

# A Dog Day Afternoon

As she stepped out of the tub after her morning shower, Laurie Kepler caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She paused a moment to look at the image of herself that no one had seen for over a year: standing 5 feet, 6 inches tall, her hundred and twelve pounds left her looking slender - a slenderness accentuated by her 34B-26-35 measurements. High on her chest, her breasts were capped with small, dark areolas barely larger than her pencil-diameter nipples. Her hair, though wet, still looked as black and luxurious as when she'd been eighteen; the dark smudge at the apex of her thighs was full and luxuriant. The skin between the two extremes was clear and smooth, with not a sag or wrinkle or blemish to be found. "Not bad for 34 years old!" she thought to herself - then felt a pang when she remembered - as she did every day - just WHY no one had seen her naked for over a year.

It had been thirteen months ago that Ken, her husband of sixteen years, had died at the bank where he worked as a junior vice-president - he'd been helping an elderly woman with a safe deposit box when an undiagnosed aneurism in his brain had let go; according to the doctors, he'd been dead before he even hit the floor. The paramedics had been there in less than five minutes, and had tried heroically to save a life that simply couldn't BE saved.

Everyone at the bank had been supportive and sympathetic, as had all of hers and Ken's friends. But that did precious little to fill her empty arms, or provide someone for their daughters Melissa and Natalie to call 'Daddy'. She and Ken had married in their sophomore year of college. They'd met as freshmen in an English class, discovered a shared fondness for Hawthorne, and the rest, as they say, was history. They loved each other madly, and she'd borne him their first child, Melissa, during their Junior year. She'd given birth to Natalie just a few months before the two of them walked across the stage to accept their degrees. Melissa had her mother's dark hair, while Natalie got her blonde coloring from Ken. Being so close in age, they hadn't had as many differences as so many sisters did - and since Ken's death, even those had disappeared. The two of them spent a surprising amount of time together - even at school, though that wasn't too surprising.

After Ken's death, Laurie had had to move out of the large house that they'd lived in. Although she still got a tidy little income from the stock Ken had owned in the bank, it wasn't enough to cover the mortgage payments. Instead, she'd found another, smaller, house, far out in the suburbs - nearly all the way out in the country, truth be told. The girls had been less than thrilled to have to change schools, of course, but both understood and accepted the necessity of it. One of the few items of continuity with their 'old' life was the family dog - an Akita named Tojo. He was friendly and playful with friends and family members, and fiercely protective of them around strangers - weighing nearly a hundred pounds, he had the size to make his protective nature count. His thick, tan-colored fur made him a popular 'pillow' for anyone lying on the floor.

Giving a little start, Laurie pulled herself out of the flood of memories and finished drying herself off. Still naked, she hung the towel up to dry, and went into her bedroom, fishing a pair of panties and soft bra from her dresser. With those items on, she next headed for the closet, selecting a pair of slacks and matching silk blouse - she was supposed to meet with one of her closest friends - Charlene Benson, they'd known each other since middle school - for lunch. Laurie slipped her feet into a pair of sandals, and went to the kitchen to make sure that Melissa and Natalie ate something that was at least *vaguely* nutritious before they left for school. To her surprise, both of them had gone with heat-and-serve oatmeal, with orange juice to wash it down.

She watched as they finished their meal, and put their dishes in the dishwasher - at 15, Melissa was a beauty: beautiful brown eyes that sparkled; straight, white teeth; a smooth, clear complexion made her look a bit younger than she really was. At least, unless you looked a bit lower, and saw the developing bust that wasn't much smaller than Laurie's, and the graceful curve of waist and hips that flowed on down to slender, nicely turned legs that seemed to go on forever. Natalie, 14, wasn't far behind: though not quite as busty or curvaceous as her sister, the bulges at the top of her blouses made it abundantly clear that she was female. Her hair was as blonde as her fathers' - almost white, in fact - and accentuated by her sky-blue eyes. She had a look of almost childlike innocence that belied her developing body.

After they were gone - having given her a kiss on the cheek in farewell - Laurie sat down at the table for her own breakfast. With nothing more pressing, she gave herself permission for a second, then third, cup of coffee as Tojo lay on her feet under the table. In the winter, it actually felt nice having him keep her feet warm; but in the summer... not so much. But he was so much a part of the family, and she felt so reassured having him around for protection, that she willingly put up with sweaty feet for a few months out of the year.

When it was time for her to leave, Laurie got her purse, and then hunted around until she found where she'd left her car keys. With them in hand, she wasn't surprised to find Tojo waiting at the door to the garage for her, eagerly waiting to see if she would let him go with her. She laughed, and asked "Well, Tojo - are you ready to go for a ride?" His doggy grin simply answered her "Aren't I always?"

Still smiling, she opened the door and told him "Okay, come on, you big hairy monster!"

He quickly darted through, and on to where her car was parked, waiting patiently for her to open the door. She let him in, and he quickly took his assigned place in the passenger seat next to her. She hit the opener for the garage door, backed out, and closed it again before rolling the window down so Tojo could stick his head partway out the window while she drove.

When she got to the small café where she was to meet Charlene, she was a few minutes early. She found a place to park in the shade of a tree, and left Tojo in the car - he was well-mannered enough not to bark at passers-by, or other dogs that he might see; and he

was certainly a lot better than any car alarm she'd ever seen to keep someone from stealing her car!

Inside the café, she found a quiet table where Charlene would be able to see her; she ordered a glass of iced tea, and let the waitress know that there would be another person. A few minutes later, she saw Charlene come in, and discretely waved to get her attention. Charlene came over and sat down before saying Laurie, it's so nice to see you again. It's been **months** since we had time with each other like this."

"Thirteen months, in fact", Laurie answered "Not since Ken died."

Charlene frowned, and said "No, not since then."

Laurie saw the sadness on her friend's face and said "I'm sorry, Charlene. I guess I shouldn't say things like that, now - but I still miss him so much!"

Charlene smiled, and answered "No, it's okay - I know how much you two loved each other. What you had was a whole shitload better than what *I've* got, that's for sure!" Charlene wasn't always the most refined person Laurie knew - but they were friends, and that was what mattered.

