy. Anyway, she and I go to play with him in the yard - innocent - just fooling around and he bumped her to the ground. As she went to get up, he jumped on her back and started to hump. She was great. She just laughed and crawled out from under him. But even now I can see the two of them - her on her knees laughing with him on her back. Something just clicked" he said. "Have you ever had that happen - where something just hits you and you totally connect with it?" "Yeah", she said. "The first time I saw a picture of two girls doing it together I knew I wanted to try that". "Yeah, me too" Tim said wryly.

"Anyway, it's always been in the back of my mind. One day surfing the web I came across some

videos and pictures. It was incredibly hot and rekindled those feelings. Over the years I've made small suggestions to the women I've dated but it was clear it was going nowhere. So I thought maybe a service could help. The women are always so open sexually, I thought maybe I'd find someone. It was a fantasy."

Tim paused his voice softening. "Well, you know the stories of my agency experiences. It wasn't very good and it left me feeling pretty stupid and pathetic". Tiffany didn't really understand. "Why would you feel that way? It was the girls problem". "Maybe" Tim continued, "but it just felt like I couldn't get great sex or live out any fantasies even if I paid for it" he said in a hurt voice. Even in college, everyone was hooking up except me. I only attracted the girls that wanted to get married and drop out of school to raise babies. They saw me as the responsible guy. "It felt like the entire world was having great sex except me."

In later years, the women I dated were very jaded and straight laced. They'd tell me stories about their wild days when they were young and when I'd suggest that we have some of the terrific craziness together, they always said no, those days were behind them. They all wanted respect and and to settle down and saw me as that kind of guy." He sighed, "The sex was always very straight forward - vanilla I think your generation calls it. It lacked passion. It lacked joy and playfulness, it lacked a little edge. Frankly, it just stopped being interesting.". Tim slumped in disappointment. "I ended up going for a long time sleeping alone. I couldn't even find anyone who wanted to kiss me, anyone who wanted to just be close during the night." He paused to collect his thoughts. "So, I started hiring escorts."

Tiffany was now watching him intently "And.....?" "Well, the sex improved, at least the physical aspect did. But the girls always seemed to have an undertone of contempt, as if they didn't want to be there and they thought I was just a loser with money that they wanted". "So what did you do?" the girl asked. " Well, I stopped dating, for one thing. A guy can only take so much of that sort of rejection. A guy could grow bitter at women, and I didn't want to do that. I like women too much. So I tried to find one or two girls that I could hire that didn't leave me feeling like a complete loser. That's my sex life in a nutshell."

"So what about the dog idea" she said. Damn, she was direct he thought. 'Well, I thought it might make me feel better about my sex life and about myself if I could at least live out a fantasy or two, even if I had to pay. It didn't really turn out that way" he remarked. "Not until you came along". He looked into Tiffany's eyes with all the love his heart had to offer. "You have no idea what you've done for me."

His words touched her to her very soul and she reached across the chairs and took his hand. "What about when you were younger. Was it always like that?" she asked. "Sort of" he said. "But you're such a nice guy, I don't get it". "Yeah, that's always been my problem - I'm a nice guy".

Tim took a sip of tea. He was laying his soul bare. He'd never told these things to anyone and it was frightening. " You know you go through your teens and 20's looking for that special someone. Someone that lights you up" he continued. "Someone you click with. I knew lots of women but they all wanted to be friends. I'd watch as they dated miserable guys who would use them, hurt them and laugh as they threw them away. They always came running to me. I was the guy they could talk to, who'd listen and try to help. I was the guy that showed them strength and respect. I can't tell you the time I've spent consoling broken women - helping get back on track and making them laugh again" he mused. "Well, that sounds like an opportunity" Tiffany injected. "You'd think so" he quipped. "But not the case. They'd always say 'why can't I find a guy like you', and when I pointed out I was right here and available, a look of horror would wash over their face. They'd recoil at the idea and say - 'no,no not you. Someone like you" Tim shook his head. "I still don't know what that

means. Invariably, the women would break off the friendship after he expressed an interest in them. "And then I'd watch as they went back to the same lousy guys for more bad treatment".

"You must have felt terrible" she said. "Yeah, I was angry for a while. I remember one time I decided that the next woman I dated, I was going to treat like shit, and I did. I couldn't get rid of her. The worse I treated her the more she wanted to stay around. How crazy is that". Tim's voice trailed away. "I'm sorry I did that to her. She didn't deserve it."

"It couldn't have been like that with every woman" Tiffany asked. "No, of course not. But the problem was that the women I was attracted to didn't like me. And the women that liked me really didn't do much for me. They were nice enough but I felt like I was settling. I felt like I'd never find a great woman and have all the love and laughter and romance and hot sex. It was like the world was telling me I wasn't good enough for all that stuff". I know it sounds stupid but that's how it felt. And then when I became successful, I ran into an endless string of women who just left my soul and spirits withering on the vine. I didn't know who to trust."

Tim continued, "The one thing I've always wanted, that one great love, that great partner who lights me up - that has eluded me." He squeezed her hand gently. "And then you came along and brought joy and laughter and friendship into my life. You allowed me to have some heat and edge in my sex life. We've shared wonderful intimacy. You've come to know the most intimate parts of me without judgment. and I'm more grateful than I can tell you." he smiled.

Tim got very quiet for a moment, a look of concern came over his face. "You don't think I'm a loser for saying all this, do you?" He was afraid that his soul bearing would make him appear to be a less than capable guy - like some whining weakling. "Oh God no. Not at all" she told him.

Tiffany was overwhelmed by Tim's outpouring of emotion. No guy had ever spoken to her this openly and directly. Sure, in school she was a confidant to her girlfriends but she never had this sort of talk with a guy. She liked it but wasn't sure how to respond. Where to begin.

"Young girls and bad boys". Tiffany shook her head. "It's a strange dynamic". "They get together with bad boys because they are exciting and a challenge and then they act surprised and hurt when the bad boys treat them badly". Tim remarked "Yeah, what the hell is that all about?" "Not totally sure" she said "but I've had a number of talks with girlfriends about it". "One girlfriend in college had a theory. She believes it's all about accountability. I'm not sure I agree but her thinking was interesting".

"Accountability? I don't understand" . Tiffany began things. The problem is that they are afraid of getting a reputation. Bad boys are dangerous so that makes them fun. The bad boys are always trying to get the girls to do sexy stuff and the girls get a thrill by going along with the ideas. After the sex, they want the bad boys to treat them nice but the bad boys still treat the girls badly. In the end, a girl ends up saying that they would never have done those things if he didn't talk her into it. That way she doesn't have to take responsibility for her actions. She gets to act slutty and then say he made her do it. She doesn't have to look in the mirror and tell herself that she did those things voluntarily and loved it. It's like bad boys give girls permission to be bad girls without accepting having to accept responsibility."

Tim sat quietly taking it all in. "you understand how crazy that is, right?" he asked. "I've always believed girls have had the bad boy thing backwards" said Tiffany. Tim was paying close attention. "I understand why girls like bad boys. They are fun and challenging. Nice guys are too easy." Tim had heard that before, too many times. "Bad guys always seem dominant and powerful and that's sexy". "Even if they treat you badly"? asked Tim. She continued, "That's where I think girls have it wrong.



They expect bad boys to change and treat them nice the rest of the time but they don't. Bad boys are bad 24/7". "Give me a good guy any day." he continued. I can teach him how to be bad.... put him in touch with his inner bad boy for the right times. And when we're done, I know he'll go back to being the nice guy I love and want the rest of the time. It's much easier and more fulfilling". Tiffany searched Tim's face for some acknowledgment or understanding. She wasn't seeing it. "It all sounds disrespectful to the woman" he muttered. "Not at all" she countered.

"OK, explain it to me". He wasn't being argumentative, he really wanted to understand. "OK .... you enjoy watching me with Max. Why?" Tim had to think to find the right words. "I like the contrast. He's big and strong and performs aggressively, like an animal. It's hot to see a girl let him do it and enjoy herself" he explained.

"Exactly! He's strong and dominant and I'm submitting to him, giving myself to his control and I enjoy it" she continued. Tim nodded in agreement. " Do you think that Max is concerned about what I think, how I feel when we're having sex. No. All he cares about is using me for his pleasure and I love the emotional submission. I like that he's using me. That's not being disrespectful of me, that's just him going totally animal." She continued "And it's even better with a guy because you can vocalize and play all kinds of mental and physical games that make it even more fun and erotic." Tim was lost again.

She was astonished by his lack of understanding. " Haven't you ever spanked a girl while you were doing it? Haven't you ever pulled her hair or talked dirty to her?" "No, see that's what I mean" he answered uncomfortably. "That all sounds disrespectful of her."

Tiffany sat up and held his hand. She gazed into his eyes. "We're woman. Flesh and blood women, not some goddess to be put on a pedestal. And we like our men strong. I love to feel dominated by a guy. I love when he treats me like his sex toy. It makes me feel sexy. I'll do anything to make him hot. That's the fun of it." Tiffany smiled at him "I love that you respect me when we're in bed but don't forget I'm still a woman with needs."

"You mean like handcuffs and whips" he joked. She smiled " Yeah, sometimes. I like it, do you?". He looked astonished. "I was only kidding". "Well, I'm not" she declared. "You can tie me to the bed anytime. My point is, I love submitting to a man's desires. I love being completely taken by him, physically, mentally and emotionally."

"Do you know what I want?" Tiffany asked? Tim shook his head. "I want you to go completely animal on me the way Max does. No thought of anything but your own pleasure and lust. Do anything you want to me. Say anything you want. I want to make it so hot you can't stand it. No rules, no boundaries". Tiffany stood up and walked into the house leaving Tim by the pool with his head spinning.

Tiffany wondered if she had gotten through to him. She'd find out quickly. She was at the sink getting a glass of water when he walked in. Tim came close and looked into her eyes his gaze was one of unbridled desire. He put his hands on her shoulders and pressed her down. "Suck me" he growled as he pushed her to her knees. Oh, she was going to like this new Tim. She took out his throbbing cock and slid it into her mouth. It became apparent quickly that this wasn't going to be some soft and sweet event. Tim locked his hands in to her hair and started to thrust his massive dick into her mouth. "Take it. Open wide and take it" he said with force and desire but not anger. Tiffany happily obeyed letting him thrust that beautiful cock down her throat. It was way too big to deep throat but she was going to try. His thrusts came faster. Each time, he pulled her mouth further down as he heard her struggling and gagging on the monster. Oh God she loved it. Tim pulled out of her mouth as she gasped for air, her make up streaming down her face. He slapped her face with his

cock. "You love it, don't you" he barked. "Yes" she said breathlessly. Her words set him on fire like never before. A lifetime of pent up lust broke through and Tim was feeling more male and masculine than he ever had. "What do you love?" "Your cock" she said as she reached for him with her mouth. He pulled her face away. "Tell me what you want. Tell me." Tiffany looked up at him with desire in her eyes and said, "I want your cock" "Not good enough. Tell me what you want." he said more strongly. "I want to suck your cock" she said. "Louder" "I want to suck your cock" "Again" "I want to suck your cock" she was pleading for it. He could see the desire in her eyes. "Say please" "Please may I suck your cock?" God she was loving this. Tim pushed it back into her mouth and began thrusting wildly. Tiffany moaned her pleasure with each stroke. After a few minutes, Tim suddenly withdrew. Tiffany was bewildered. Why did he stop. Tim lifted her to her feet and took her face in his hands. "I love you" he said with a gentle voice and a smile. "Come on" he took her hand and headed towards the bedroom. "I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll be begging me to stop". Tiffany squeezed his hand. "promise?" They went into the bedroom with Max tailing behind. Tiffany stopped the lab at the door. She knelt down and kissed his nose. "Not this time, buddy" and she closed the door leaving Max outside.

~~~~~

### Part 13

Tim was coming out of his wonderful sleep. He gazed at Tiffany laying next to him. The sex had been unbelievable – hot, edgy and lustful. A lifetime of Tim's emotional blocks had fallen away and the duo went at it like wild beasts. Hair pulling, butt slapping, nasty talking hard pounding sex. It was awesome. He never felt so male. And he never felt so loved. In a single afternoon this girl had completely changed him. Tiffany started to wake too. "Hey, it's dark. What time is it?" she asked. "I have no idea" he said as he looked around for the alarm clock. Obviously it got kicked somewhere during the thrashing and passion. He kissed her gently on the lips. "Thank you". Tiffany smiled " But the question is, do you respect me in the morning" she said with a chuckle. "More than you'll ever know" he said. "See" she chirped. " good guys can be bad boys sometimes. That's the best kind of bad boy, the one no one suspects". And she liked her new bad boy a lot.

It was almost midnight and she asked if he wanted her to stay the night. "What I want" he said "is for you to go bring Max in here". She was astonished. "Aren't you exhausted? I am" she said. Still, the idea of taking these two again made her libido race. She looked at his gaze and loved the force of his presence. He wanted her to get the dog and she was going to make him happy. Tiffany opened the door and Max came trotting in.

Tim laid back in bed. " I want to watch you two first. Get on your knees". Tiffany gladly obeyed. It only took Max a moment to figure out what was expected. He came around behind her and started sniffing. Tiffany loved the feeling of being exposed to the dog, his tongue running over her pussy and clit. She clutched the side of the bed in anticipation. Max lept on he back and with one quick thrust, he was in. The force took her breath away.

The girl felt Max grip her hips tight and drive his cock deep into her. She moaned in lust. She had come to love the sensations of Max deep inside her, his knot stretching and filling her. Each time was as erotic as the first. Each time she groaned her pleasure as the dog drove into her. Each time she thought about what she was doing, a dog inside her and she would explode in orgasm. "Oh God, I'm cumming" she screamed. Max's thrusts were relentless and the orgasms came non-stop. Her body was wracked by tremors, her voice pleading with him to never stop. Tim couldn't get enough of watching the two of them together but he had other ideas.

Max had grown to full size and was still thrusting into Tiffany when Tim came and gently pulled him

away. Tiffany was snapped back to reality by the abrupt end. "What are you doing" she pleaded.

Tim lay on the bed, his throbbing dick standing erect and beautiful. "Get up here" he told her. She knew he wanted her to ride him and that was great but why did he have to stop Max? Tiffany straddled the massive dick and it slid deep into her. She started to slowly grind herself on Tim's lap. He grabbed her hips and held her steady. "Not yet". He said. Tim reached over the side of the bed and called for Max to get up on the bed. "What are you doing" she asked. "We're going to DP you" he said matter of factly. Her brain raced. She had been DP'ed once in college and loved it. The thought of being DP'ed by these two hung studs set her on fire.

Tim patted her ass and called to the dog. Max moved around behind the girl figuring out the situation. He patted her backside again and Max lept up on her back. He started to poke at her probing for 'the spot'. Tiffany let out a groan of surrender and desire and reached back to grab him and guide him in. This was crazy and she wanted it bad. Suddenly, Max found the mark and his shaft slid deep into her ass. She was full. Thank God, she thought, that his knot was too big to go inside. But Max was still ready to hump.

The big dog started to pound himself in the girls tight ass. Tim could feel his cock rub against Max's deep inside the girl. She was full, stretched to the breaking point by these beautiful cocks. Max started to thrust fast and hard. Tim did the same, driving his hips up, and his cock deep, as fast as he could. Tiffany surrendered to the lustful assault. She gave up control - mind and body - and let these two boys ravage her. Her first orgasm exploded quickly. She body quivered as she groaned in ecstasy. Tim reached up and held her breasts, pinching her nipples firmly, causing her delicious pain. Tim could feel her body slump and surrender to the onslaught. Her head was on his shoulder moaning out her lust and pleasure. "Do you like that?" he asked. "Yes" she panted. "Yes, what" "Yes I like it" "You like what?" he prodded. "Tell me". The next orgasm was building fast. "I like him fucking my ass" she shouted. "Who". Tiffany moaned in surrender. Her own words were making her hot. "I love dog dick. I love Max's dog dick fucking my ass" she screamed as she came violently.

Tiffany was lost in one continuous orgasm. She trembled and pushed herself back against the thrusting cocks, taking them as deep as she could. They had her filled more than she had ever felt. Her body had a mind of its own. It was indescribably. Max slowed and she could feel his warm cum flood her. Stream after stream filled her as Tim continued his merciless pounding. The very thought made her orgasm again. Tim could feel the dog throbbing and it actually turned him on more. He drove himself hard into the girl and was quickly shooting his own load deep inside her. Two cocks exploding inside her, Tiffany thought. She collapsed forward and kissed Tim passionately as her body shook in orgasm again. She groaned her release into his lips and went limp, totally spent. "Oh my God" she mumbled. ""Oh God".

Max finished up and jumped off the bed, a river of fluid flowing out of the girl.. She rolled off Tim and lay shaking uncontrollably. Tim pulled her close and held her tight, gently caressing her hair. "I can't stop shaking" she said. Her entire body was on fire, every nerve ending alive. "Sssshhh" he whispered slowly in her ear. "Just relax and enjoy it. I've got you." She took a deep breath and tried to relax. Little moans would occasionally escape her throat as the shivers slowly diminished. She had never been so thoroughly ravaged. She didn't know where Tim came up with that idea but she was glad he did. She smiled to herself and pushed her body back closer to his. What a good guy.