"What is it now?" Laurie asked - thinking that she probably already knew the answer.

"Oh, nothing serious - just that William, that damned husband of mine, is so busy working his deals that he doesn't have time for me. It's been damn near two years since he laid me last! If it wasn't for the pool boy and the new gardener we hired, I don't know WHAT I'd do!"

"Charlene! You really should be more careful about who you go to bed with! The pool boy? The gardener? What are you going to say for yourself if Ben ever finds out?"

"I'll say that if he didn't want me screwing the help, he should have been there to take care of me himself, that's what I'll say. You know, it's not like the bastard has a mistress, or something on the side - it's like he doesn't even have a dick, any more! I had a detective follow him, and the only one's he's screwing is the competition."

"That's all the more reason not to be fooling around on him - if he was cheating on you, that would be one thing; but to be screwing around on him... that's something completely different. If one of those guys ever started talking, and he found out, he could divorce you and not have to give you a damn thing - *then* where would you be?"

"Broke and horny!" Charlene laughed - and a few moments later, Laurie laughed with her.

The rest of their time together was spent catching up on gossip involving various people that both of them knew.

Back home after her lunch, Laurie found her way back to her bedroom. She could sympathize with Charlene - it *was* tough not having a loving husband to take care of her physical needs. Before he'd died, she and Ken had had a quite satisfactory (if not always exciting) sex life: they made love two or three times a week, and he always brought her to orgasm and left her feeling satisfied and loved when the two of them cuddled afterwards.

Since his death, she'd felt desires. God! Had she felt desires! But Ken was gone, and she simply didn't have the - wish? desire? desperation? - to find some other man to take care of her needs. Part of it was wanting to remain 'faithful' to him; part was not wanting to do anything that might cause his friends at the bank to have anything to gossip about - and perhaps close off one of the few resources she still had available to her. As Ken's widow, she knew they'd gone out of their way to make sure she could continue the various health and financial programs he'd had available.

As she remembered Charlene's words, Laurie felt her own desires again coming to the surface. Since Ken's death, she'd learned to squash the passing needs she'd felt - but now, this time, she realized that the ache in her loins was simply too much to ignore.

A quick glance at her watch confirmed that Melissa and Natalie wouldn't be home from school for at least another two hours. Her fingers trembling in desire and anticipation, she unbuttoned her silk blouse and laid it across the back of the chair at her makeup table, where it was soon joined by her slacks. As she sat down at the edge of her bed, she caught sight of herself in the mirror of her makeup table, and saw that her hardening nipples were denting the thin fabric of her bra. She let her fingertips trace across her bra's softness, feeling how firm her breasts still were, how they filled the bra cups - and how her nipples erected even more. When she got to them, it was like her nipples were electrified, they responded so quickly, so eagerly to her grazing touch.

Below, she could feel herself getting hotter and wetter between her thighs as her vagina got the loose, empty feeling that only reminded her of how long since it had been properly filled. She could feel the oily wetness building inside her, and decided to take her panties off before they were stained.

She deliberately let her hands slide along her body as she moved them to the waistband of her panties, savoring the touch on her smooth and surprisingly sensitive skin. Slipping her thumbs under the waistband, she lifted her ass and slid her panties past her hips and on down her legs, kicking them off to the side when they reached her ankles. Next, she reached between her breasts and undid the hook holding her bra closed, feeling the cool air tickling her nipples as she shrugged the bra off and tossed it over with her panties.

Lying back, she let her hands again start caressing her breasts, this time without the moderating influence of the bra material to get in the way. She closed her eyes to concentrate on the feel of her hands on her breasts - and was mildly surprised to realize that it wasn't much different from the way Ken had touched her: softly, gently, even

delicately. That though only brought another surge to her already hot and wet vagina; as she continued her tactile exploration of her breasts and nipples, she opened her thighs, only to be aroused even further by the soft air current across her mons and parted labia.

Keeping one hand at her breasts, she traced a path down her body with the other, delighted and marveling that her belly was still so trim, even after giving birth to two children. When her hand reached the trim, narrow wedge of her pubic hair, she let her fingers dance in it for a few moments, pleased at it's thick softness - Ken had always delighted in doing this same thing, once telling her "It feels like the fur on a cat's belly, it's so soft and thick...", to which she'd replied "Well, it IS my pussy!", making both of them laugh at the bawdy pun.

Further down, her fingers came across the nubbin of her clitoris, beginning to come out from under its hood. It was a little larger than most she'd seen - and she'd seen a few; she hadn't been the slightest bit reluctant to spend time with girls when she'd been younger, and even after she'd started college.

Moving on, her fingers slid between her vaginal lips. They, too, were longer than most girls - but thinner, and more delicate, as well. The area between them was wet, as she'd known it would be; she'd felt herself getting aroused, her internal oils escaping her. In her youth, she'd been embarrassed at how copiously she produced her woman's oils - but the responses she'd gotten from the people she'd been intimate with soon convinced her that she had nothing to be embarrassed about: all of them were delighted and fascinated by it, taking - and giving - considerable pleasure as they tried to lick them all up.

She laid her finger along the furrow of her sex, pressing inward against her opening, teasing herself slightly. The few times she'd masturbated since Ken's death, it had been at night, alone in her room after the girls had gone to bed, and she'd felt the need to keep the resulting orgasms small and quiet. Now, in the light of day and no one to worry about, she felt free to bring herself as much pleasure as possible.

She curled her finger, letting the tip of it dip to press slightly against her entrance, giving herself a small thrill before she continued on to lightly touch her clitoris. Using the lubrication she'd gotten on her finger, she started a slow, soft circling of her clit that caused her to involuntarily spread her legs even farther. She continued to stroke herself, letting her finger dip down to collect more of her oils to keep things lubricated - and as she continued, she could feel herself getting more and more aroused; her breasts felt harder and tighter on her chest, her areolas crinkled and puckered, pushing her nipples out even farther. Below, she could feel her vaginal lips getting longer and thicker as blood flowed into them as a result of her increasing desire; she was so wet inside that she could feel a small, faint trickle of her juices starting to wind its way between her ass cheeks. She waited as long as she could before finally giving in to the temptation to slide a finger inside herself - and unconsciously released a sigh of pleasure and relief when she did.

In just a few seconds, she was sliding it in and out, teasing herself to an even higher level of desire; and when she could stand it no longer, added a second finger, and increased the speed and force that she was using to finger-fuck herself. That increased her passion even more, and brought her even closer to the full-blown orgasm that she'd denied herself for so long - but it wasn't quite enough. Vaguely frustrated, she added a third finger, her hand almost a blur as she all but pounded her pussy with the rigid digits

Still, it wasn't enough, and she pulled her hand from between her thighs to use her fingers on her clitoris again - something that ratcheted her desire even higher as it singularly failed to bring her the relief she so desperately sought.

Then, seemingly from nowhere, she felt a hot, thick tongue start licking her - from the crease of her ass to where her fingers were busily dancing on her clit. She paused a moment, stunned at the pleasure of it, when it happened again - then again, and still again. She could feel herself responding, and only with difficulty managed to open her eyes to see who was doing such an incredible job of eating her pussy - only to see Tojo standing between her parted thighs, eagerly licking the hot, slick oils she was producing in even greater quantities.

"Tojo! No!" she managed to say - but neither loudly, nor forcefully enough to make him listen.

A second effort was even less successful - due, in part, to the way her hips and pelvis had started lifting off the bed in response to Tojo's enthusiastic efforts.

She didn't manage a third try - the attempt died in her throat, choked off by a gasp at the incredible pleasure Tojo was giving her. Letting her head fall back on the bed, she pulled her hand out of the way, and wasn't surprised - indeed, felt delighted - when Tojo expanded his efforts to include her fully-erect clitoris. With both hands on her breasts, she started pinching and pulling on her nipples as Tojo's strong tongue brought her closer and closer to the orgasm she'd sought. With her increasing passion, her labia parted even more, making it possible for the dog's slick, flexible tongue to slip between them, slightly pressing against her eager opening.

In just a couple more minutes, Laurie was holding her ass off the bed, spreading her legs as far as she could, holding herself open to the incredible pleasures of her canine benefactor. Tojo didn't do any of the little tricks that Ken had liked; instead, he just kept licking and licking and licking and licking and licking and licking...

... until he licked her right over the edge, and into the deep chasm of an orgasm stronger than Laurie could remember having in a LONG time. But the comparison didn't occur to her until later - at the time, she was simply too busy gasping and groaning and all but screaming her joy as wave after wave of pleasure and release spasmed through her.

When it was over, she could only lay there, panting; she didn't even have the strength to *try* to tell Tojo to stop - but he eventually did, anyway. Licking his chops in obvious

relish, she could have sworn he had a mischievous grin on his face when he finally stepped back, then turned and padded out of the room.

It was several minutes before Laurie could give any thought to the idea of getting up and moving; and a couple more past that until she could actually make it happen. Even then, she was shaky and weak-kneed as she made her way to her bathroom to clean up and get dressed again before the girls got home. It was as she was washing off the combination of her own juices and Tojo's saliva that she felt a sense of shame at having let him do that to her. But the shame was mixed with the pleasure she'd felt, and the power of the orgasm she'd just experienced.

When she finished drying off, she was still weak from her experience - but steady. She got dressed again in the same bra, different panties, and a pair of soft cotton walking shorts and shirt.

She was in the kitchen going through the mail when Melissa and Natalie got home from school. Melissa had gotten one of the teen magazines she subscribed to, and Natalie had gotten what could only be a birthday card from Laurie's parents. Ken's parents had died shortly after she'd married him; the bridge they'd been driving across during a rainstorm had washed out, causing the drowning deaths of both.

Natalie quickly opened the envelope, and as expected, it was from Laurie's folks. It wished her a happy 15th birthday - still two days off - and included a crisp, new \$20 bill, along with a short letter.

Both girls thanked her, and drifted off toward their rooms. Each had her own room, and they shared a common bathroom; something that still occasioned brief arguments as to whether one or the other of them had been in it for too long.

All that was left was a couple of small bills, and a letter from another of Laurie's long-time friends, Tanya. She opened Tanya's letter and started reading - and soon discovered that even Tanya was having man problems. Her husband of ten years had been putting off a visit to the doctor for a pain he'd been having. It finally got bad enough that Tanya had been able to talk him into going in - and it had almost been too late. It turned out that her husband, Warren, had prostate cancer. The doctors had caught it barely in time; if he'd put off seeing them even another couple of weeks, they said, there wouldn't have been anything they could have done for him. As it was, he'd still had to undergo surgery, and had several months of various therapies ahead of him. Worst of all, the surgery they'd done had left him impotent: in the effort to make sure they had all the cancer out of him, the doctors had had to take some tissue that made it possible for him to get erections. The only bright spot was that the survival rate for his cancer was a lot better than it had been even a few years earlier - he stood a pretty good chance of living to a respectable age.

Tanya was heartbroken at what the surgery had done to Warren. Both of them still loved each other tremendously - so much so, in fact, that it had been Warren that had said that since he couldn't make love with her any more, and as young as she still was, he thought

they should get a divorce so she could find another man that could 'keep her happy' as he'd put it. They'd tried to talk about it, but Warren was adamant: he wouldn't be happy if she had lovers - people would eventually find out, he'd said - and she was just as insistent that she didn't WANT another husband; she loved Warren with all her heart, and wanted to spend the rest of her life with him, no matter what.

Laurie finished the letter and just sat there, thinking about the troubles that the three of them had when Natalie came into the kitchen to ask about supper. Not wanting take-out - they'd had too much of that, of late - and not wanting to fuss with anything more complicated, she suggested they have a cookout in the back yard. Natalie thought that sounded great, and went to tell her sister; when she was gone, Laurie had the thought that it would also give her a chance to properly thank Tojo for what he'd done for her that afternoon - a couple of small burgers would please him tremendously. She still felt a little guilty for letting him lick her to an orgasm like that - but that didn't get in the way of wanting to thank him for the results.