~~~~~

It had been several days since Tiffany had heard from Tim. The two days they spent together were fantastic and she was disappointed that it had to end. But Tim had to run out of town for a day or so and she'd just have to wait until he got back. Tiffany took the time to catch up on her reading and picking up around her apartment. Denise had asked if she wanted to work but she opted not to. She needed some time to let her body recover from the ravishing it had taken from Tim and Max.

Several times Tiffany let her mind wander back over those delicious moments. She smiled at the idea that sex with Max had become so easy and casual. Almost normal, she thought. She knew what to expect and how it would feel and she craved the feelings. She loved what he did to her and relished the feelings of surrendering to his lust – surrendering top that giant cock. He really turned her on. And Tim .... he had really come around. She always liked being with him, he was a great guy. But he had really taken their talk to heart and he had become the best lover she ever had, strong, dominant and adventurous.. And her two boys together together ..... she was a happy woman.

Tiffany also thought about what it would be like to be with Tim, as a girlfriend or wife. What a terrific life that would be, she thought. But she understood that, while they were great together and great for each other, this wasn't a "forever" thing. The age difference was the issue. He was terrific for her right now – he was worldly and could show her an adult world she didn't know. He was strong, solid and she knew she could rely on him. Best of all, he let her have her fantasies in bed. She made him feel young again and brought fun and laughter and great sex into his life which had been missing for too long. They really did compliment each other, each giving the other exactly what they needed at this point in their lives. It wasn't going to be that way forever, but she was happy now. Happy, content and feeling loved and safe. She hadn't felt that way in a very long time.

The phone rang and she lazily walked over to pick it up. "Hola" she chirped. "Que Pasa" the voice on the other end of the line responded. "Tim!!!" She was thrilled at the unexpected call. "Are you back" "Yeah, but only for the night" his voice sounded tired. Tiffany had given him her home number and told him to call anytime. It was against company rules but she didn't care. He told her that he didn't want to cut Denise out of anything. He had come to like and respect Denise and wanted to make sure that he was above board and fair with her. Tiffany explained "I'm not giving you this for business reasons. I'm giving this to you because I like you. A lot. I'm giving it to you as a friend. So, if you ever want to talk or something, call me." He was touched.

"Listen" he started " I was on my way home and got a call from my Tokyo people. Big trouble. I have to get on a plane tomorrow for Japan". "Sounds grueling" she said. "My problem is Max" he continued. "Anytime I'm away, I have a couple of friends who dog sit him. But they are all either on vacation or too busy on such short notice." Tiffany asked "What about a boarding kennel. There must be one around somewhere". "I hate putting him those places" he said. "It's like a doggie jail. I can't stand the thought of him locked up in a tiny crate surrounded by strangers." Tiffany had always liked how Tim talked about Max. She enjoyed that they seemed like they had a close and affectionate relationship. Like Frat brothers or partners in crime, she thought.

"I hate to ask this on such short notice" he continued "but are you available to dog sit Max while I'm gone?" He knew he was asking a lot of the girl but didn't have many options. "How long are you going to be gone" she wondered. "I'll be in Tokyo about 2 weeks. I know that's a long time but that's why I can't bear to board him." Tim was pleading his case. "Look, Max knows you and likes being around you. And honestly, you're the only one I trust to watch out for him and make sure he's OK." Tiffany's heart melted at the sentiment. "He's pretty low maintenance – some food, an occasional scratch behind the ears and a daily walk is about all. The important part is the companionship. He likes being with people, especially people he knows, you know that." "Sounds a lot like you" she laughed. "Yeah, I guess I'm a dog at heart he joked. Tim continued "You can move into my place for a few weeks and use the pool or sauna or whatever. Heck, you can drink my wine collection for all I

care. I just need to make sure he's safe and in good hands".

There was a pause as Tiffany considered the idea. She wasn't hesitating because she was unsure. Of course she'd be glad to help. She just wanted to make sure she knew everything that Max needed and Tim expected. Before she could answer Tim offered "I'm happy to pay you your day rate, if that helps"? "Hell no" the girl shot back. "You will not. Tim was afraid he had insulted her. "Yes, I'll watch him, gladly." Tim let out a sigh of relief. "But you're not going to pay me like that to dog sit. I'll do this because I love you and you're a friend". "Look, I know I'm asking a lot of your time and you need to be making money. I don't want you and Denise to lose out because of this" he declared.

There was a short silence before she responded. "Do you like me" she asked. Tim softened "You know I do. A lot". "And are we friends"? "More than friends" Tim said. Tiffany chimed back "Then it's settled. Yes, I'll sit for Max because we're friends and you need a favor." Tim was filled with a flood of emotions that he couldn't express. He paused and simply said "Thank you. I owe you one" his voice grateful for her help. "So, when should I come over" she asked. She had hoped it might be tonight. She'd love another evening with Tim and Max again. But he had no time. "I'm making arrangement now and I have calls from Tokyo I'm taking all night. I leave in the morning, so could you be here around 7AM?" Damn, he was asking a lot he thought to himself. I really am going to owe her one - or maybe more. "7AM is fine" she said. "I'll see you then". She went to hang up the phone but heard his voice call to her. "Hey..." "What" she asked. Tim paused and in a gentle voice said, "I love you". Tiffany melted. He really did see her as a friend that he loved and not as a paid escort. She beamed. "Love you too. See ya".

She pulled up the next morning with a car full of clothes, some clean and some unwashed. She figured she'd have plenty of time to do her laundry there. Tim was running out of the house as she was walking in. He was talking furiously on the cell as he tried to explain things to her at the same time. It wasn't working very well. "Give me the keys and go" she told him pressing her palm in his back and pushing him out the door. "I'll figure things out" she said. "Thanks" he said, between remarks on the phone. "That's what friends are for" she told him. As he made his way down the path he yelled, "I left you all the details you need in the envelop on the counter" and pressed the cell to his ear again. God, this was frantic, he thought.

Tim got to the car and the limo driver opened the door. He threw in his bags and started to crawl into the rear seat when he looked up and saw Tiffany standing in the door waving goodbye with Max at her side. She was stunning, standing in the morning light. This woman had changed his life. She was beautiful, fun, sexy and carried with her a giant heart full of laughter and love. He stopped and told the person on the other end of the phone to hang on a minute. He casually walked back to where the two of them were standing and gave Tiffany a long, loving gaze. He let his hand push the hair back off her face and gently took her in his arms. The two locked in a slow, emotional kiss that seemed to last forever. She melted in his embrace. Their lips parted and he looked appreciatively into those crystal blue eyes. "Much more than friends" he smiled and turned to run back to the limo.

Tiffany watched as the car pulled away and drove down the hill and out of sight. "Well, pal" she said to Max "let's see what he left for us". She opened the envelop and was taken by how detailed and complete his list was. He had left her information on where everything was, like clean sheets and towels, the pass code for the security system, his phone numbers in case of emergency and a schedule of when the services came to clean the house and mow the lawn. He even stocked the refrigerator. There was also a debit card in the envelop. The note explained the card had up to \$100,000 available and he had cleared it with the bank to set her up as an authorized user. If she needed anything she should charge it to the card. And he added a PS - go out and enjoy yourself or buy something nice. He thought of everything, she thought, although she had no idea where she'd ever spend that much money. Pizza wasn't that expensive, she laughed. Tiffany turned to Max and

said "How about some breakfast" Max wagged his tail, happy that she was back in the house again.

~~~~~

## Part 15

Tiffany and Max quickly settled into a comfortable routine. They'd have breakfast and later in the morning they'd go for a run around the neighborhood. She liked having a running companion especially in an area where she didn't know anyone. The two would make a big loop around the streets, going down hill to the flats where there were more homes and people, along the streets below the hills and then back up hill to the house. Tiffany had brought a red bandana with her when she arrived. She thought Max would look cute with it tied around his neck - it made him look like a real California dog, she thought. People they jogged past would turn and notice this stunning girl run by and smile at the big lab in the bandana following along. She thought it was fun.

Once they got home, the two of them would head straight for the pool to cool off. Max loved the water and he would swim around chasing Tiffany through the pool. Tiffany would stop and let Max catch her, his big front legs rising up onto her shoulders as he pulled himself to her. Tiffany would grab hold of him and they'd laugh and twirl in the cool water. She always noticed the feel of Max's body pressed close to her and would slide her hands along his sides and back. She had to fight hard to resist the urge to take him inside and let him go wild on her. "I can't spend all my time having sex with him" she thought. "Then again....." she laughed to herself.

Once out of the pool, the two would lay on the deck and let the warm afternoon sun dry them off. Max always shook himself dry first and did it standing next to Tiffany. She would laugh and say to him "You do that on purpose, don't you?" She swore that she could see him laugh in response. Then it was dinner after which they'd sit on the living room sofa and watch some television. Max would always climb up and lay with her, his head in her lap as she slowly stroked his body, both of them enjoying the company.

Thursday was a perfect summer day. Tim had only been gone 3 days but it seemed much longer. Tiffany decided to get out of the house and take a road trip - the beach would be perfect. She pulled on a tank top and cut-offs and pulled on her favorite Padre's ball cap. She had found a pair of goggles in Tim's work shop and thought they would be perfect to protect Max's eyes from the harsh wind while driving. She pulled the goggles over his eyes, tying the strap under his chin to hold them in place. Along with his red bandana it made her laugh. He just barked his approval and they climbed into the Jeep headed for the beach.

The drive took about half an hour some of the trip along the highway. Tiffany was cruising along with the traffic at the speed limit with Max buckled into the passenger seat. He loved the breeze in his face, his tongue blowing in the wind. Cars would pass by and see the duo and laugh and wave. Max would bark back his "hello".

The beach was beautiful - calm water with small waves lapping the shore. The sandy beach and dunes stretched as far as the eye could see. A cover of sea mist hung in the air and hazed the distant coast. With all this beautiful beach, she thought to herself, why on earth does everyone crowd together near the parking lot? "Oh well, more beach for us" she said to Max. And the two set off walking towards the empty shore. They walked along the edge of the water line letting the waves lap at their feet. Max would romp happily, dashing in and out of the oncoming waves. Then he'd take off trying to catch the sand pipers that scampered along the waters edge. Tiffany watched in amusement.

Eventually, she decided to stop and just sit and take it all in. Max came and sat in front of her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and the two of them simply watched and listened to the oceans sounds. There wasn't a soul in sight – just the two of them. A fleeting image flashed through her mind – how beautiful would it be to be naked and let Max take her – right here in the sun, open and free. She sighed at the idea. Who knows, she thought, maybe someday.

Time slipped by and the sun was getting lower in the sky. Time to go and they made their way back to the Jeep. What a great lazy day, she thought. She buckled Max into his seat and strapped on his goggles. It made her chuckle every time. The ride home went quickly and soon they were pulling up to the door. "How was that" she asked the big lab. "Did you like that?" He just wagged his tail and barked his approval. "Come on, let's get cleaned up"

The beach sand and sea salt covered the two. Thankfully, Tim had a giant shower, bigger than most bathrooms, she thought. Tiffany stripped down, opened the door and turned the water to warm. "Let's go" she said to the dog. "You need this as much as I do". She waved him into the shower and followed him in, closing the door. The water was fresh and felt wonderfully cleansing. Tiffany soaked her hair letting the water run through it for several minutes. The shower had all sorts of different heads, sort of like a car wash, she thought, several of them at a lower level that were at a perfect height for Max.

She washed herself thoroughly, taking away that "crusty" feeling of sea salt on her body. Then she turned her attention to Max, who was happily playing with the spray heads. He'd squint his eyes and turn his face straight to the water and then turn away and shake himself. What a goof, she thought. Tiffany knelt down and started washing off Max's fur making sure she got him completely clean. Memories of her teen years, washing her dog Max came flooding back. She recalled those feelings of sexual curiosity about the dog and the tingling excitement as she ran her hands quickly over his sheath. Now, here she was with this Max and it still made her tingle. Except now, she knew a whole lot more.

The duo climbed out of the shower and dried off. Tiffany took a big beach towel and rubbed the water off the lab. Then she got a hair dryer and used it to blow his fur dry. Max loved it, especially when she'd turn the blower quickly on his face. They would laugh together as he licked her face in appreciation.

Tiffany threw on a robe and headed for the kitchen. She decided to have a simple salad for dinner. She never had much of an appetite after a day at the beach. Max, on the other hand, was just a hound, gobbling down his food in a blink. "Good thing I take you jogging, you'd be as big as a whale" she said to him.

Tiffany always felt drained after spending time at the shore. The sun and sea air left her wiped out, too lazy to do much of anything, so she welcomed her evening of TV and movies ahead. Lounging around Tim's beautiful home had become very comfortable. She could get used to this, she thought. She had just settled in on the sofa when the phone rang. She wasn't sure if she should answer so she let it go to voice mail. She could hear who it was as they left a message. "Hey, Tif, it's me" the voice started. "I just thought I'd call to see....." It was Tim calling. She jumped to her feet and rushed to answer the the phone. "Hey, how are you? Where are you?" she said hoping that he hadn't hung up yet. "Oh, you're there" Tim said jokingly. "Where else would I be?" she laughed. "Well, I just thought I'd call and see how things are going" "We're fine. We went to the beach today and just ran in the water. Max chased the birds, as usual. It was a nice time" "Sounds fun. I'm sorry I missed it" Tim liked that she had taken Max out to somewhere new. He never seemed to have enough time to do that. No, he thought, that's not true. He never made enough time. He needed to do better on that. "

"I'm not interrupting anything, am I?" he kidded the girl. Tiffany hadn't been with Max since Tim had left. Frankly, that had to change. She scratched Max's head and said, "No .... not yet". They both gave out a little laugh. From half way around the world, this girl still knew how to turn him on. The conversation was brief. He told her where he was and talked about a terrific sushi place he ate at the prior evening. "They tried to feed me blow fish but I passed. That stuff can kill you. These guys are crazy." She asked how business was going and he deflected the question. "Too busy and too complicated to talk about here. I'll fill you in when I get back" he said. "Any idea when that will be?" she wondered. "The way things look, it will be another week or so". "Well, we miss you and we'll be here when you get back". What a nice change, he thought. He was accustomed to coming home to an empty house. He never minded long travel trips but now he found himself just wanting to get home. "OK, you two take care of each other. See ya soon".

Tiffany shuffled back to the couch happy that Tim had found a minute to call. She missed him. Tim always treated her with respect and would talk to her as if she had a brain and not like some dumb escort. She loved listening to him talk about his interests - art, baseball, wine - she always learned things talking to him. And he enjoyed mentoring the young woman. A bit like Pygmalion, he thought.

Tiffany kicked back on the sofa and let her robe fall open, the cool evening air felt good on her newly tanned skin. She used the TV remote to surf the channels for something interesting to watch but there wasn't much interesting. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes, feeling the breeze caress her body, her nipples responding to the sensation. She let her hands slowly slide along her stomach gently tracing the lines of her waist, touching her soft skin until they reached her chest. She slowly cupped her firm round breasts and began lazily plucking at her nipples. It felt wonderful - soft, sexy and unrushed.

She heard Max nearby and slowly opened her eyes to find him standing between her open legs, watching her movements. Seeing him there was a delicious sensuality, very erotic, she thought. "Hi, buddy" she said through hazy eyes. Max seemed to understand the lazy, sexy mood of the girl and responded perfectly. His licking was usually strong and urgent, driving her quickly to orgasm. Tiffany was mentally shifting gears in preparation, but not this time. Max slowly lowered his head and his tongue began to lick Tiffany long, slow and sensual. His licks were unhurried, taking time to drag the full length of his hot, wet tongue along her outer lips, lingering at her clit before starting again. Slow, soft and sexy - Tiffany fell into a delicious relaxed haze as Max continued his efforts.

Tiffany let out a big sigh and let her hands slowly find their way along her body, her fingertips lightly touching, almost tickling her skin. She was immersed in this wonderful sensual play with her dog. She let her hand slip to her lips and spread herself open, giving Max more direct access to her clit. The big lab loved her taste and was gently driving his tongue into the girl. It drove Tiffany wild and she could feel her heat beginning to rise. Small moans of pleasure and satisfaction involuntarily came from her very core.

Tiffany opened her eyes again and began slowing stroking Max's head. "Good boy" she said in a grateful tone. Max responded to the reinforcement with continued licking. She loved looking at the big lab as he licked at her, making her hotter every minute. The visual of seeing him between her legs brought home the reality that she was having sex with a dog. She was completely turned on by the idea and seeing it was emotional. She loved sex with him and all the feelings of being pounded and having him fill her. But when she had sex with a man, she always liked part of it to be missionary. Maybe that wasn't sexually adventuresome but it was emotionally fulfilling. Tiffany got to watch her lover - see him between her spread legs, lock her ankles around him as she ran her hands along his sides. She could grab his arms for support and look into his face, seeing as well feeling his passion. She loved that part.



Max had her excited and ready. He was making some small shifts that Tiffany thought signaled her cue to turn over. Unexpectedly, Max rose up and put his front legs on the couch, straddling her body the way Tim would. Her legs opened lazily. Inviting Max to move his body up close to the level of her wanting pussy. Tiffany grabbed his legs and slid her bottom right to the edge of the sofa, his cock only inches away. She pressed herself up towards the dog searching for the connection she desperately wanted. Max sensed the warmth and probed to try and find it. It only took a moment. A single thrust and the two were connected once again, like the lovers they were.

Max started to thrust himself forward, filling the girl with all his hot hard cock. Tiffany groaned in pleasure. She couldn't believe they were actually doing it in this position. She had no idea this was possible. She could feel him swell to full size stretching and filling her in the way she loved and craved. "Yes, yes yes" she panted in encouragement. "Oh God Max fuck me.". She ran her hands along his sides feeling his strength and lust as his body thrust urgently into her. The dogs pounding had her sliding on the sofa cushions and Tiffany grabbed on to his front legs to support herself, in much the same way she would with a guy in this position. Tiffany was in heaven, her legs wide open and her ankles locked across the back of this big dog, impaled on his delicious cock. She let her hands caress his chest, sliding gown his sides and back up to his neck. Tiffany rubbed the sides of his neck gazing at Max's face. He looked as happy as she was. She had this beautiful dog inside her taking all his lust. "Oh yes. Oh God. Oh God. Max!" Her voice trailed off to a sweet groan as her orgasm exploded. Her body shook, her legs spreading wide open to take all of her lover as she pressed herself closer to his body. This was hot and intimate. It was a dog inside her making her swoon and cum. It was a dog that she was under, happily taking his powerful thrusts. And she could see it, face to face. The thought sent her over the edge again screaming out her orgasm as she clutched at the dog, her eyes closed and her mouth shouting out her passion with a smile.

Max slowed his thrusts and stood quietly in his mount. Tiffany came out of her dazed lust to see the big dog standing over her. She could feel Max throbbing inside her, filling her with his warm cum. She loved the feeling of being open to him and letting him fill her this way. It was more than sexy, she felt close to this big dog. Max looked down and licked the girls face as if to say think you. She let his tongue slip into her mouth as she gently sucked it, letting her own tongue mingle with his. The lovers stayed connected for a surprisingly long time, Max happily filling her and she gratefully taking it. Tiffany calmly caressed his body and face, scratching him behind the ears and talking to him softly, the way lovers would, all the while holding him in her secured by her legs around his body, feeling him fill her with cum. God she loved this dog.

~~~~~

## Part 16

The events of the previous night had done something to Tiffany. She wasn't exactly sure why but as the two ate breakfast Tiffany gazed at the dog with new found feelings. She had always liked Max and had a soft spot in her heart for him, as a dog, but her feelings this morning were different. It was as if she no longer saw him as a dog but more like a partner or a boyfriend. Well, not exactly a boyfriend, she thought, but there was something special between them. Her imagination was running wild.

She felt that it was similar to being in a new relationship with a guy - there were all kinds of things you want to explore together. All sorts of experiences, all kinds of playful, lustful sex to be explored. Both of them taking some time to show the other life in their world.

It occurred to her that this had been a one way street with Max. They had always played in her world, they always had sex in her environments. They had the kind of sex she wanted when she said

so. She wondered what it might be like to let him take charge – let him dictate where and when they would have their sexual liaisons. She was living in the extreme again, just like her college days, she thought. What she was considering was crazy – but she was going to do it. For one entire weekend, Max was going to be in charge. She would give herself to him completely, having sex with him anytime and any where he wanted. Well, not anywhere, she thought, but almost. Her first resolve was her cloths – he didn't wear any and neither would she. Max watched her strip, happily wagging his tail.

Tiffany decided to putter around the house doing her laundry and picking up. She figured Max would let her know when he wanted her for something. It didn't take long. She was taking out new sheets from the closet when Max came up behind her. "Hey, buddy. What's up" she asked. Her heart skipped a beat. For the first time with this dog, she wasn't in charge and she had no idea what was coming next. Max was wagging his tail and barking to her as he walked backwards towards the living room. Tiffany followed. He went to the sliding door that led to the pool patio and the big back yard. "You want to go out" she asked. It was obvious Max wanted to spend some time outdoors. Tiffany opened the slider and let the big lab out. She started to close the door and caught herself. "No, he wants to be in the back yard, so I am going to follow him. He's in charge" Tiffany hesitated a moment. She was nude. Tim's patio and yard were huge. She had no idea how many acres he owned but there was very little chance any neighbors would see her. The lawn went far behind the house, eventually turning into woods. She couldn't see any other houses because Tim's place was surrounded by woods and tall trees. Still, she was gong to play with Max in the nude, outside! This was edgy and dangerous and exciting. She was magnetically drawn to the experience. She stepped out the door and in to the sun.

Initially she thought he wanted to play in the pool, which would have provided some "cover" and give her a chance to get used to this new dynamic. But Max came trotting over to her with his Frisbee. It was time to play catch. Tiffany had done this several times before and she knew he would happily do this all day. She took a deep breath. She was going to be nude in the back yard for quite a while.

Tiffany tossed the toy as far as she could and watched as Max happily ran it down, catching it in the air before it hit the ground. He came trotting back with it firmly in his mouth and stood in front of her. It was going to be a mock wrestling match to take it away from him. He liked this part. The girl bent down to grasp the toy and Max dug in. They both pulled. Max always hated to let go but she could tell it was all just play. Max tried to break her grasp by shaking his head. "Oh no you don't" she laughed as the beautiful blond's breasts swayed in reaction to Max's movements. Eventually, he'd release his grip and Tiffany would throw it again and the scenario would play out one more time. The game went on quite a while, long enough so that Tiffany nearly forgot that she had no cloths on. The more she spent time like this in the yard the more natural and comfortable she felt. She was in his world and loving it.

Max came trotting back yet again with the friz bee eager to have one more tug of war with the girl. Tiffany quickly wrestled it away and made a fake throw, completely confusing the dog. She waved the disc at the dog and laughed "I still have it!". Max came bounding after her and she turned and ran, squealing in glee. In spite of her efforts, it was only a few moments before he chased her down. She was facing him holding the toy high over head. Max rose up putting his paws on her shoulders. His weight knocked her over backwards and the two fell to the ground laughing. Tiffany still tried to keep control of the disk, hiding it under her as she rolled over on top of it. Things changed quickly.

As she shielded the Frisbee under her belly, she felt Max's cold nose suddenly sniffing at her from behind. Her first instinct was to swat him away – but she caught herself again, he was in charge and she was going to do what the big dog wanted. Max had caught her scent, fresh from all the exercise,

and he made it clear what he wanted now.

He started to lap at the girl from behind, his long tongue finding it's way to the origin of the scent. Tiffany gasped in pleasure and raised her hips to give him better access. Max happily accepted the offer and began to vigorously lap at the girl causing her to moan even louder. Tiffany got her knees under her and knelt anxiously waiting for what she wanted. Max made his way up on her back, the fur of his chest and belly rubbing deliciously on her skin and the softness of him sliding along her legs and butt. They had done this enough now that he knew exactly where he needed to be and he easily slid into her warm pussy. "Oh yeah" she moaned as he started his thrusting. She felt like she was enveloped in a terrific fur rug except it had that wonderful hard cock in the middle, and she wanted it all.

She extended her arms forward to brace herself for the pounding she so desperately wanted and knew was coming. Max gladly obliged, thrusting violently into the soft, warm woman. Each stroke shook her body and Tiffany started her rapid rise to orgasm. "Fuck me. Fuck me" she shouted. Max always made her so hot that she'd orgasm almost immediate and had numerous others close behind. The size of his knot stretching her full, his dick plunging all the way to the bottom, the power of his thrusts and the feeling of his cum flooding her always pushed her over the edge into the most intense orgasms imaginable. "Oh God, I'm cumming" she cried. "I'm cumming" and her body was wracked by the first of her orgasms. Max was happily pounding away as Tiffany just continued to let out her impassioned moans, imploring Max for more. "Fuck me. I love how you fuck me hard. Oh Max". Her body shook as her face turned skyward and she moaned out her passion. In the midst of this wonderful sex, Tiffany momentarily opened her eyes and suddenly realized where she was. She was naked, in the back yard with this fabulous dog taking her. The sun felt warm on her skin. She was in Max's world now and he was taking her right here where everyone might see. The thought drove her to yet another crashing orgasm. "Take me. Oh God, I'm all yours" she shouted. She didn't care if anyone heard. Tiffany was wild and open and free - and she was happy to be all his.

As usual, Max's thrusts stopped and Tiffany settled in for the delicious filling she was going to get. She always rocked her hips back at him while he filled her. Just the thought of that dog in her and the sensations of his warm cum, along with a few quick touches of her clit, and she was in the throes of another orgasm. The two remained tied for quite a while warm, naked and happy. Eventually, Max dismounted and walked off towards the house leaving the girl stretched out on the lawn, covered in his cum and completely satisfied. She recovered momentarily and followed him into the house. Max had laid down in his corner next to Tim's chair. She crawled over to him and curled up next to the big dog. He gave her a quick kiss and the two went to sleep.

Tiffany napped for only an hour. Max slept a bit longer. She made her way to the pool and jumped in enjoying the cool cleansing water. Max had really been great, she thought. But something was a little different. Tiffany knew what to expect from Max in terms of performance. She understood that his instinct was to hump for about 20 or 30 seconds and then tie for several minutes or more. Even though the thrusting didn't last long, it was so exciting and he was so big she would cum immediately and sometimes more than twice before he stopped. Often it was just one long beautiful orgasm. And when he stopped, she'd rock her hips against him, feeling him throb inside her and thinking about what she was doing and that usually drove her to several more. She liked the routine a lot. But something was different this time. It seemed that Max's "humping period" was longer than usual. Not by much but maybe it was 45 second and not 30. She had always wondered what it would be like if he could keep up that beautiful ferocious thrusting for a longer time. Maybe he was figuring that out or getting some sense of it from her. "Who knows" she shrugged "I'm happy with him just like this".

~~~~~

"Oh, shoot. The laundry" She had forgotten all about it when Max took her outside. She ran to the laundry room and swapped the wash for the dry. "jeez" she thought, "how stupid am I? She knew the answer. The issue was Max. He had literally fucked her stupid. She was in a delicious haze of post-play happiness. She really couldn't think very clearly. Who could blame her. That big lab had given her a wonderful morning. She felt totally sexy being his bitch. Usually, she hated the word but now, it was perfect. HE was singing to herself as she continued chores around the house.

Max came plodding into the living room several hours later. Tiffany, still naked from their morning romp, came to him and knelt down to hold his face. "Hey, you're up" she smiled as the lab greeted her warmly. Max made his way past her naked body to the kitchen. He wanted lunch. "Yeah, I could use a bit too: she told him. Tiffany poured his food into his bowl - not too much. "You had a big breakfast" she scolded him, filling his bowl to half full. Maybe he had but she obviously didn't understand the appetite of this dog. He quickly devoured his meal and went to the living room. Tiffany ate only an apple. Feeling totally full from breakfast and the wonderful pounding he had given her several hours ago.

Max sat in his usual place near Tim's chair waiting for her to enter the room. Tiffany was oblivious to him and passed through the room towards the bathroom where she thought she'd straighten things up and clean a little. Max was having none of that. He had rested for 5 hours and was ready again. He followed the naked girl into the bath room and stuck his nose in her crotch. She moved him away figuring that he already had what he wanted and was just "nosing" around. Little did she know.

Max pressed his desires until the girl responded. "Really?" she said. "You're ready again?" There was little doubt. Tiffany had been with a number of guys who could go more than once, so Max's demands were not unusual. She walked back to the bedroom where Max suddenly lept to grab her waist. Tiffany was stunned but she loved it. This wonderful dog was going to take her again. And he did. She dropped to her knees as the lab began to pound himself into her in a hot and familiar way. She surrendered to his lust and groaned her orgasms as he took her hard and fast. When he was done, he withdrew quickly leaving her spent and happy on the floor. She thought how happy and satisfied she was.

Max plodded outside to the pool with Tiffany following obediently. They splashed in the pool like old friends and climbed out to enjoy the afternoon sun. Tiffany liked the idea that Max had taken her twice and she had submitted to his desires. It was a nice way to end the afternoon. She had no idea.

It seemed to her that they had fallen into a rhythm of a 4 to five hour cycle. She felt slutty and totally sexual making herself available to Max at his will and desire. Not long ago, she wondered what it would be like to be with a dog once and now she was submitting to one at his whim. She was totally captivated.

Dinner time came quickly and the duo spent time in the kitchen. Tiffany decided to try and cook. She pulled out a steak and some various sauces and marinades and thought she could make herself a dinner the way Tim could. She really wasn't very good. Max could smell the steak broiling and happily tried to get Tiffany's attention. She took the steak off the stove and cut into it to try a piece. "Yuck. It tastes like crap" she thought. She knew she wasn't a good cook but this was terrible. Max sat quietly at her feet as she sampled her failure. She looked down. "Want to try some of this?" she asked. "You'll hate it". Max seemed determined to try a bite and Tiffany obliged. Max woofed it down and quickly begged for more. "God" she thought, "you'll eat anything. Even my crappy cooking" she grinned. How many times had she ruined a dinner trying to impress a guy, she thought. But Max, he liked her

cooking and stoof begging for more. He ate her dinner as well. At least she didn't feel totally incompetent in the kitchen, she thought to herself. The duo retired to the sofa to surf for their evening entertainment. She never imagined that she was going to be it.

The shows for the evening seemed to drag on endlessly - Tiffany on the sofa and Max at her side. She was feeling well used and loved after two intense unions today with the lab. Cuddling was definitely what she wanted. It's not what she got.

With a start, Max bounded from the couch to the floor and sat eagerly in front of her. He tried to bury his nose in the girls crotch but she resisted. 'Are you kidding' she asked in astonishment. 'Again?' Max was ready and even if she wasn't, she made herself a promise. Tiffany was still tender from the two assaults she had endured from Max today, but he wanted more. She had never been so used. "Oh God Max. I don't know if I can" she mumbled to the dog. It was a lame protest because as soar as she was, she wanted to try more. She wanted to fuck this beautiful dog until he couldn't take it any more. She had no idea that it was going to be the other way around.

The duo went through the fore play the way they always do with Max licking her until she was an uncontrollable mass of lust. Tiffany screamed out her pleasure, Max's tongue running along her well abused and sensitive clit. Even with the intensity of an abused clit, her hips rose to meet him. Again, she rolled to her knees, hips up and arms forward to brace for the delicious assault that she know was coming.

Max was in heat, Finally he found a bitch that would be available when he was ready - and he was always ready. Max climbed on her familiar back and found his way home, once again. He started to pound her with more power and dorce than she had ever known. Tiffany was wide open and taking his monster cock deep. She moaned and cried her lust to the animal. "Oh fuck me. Oh God" she implored the dog. Max thrust hard and deep into the warmth of the girl, enjoying her movements back onto his cock. Tiffany cried her orgasms into the night air. She couldn't wait until Max stopped and pumped her full of hot cum. She was ready.

Max had different ideas. He had enjoyed the girl pushing back against him and discovered that his continued thrusting caused both of them great pleasure. His cock felt great driving deep into her and he had come to know and like her sounds encouraging him to continue pounding her. "Oh God. You're not stopping. You're not stopping" she cried as the swollen knot rammed frantically inside her. His shaft drove deep, opening her even wider for his massive cock. His tempo didn't slow and his pounding became relentless. "Oh God, he understands. He gets it. Fuck me" she cried. Tiffany knew he wasn't going to stop as usual. Max was gong to fuck her a good long time and she opened up to take it all. Tiffany collapsed, her shoulders and face falling flat in to the carpet, surrendering to the onslaught of Max's huge dick. "I'm cumming" she cried. It was nonstop in response to the dogs merciless thrusting.

The orgasms were too intense and she faded in and out of awareness. "Oh God, please stop" she begged. "Please stop, I can't take it. Please". Max didn't care. He fucked her mercilessly. And she came uncontrollably.

The lab eventually settled and shot his load deep inside the girl. She just moaned in appreciation. She had lost all concept of time as she relaxed and became a willing receptacle for this big dogs magnificent lust. Max finished and walked back to his corner leaving Tiffany groaning in a lustful haze, more spent and happy than she thought was possible.

Tiffany tried to collect herself and make her way to the bedroom. She needed to lay down and walked on wobbly legs. She'd never imagined anything like this and she needed time to recover. The

girl crawled into bed and Max followed, laying next to his wonderful bitch. Tiffany slipped into a wonderful sleep wondering what had happened. "What was that? He lasted forever. How did that happen" she asked herself. He had fucked her to a point where she couldn't tolerate it, it was that good. But the feelings of satisfaction and fatigue took over and before she could answer, she was asleep.