She went outside and dumped some charcoal into the grill, added a splash of fluid, and lit it. She watched for a few moments, and decided when the coal would be ready. Back inside the house, she got out the buns for the burgers and toasted them after adding a bit of garlic salt, then added some crumbled bacon to the hamburger meat before separating it out and forming it into patties. From there, it didn't take long for her to get the rest of the meal ready - toppings for the burgers, chips, condiments, and so on.

As if on cue, Melissa and Natalie showed up in the kitchen and helped carry everything outside, where Laurie saw that the coals were almost perfect. She got the burgers on the grill, and at the first sizzle, Tojo came out to join them, finding a place to sit near the grill. That was perfectly normal for him, but it was still amusing, particularly to Melissa and Natalie, to see his single-minded concentration on the cooking food.

While the girls got their patio table ready for supper, Laurie discretely broke up one of the burgers, and fed the pieces to Tojo - who gratefully accepted them. When the table was ready, Natalie went inside and prepared drinks for all of them - iced tea by unanimous vote.

When the burgers were done, Laurie moved them to a small hand towel to soak up the surplus grease before moving them to a plate and taking them over to the table where the girls were waiting - guarded and accompanied by an attentive Tojo.

Each of them built her sandwich to taste, leaving one patty behind. As they ate, each of them would break off a small piece of it and toss it to Tojo, who - unsurprisingly - never failed to catch it.

When the meal was over, Natalie took the dishes inside while Melissa cleaned up the leftovers through the simple method of feeding them - all but the onions, which she knew were bad for dogs and cats - to Tojo. That left Laurie free to sit back and enjoy the cool early evening weather. When the girls were done, both of them came back outside, and



soon got into a game of 'keep away' with Tojo, tossing his favorite toy - a full-size football that he carried in his mouth so that it looked like he was smoking an uncommonly round cigar - back and forth. Laurie never failed to be amazed at how gentle and friendly the dog was with them, when she knew how fiercely protective he could be. A few years before, a burglar had gotten into their house while they were away for the weekend. When they got home Sunday afternoon, they found him huddled in a corner, shaking in fear as Tojo sat a few feet away, watching him. The burglar had literally **pleaded** with them to call the police, so that he could get away from the dog. They did, and as they waited, they learned that the burglar had made his entry late the previous Friday, only to be cornered almost immediately by Tojo. Any time he'd tried to move from where Tojo had found him, the dog would growl - "sounded like it was coming all the way from his tail!" the crook had declared - and rise to his feet. The guy had seen Tojo lay down and sleep every so often, but every time he'd even changed position, Tojo had come awake and growled at him again.

When the police had arrived, Ken had told Tojo to sit in a different place; the dog had obeyed without question, waiting patiently as the police took custody of the crook. The cops had watched him closely, but all he'd done had been sit there, his tongue hanging out, apparently as friendly as could be. The burglar had confessed to his crime to the cops - as though it had been necessary - three times: once in the house, again on the way to the station, and the third time in court; apparently, his experience with the dog had helped him see the error of his ways.

In any event, Tojo finally managed to get his ball back, and had his own fun keeping the girls from getting it back. Their play ended with the two of them rolling him onto his back for a session of tummy-rubbing and -scratching.

When the girls went back inside, Tojo came over and rested his head on Laurie's leg, and she absent-mindedly rubbed his ears and petted him as she thought about what she'd heard from Charlene and Tanya.

It finally sank in that she could feel a tickling sensation on her leg. When she looked, she saw that Tojo was in doggy heaven under her touch, and drooling profusely - it was his dog slobber that had finally pooled enough to start running down her leg. She couldn't help laughing at the sight of him - her big, fierce protector - off in never-never land, slobbering all over her leg. At the sound of her voice, Tojo came back from wherever his mind had been, and stood up. She leaned over to give him a good chest-scratching, and didn't object when he licked her face in thanks.

She went back inside, and found the girls curled up in their favorite chairs, studying for school the next day. Each had her own desk and bookshelves, but they liked studying in the living room, for some reason. "Well, at least they do their homework in their rooms", she thought to herself.

She picked up the book she'd started - some trashy romance novel - and started reading as the girls studied. She knew that she could turn the stereo or TV on and it wouldn't both them in the slightest, but the quiet in the house was actually rather nice.

The next couple of hours passed quietly; every so often, one of them would get up for a bathroom break, or to freshen up their drink, but no words were exchanged. Laurie had finished a chapter in her book when she noticed the time: it was a little past the bedtime the girls had while school was in session. She pointed that out to them, and both got up and headed for their rooms without argument - pausing only long enough to give her a kiss on the cheek along the way. Laurie turned on the TV to catch the news and weather, and when they were done, shut it off and headed back to her own bed. Tojo found his place at the entrance to the hallway to the girl's rooms - a spot that seemed to meet his need to protect them, while still being available to come to Laurie's aid, if required. As she passed him, she told him "Good night, Tojo"; he lifted his head and wagged his tail a few times in reply.

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Laurie woke up with a start, her heart pounding slightly in her chest. She listened for a few moments, but couldn't hear anything that might have wakened her. A look at the clock on her nightstand told her that it was only 1:12 in the morning. She laid there for a few minutes, listening again to see if anything was going on in the house, but no sound reached her ears. She suddenly realized that if anything HAD been going on, Tojo would have let ALL of them know about it with his barking. She threw the bedcovers back, and then stood up before grabbing her robe to cover her nakedness - she and Ken had slept nude their entire married life, and it was a habit that she simply had no interest in breaking now that he was gone.

The sash tied snugly around her waist, she opened her door and padded her way down the short hall that led to the living room; almost everything else in the house branched off from there. When she got there, she was surprised to see that Tojo had apparently found himself a different spot - he was absent from where he'd been when she went to bed. She started that way, and was almost at the entrance when she saw him again - he was sitting outside Natalie's room, awake and alert, but not *alerted*. As she got closer to him, he turned his head to look at her and licked his chops, but didn't do anything more. As a puppy, he'd pushed his way through enough unlatched doors that they'd had to undertake a special project: teaching him NOT to go through doors that weren't already open enough for him to fit through. After being scolded enough times, he'd ultimately learned. His entrance into Laurie's room earlier had simply been the result of her failing to close her door *at all*.