~~~~~

## Part 18

Tiffany had collapsed in bed, utterly used by the dog and thoroughly satisfied. She had never been taken, never been dominated quite like this. She had made herself Max's submissive and they were both loving every minute. Her poor body ached from the dogs grip and intense thrusting. His lust, added to hers made for great sex but a tired Tiffany. She was spent.

The girl was happily in a dream state, thinking about the great sex with Max as well as Tim's strength and appreciation and Denise's love and support. She was immersed in a series of blissful dreams that made her feel loved and safe. But the soft delicious feelings of her dreams were interrupted by the clod nose of Max rummaging around under the sheets. It was 3AM and they had been asleep about 5 hours. It was the middle of the night but Max, having this great bitch at his beck and call, didn't really seem to care.

Tiffany felt him working his way under the sheets and groaned. "Oh God Max, please, no". She knew she had made a promise to herself but after the pounding she had taken today, especially tonight, there was no way she could accommodate him. "Oh God buddy, I can't" she begged. "Not again. You've worn me out. Even if I wanted to, I'm so sore that I'd never make it" she said. Max didn't speak English and wasn't taking no for an answer. "Oh God please stop" she implored to no avail.

Tiffany threw back the blankets so that the two of them lay on the sheets open to the night. There was no way she could take him again but he wanted release. Tiffany reached over and started to rub the dogs chest and stomach in a slow and gentle motion. Max enjoyed the attention and quickly submitted to the girls touch, rolling on to his back, feet in the air in a submissive dog position. That was good enough for Tiffany. She let her hand slowly work its way to his sheath and gently slid his cock out into the evening air.

She knew she could stroke him and he'd probably be fine with that, but she wouldn't. She looked at the red cock that emerged from his hairy sheath and her mouth watered instantly. Tiffany let her mouth slowly find its way down to his expanding dick and she slipped it into her warm mouth. Max immediately shot streams of hot cum that the girl eagerly swallowed. She loved feeling him grow bigger in her mouth, stretching her lips wide to accommodate him.

Still dazed by the evenings proceedings, Tiffany slowly took as much of his cock into her waiting mouth as she could, filling her and letting the hard rod hit the back of her throat. She would slowly retract until just the tip remained in her and then slid her mouth down again to capture all of his cock.

"I can do this all night" she thought to herself. She loved the feeling of his cock exploding in her mouth, filling it to overflowing. She let the big red dick slip from her mouth and she lowered her tongue to lick at his balls. She wasn't sure he liked it but she was in heaven. Tiffany went back to her oral ministrations, taking all of Max's hard cock deep in her throat and swallowing his cum as fast as she could. Her free hand slipped over his stomach and chest, gently stroking him and reassuring the dog that what she was doing was fine. She had his dick in her mouth and looked up at

the big labs face. He reached towards his dick and began licking it along with her. She smiled at him and said "do you want to help?". The two of them lapped at his enormous cock, sharing licks and touching tongues along the way. Tiffany let her tongue reach for his and the two caressed each others tongues tenderly, swapping his cum between them. Max was satisfied that the girl could be trusted and laid back to enjoy her work. Tiffany was grateful for his trust and gently worked his cock into her waiting mouth - both of them happy in the moment.

Max eventually finished and started to withdraw. Tiffany continued to hold him gently in her mouth, more for her than for him. She loved the feeling of sucking his big cock and reveled in the taste of this big dog. She admitted it to herself, she was a cum slut. She loved a hard dick shooting into her mouth and there was none better than Max. She hated to stop. If she wasn't worn out before, she certainly was now.

~~~~~

## Part 19

The two lovers slept in, recovering from the marathon sex romp of the day before. Max was the first up, nudging Tiffany out of bed and to her feet. He happily trotted to the back door, wanting to go run around the yard again. Tiffany let him out, not following him this time as she did yesterday. The girl was spent. She loved it, she felt fantastic but there was no way she was going to continue this experiment with Max. She went and got coffee and sat down on the sofa to watch the morning news.

She thought back over the events of the past 24 hours and it sent a chill of pleasure through her body. She loved turning things over to Max and becoming his for a day. And the evening sex - she still wasn't sure how that happened. Max had begun thrusting and just didn't stop. The intensity of it sent her mind to another place that had no time and the dogs thrusts seemed to last hours. She was pretty sure it was only 2 or maybe 3 minutes at the most but what an insanely wonderful 3 minutes it was. And the oral sex - fantastic. She was a happy woman.

Max came trotting back to the living room seeing her stretched out on the sofa. He moved close and started to sniff around. Tiffany pulled her robe closed and turned from his attention. "No, no, no you don't she laughed, scolding him with a mock tone of voice. "I love what you did to me yesterday" she told him as she ran her hand across his head " but there's just5 no way I can keep up with you". She leaned over to kiss his head. "You're unbelievable".

Max nipped at her robe trying to pull it open. He was being insistent but Tiffany really couldn't take any more. Her entire body ached from Max's onslaught of yesterday and she needed a day to recover. Still, she thought, he did seem to like it when she went down on him. The two of them seemed to have this idea worked out to a point where they both enjoyed it. And after all, she always like giving head, she thought.

Tiffany slid her body off the sofa, sitting on the floor with her back leaning against the cushions. She tried to guide Max's body so that he turned and faced away from her, like she had seen in some films. She was curious about the idea of drawing his cock backwards, as if he was tied, and being able to lay back and just use her mouth in a lazy relaxed way. The idea looked hot and very comfortable, she thought.

She finally got the big dog to turn around, his hind legs straddling her legs. She slid her hand under his powerful body, searching for his sheath. She smiled" I'm getting pretty good at this" she thought as she drew back the skin covering his magnificent dick. She grabbed him firmly behind the knot and started a nice rhythmic stroking and squeezing, trying to get Max erect. It didn't take long. She

could feel his knot growing, swelling beautifully to fill her entire hand. He was elongating and thickening in response to her efforts. Max started to cum immediately. Tiffany had taken many streams in her mouth and vagina but had never actually seen Max cum. He came in torrents, shooting stream after stream onto the girl's lap and legs. She was soaked and stunned by the sheer volume he produced.

Tiffany tried to pull his cock back so that it faced her but there was a technique that she obviously didn't know and she was fumbling in her attempts. Max seemed a little uncomfortable and she certainly didn't want to hurt him but she was lost in the idea and gently manipulated him, trying to find the right way. A slight move of her hand and suddenly his cock swung back pointed directly at the girl's face. She was a bit amazed. It was as if his cock was on a hinge she marveled.

She held him close in her hand and took a moment to really let her eyes wander over his dick. It was certainly bigger than anything she'd ever seen. His thickly veined cock was a brilliant red and throbbing. The long shaft started at the base where it grew out of that wonderful knot and extended to the pointed tip, which she had learned, was a special source of pleasure for them both. He looked very different than a guy, she thought, but it was beautiful in its own way - big, hard, hot and very powerful looking. This was a cock that needed sucking and she was just the girl.

A sudden jet of cum came shooting from the big dick, catching Tiffany by surprise. It streaked across her face and mouth leaving long strands dripping off her chin. Oh God, don't waste it" she said to herself as she quickly leaned forward to take him in her mouth. She always felt calm, relaxed and slutty when she gave head. There was a nasty aspect to how much she enjoyed feeling it explode in her mouth and how much she craved it. Max was happy to assist.

Tiffany was slowly sucking on this beautiful while Max unleashed a torrent of cum, flooding the girl's mouth to overflowing. He cum cascaded out the sides of her mouth, slowly lengthening into long strands that would hang from her face and then fall down, covering her perfect breasts. She couldn't get enough and didn't want him to ever stop filling her. She craved every drop. She wanted to try something - she let go of the dog's giant knot and clasped her hands behind her back. The only connection between the two was just her hot mouth. No hands, just her mouth. There was something extremely sexy in the idea and she felt her body shake in orgasmic delight.

The two continued on for many minutes, Max standing happily as Tiffany's warm mouth drove him to cum. And she, seated comfortably sucked and licked him with delight. It seemed to her that every time she and Max got together they shared some new hot experience that the girl loved. Entire new vistas were opening up for her and she was loving it. Max finished up and started to pull away. Tiffany hated to do it but she begrudgingly let the big lab slip out of her mouth and watched him walk away. She looked down at her body, coated in dog cum and laughed "What a mess". She stood up and jokingly scolded Max. "Look at the mess you made. Look what you did". He wasn't sure what to make of her tone of voice and she could see that. She knelt down beside him and lovingly kissed his nose. "You made me look beautiful" she said in a gentle loving tone. "Thank you". She headed to the bathroom. She definitely needed a shower.

~~~~~

## Part 20

Tiffany spent the rest of the day doing her laundry, reading and fending off Max's advances. God, he was insatiable. She liked that, to a point. At least she knew he'd always be ready when she was. She was trying to keep the house clean in case Tim came back early and that included some cleaning up of the bed sheets and carpet where she and Max had played. Between times, she tried to catch up on



her reading going through Tim's pile of current events and business magazines. He had a great library of books as well that contained everything from books on all sorts of art, music, classic literature and more. There were thousands of books filling an entire room lined with book shelves. The reading room was one of Tim's favorite rooms in the house. He could take his wine and sit in the large red leather wing back chair and just get lost in his reading. It was his escape from the world. "No wonder he's so smart" she thought 'He's probably read everything here". She loved how intelligent he was and how he could speak on almost any topic. She hoped to be that smart someday.

Evening approached quickly. Tiffany and Max had been at home pretty much the entire time Tim had been gone, except for the beach trip. And they really hadn't spent any time with other people. Tiffany was a social creature and needed to be around people and the sounds of life. "How about you take me out on the town tonight" she said to the dog. "Let's go see some people and have a little fun". From his reaction she could tell he agreed. "How about we go to the bar and say hi to your friend Dominic?" She asked. "Yes? Good, let's go". They piled into the Jag and were off, not knowing that by the end of the night things were going to be very different.

The bar was pretty empty when they arrived, mostly it was the regulars and one or two new faces in the crowd. She took Max off his leash as they walk along saying hi to everyone, stopping to let them all pat Max and say hello. "Hey, you're back" she heard Dominic shout. Max saw the man coming out of the kitchen and bounded across the room to greet him. Dom knelt to greet the dog. "Look at you with the red bandana" he smiled as he ruffled Max's ears. "It looks good on you!" Max barked happily and started to lick Dom's face making him laugh. "Yeah, good to see you too" he laughed trying to dodge Max's tongue lashing. "Looks like you've made a friend" Tiffany said playfully as she came up behind the lab. She liked seeing how Max took to the big burly chef. "Hi sweetie" he said rising up to hug her. "No guy tonight?" he asked as he searched the bar for Tim. "Naw, he's traveling and he asked me to dog sit". "Too bad" Dom told her "He seems like a real nice guy" he paused. "Of course, I'd never tell him that" and they both broke out into laughter.

"So can I get you something from the kitchen?" I think we'll both have burgers tonight but I forgot his bowl. Is that OK?" Dom reached down and patted Max's head. "No problem. I'll take care of you" he turned and went back to the kitchen. Nice man, she thought.

Tiffany ordered a beer and scanned the room. It was a big empty room loaded with tables and in the far corner, sitting as far away from people as possible, was Karen. She figured she'd say hi and see what was up. No doubt there was a reason she was hiding in the corner. She made her way through the maze of tables and chairs with Max close behind.

"Hi" she said as she approached the table and sat down. Karen lifted her eyes to Tiffany and said hello. It was very clear that Karen had been drinking. She didn't appear real drunk but it looked like she was on her way. That disheartened her. "So, what brings you here? Slumming?" she said through a thickening fog of alcohol. Tiffany wasn't sure what to make of the comment. The way it was said, her tone of voice, it sure sounded like an insult but she wasn't going to take the bait. Tiffany had first come to the bar just after her father's death. It was a low point for her and she just needed a place to hide from the world for a while. Karen had befriended her and the two talked for hours each night about their lives and troubles. Karen knew that she had come from a privileged background unlike Karen who told stories of growing up broke, abused by a drunken father and an uncaring mother. They both were fighting to get back to a normal life. Karen was losing her battle.

The two started chatting and soon Dom brought out her food. "Anything else?" he asked. "I don't think so" Tiffany responded. Karen lifted her empty beer bottle and the shot glass of whiskey she had drained. "Bring me two of each" she said. Dom looked at Tiffany, each of them wanting to say something but both knowing it probably wouldn't do anything but make her angry. He turned his

eyes from the girls and cast them towards the floor. He gave a sad little nod and went to get the drinks.

The two women continued chatting, really about nothing of substance. Max finished his burger in three giant bites as Karen laughed watching. Tiffany was rapidly losing her appetite, listening to Karen's stories about each guy in the bar she had slept with. She had hit bottom and ended each evening going home with the last guy standing, and by now everyone knew it. Apparently her reputation had spread and was so bad that men would come strolling in around closing just to see if she was still around. Tiffany looked at the guys as she pointed them out. It was disheartening. There were some nice guys in the bar but they'd have nothing to do with Karen. She had taken up with the others. She didn't want to label them losers but she always thought Karen deserved better. Maybe not, considering how far she had let herself go, she thought.

Karen was becoming more animated in her talk. When she was drunk, you couldn't stop her from talking. And you never knew what she might say. She was beginning to speak slower and slur her words a little. The alcohol was really taking hold. "Gee, he's a great dog" Karen said as she stroked Max's head. "Good doggie". She looked up at Tiffany and leaned in to whisper "I've always had a fantasy about being with a dog" and she let out a giant laugh. "Really, I have!" she repeated. "Haven't you ever thought of it?" she said as she leaned forward unsteadily. "Karen!" she said as if to say that she never had. "Come on" she slurred. "Admit it" "No, I don't find it attractive. I find it repulsive" she did her best to lie. Fortunately, they were sitting far enough away that no one could hear their conversation. Still, some of the latches at the bar would occasionally cast a glance in their direction.

In her drunken state, Karen thought the topic of conversation was funny and she liked that Tiffany seemed disgusted. She pressed the issue.

"I'm serious. I'd do it. I'd try it." Karen continued. Then she whispered "come on. Take me home and we can both let this big guy fuck us". Tiffany locked eyes with the woman. She could tell that she was saying it in part to get a reaction from the girl. But her body language and tone of voice made it very clear that if Tiffany said yes, Karen would absolutely follow through with the idea. Tiffany was glad no one could hear but she still was extremely uncomfortable talking about it in public where someone may accidentally overhear them and get the wrong idea. The thought terrified her as she looked quickly around the room to see if anyone was watching or listening. "Come on. Let's try it" Karen nudged with her voice. "Absolutely not" she responded. "Look, I have to go. It was good to see you. Take care of your self" she said and she gathered up Max and quickly left the bar.

She and Max climbed into the car and drove away. She didn't know where she was headed but she just needed to get away from that place and those people. The conversation with Karen had unsettled her, frightened her actually. It had snapped her back to reality. Sex with Max had started out as a fantasy and grown into a hot sexual aspect of her life. She was giddy about it and had let that cloud her judgment. She recalled some girls in college who experienced their first lesbian sex. It had thrilled them and they couldn't shut up about it. Yes, what she was doing with Max thrilled her. She'd never be the same.

But having sex with this dog was very different than a first time with another girl. This was very taboo. People would never understand. She knew that Karen was serious in her proposal. If she had agreed, they'd be home right now having sex with Max. But who knows what would happen after that. Karen was acting crazy and in her daily drunken state she may tell everyone that the two of them had sex with a dog. The consequences of that scared her to death. Aside from everything else, it was illegal. She could go to jail for heavens sake. No, she had to get herself back under control and stop making dangerous decisions. She knew that she had found a very special part of her and she would always be involved with dogs somehow but she needed to be more cautious.

Right now, two people already knew of her activities. A wave of fear washed over her. She realized that if they wanted to, they could ruin her life. What if Tim got angry at her and outed her. Or what if he spread news of her through his circles and hoards of men started calling asking for the girl that does the dog show. Word would spread across the internet about her. No guy would ever book her again, knowing that a dog had been there before them. She'd be just the dog girl, pimped out by Denise until the cops arrested her. Her mind was running wild, blinding her logic and vision. Oh, God she started shaking in fear.

She didn't know where to turn. She decided to go see Denise.

Tiffany brought Max into the house where several of the girls were hanging around the living room. They all jumped up to say Hi and hug Tiffany and then they turned their attention to Max, the big lovable goof. Denise heard the commotion and came out to check. She saw Tiffany standing by watching the others playing with a big black lab. She put the puzzle pieces together immediately. So, this was the dog. She went out to greet the girl with a big hug. "Who's this?" she asked bending down to scratch the dogs ears. "That's Max" she replied. "I'm dog sitting and we just wanted to get out of the house." Denise, turned her attention back to the dog. "Well, hi there Max". "You wait here. I have a snack for you". She went to the kitchen and came back with some dog treats. Tiffany was afraid that she'd try to feed him something bad for him and was surprised to find that Denise had these treats hiding in the kitchen.

"Can we talk?" the girl asked. Denise searched her face and could see something was very wrong. She tried not to draw attention to it. "Of course" she said laughingly, trying to cover up the seriousness of the issue. She gave the snacks to the other girls and admonished them against feeding him too much. The two of them walked back to her office. Tiffany stopped at the door and looked back at the group laughing and playing with the big dog. "Don't worry" Denise said quietly as she came up behind Tiffany and put her hand reassuringly on her shoulder. "They don't suspect anything". Tiffany turned and smiled a sorry smile, closed the door and they sat down.

"Are you OK" Denise asked. She could see that the girl clearly wasn't. Tiffany broke down sobbing uncontrollably. Denise had never seen her like this and it was frightening. "I've been so stupid." Tiffany cried. "On God, I'm so scared". It was obvious that she was in real trouble. Denise came to her and hugged her close. Tiffany cried uncontrollably on the woman's shoulder, her body shaking with her tears. They stood together for a long time, Denise holding the girl close, stroking her hair and pulling her tight to her. Tiffany started to calm down a bit, her tears slowing. Denise looked at her, this fragile girl was in need and her heart melted. "Here, sit down" she said, ushering Tiffany on to a seat on the couch. She sat next to her holding her hand and comforting the tearful girl.

"OK"? Tiffany nodded and wiped the tears from her eyes. "Tell me what's wrong" Tiffany felt comforted by Denise's strong and calming voice. She felt protected. Tiffany started in "I've been foolish and I'm afraid that I'm in trouble" she cried, the tears started again. Denise held her close until she regained her composure. "Tell me" the woman said and Tiffany began to relate the long story of her and Max, the events of yesterday that were so wonderful, and the horrible conversation with Karen, including her frightening revelations and return to sanity. "I was only having fun" she sobbed. And now my life may be ruined. Tiffany was inconsolable.

Denise listened to her story intently trying to understand the emotions that were wracking this poor girl. She listened intently to her relate the intimate details of her times with Max and her emotional reactions to their encounters. Denise had a number of girls in the past experience traumatic emotions from escorting but she was a bit lost about all of this. Not that she didn't understand but rather that it hit close to home.

Tiffany finished her story and ended with "I'm so scared. Two people already know about me and my entire life is in their hands". Tiffany looked with pleading eyes at Denise. The woman knew exactly what she was saying. They sat silently for a few moments, Tiffany trying to compose herself and praying that Denise could tell her what to do.

"OK. Are you ready to talk ..... or listen?" Denise asked. Tiffany nodded, wiping tears away from her eyes. "Denise started, her voice very controlled and reassuring "First, you're fine. You're not in trouble". The girl looked at her wanting to believe her. "From what you've told me about your talk with your friend, you said nothing and no one heard anything that would be a problem." Tiffany gave a small smile. "Besides" she said "no one believes a word that drunks like her say. All they want is to take her home. They don't listen to them because they don't care". Denise was making sense. "And if she was as drunk as you say, she probably forgot your conversation about 10 seconds after you left. She probably focused on finding who was taking her home tonight. She didn't waste any time on this topic, she was concerned about luring a guy" Denise continued. "I guarantee that she'll forget all of it in the morning". Tiffany was feeling less scared, consoled by the logic and strength of this woman. Denise pushed the girl's hair away from her face. "Having sex outdoors like that was risky. Probably not a good decision" she said. "Did any one see you?" she asked. "No there were too many trees and stuff" the girl responded. "we weren't out there very long" she finished. "OK" Denise said, "So you got away with one. You're not the first person to have sex in public, so to speak." she continued. "Sex in public is, edgy and hot. In your case, dangerous. But you were not caught. So instead of worrying about it, chalk it up to experience"/ Tiffany had a questioning look. "You had fun. You had hot public sex and didn't get caught" Denise concluded. "You have a very sexy memory to cherish and you've learned to be a bit more discrete in the future. You're lucky." she said. "And I'm jealous" she added. Tiffany didn't understand what she meant but she took spice in the woman's words.

"I know that you're scared" the woman continued gazing into the young girl's searching eyes. "But you shouldn't be" she said with a reassuring voice. Tiffany listened closely. Denise caressed the girl's face with the back of her hand, slowly sliding her hand behind her neck. She stared deeply and forcefully into the girl's eyes. "Do you trust me?" Denise asked. "Oh God yes" she responded. "Completely". Denise smiled in response. "You can." she paused. "I love you. I love you as much as anyone in my life" she told the girl. "I would never do anything to hurt you. And if anyone tried to harm you, they would have to deal with me." Tiffany's eyes welled up in tears of joy. "I love you" Denise went on. "I will always protect you. I will always be there to support you. I will give you all the help and love and support and guidance that I can. You are more important to me than I can tell you and I will never betray your trust or friendship". Tiffany sobbed in tears of joy and relief, laying her head in Denise's shoulder. The two helped each other close bonded by the intimacy of the moment. It was a bond that both felt would last a lifetime.

Denise lifted the girl's face from her shoulder and looked her in the eyes. "Do you know how much Tim cares for you?" she asked. She thought she did but right now, she needed to hear it. "I do. I know exactly how much he cares about you" Denise told her. Tiffany was perplexed. "How do you know?" she asked, her lingering thoughts of trouble still in her mind. "I know because I talk to him all the time" Denise confessed. "We've had long conversations and inevitably, the talk always turns to you." Tiffany's eyes opened wide, struck by the woman's words. She had no idea. "All he talks about is you - how wonderful you are and how much you have changed his life. Tim would never hurt you, not ever. He keeps asking me how he can repay all that you've done for him". Again, her eyes welled with joy and relief. "Tim would do anything for you to make you happy. And trust me, he will always protect you. He's the last guy you should fear. You can trust and rely on him completely" she finished.

Tiffany fell into the woman's arms. "Thank you so much> I love you so much" she said. Tiffany finally

realized who her real friends were. It was a long way from her broken family and the events that left her alone and betrayed but, in a very odd way, she had found a family again. She had found people who loved and cared about her - not as an escort but as a person. All the feelings of love and support and safety that she had lost when her father died, were all back in her life in special ways.

Denise needed something to cut the tension and bring some laughter to the situation. "Of course, he also likes you naked in his bed" she joked. "Tiffany laughed as she wiped away the tears. "I can't say that I blame him" Denise added. The two women looked at each other and broke into a grand laughter.