When she was close enough, she could see that the door to Natalie's room wasn't fully closed; she started to reach for the handle when she heard Natalie's voice saying "I don't know about this..."

She hesitated, and heard Melissa's voice answer "It's okay, Nat. Didn't it feel good when I did it to you?"

"Sure it did! You know that!"

"Then why don't you want to do it to me?"

"It just seems kinda... I don't know... weird."

"But if I did it to you and it was okay, then why would it be weird if you do it to me?"

"I don't know - it just *is*."

There was a brief pause before Laurie heard Melissa ask "Okay, would it be better if we did it together?"

"Yeah, I guess..."

"Let's do that, then. Come on, Nat - I helped you have an orgasm, don't you think it's fair you help ME have one, too?"

That question was enough to make Laurie realize what must have woken her up - the undoubtedly faint cries as Natalie climaxed; apparently with Melissa's help and encouragement.

She moved a little closer to the door, and using a decorative mirror Natalie had hanging on the wall, got a look into the room - where she saw the two of them sitting side-by-side on Natalie's bed, naked. She hadn't seen either of them in anything less than a bikini in a number of years; it took her breath away to look at them now...

From doing laundry, Laurie knew that Melissa was wearing 32-B bras - but it was a considerable difference between knowing it in her mind, and seeing the bust those bras were designed to fit. Melissa's nipples and areolas were small and dark, like her own - and the breasts they capped were noticeably younger and firmer. Melissa's young body was smooth, and firm from the various athletics that she enjoyed; her skin clear, and blemish-free. Between her parted thighs, Laurie could see that Melissa's pubic thatch was as dark as what was on her head; but not yet thick or large enough to fully cover her young mound - and parting it were the thin lips of her vagina, slightly separated, the area between them dark pink and glistening.

Next to her, Laurie could see Natalie - as pale as Melissa was dark. Laurie could easily imagine what Ken's sister must have looked like at that age...

Gathering her wits again, Laurie looked at her youngest daughter more closely. Again, the 30-A bras she washed didn't begin to prepare her for the sight of the daughter that wore them - each breast was the size of half an orange, capped with a dark pink areola

and erect nipple. That sight only confirmed what Laurie had thought - it must have been the noises of Natalie's release that woke her up. Looking again, Laurie was oddly pleased to see that Natalie's slender body was indeed developing the soft curves that would be her heritage as a woman. Further down, Laurie saw that her daughter was indeed a 'natural blonde' - the small tuft of pubic hair she had was an incredibly pale blonde, and had only grown enough to cover perhaps half her mons. Even that, though, was enough to make the sight of her naked body incredibly erotic. As with Melissa, Natalie's legs had parted enough to reveal her inner lips; they were dark and thick, the area between clearly wet, obviously from the orgasm she'd had with her sister's help.

It was what that help had been that kept Laurie at the door, watching them. Had Melissa simply talked her younger sister through the process of masturbating herself to orgasm? Or, as Laurie suspected, had the help been more direct - as in Melissa being the one to bring Natalie to climax? The third possibility - one that concerned Laurie, but didn't particularly worry her - was that Melissa's help had been even more personal; personal to the point of using not just her hand, but her mouth and tongue to bring Natalie off.

As Laurie watched, each of the girls snaked a hand between the other's thighs and began using her fingers to caress her sister's mound. Over the next couple of minutes, those hands became more insistent as each of the girls began tracing the folds of her sister's pussy, even to the point of letting a finger dip briefly inward. "Okay", Laurie thought to herself, "It's just touching so far. I'll sit down with them in the next couple of days and we'll have a little talk. I'm not going to mess them up like my folks did with me; I'm just going to let them know that too much of anything isn't good." She'd long before had The Talk with them, and knew that both girls knew the general mechanics behind how babies were made. Both had long since started having periods.

Both of them were breathing heavily, and Laurie could easily see that both sets of breasts proudly sported erect nipples. As she watched, Laurie couldn't help remembering her own girl-girl experiments, and felt herself getting aroused all over again.

She was about to turn away from the door and go back to bed when she heard something that chilled her: Melissa's voice, saying "You don't have to be so careful, Nat - you can put your finger as far inside me as you want to."

Laurie turned back to look into the room, and saw that Melissa had apparently been speaking the truth: from the way Natalie was able to slide a finger into her sister, Laurie didn't doubt for a moment that Melissa's hymen was gone. Melissa? Fucking? So soon? She was only fifteen, for Goodness' sake! But the apparent truth of it was right there in front of her: Natalie was industriously sliding not one, but TWO fingers in and out of her older sister's wet channel.

Stunned, Laurie turned away again, and quietly made her way back to her room. Once in bed again, she lay there thinking about what she'd just heard and witnessed; her own arousal, and the wetness between her thighs, forgotten.

Over the next couple of days, Laurie thought long and hard - she was far less troubled by what she'd seen, than by what she'd heard. Melissa, not a virgin any more... Sure, it had to happen, sooner or later - but at *fifteen*? And to be so matter-of-fact about it....

It was Friday night, and Laurie was home alone. Melissa and Natalie had both gone off with friends to a local place that had a small amusement arcade, dining area, and a few other amenities suitable for young people. Laurie had stopped by the place a few times when the girls had been there - not that she didn't trust them, but more that she just wanted to be *sure*. She'd played it cool, and hadn't waved or done anything to indicate that she'd either seen them, or that she was their mother - she could remember how often her own parents had embarrassed her with her friends at that age. In return, they didn't complain about it; she didn't know that both of them were actually secretly pleased that she cared enough about them to want to make sure the places they went to were okay.

Both girls had a later curfew because of the weekend; because of the closeness of their ages, Natalie's 10:30 was only a half hour earlier than Melissa's.