Tiffany gathered herself together making sure that the girls wouldn't see any residual effects of her crying with Denise. Denise took her to the door and was ready to show her out but Tiffany stopped before the door opened. She looked at the floor and uttered "Did you mean that?" raising her eyes to scan Denise's face. "Mean what" she asked. "Did you really mean you wanted me naked in your bed?". A thousand thoughts raced through Denise's mind. Wondering how she should answer. Honesty was best. "Yes, I really meant it" she responded to this wonderful girl. Tiffany kissed her on the cheek. "Tomorrow night, come by the house" she whispered in Denise's ear. They smiled and Tiffany left to gather up Max and head home. She knew she was going to be OK.

~~~~~

## Part 21

Tiffany was hoping Denise would accept her offer but the house was a mess and needed a serious cleaning. "I can't believe one woman and one dog can make such a mess" she thought. Max had finished his breakfast and was hoping for some play time .... or more. "Sorry pal. I have to clean" and she sent the dog on his way out the back door to chase birds. She smiled as he continued his vain attempt to catch the robins on the lawn. He seemed to like the chase more than anything.

The dishes were easy - load the dish washer and go. But the sheets, the towels, the bathroom - what a mess. This was going to take a while, she thought. A lot more than her small apartment. It would have been nice if the service was coming today but they were not scheduled for several days. Just my luck, she mumbled. Tiffany was excited by the idea of Denise coming over. She wasn't sure she would actually show, but she wanted to make a good impression.

After such a traumatic evening, Tiffany had a nice night rest, comforted by Denise's words. At a difficult time in her life, she had found Denise. This woman had the chance to either use her or mentor her, she thought. And she chose to do the latter. She paused - No, she didn't do either. Denise had befriended her and more. It was as if she had adopted her and surrounded her in a protective cloak of love and affection. Whenever she needed guidance or direction, Denise was there. When she needed to talk or a shoulder to cry on or just some motherly advice, Denise was there. She had become a surrogate parent of sorts and Tiffany had a love and affection for her beyond words. Denise had given her the strength and support to get back on track and she wanted to make her proud. And yet, Denise was one of the most attractive and sexy women she had ever met. She had been with other women, especially in college, but Denise was different. With the others, it was just playful fun. But Denise was strong, confident, sultry and sophisticated. She was completely drawn to this woman. She really hoped she showed up.

It was getting towards dinner and Tiffany was rushing through Tim's cookbooks to try and make some munchies that she thought Denise may like. She had fruit in the fridge and lots of ingredients in the cupboard but she was clueless on how to cook. She stopped and laughed to herself. "God how silly is this" she thought. And then the door bell rang.

Tiffany abandoned her efforts in the kitchen and made her way to the front door. Opening it, she saw Denise standing there in a breathtaking black dress, with perfect accessories. Her black hair was formed around her face, the long lines of her body outlined by the wonderful dress. God she has a terrific body, Tiffany said to herself.

"Hi" she chimed. Denise looked at the girl in her apron covered in who knows what. Tiffany looked down at herself and laughed. "I know" she said. "'I lost my mind and decided to try and cook something for you". "I can see" said Denise, her eyes drinking in the beautiful girl's features. She was touched that Tiffany would go to such trouble. "I think I failed" the girl laughed. "Come on in".

Denise came into the house and surveyed the room "want to look around" Tiffany asked and the two set off on a tour of the house. It was terrific, Denise thought. Exactly what she pictured it would be. She had talked to Tim at length many times and always wondered about him - his life and how he lived. This was almost exactly what she had pictured.

"Want something to drink" Tiffany asked as they came back to the kitchen. "Wine is good" she responded. Tiffany was just learning about wine and pointed Denise to the wine locker. "Tim said to help ourselves to anything". Denise knew her wine. She had taught herself about wines in her early years as an escort. It was part of the job. Tim had an extraordinary collection. She didn't want to take one of his Grand Cru but she found a nice Brunello and went to open it. "Is this good" asked Tiffany. Denise took a moment to explain the wine and why it was considered a nice wine. Tiffany listened intently. She loved learning and was totally impressed that Denise seemed to know as much as Tim about wines. They poured two glasses. Tiffany took some strawberries and some sort of cheese, Montrachet, from the refrigerator and they retired to the living room. "Do you know what this is" she asked. Denise explained it was a special goat cheese and Tiffany laughed. "Really? Goat cheese?" She tentatively tried it. "Great" she exclaimed. Her education continued. Some day she hoped to be as classy and smart as Denise.

The conversation was light and carefree. Tiffany was captivated by how smart and sophisticated Denise was and Denise enjoyed teaching the young girl. She imagined this was very much like the conversations that Tim had with the girl. She could see why he liked talking to her. She was rejuvenating.

There was a lazy lull in the conversation and Tiffany chimed in "May I ask you something?" Denise nodded "Of course". How did you get into the business? How did you get into escorting?" Denise had been asked this many times but always deflected the question. It wasn't anything she wanted to answer and it wasn't anyone's business. But this time, as she looked at the face of this girl that had touched her so deeply, and she answered. "It's sort of a long story but I've give you the abbreviated version" she said. "I grew up in a tough house - a tough neighborhood. My mother was drunk every night and my father decided to take advantage of her drinking and sexually abused me starting when I was eight". Tiffany froze. "But you're so elegant and classy" she said How did you do that" Denise sipped her wine and tugged at the hem of her dress that had ridden up a bit high on her perfect long legs. "When I turned 18, they threw me out. He told me I was old and used up and he wasn't going to spend another dime supporting me" she continued. Tiffany was nearly in tears.

"I was 18, alone and I had no job, no apartment and no means of support. I wasn't going to sleep on the streets so I went to a local bar." Tiffany interrupted "But you were only 18" she said. Denise slumped her shoulders :You'd be surprised what a blow job with a bouncer can get you". She said.

Denise explained that she went into the room looking for someone she thought would take her home, even for a night. "I found a guy that I thought was OK and we went back to his place. Obviously, I paid him in the only way I had." She emptied her glass and refilled it. 'We stayed together about 3

months but it kept getting worse" a cold anger came over her. 'He decided he was some big time pimp and wanted me to start paying my way so he sold me to any guy who would pay.' She shook her head. "I took it for a while but I finally decided if I was going to do that, I was keeping the money, not him. So I left him." This sounded just terrible to the girl. Tiffany always had a vision of Denise as an upscale polished woman. She never had a hint of this background.

: But you're so smart and sophisticated" Tiffany said. "How did that happen?" Denise had a far away look in her eyes. " Monique" she said quietly. "Monique". She paused to take some wine and gather herself. Damn, this girl had a way of cutting to the heart of things, she noted. "Who's Monique" Tiffany asked. Denise smiled "Monique was the woman that ran the agency I went to work for". "When I left the jerk, I didn't know a thing about the business and so I signed on with an agency in the city. Monique ran it". Denise raised her voice, almost in respect. " Monique was wonderful. I had never met anyone like her. She took me under her wing and taught me the business". She paused. "She didn't teach me how to hook", she said "She taught me how to study and be smart. She taught me manners and grace and poise so that I could navigate through the upper crust because that was where the big money was. She taught me self confidence and how to read clients to make sure they were getting the best experience possible" she finished. " I owe her a lot". Tiffany knew exactly what she was saying. Denise had done the same for her, and so much more. "Eventually, I decided that I wanted more" she continued. "I didn't want to escort, I wanted to run a business and this was the only one I knew." "And....." the girl asked. "and I started the agency as a way for some girls to work in the industry, make some money with respectful upscale clients and never have to go through what I went through." There was a long silence. Tiffany looked at this wonderful woman and said "Thank you". If it wasn't for you, I have no idea where I'd be but it wouldn't be here." A small smile crossed Denise's face.

Tiffany loved this woman and she was so grateful for her help and guidance. She was also incredibly attracted to her. She looked at he short styled hair that swept along let face out lining her cheeks and jaw line. The woman had bangs that covered her forehead and eyebrows that were tapered thinly along her eyes. Her eyes - Tiffany thought. Those hypnotic eyes. Denise's eyes were dark, almost black. They shined with sex, energy and power. Those eyes just drew her in. Her body was long and lithe, with broad shoulders leading down to a tiny waist, perfect hips and long beautiful legs. God, she was long and slinky and utterly sexy, she thought. And she wanted her.

Tiffany broke the silence "Can I ask about your first girl experience? Were you always interested?" She was genuinely interested but she was also trying to heat things up a bit. " Denise laughed, thinking back to the moment. "Do you really want to know?" she asked. Tiffany just nodded. "Oh God" Denise laughed.

"Well, I always had a curiosity about women" She started. "I wouldn't say it was a burning desire as I I had to do it. But I was definitely curious". "Tiffany interjected 'So was it a friend or some threesome to entertain a guy?' "No nothing like that. Nothing that simple" she said.

The wine was flowing freely and both the women were enjoying the spicy edge the conversation was taking. They knew where this was going to lead but they each played their part in teasing the other into a heated environment.

" So how" Tiffany asked. 'Well" Denise said "It actually happened while I worked with Monique at the agency". Tiffany was stunned. "Really?". It had never occurred to the young girl that women would call agencies. 'Yeah" Denise continued. "The whole Bi thing wasn't as mainstream as it it now. It was not as accepted or as easy to find" she said. "Monique called me in one day and told me she had a woman looking for another woman and did I want the call." She filled her glass one more time, emptying the bottle. "I needed the money and besides, I was curious". :How was it Tiffany asked.

"Well I wasn't real sure what to do but I figured that if I did what was good for me, maybe I'd get through." She looked into Tiffany blue eyes. "I was scared - no - I was anxious but excited. She was older but beautiful. I loved her undressing me and me doing the same to her. Her kisses were fantastic and I loved holding and kissing her breasts". Tiffany nodded her understanding. "When it came time to go down on her I just dove in figuring I'd just do what I like. I loved it. I loved how her hips pressed up to my mouth. I loved seeing, feeling and listening to her orgasm. I loved it. That sort of surprised me but I had to admit it". Denise scanned the girls face for reaction. "Yeah, my experience was with a friend but it was pretty much the same." They both smiled knowingly.

"OK your turn" Denise said. "Ask away" the girl said. " When did you become interested in dogs?" Tiffany told her a brief story about her teen experiences with her dog, wondering why Denise wanted to discuss the topic. Denise pressed the issue. "What's it like?" she asked. Tiffany was shocked by the question. 'Denise' she objected, feeling a bit embarrassed. But Tiffany started in, giving the woman every detail and telling her about the things she and Max had done, what it was like and her reactions to it. And she told her how much she she enjoyed it.

Denise listened as this beautiful young woman spoke with joy and enthusiasm about her sexual experiences with a dog. It all sounded too good. she thought. The woman looked at Tiffany and realized it was time. "When Tim called the first time we talked a long while. When he said he wanted a girl to have sex with his dog I nearly died." She paused and looked closely at Tiffany's face. "I wanted to take the call myself" she confessed. Tiffany was shocked. "Get out" she shouted. "When you told me it had always been a fantasy of yours. I was jealous. It was my big fantasy too. But I was too scared to act on it". She said. "I've listened to you talk about it and could see how much you enjoyed it. I was proud of your courage for following through but I was jealous". Denise's demeanor softened. " You've given me courage. Teach me. Please?" she said in a pleading voice. Tiffany was stunned.

Denise put her glass on the coffee table and came to sit with Tiffany in the over stuffed chair. She pressed her body close feeling the girls figure against her own. 'I've had sex with a lot of women' Denise said. "But I've never made love with a woman". Tiffany knew what she meant. "Me either" she responded. They duo fell into an embrace, pressing their bodies together, and their lips met in a slow and loving lock. They kissed, first slow and sensual then hard and passionate. This was what each had longed for - passion, lust, love and most of all a real connection - all the things women could share and understand. Their tongues coiled together. Their hands roamed freely over each others body. Perfect.

They rolled on to the floor and slowly, sensually began to undress each other. The air was electric. These women loved each other and they wanted to share all of that tonight. In an instant they were naked, bathed in the moonlight and the warm night air. They took their time deliciously letting their hands trace the lines and curves of each other. Their tongues played and then went to lick the nape of a neck or the hardening of a nipple. Breasts were being held and caressed, nipples sucked and pulled deliciously by teeth and fingers. They reveled in the soft sensuality of another woman's body.

Denise eventually took the lead. She lay aside the girl with her hands running down between her legs. Tiffany was wet and wanting. Tiffany spread her legs open, inviting Denise's tender touch. Denise kissed her as she inserted her fingers into the girl, feeling her respond to her touch. Denise slid a third finger into her. "Is that OK" she asked looking at Tiffany's beautiful face responding in lust. "Oh god" she muttered. Denise took that as a yes. She ran her fingers in and out of the girl feeling her rising heat and wetness. She added another finger, now there was four, and Tiffany let out a groan of pleasure. "What are you doing" she cried in a heated voice. Denise smiled down at the girl and kissed her. "I'm going to fist you". Tiffany had never had a girl, or anyone, do that but she was loving the idea. "Just relax" Denise told her. " Open up and just give yourself to me". She bent



forward and kissed the girl. "God, I love you". Tiffany melted and spread her self wide open. Denise folded her fingers together and slid her entire fist into the girl. Tiffany let out a loud moan. She was full. The fist felt like Max's knot, the girl thought. But her arm was much fatter and harder than his dick. Denise turned her wrist in a circular motion and Tiffany let out another moan of pleasure. Denise could feel Tiffany's hips start to push up towards her taking her fist and arm deep inside her. The movements got more heated and pronounced. Denise was thrusting her arm deep into the girl and she was swooning in delight. Her body shook in orgasm, her legs spreading wide and her knees drawing back towards her shoulders. Denise continued relentlessly, hoping to drive the girl beyond the point of pleasure. She bent forward to suck her pink erect nipples and kiss her beautiful lips. Tiffany looked deep into the woman's eyes, her orgasm building again. "I'm cumming. Oh God I'm cumming" she shouted. She stared deeply into Denise's eyes. Denise looked lovingly at the wonderful girl cumming for her. Her pussy clamping and opening on her fist. It was the most intimate and hot moment either had ever had. They fell into each others eyes - each others souls - each others hearts.

Denise withdrew her arm from Tiffany, watching the girl as she felt the giant fist escape. Tiffany collapsed in delight. She couldn't help but think that being fisted by Denise felt a bit like being knotted by Max. They were both great. The two cuddled face to face and swapped kisses and caresses. Denise held her body close as Tiffany came back to earth. Soon they were laughing and smiling. Tiffany suddenly sat up and said "my turn" and started kissing her way down towards Denise's breasts. Denise was long and lean with perfect breasts and nipples that became erect at the slightest provocation. She tugged them slowly into her mouth and Denise gasped. It had been a long time since she had felt the touch of a woman. She liked it. Tiffany ran her hands and lips over the woman's body, touching every square inch. She got an inspiration. "Roll over" she whispered. Denise was in no condition to say no.

Tiffany kissed the woman's neck from behind. And she continued to kiss along her sides and across her back. She was going to spread little kisses on every inch of her back, her butt and her legs. Denise instantly knew what was coming and groaned her appreciation. "Oh God you're going to spoil me". "That's the idea" Tiffany whispered. They went on exploring ideas neither had ever experienced.

Tiffany reached the woman's legs and licked then gently. "Roll over" she said and Denise obeyed again, giving herself completely to the will of this girl. She was ready to do anything Tiffany wanted.

Tiffany slipped between her legs, her tongue seeking out the woman's clit. Denise looked down to see this beautiful girl lapping at her, bringing her to near climax. It was the sexiest thing she had seen - so far. Tiffany loved feeling her hips rise to meet her hot tongue.. Their eyes met as Denise exploded. "Oh god I love you so much" she cried and threw her head back in ecstasy. . Tiffany couldn't have been happier. She continued her attention to Denise's clit making the woman squirm and moan in pleasure.

The pair were lost in the lust and heat and love of the moment. Tiffany continued to lick Denise hoping to drive her to another orgasm but she suddenly felt a presence behind her. Max had caught the scent of this new woman and came to see what these two were doing together. Max pressed his nose in next to Tiffany's and she pulled her face back a bit and kissed Max on the nose. "You want to help?" She asked playfully. Denise looked down to see Tiffany and this big dog talking about taking turns licking her. Her heart pounded. This was her fantasy come true. She was actually going to have sex with this dog.

Tiffany abandoned her position between Denise's legs and crawled up to sit behind her. Denise sat forward a bit to let the girl get in behind and then laid back resting her torso on Tiffany's chest and lap. For his part, Max laid flat between this new woman's legs and moved himself forward to get

closer to her delicious scent. His tongue flashed out and slid across the length of Denise's wanting vagina, flicking deliciously at her swelling clit. The touch of his tongue shot like electricity through the woman's body and she gasped in delight,.

Max was relentless. He had found what he wanted and was happily licking the wetness of Denise. His tongue would slid into her one moment and then all along the outside of her the next. He would hit the woman's clit with long wet strokes and she would gasp in response. It became positive reinforcement for the dog and he focused in on that spot. It didn't take long for her orgasm to build. It exploded quickly, shaking her body violently. "Oh God. I'm cumming. I'm cumming" she shouted in stunned disbelief as she watched this dog lick her to climax. Tiffany kneaded Denise's breasts and gave her sensitive nipples a pinch. It made the orgasm even more intense. Denise's eyes slammed shut and she threw her head back on to the girls shoulders. He body stiffened and shook uncontrollably as she moaned her release.

Meanwhile, Max continued his oral service and why not. He was enjoying his new playmate. Denise slipped from one orgasm to the feelings of another one building. "See, I told you he was good" Tiffany said. Denise could only moan in agreement. "Oh my God. Oh, my God" she mumbled lost in the idea that a dog was driving her to exquisite sexual heights. Her body was on fire, responding to the sexual advancements of a dog. The thought made her crazy with lust.

Tiffany could feel Denise's body begin to stiffen again, her hips pressing closer to Max's delicious tongue. Max had other ideas and lifted his head, ending the tongue lashing that had Denise moaning wildly. "No. No. What is he doing? She said. She was approaching another enormous explosion and didn't want him to stop. "What's he doing?" Max started to wrap his legs around Denise's and maneuver her body to a new position. "He wants you to turn over - on your knees" the girl said. "He wants to fuck you". The idea was so hot that Denise groaned in submission and gratefully rolled over. She felt sexy and slutty kneeling there, offering herself to a dog and waiting to feel his response.

"Remember what I told you" Tiffany said. "Don't lean forward. Keep your knees under you and don't pull away." Her words barely made it through the fog of shear lust the enveloped the dark haired beauty. "You've had dreams of letting a big dog take you and ravage you. Here's your time. Surrender to it and enjoy it". Max sniffed around behind the woman and gently licked at her wetness. It was nice but Denise wanted much more. "Oh please. Please." she sobbed as she moved her hips back to reach for the dog. She was pleading with the dog to fuck her. She was ready. So was Max.

Suddenly. Max lept up on to the woman's back. She was surrounded by his wonderful soft fur. Their bodies matched perfectly, she hips at exactly the right height for him as he thrust forward, looking for entry. In a moment, his big dick slid into the woman taking her breath away. Max tightened his grip around her waist and he started pounding into her with powerful thrusts. Denise tried to brace herself against the onslaught. She could feel Max's knot growing quickly, filling her like never before. It stretched her wide creating a delicious pressure inside her wanting pussy, rubbing against her sensitive g-spot. With each thrust Max drove himself deeper, touching bottom only to pull back and slam it in again. Denise was in heaven, surrendering to the lust of this dog. "Oh my god. He's huge!" she shouted. The dog dug into her waist even tighter and pressed the attack. Denise remembered what Tiffany had told her - just relax, open up and let him ravage you. It's what you want". She was exactly right and Denise gave herself willingly and completely to Max. She was his bitch and she was begging him to use her and fill her up. "Fuck me. Oh God fuck me." she begged. Her orgasm exploded without warning. There was no build up to climax, she just exploded. It was so intense her first instinct was to tighten up against the powerful orgasm. But instead she relaxed into it, opening herself even more and surrendering control of her body. "Fuck me Max. Fuck me I love

it. Oh god, I love it" she said in a voice that reflected her wonderment of discovery. All the years of suppressed fantasy melted away replaced by the power and heat of her desire. 'I didn't know. I didn't know" she kept moaning As another orgasm crashed over her sending her screaming in delight.

Tiffany had stepped back a bit to watch. She had never seen or watched a woman with a dog. Not for real. So many of the videos seemed faked, the girls acting for the camera. But Denise was for real, totally lost in the moment. Tiffany loved watching and hearing her moans of passion. She thought that the two of them looked good together and smiled at the visual. "So that's what I look like when I do it" she thought. Very sexy.

"He's not stopping. He's not stopping" Denise cried happily. "Nope" Tiffany said 'He'll keep going for 2 or 3 minutes". How was Denise going to survive this. Each orgasm was more powerful than the last. She came with such intensity that she thought she was going to black out. There was no delicious feeling of building to an orgasm. There was no feelings of having to work towards release. Her limp body was taking all the powerful thrusts of this dog and exploding, one after another without warning. She was a quivering, moaning mess and she loved it. Nothing had ever been like this.

Finally Max slowed his pounding to a stop and stood quietly in his mount. "I love this part" Tiffany told Denise. "Now he's going to fill you up". The girl wasn't kidding. Denise could feel his throbbing cock start to cum deep inside her. It was warm and there was a lot of it. She gave out a small gasp with each warm shot that filled her body. She loved the feeling that she was letting a dog's cock cum inside of her. She wanted it all. "You can rock your hips back at him or play with your clit if you want. I usually get off that way" the girl exclaimed. Denise just shook her head. She couldn't take it anymore. She was happy just feeling that big dick inside her and taking all his cum.

Tiffany suddenly had an idea. She crawled close to the duo and slid underneath Denise as if they were doing a 69. She propped herself up on her elbows and found her mouth directly under Denise, right where she and Max were joined. He was filling the girl to overflowing and a stream of juice, a mixture of his and Denise's was running out of the woman. Tiffany smiled and opened her mouth, sticking out her tongue to lick Denise's clit. Denise groaned in delight. Long streams of cum slid down her tongue as she licked at Denise's pussy and Max's shaft. She happily swallowed the never ending flow. Denise let out one last intense groan and came again. Tiffany finished cleaning up the two and placed a gentle kiss on Denise's battered clit and then did the same to Max's beautiful balls.

Eventually Max withdrew and lay down next to Tim's chair, his head turned to lick himself clean. Denise looked up through her dazed eyes to see his dick for the first time. Good lord how did she take all that, she wondered. No matter, she loved it. She watched as Tiffany crawled to Max's side. "Hey, that's my job" she said playfully and lowered her head to take him into her mouth. Denise was shocked but turned on by the vision. She collapsed to the carpet totally spent and feeling more satisfied than she ever had. Tiffany came to lay next to her and the two pressed their bodies together and drifted off to sleep.

~~~~~

## Part 22

Morning came early as the two slept on the carpet through the night. Denise had always been a light sleeper but not this time. The sheer intensity of last night and the endless orgasms had left her happy but drained. She slept like a log. Tiffany was still asleep when she got up. She left the girl on the floor and went to clean up a bit. Thank god she had short hair she thought as she looked in the

mirror. Otherwise it would be a wild mess from last night. She gazed in the mirror to survey the aftermath. She certainly felt good, she thought. And she had a new glow about her, a lightness that came from the joy of discovering a new part of herself. She noticed that she had small bruises on both sides of her waist from where Max had grabbed her so forcefully. "Oh well: she thought. "A small price to pay" she laughed to herself.

Denise showered quickly, not wanting to wake the girl. She went through Tim's closets and found a golf shirt that she decided to wear. It fit her perfectly as a night shirt, showing off her hips and stopping several inches above her knee, displaying her sexy legs wonderfully. She quietly made her way to the kitchen to see what she could whip up for breakfast. She started the coffee pot and began rummaging through the refrigerator. It certainly was well stocked, she thought as she lined the counter with all sorts of goods.

Tiffany came shuffling into the kitchen. Neither said a word. They didn't need to. The girl draped her arms around Denise's neck and gave her a good morning kiss. Denise pulled her close and whispered "Thank you". Tiffany understood and was touched as Denise's eyes started to fill with tears of joy and gratitude. They pulled each other close and locked in an embrace that said all that needed to be said.

"So, what's up with you guys today" Denise asked. "Nothing. Just a little house work and some reading, I guess". "I really miss Tim" the girl said. "It will be nice when he's back". "What's he really like" the older woman asked. She had spoken with him many time about all sorts of things. She had come to enjoy his calls and looked forward to the times they would talk. She had come to a belief that her was different than the guys she was used to meeting but still, with her background, she was hesitant and distrustful on men in general.

"He's terrific" the girl chirped. You'll love him" "Why do you think so" the older woman asked. "Well, for one thing he's very much like you". Denise was curious "In what way?" "He's smart and funny and he can be sophisticated or casual. And he respects me" she smiled. Denise sipped her coffee and gazed at her. "Respect is a funny thing" she started. "People have ways of masking it". "Nope" the girl responded "he really respects me. He holds doors open for me and pushes in my chair when we're out to dinner. Lots of stuff". "Well, good manners are nice but manners aren't respect." she said sounding very jaded. "I've had a lot of courteous clients but at the end of the day they have a way or reminding you that you're just a hooker and not one of them" she said with an edge of resentment. "You're just meat, a hired help to be used and tossed away. They never let you forget what you are and they'll never accept you as one of them" she finished. Tiffany was taken back by her harsh words. "I understand what you're saying and you're probably right most of the time. But Tim is different." She went on " After all the sex and stuff, he watches out for me. And in the morning, he'll sit with me and talk about the news and ask my opinion of things. He really wants to know and he listens when I talk". Denise was paying close attention. She continued "He's always asking me about what my generation thinks about things and takes time to explain things I don't understand. He likes to teach me new stuff and is patient and very kind. You'll see"

Over the years Denise had put up very high protective walls and she didn't let people through. That way she could keep control - an emotional safety issue she had told herself. Tim had scared her. She wasn't sure why but they struck up a friendship immediately on the phone. She wasn't scared to talk to him and reveal herself. In fact, she liked it. He was the first guy that she had done that with since she was a kid and it felt great. Scary but great. And the frightening part was she had never even met him, it was all by phone. She'd listen to the tone of his voice and try to imagine what he looked like, how he acted, everything. He made her feel like a school girl and she liked it. Deep down, she thought this was crazy or maybe even dangerous. You can't fall in love with someone over the phone. That's craziness.

But she had to admit she had. All those long conversations meant something. She probably talked more on the phone than if they were out to dinner. And it had become more. She wasn't sure why, but he had taken to calling her just to say a quick hello. He said he just wanted to hear her voice. He'd call before meetings to get her opinion on how he should approach it, telling her that she had a wonderful instinct for reading people and understanding how people respond to things. It was a million little things and as crazy as it was, she had fallen for the guy on the other end of the phone. Even though he was having sex with her girl that she loved more than life itself.

"Well, maybe I'll get to meet him someday" she said. She wanted to but was also deathly afraid of the idea. "You're going to love him" the girl said. "I think you two would be great together". It was a comment that cut right through the woman. Wouldn't it be nice to actually find a decent guy, she thought. She slumped - not at her age. Not in her profession.

With that, a car door slammed. Tiffany looked outside. "Tim!" she shouted with glee and raced out in her robe to greet him. Max was close behind, happy to see him home again. Tiffany rushed to his side and launched herself into his arms. Tim was tired but thrilled. He had never been welcomed back like this and he felt the joys of being home. "Hey there" he said, bending down to pat Max. "Have you been behaving" he joked. "how have things been. Any troubles" he asked "Nope we managed just fine" she beamed. "I like the new bandana" Tim laughed and they walked into the house.

He came in looking tired and road weary. But standing in front of him was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Dark, sultry and looking terrific in one of his shirts. She was exactly the type woman he fantasied about. Tiffany was stunning he thought, in a California Golden Girl bubbly way. But this woman was breathtaking. He tried to compose himself. "I don't think we've met" he said extending his hand. "I'm Tim". The woman looked at him and melted. He's fantastic - tall, strong the whole package. She reached out to take his hand "Yes, I know" she said. "I'm Denise". The atmosphere was electric. There was an instant attraction, you could see it in their eyes, you could tell by their voices. If ever there was love at first sight, this was it.

"Denise?" he exclaimed "THE Denise." Tim was blown away. He was frozen forgetting to let go of her hand. She didn't want him to. She had found a way into his heart through their time on the phone but now, to be face to face with this stunning woman, he was speechless. "Yes Mr. San Diego, THE Denise" she said trying to keep a calm manner about her, all the while her heart was pounding in school girl excitement. Tim slowly pulled her to him and gave her a long loving hug. When she stepped back he said "I've always tried to picture what you looked like but I can honestly say I never imagined you in one of my golf shirts". In all the commotion, Denise had actually forgotten where she was and how she was dressed. Her hands went to her hair and then across the shirt, "Oh god I must look awful" she said. "I apologize for using your shirt." Tim let his eyes wander over the beautiful woman. "Are you kidding, you look way better in it than I do". The three of them laughed. Tiffany had been watching the exchange. There was real chemistry between them, she thought. How great would it be to see them get together. They'd be perfect for each other.

"Can I get you some coffee" Denise asked. "Great" he replied and he watched her from behind make her way to the coffee maker to pour him a cup. She brought it back and handed it to him. "You look tired" she said. "I'm totally beat" he said. "I can use a light bite and then I need to lay down for a while. "Did everything go OK? Did you get stuff worked out?" the girl asked. He put his arm around her waist, pulled her close and kissed her on the forehead. "Yeah, I think we got things fixed but I'll tell you about it later. OK?" Tiffany smiled and ran off to the bathroom to start the day, leaving Tim and Denise alone.

"Do you know how nice it is to come back to a house filled with joy and love like this? He asked.

Denise smiled. "Even if the women folk look like hell" she asked playfully. Tim looked at her admiringly "I doubt you could ever look bad". Denise actually blushed. "I was gong to make breakfast, if you'd like". "What's on the menu at Chez Denise this morning" he joked. Well, I can make you some omelets that are like crepes. I fill them with all kinds of interesting things." Tim wasn't that hungry, he thought, but he was just captivated by this woman and wanted to just watch her move around the kitchen. "I trust my gastronomic future to your capable hands" he laughed. "Don't trust me too much. You haven't tried my cooking yet." She smiled and went to work. The two had instantly fallen into the same rapport they had on the phone - a gentle joking and sarcastic one liners. He liked that.

He watched intently as Denise started in. She made very thing egg wrappers or crepes and filled them with things he never even imagined for breakfast. "Here, try this one" she said sliding the plate in front of him. He took a forkful. "This is divine, what's in it" he asked. "Soft herbed cheese and thin sliced sauteed apples." she responded. "Magnificent" The omelet was light and fresh and tasted like more. "see if you like this one" she said offering up the next iteration of omelet. "What's this one" he asked. "Prosciutto, Montrachet and roasted red peppers with small slices of marinated portobello". Denise prided herself on her cooking and Tim was in heaven.

Tiffany came back to the kitchen in her robe and her hair up in a towel. "Something smells good" she said. Denise gave the girl a plate and she dug in. She wished she could cook like that. Denise was cleaning up her mess at the sink as Tim and Tiffany sat eating. They smiled at each other, silently expressing their amazement at the great meal this woman had whipped together out of thin air. "5 stars. Definitely 5 stars" Tim applauded. Tiffany wasn't sure what that meant and asked Tim to explain. Denise listened closely as he told the girl all about the ratings guides and how important their opinions were to the success of a restaurant. He went into detail talking about what they looked for and how they graded on quality, price and presentation. It made Denise's heart melt to hear him take time to talk to this girl, never once making her feel stupid and never talking down at her. He treated her with kindness and respect. It nearly brought her to tears. "I agree" the girl said "5 stars on the TifTim scale" she laughed.

Tim was beyond tired. The trip had been long and difficult and the flight home was uncomfortable. He needed to close his eyes for a while. "I'm going to lie down for a while. Sorry" and he shuffled off to bed. Tiffany looked at Denise and smiled. "See! Did you see how her talked to me!" Denise went to the girl and placed her hands reassuringly on her shoulders. She kissed her cheek and held her hand to the girls face. They smiled and locked eyes. Nothing needed to be said. Denise's heart was filled by this fabulous girl. She really was magic.

Tim fell asleep fast and hard and the women tried to be quiet so that they didn't disturb him. Denise unpacked his bags and sorted his laundry. The washer/dryer was on the far side of the house and there was no way Tim could hear it in the bedroom. Tiffany came in as announced that she and Max were going for a run. She looked adorable in her shorts and her pony tail hanging out the back of her baseball hat. And of course Max had his red bandana. What a pair Denise thought. "OK. I'm just going to do some laundry. Have fun". Denise had arranged to take a few days off and left one of the girls in charge. It was nice, she thought, to just putter around the house. The washer and dryer were really large. This wasn't going to take long at all, she thought.

The day slipped by and it was early afternoon before Tim came stumbling out of the bedroom in his bright red boxer shorts. "God I feel like hell" he said to himself out loud. "You don't look much better, either" he heard a woman's voice say. He had forgotten that Denise was here and he sprang awake at the sound. He loved her voice. She had showered and changed in the guest room so she wouldn't interrupt his sleep. "Is this what powerful executives look like in the morning?" she joked. "If it is, I may need to rethink things". "No" he responded "Powerful executives look much worse."

She smiled and needled him a bit more "Not possible" . He just ran his hands through his hair. "Thanks, pal" They both loved this banter. "Juice is in the fridge". She said pushing him towards the kitchen. He drank from the carton and put it back. "Oh nice!" she scolded him mockingly. "Oops. I've been a bachelor too long" Sorry." She didn't really mind. If she was lucky, they'd be sharing a lot more than orange juice.

What are you doing?" Tim asked. "You shouldn't be doing my laundry for heaven's sake." "Too late" she said, "all washed, dried and folded". "But I don't fold underwear and what the hell is this thing" she laughed holding up a completely tattered tee shirt. "Hey, come on" he said snatching the rag from her hands. "That's my favorite shirt. It's an heirloom. It's almost an antique" he said jokingly. "It's almost a car rag" she said. He clutched the tee close in a mock childlike display. "Get over it Linus" . They both chuckled "Yeah, it really has to go" he said tossing it into the waste basket. "Good boy. We'll find you something else to obsess over". "Like what " he asked. "What could ever replace that tee?" he asked jokingly. Denise came close and stood in front of him. A look of mischief crossed her face. She pressed a little closer and smiled "You'll think of something" and turned and walked away. Tim's knees nearly buckled. God, was she hot.

Tim was in his office cleaning up some of the paper work from the trip when Denise came in. "BBQ for dinner" she asked. "Sure. My turn to cook" he said. "You think you're up to it" she grinned. "Hey, you're talking to the BBQ king of the entire state" She just stared. "OK maybe not the state maybe the region" She just shook her head "OK the block? Would you believe the block?" She laughed and turned away. "Let's eat round 6, your highness". Damn, he liked playing with this woman.

Tim grabbed a bottle of wine and went out to the patio where Denise was laying in the sun. She had decided to go topless and Tim was mesmerized by her beauty. He sat on the lawn chair next to her and handed her a glass of wine. She raised her sun glasses to see him staring at her body. "So, do I meet with your approval" she asked. "You'll do, I guess". "You guess!!" she said in fake anger. He let his eyes wander slowly over the length of her perfect body and then up to her eyes. She had the most perfect dark eyes that a man could fall into and happily get lost forever. "Your perfect" he said. Denise melted at the sentiment but kept the banter going. "That's more like it" she said sipping her wine.

The two started talking about Tiffany, both of them saying what a special woman she is and how much they had come to love her. "I watched you with her today, talking to her. You were terrific". "Thanks. I like being around her. She makes me smile. It's easy to be nice to her. I just hope I can do something to let her know how much I appreciate her" he said. He needed something to lighten the tension a bit. "And she's pretty good in bed too". He laughed. Denise just laid back, he glasses on staring skyward. "Yeah, I agree" she quipped. "Wait. What? What?" Tim said. "You and Tiffany?" he was stammering. He could feel an erection growing in his pants. The idea of these two together and he'd kill twice to see these two. He tried to collect himself. Denise turned her head slightly and noticed the bulge in his shorts. She liked that she was having that effect. "I'm sorry I missed that" he said as casually as he could. She sat up and told him "You never know. Maybe there will be a rerun". Damn this woman knew how to melt his brain. She had him beyond excited. He figured he had to cool off in the pool. Denise stood up and started to the house. Tim noticed the bruises on her waist and asked what happened, was she OK. "Yeah, I'm fine.: she said turning sideways and showing them to Tim. "They don't hurt, just a little sore" she said as she rubbed the spots. She stared at him and said "Max just got carried away. He doesn't know his own strength". She watched him for a reaction. "Max?" he said in disbelief. What was she telling him? She smiled " It hurts but it was worth it. He's great". She spun and walked away. It was all too much. Tim let out a shriek and threw himself in the pool. Denise just laughed. She loved this guy.

Tim got the grill going, still reeling from the revelations of this afternoon. He loved the sensuality of

these women. He loved being around them. And he was finally calming down about it. He realized that Denise enjoyed teasing him and he had come to love it too. She had only been in the house one day and already he couldn't imagine his house without her.