Laurie was sitting in the living room when Natalie got home a few minutes before the deadline. She started toward her room, and Laurie said "After you change, could you come out here? I think we all need to have a talk when Melissa gets home."

Surprised, but unconcerned, Natalie nodded her understanding. A few minutes later, she came out, wearing the oversized football jersey she favored for wearing to bed. The two of them sat in the living room, watching one of the late-night comedians until Melissa got home twenty minutes later. Laurie asked her, too, to come out so they could have a talk after she changed clothes. Melissa voiced her agreement, and came out wearing panties and one of her father's old tee-shirts.

With both of them seated and watching her, Laurie turned off the TV and sat there a few moments to collect her thoughts. Taking a deep breath, she finally told them "Both of you remember the talk we had when you were younger - about how babies are made, and all that."

Both girls nodded, and Laurie went on "When we talked, I explained to you how it was for me when I was that age - how scared and ashamed I was the first time I had a period, and how Gramma told me that that was the 'burden' I had for being a girl; how it would happen every month until I got too old. Poppa couldn't even talk to me about it, he was so embarrassed. It wasn't until I got to middle school and we had the health classes that I learned what was *really* happening to me. That was why I talked to each of you **before** you had your first period, so that you wouldn't feel as scared as I did. And that's why Daddy and I took all of us out to dinner when it happened the first time for you - so you'd know that it wasn't something to be ashamed of, either."

Again, both girls nodded, and Laurie told them "Well, I think it's time that I talked to you about something else, too. When I was growing up, it was considered a really bad thing for one girl to kiss or touch another girl - at least, not to do it in any way that she couldn't do in public. And it was thought that a 'good' girl didn't have 'feelings' - I mean, sexual feelings. And even if she did, she SURE didn't do anything about them - either with anyone else, or by herself."

Melissa and Natalie were both watching her closely, and Laurie continued "So when I was growing up, I had a lot of different things happening to my body that I really didn't understand - and worse, I had a lot of thoughts and feelings that I was ashamed of. But as I got a little older, I got the chance to learn some things - that the things that were happening to my body were perfectly normal, and that the feelings and thoughts I was having were normal, too. I was off at camp one summer when one of the older girls helped me finally find out what it was like to make myself feel good - **really** good. So good that I had my first orgasm, ever."

Laurie gave the girls a small smile and said "I didn't stop with just one. By the time I got home, I must have had dozens of them - and each one was a little better than the last. And after I got home, I kept doing it. Then, one night, my best friend Michelle was sleeping over with me. We were talking, and of course we got to the subject of sex. The next thing I knew, I was showing her what I'd only just learned - and she was finding out for herself just how good it felt. It wasn't long after that that we got the idea of finding out if it felt as good if we did it to each other. It did; maybe even better. Once we found that out, we just kept experimenting with each other, trying to find out what we liked and didn't like, what felt good and what didn't. I honestly don't remember whose idea it was, but we finally even went so far as to try using our mouths on each other - and that was the best, yet."

Both girls were looking at her in absolute amazement, and Laurie just kept on.

"After we discovered how much pleasure we could give each other, the next step was to try and figure out what it might be like with a guy - and our touches went from being strictly on the outside, to going inside a little bit, too. I think you know what I mean."

Without realizing they were doing it, Melissa and Natalie both nodded that they did. Laurie saw it, but didn't say anything about it, telling them instead "Neither one of us lost our interest in guys - we still talked and drooled about the cute ones, and put down the bad ones. By the time we were able to start going out on single dates, the time we were spending together only made it easier for us to resist doing anything with the boys we went out with - we knew that we could feel good with each other, instead. But of course, it finally happened, and one night, she let a boy have sex with her. I guess I loved her, because I simply couldn't get over the idea that she'd let a boy put his penis inside her, and squirt his stuff *there* - the same place that I'd used my mouth and hand and fingers. I didn't want to do anything like that with her for a while - in fact, by the time I got over it, we'd grown too far apart, and our friendship ended. It was a couple of years later that I finally lost my own cherry, and discovered what I'd been missing out on. Yeah, I still liked having fun with girls - but guys were SO much better!"

Natalie and Melissa were both attentive as Laurie went on "When I got to college, I had plenty of chances to have fun with other girls. Even after Daddy and I met, I still spent time with some of the girls in the dorm - at least, until Daddy and I got married; since then, it's been - was - just me and him."

The girls just sat there quietly for a couple of minutes before Melissa asked "Why are you telling us all this, Mom?"

Gathering her courage, Laurie stood up and took off the light cotton nightshirt she'd been wearing, revealing that she had nothing on underneath it before sitting down again to tell them "I told you about all that - and I'm showing you what I look like - so that you know that you don't have to be afraid or ashamed of what's happening with your bodies. I want you to know that the things that are happening to you, and the thought and feelings you're having, are the same ones I had at your age. I want you to know that I'm here for you whenever you have a question, or you're not sure about something. Whether it's a feeling or though, or something that happens to you, I want you to know that I love you, and I'm not going to be mad or upset or anything if you want to come to me about it. You're my daughters, and I love both of you more than anything else in the world - and I always will, no matter what."

Laurie sat there, outwardly calm - but terribly afraid inside - as her daughters looked at her; not just at her face, but her entire body.

When they were done, she cleared her throat, and both girls moved their eyes to her face - blushing slightly with the realization that she knew they'd been looking at her, and WHERE they'd been looking.

Laurie just smiled, and said "It's okay - really. I took my clothes off so you COULD look, and see that even though I'm your mom, I'm really not that much different than you; just older."

Both girls smiled at that, and Laurie continued "I told you about what it was like for me when I was growing up so you'd know that you don't have to be ashamed or embarrassed to want to learn about your body - and even make yourself feel good. And that it's perfectly normal for you to wonder what it's like to feel good with someone else, like another girl. I hope that you'll wait before you start having sex with boys, but that's something YOU have to decide - and if you do start having sex with boys, I want you to know that I'll still love you. If you want to come to me to talk about it, I'll be more than happy to listen, and if you're interested, I can tell you what I think - or not." - the last earning her small laughs from the girls before she added "The most important thing to me is that you're safe. After that, I want you to be happy and secure, and know that I love you, and always will."