The table was set and Denise told Tiffany to go pick out a wine for dinner. "Me?" she said. "Why not you" the woman responded. "We're having chicken and I made a nice raspberry and citrus sauce for it. And we're having a fruit and cheese plate with all those cheeses that were in the fridge." Tiffany trotted off to the wine cellar. Tim and Denise just smiled at each other. Their little girl was growing up.

Tim's cellar had some quick reference guides that the girl flipped through. She found a white wine that sounded like it would work. She read the description and decided this was the one. She grabbed 2 bottles from the cooler and went back to the patio. "What did you come up with" Denise asked. "Bernkasteler Graben" the girl said. Tim and Denise were pleasantly surprised and Tiffany could tell. "What do we know about it" Tim asked and the girl proceeded to tell all about where it was made, what sort of flavors to expect and how it should work well with what they were eating. She finished and watched for a reaction. Denise, walked to her and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. She made sure Tim saw. "Good girl. Perfect". Tiffany was thrilled as they all sat down to eat. She loved listening to Tim and Denise talk. They were so smart. She'd just try to soak it all in. And if she had questions, they didn't mind stopping to explain. Tiffany was happier than she had ever been.

The sun had set and the evening air was cooling off. The night was nearly moonless, just a sliver of a waning moon. They moved indoors, Tim sat in his chair and the girls flopped on the sofa, Tiffany with her head in Denise's lap. Denise stroked her hair as they all quietly talked and laughed. "What am I thinking" Tim said with a start. HE jumped up and ran to the bedroom. The woman were caught completely by surprise. What the heck was he doing? HE came back with two packages, one for each of them. "I'm sorry I didn't have much time to shop" he said. "I hope these are OK". He handed each woman her package. "Road trip gifts" he smiled.

Tiffany went first, ripping open her present with the excitement of a child at Christmas. She pulled out a robe and stood to stretch it out. It was a Japanese Kimono, a brilliant red silk with stunning hand stitched images of dragons and trees. "It's beautiful" she said. She had never seen anything like it. She ran to the bathroom to try it on. Denise looked at Tim - "That's stunning. You didn't buy that in the Ginza" she said. He just smiled "I know some places in Tokyo" He sipped his wine. Denise knew that the kimono was old, very old and was exquisite. She didn't even want to guess what it cost. "Open yours" he prodded. "'I can't believe you brought me anything" she said. " Well, I didn't have any information to go on but I figured I'd make a guess and if I didn't see you, I could mail it".

Denise slowly opened her package. It was also a kimono, black and short, maybe mid-thigh. The back was covered with a mural of a city and the dragons extended down the sleeves, wrapping around the cuffs. The needle work was spectacular. "Oh, Tim. This is the most beautiful present I've ever gotten" she said. She meant it. It was stunning. She looked at him gratefully and asked "Why?" He looked down to the floor and back to her beautiful eyes. "All I could think about while I was there was 'what can I bring Denise that she might like'"? She just shook her head. "I don't know what to say" "Tim helped. 'Don't say anything. Just try it on and let's see if it works". Denise smiled and went to the bathroom where Tiffany was, to change. They giggled like school girls as they slipped out of their cloths and wrapped the kimono's around themselves. These were stunning and they knew they looked very sexy. They laughed about putting on a show for Tim. "God I love that guy" Tiffany said. "ME too" Denise confessed. Tiffany loved that her friend had found a great guy. They hugged and went back to the living room.

Tim was patting Max's head as the two came back into the room. They were visions. "What do you think" said Tiffany. Tim looked at her admiringly. "The red is perfect for you" he said. Denise went



and smoothed the silk along the girl, the robe clinging to her silhouette. "It really is beautiful on her", she said. "It picks up the strawberry blond in her hair". Both Tim and Denise looked at her with admiration and desire. "Never mind me. Look at how great this is on her!" the girl said with enthusiasm. Denise did a little twirl like a model, laughing and a little embarrassed. After all these years and all the experiences, Denise felt like a school girl, a little self-conscious but giddy that she was on display. Standing still was the most difficult. Tim let his eyes slowly drink in every inch of the woman. Her long legs were accented by the short hem. The belt tied across her tiny waist accenting her hips and the long line to her broad shoulders. The black robe accented her dark features - God, Tim thought. She's magnificent. "Not bad" he said. "Not too bad". She knew from the way he had looked at her that he was kidding. The two went to him and both kissed his cheeks. "I could get used to that" he laughed. The girls thought it was cute as well.

"Shoot. Wait" Tiffany shouted and ran to the bedroom. Now what, the two wondered. Several minutes passed and the girl emerged seemingly perplexed. "Anything wrong", Denise asked. "Sort of, I guess." the girl answered. She was frantically playing with her smart phone. "I have to make my student loan payment today and it's not letting me" she complained. "I keep getting a message that says no payment needed. Somethings wrong." Denise gazed towards Tim and he let a little smile cross his face. Did you check your account" Denise asked. "Maybe you have the payment date wrong". Tiffany pulled up the master loan account. "Oh this is totally screwed up" she said. "It says I owe nothing. I know that's very wrong." Tim gently took the girls hand. "No, it's right" She looked at him not understanding. "I paid your loans. They are done. You don't have to worry about them hanging over your head anymore" Tim said. Tiffany sat stunned trying to understand what he just said. Every decision she had made was influenced by her unbearable debt and now he was saying it was gone. "No, that's not right. She said. I can't take that. It's way too much", the girl protested. She looked at Denise "You had something to do with this". Tim grabbed her hands and quited the girl. Tiffany" he started "listen to me". She calmed and looked at Tim as he spoke quietly with a strength and clarity that she liked. Tim tried to find the right words. "I have money.... probably more than you know. What I never had in my life was joy and fun, and laughter and great sex and love" he said. "It has escaped me my entire life, until you came along. You gave me all those things" She watched him as he explained. "If I could have found a woman that gave me all that, I would have paid any amount a very long time ago. Great woman can;t be bought" he said. "Great woman are a very rare gift." He leaned close. "I gave you money but you gave me life. I gave you some relief from your financial worries but you gave me joy and peace in my heart. You have given me much more than I have given you." She started to speak but he interrupted - " Do you like me?" he asked. "Of course" the girl said. "And are we friends" he asked. "More" she said. She knew what he was saying. He was using her words against her to show her how much he loved her. She wnet to his chair and hugged him tightly. She sobbed her thanks. "No, thank you sweetheart" he said. They held on for a long time. Then Tiffany looked at Denise. She knew that Denise had a role in this but they didn't need to say anything. They never did, they were so connected.

"Now" Tim said " we have some business" he announced. "My Tokyo trip was difficult but things turned out OK" he announced. The women quizzed him what the trip was about. Tim explained. "I've been setting up a company in the luxury hotel business." he said. "I'm the big investor but I had several partners and a real estate guy in Tokyo. For some silly reasons they all got cold feet and I had to go get everyone back in line. It was a nightmare." "Did you need them" Denise asked. "Actually, no" said Tim but my banker partner there was getting cold feet for some reason. I could self finance but that wasn't the best idea for this" he continued. "So what are you trying to do" asked Tiffany. "I'm glad you asked". "I'm starting a chain of small, very upscale boutique hotel catering to CEO's, wealthy entertainers and heads of state." They will be small, 20 rooms or less hotels for the super wealthy. There is a need". "Sounds fun" Tiffany said. "Well, it's going to be a lot of work" he continued "but we can make some money if it works". "Can I stay at one" Tiffany joked. Tim looked

at her with a serious look that she had never seen before. "Only if you work for the company" he said. "I need a Chief Operating Officer type person. Someone who has great customer sensibilities to go to these hotels and train people. They need to be able to see what's wrong, improve it and then take it several levels higher. This has to be the most exclusive hotel chain anywhere and the COO person will be responsible for making it that". He turned to Denise "and I hope you'll accept the position".

She was stunned. "Me? I can't do that. I don't have any experience" she protested. He took her hands and talked softly. "I trust you. You have the right sensibility for this. I have no doubt you can do this. Other people will take care of the business. I need you to make sure the hotels are perfect. Please." Denise just stared at the man for a long time not even knowing what to say. "Just say yes" Tiffany chimed in. "You'll be great" she said with a laugh. Denise shrugged in amazement. "OK. I'm in" She said. "What's the pay?" Tim laughed. "Don't worry, we'll make it worth your while. " He turned to Tiffany who was all excited for Denise. "and I need a marketing person for this venture" he said staring into her blue eyes. "ME!??? Are you kidding?" He watched her for her reaction. "I can totally do that job." "Good, it's settled" he said. He looked at Tiffany and said, "you do know we will be giving stock to the people who help us get this going". It was her dream come true. The women gathered around him kissing him and thanking him for the positions. "Don't thank me yet. We have a lot of work to do". They didn't care. This man made dreams come true.

The three settled into their chairs, the women asking questions they thought of until Tim said that he'd take all their questions tomorrow. Right now, he wanted to just relax and enjoy their company. "Oh. I have an idea" he jumped out of the chair and ran to the garage. He came back with a telescope!. "Have you ever looked at the stars?" he asked. It was new to both of them. Tiffany laughed/ "They are stars. We know what they look like" she giggled. Tim knew it was a silly hobby but he loved it. "Humor me" he said and went to the back yard. Up in the hills like his house, the sky was dark and brilliant. There were not street lights to cloud the night sky. Tim set up the telescope and focused it on the last visible part of the moon. "Here, look" he said to Tiffany. She put her eye to the viewer and looked. She was astonished. "I've never seen the moon like this" she said. "It's beautiful". Tim spent focusing the scope on parts of the sky that he knew contained dramatic sights. Tiffany was captivated by the images. She would look and then Denise and they would both gaze in wonder. It was all new and all beautiful.

"The night sky is full of beauty and wonder" he said. "And it has fabulous stories". Denise was struck by the sensitivity of the man. "Tell me" she said. "Well, see that" he pointed to a cluster in the sky just opposite the Big Dipper that looked like a "W" formed by 5 stars. That's Cassiopeia. In Greek mythology it represented the vain queen Cassiopeia who boasted about her unrivaled beauty." Denise felt closer to him every moment. Tiffany listened with joy. "You're a Gemini, right?" he said to Denise. She nodded. He scanned the sky and pointed to a cluster low in the sky. "See those, how they look alike" he asked. Denise leaned back into his arms. "yes" "well, Gemini were only half brothers" he said. Tiffany was fascinated while Denise was melting into his arms. "They share the same mother. Leda, but have different fathers. Castor's father was a king of Sparta, Pollux the son of Zeus who visited Leda on her wedding night in the guise of a swan and impregnated her. Castor was a great horseman and fighter. One of his pupils was Heracles. Like Heracles, both Castor and Pollux would become Argonauts and join Jason in his quest for the golden fleece. One day a cousin of theirs killed Castor. Pollux mourned his brother's loss to such a point that he wanted to follow Castor into Hades. Zeus was so stricken by Pollux's love for his brother, he allowed them both to share the two in the heavens side by side." Tiffany was awestruck by Tim's knowledge. "You're amazing" she said. "how do you know all this?" Tim looked at her. "You're young. People tell you things and you remember the things you think are fun or important. " "You'll be telling this story to someone else years from now" he smiled. The girl loved how he talked to her. She smiled and ran indoors.

Denise stood close in front of Tim. "Cold" he asked the woman, covered only in her kimono. "Only a bit" Come her" he wrapped his arms around her. "Better?" Yes" she said laying back against him. The two gazed into the sky enjoying the air and each others bodies. "What do you do for fun" she asked. "Fun? What's that" he joked. "We need to get you out more" she said. "We should go bowling" she said sarcastically. "Bowling!" he protested. "Tiffany made me embarrass my self playing 8 ball and now you want to steal every last shred of my dignity by humiliating myself bowling!" They laughed. "OK, not bowling. How about camping" she asked. "I'm great at camping" he blustered. " I can stake a tent with anyone. I can make a 5 star dinner from the forest floor. I've been nominated to the camping hall of fame!" he said. " She grinned "Never been camping, have you" "Not once" he shot back. "There are bears out there right" he asked jokingly. "They only attack if they smell food" she reassured him. "Oh so this is a plot to kill me and make it look like an accident". She smiled. "I can see the headlines" he said. Man killed by bear. All that was left was an empty jar of Skippy and a pair of old bowling shoes!" Denise laughed at his playfulness.

The night was cool and Denise was getting chilly. But she was completely swept away by this man. She had never been so attracted to a man. She had never felt so close. She stepped away from Tim and turned in front of him in the darkness. She looked at him with all the love she could muster. She slowly reached the kimono belt and untied it letting the beautiful garment fall off her shoulders, revealing her naked body for Tim to see. She hoped that he wanted her. She couldn't stand it if he didn't. Tim was captivated. Denise was a work of art standing in the night. HE breasts stood firm, her nipples hardening in the night air. She was everything he had ever dreamed of. God, he hoped he'd be enough for this wonderful creature. He took her by the hand and led her inside.

Tiffany was on the sofa playing with Max as the two walked in. She knew immediately what was happening. He got up off the sofa and moved to the couple. Tim was so wonderful, she thought. Maybe the girls should give him a treat - a little show. She moved to Denise and smiled at Tim. Tiffany took Denise's hand from Tim 's and put it in her own. The girls smiled and moved Tim to his chair. They pushed him down. Showtime. The women slowly took off the ir kimonos and slowly started. They wrapped their arms around each other and kissed a long slow loving kiss. This wasn;t gong to be sex, the girl thought, this was going to be the real thing. Tim wayched in amazement as the two explored each others naked figures. Lips touched lips, tongues gently entwined. They dropped to the floor. Tiffany and Denise were not putting on a show, they were making love and Tim could tell. He watched as lips caressed breadts and nipples. Kisses happened as hands explored legs, backs and slowly slid into each other. Small gasps followed kissing necks and bellies. They held each other close and expressed their love in every way. It was slow, sensuous and the most incredible thing he had ever seen. First Tiffany went down and licked Denise bringing her to a screaming orgasm. Denise returned the favor. Ot wasn't a heated rush to climax but a long slow delicious reveling in the sexuality of two women who loved each other.

Tim was beyond aroused. Yet, he was totally taken my the love he was watching. These tow fabulous women, both of whom he loved beyond explanation, were making love. It was sweet, hot and it touched him. Denise was on her knees going down on Tiffany. The young girl maoned in appreciation, climaxing in Denise's mouth. She begged for more. Tim was beyond control. He took off his panys and crept up behind Denise. He touched her hips and Denise turned to look at him coming up from behind. She smiled and went back to her work on the young girl. Tim was harder than her ever remembered. He slid easily into the beautiful brunette grabbing her hips right where Max had. HE drove himself into her and started pounding. Denise exploded. Tim was very well hung. His cock touched her perfectly in all the right spots. Denise moaned her pleasure into the pussy she had in her mouth. Tiffany looked up and smiled at Tim. They were using Dense and all three were loving it. She smiled at the man as her thrust into this fantastic woman. "Animal" she whispered. He knew exactly what she was saying and her began to hammer Denise mercilessly. She was in heaven.

The three went at it hard, each trying to drive the other over the top. It was hot. It was sexy and it was the most loving connective moment of all their lives. Max came trotting over to see what the commotion was. Denise had cum several times thanks to Tim. And Tiffany had surrendered to Denise, her body wracked with countless orgasms caused by the woman's talented tongue.

Denise rose up. Away from Tiffany and back towards Tim. She crawled towards the girl and they kissed affectionately. Tim watched lovingly. Denise whispered to her "You take Max tonight" Tiffany smiled and knew exactly what the woman meant. In a hushed tone only the two could hear she whispered "Next time. He's mine and Tim is yours." Denise stood up and took Tim by the hand. Max was climbing on the girl's back and starting to thrust uncontrollably. Tiffany moaned in lust. "We're going to bed sweetie" she said leaving the girl to the delicious pounding of the big lab. In the haze of her lust Tiffany smiled. Life was good. Later in the night, she and Max were cuddled in the guest room and woke to the sounds of Denise and Tim going wild together. The girl loved it. Everything was right, she thought. She wasn't sure what the future may bring but right now, Tiffany was loved and safe and happy. She knew she had friends and family and people who would always be there for her. Life was good.