Laurie sat there, watching the girls as they thought over everything that she'd said to them. After a while, she told them "I think that's probably enough for tonight, it's time for all of us to be going to bed", before standing up.

Both of them stood, too; Natalie came over to give her a hug and kiss before turning to head for her bedroom. Melissa hung back a little bit, and when Natalie was out of sight, asked "Uh, can we talk a minute, Mom?"

"If you want to, honey."

Laurie moved to sit down again, and Melissa did the same. When both of them were seated, Melissa said "There's, uh, something I think I need to tell you."

Laurie felt as though her heart skipped a couple of beats, but she managed to calmly ask "What's that?"

"I, uh, I'm.. I'm not a virgin, any more."

"Was it anybody I know?" Laurie asked, afraid of either answer.

"Oh, no, it wasn't like that!" Melissa exclaimed.

"What happened, then?"

"I was, uh, kind of um, experimenting one night, right after we had to move here. I'd had a finger inside before, and it felt pretty good, so I was kind of wondering, you know, what it would feel like, so I was using the handle of my hairbrush to kind of get an idea of what a guy might be like. I was sitting up against my headboard, pushing myself back with my legs while I was moving the brush around when my foot slipped. I slid down a little bit, but my hand kind of caught in the sheets, and I felt something inside me tear. The next thing I knew, I was bleeding inside. I was *really* scared, and went into the bathroom, but there wasn't anything I could really do except take a shower and try to wash myself out. By the time I was done, the bleeding had pretty much stopped, and that was when I realized that I must have broken my hymen. The next morning, I was sore inside, but it really didn't **hurt** or anything. The morning after that, it was a little better. A couple more days, and I couldn't even tell it happened - except that I knew it did."

Laurie nodded, not letting her relief show as Melissa told her "Anyway, after that, I started touching myself again - masturbating - and when I finally got brave enough to put a finger inside, I found out that I could put it all the way in - and it felt pretty good. Since then, I've been doing myself like that a lot."

With a nervous glance at Laurie, Melissa added "I, uh, kinda showed Natalie how to masturbate, too. And we've been touching each other."

Laurie told her "I'm sorry you hurt yourself like that by accident, and that you didn't think you could come to me for help. But it's done and over with. As for masturbating, well, everybody does it, whether they admit it or not. As long as you don't do it so much that you hurt yourself or it becomes too important to you, I don't see anything wrong with it. I guess there's nothing wrong with showing Natalie how to make herself feel good; it was



something she would have learned, anyway. Touching each other is okay, too - as long as neither one of you is forcing the other one."

"Does... does wanting to touch Natalie and have her touch me mean I'm lesbian? Even though I still think about guys?" Melissa asked, nervously.

Laurie smiled and answered "No, of course not. You're young, and you want to find out what feels good for you. And you love Natalie, and want her to feel good, too. There's nothing wrong with that. Like I said, as long as you're both doing it because you WANT to, you aren't hurting anyone. And as long as you're thinking about guys, and what it might feel like to make love with one, then you're certainly not a lesbian - at worst, you're simply what they call 'bisexual', which means that you like boys AND girls. And even if you find out that you don't like to make love with a guy, and only want to make love with another woman, that's not such a bad thing. Girls can be fun, too!"

Visibly relieved, Melissa grinned, and said "Yeah, I guess so - at least, Natalie is!"

Laurie laughed, and asked "Was that it? Or was there something else, too?"

"No, that was all - I just wanted you to know what happened to me, was all. You're not upset?"

"Not in the slightest", Laurie answered, "except for the pain it caused you. Sometimes something like that happens, and a girl breaks her hymen while she's young, like you are. It's not the end of the world, by a long shot."

Melissa smiled, and stood up, followed by Laurie. They stepped toward each other, and hugged while Melissa said "Thanks, Mom".

"I'm glad I could help, dear. Now, you'd better get to bed - tomorrow will be here before you know it."

Melissa gave her mother another quick hug, then turned and headed for her bedroom. Still naked, Laurie picked up the nightshirt she'd taken off, and carrying it in her hand, made her way to her own bed. There, she quickly fell asleep, relieved to learn that her oldest daughter *wasn't* involved with boys yet - that she'd broken her maidenhead by accident while **masturbating**, of all things. The very idea of it brought a smile to Laurie's face as she drifted off to sleep.

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The next morning, both girls were a trifle subdued at breakfast. Laurie knew that she'd still have to show them that she was serious about what she'd said the night before - despite the talk she and Melissa had had afterwards.

In the following weeks, Laurie contrived to find a number of ways to oh-so-discretely let them know she meant what she'd said. From letting them come into her bedroom to find her in varying stages of (un)dress, to even letting them stay up late with her to watch a movie with a hard 'R' rating while she wore only her panties - knowing full well that they'd be able to see her erect nipples, and any dampness at the crotch of her panties, even if they couldn't smell her arousal. They were tentative and timid at first, but soon began to take her lessons to heart. Things improved considerably when school let out - they came home one afternoon to find her laying out in the back yard, getting a tan. An all-over tan, since she was completely naked; trusting the high fence to keep out any prying eyes, and Tojo to keep out any prying neighbors. When the girls saw her, she let them look for a few moments before 'noticing' them - and inviting them to join her. Both hesitated a few moments, then after sharing a look, went inside. They re-appeared a couple of minutes later, as naked as she was, and quickly spread their beach towels to take places next to her. Each of them got help from the other two in applying sunscreen - and all three were quietly thrilled to touch, and be touched by, the others.

Along the way, she sometimes heard one or the other - or even both - of them cry out their pleasure. However it was happening, she didn't ask; nor did she indicate that she was even aware of it.

Too, the girls both became more relaxed about wearing whatever was comfortable to them. At different times, she saw them wearing anything from just a bra and panties, to nothing at all. The sight of their young bodies invariably reminded her of her own adventures and experiences, and several times she had to wait for the opportunity to find her own self release. The second time Tojo came in to offer his assistance, she argued with herself about it before giving in; the third time he appeared, she didn't even hesitate.

Afterwards, she had to admit to herself that the resulting orgasms were *far* superior to what she was able to achieve without his attentions. She didn't feel *guilty* for what she was letting him do, but she wasn't entirely comfortable with it, either. It escaped her attention that her level of *discomfort* was slowly fading away with each passing day.

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It was late summer when Laurie got a letter in the mail from the bank. Wondering what it could be, she took it into the kitchen to read as she had a cup of coffee. After tearing the envelope open and getting the letter out, she started to read - and felt her heart grow cold. The bank was cutting her and the girls off from all the insurance programs! Medical, dental, glasses - all of it! Laurie thought to herself "Damn, damn, damn, DAMN! If they had to go out and buy that kind of coverage, instead of getting the discounted rates through the bank, it would cost a fortune! Sure, the income from Ken's stock in the bank was a tidy amount, but it wasn't anywhere near enough to make up for **this** kind of expense! Damn them, anyway!"

Reading the letter again, she began to realize that their reasons were a bit on the thin side, thinking "Sure, the stock is down a little - but *I'm* still managing okay! Fine, they got a

new V.P. - but is he really senior enough to insist on cutting me off like this? They all know how hard Ken worked! And they *promised* I could stay on the insurance, dammit!"

But their promise had been made right after Ken's funeral, and nobody had thought to put it in writing. "So the bottom line is, I'm screwed", Laurie thought to herself "Great, I didn't even get kissed first. Well, at least they gave me six months before they cut me off completely."

She was still trying to think of what she was going to do after supper that night. It was a nice night, and she and the girls were sitting in the living room watching TV in just their panties when Laurie heard Melissa ask "Mom? Is something wrong?"

"Why do you ask, honey?"

"Well, you just seem kind of, well, out of it tonight. At supper, I asked for the salt, and you handed me the sugar. And now you're just sitting there, all zoned out. I had to talk to you twice before you answered."

"I'm sorry, dear. I got a letter today, and it wasn't good news. I'm just trying to figure out what to do about it, is all."

Natalie spoke up then, telling her "Mom, you told us that we could come to you if we had a problem, and that you'd still love us. Is it okay to tell you that you can talk to us, too? And that we'll still love YOU?"

The question, and the honest affection in Natalie's tone, warmed Laurie's heart before she answered "Of course it's okay, honey - and thank you for reminding me."

Laurie got up from the chair she was sitting and went over to where Melissa and Natalie were sitting in front of the couch. When they saw that she wanted to sit between them, they scooted apart to make room for her; then when she sat down, they moved back to nestle against her sides as she put an arm around each of them.

"Until now", she told them, "We've had insurance through the bank because of Daddy's job - even after he died. That insurance helped pay for stuff like visits to the doctor, going to the dentist, and things like that. It also helped pay for any medicines we needed - like the pills you had to take when you got that infection last year, Natalie. Those pills cost almost five dollars each, but because of the insurance we had, WE only had to pay about fifty cents of that; the insurance company paid the rest. Remember when you fell off your bike and broke your arm, Melissa? Well, the insurance company paid for the visit to the hospital, the doctor, the cast, and everything else when that happened. The letter I got today was from the bank, and they told me that they were going to have to stop our insurance. They could have stopped it after Daddy died, but they were nice, and said we could still use it. Well, they've got new people working at the bank, and the bank isn't making as much money as it used to, so they decided that they couldn't afford to pay for our insurance any more. They're trying to be nice about it, and they said that they won't

actually stop it for another six months; but after that, we have to take of it ourselves. The problem is that insurance like that is kind of expensive - which is one of the reasons the bank doesn't want to pay ours any more. But because it's expensive, it's something that WE can't pay for, either - at least, not with the money we get. So that's the reason I'm kind of distracted tonight: I'm trying to figure out how we can get insurance that isn't going to cost too much."

From the expressions on their faces, Laurie knew that Natalie and Melissa both had at least a rudimentary understanding of the problem. So she wasn't surprised when she felt them shift around a bit so they could put their arms around her to try and comfort her - much the same way she'd done to try and comfort THEM when they were younger. The thought started to bring tears to her eyes, until she felt Melissa, then Natalie, each hesitantly move a hand up to cover one of her breasts.

Although surprised, she still remembered not to react too quickly to this new event. Instead, she asked Natalie "What are you doing that for, honey?"

Natalie looked up at her, sadly, and said "When Melissa or I are feeling sad, we like to hold each other like this. That's okay, isn't it?"

"Of course it is, dear."

"Then if its okay for us, isn't it okay to hold you like this, too?"

The honesty and simple logic of the question didn't escape Laurie - and it didn't take her long to decide that it WAS okay.

"Yes, dear, it is", she answered.

With that simple statement, both girls snuggled a bit closer and shifted position slightly - making Laurie realize that they fully expected that she would want to hold THEIR breasts, too. After all, she'd told them that it was okay to touch each other, and that it was okay for them to touch her - why *wouldn't* they expect her to touch them, in return?

Putting an arm around each of them, she found that they were situated almost perfectly for her to cup a breast in each hand. When she did, the feel of their smooth, firm mammaries caused her nipples to erect slightly - something she knew the girls HAD to be able to feel. What surprised her, though, was when she felt the nipple in each of her hands start to harden in apparent response.

Melissa's breast, of course, filled her hand better than did Natalie's - but the difference was slight. Both breasts were smooth under her touch, warm and firm. She felt her own nipples harden a little more - something that was soon mirrored in their breasts, as well. Then Natalie's hand shifted slightly as she started tracing the curve of her mother's breast, testing its weight and firmness, examining it with her fingers. That only made Laurie's nipples harden still more, and a few moments later, she felt Melissa begin her own tactile

exam of the breast she was holding. With that, another thought entered Laurie's mind: that the girls had probably only touched each other - and that both were curious to know what a *woman's* breasts felt like, as compared to their own, and each other's.

Looking down at them, she saw that both of them were a trifle nervous, apparently concerned that she might object to what they were doing. She smiled at them and said "Its okay, girls. If you want to find out what **I** feel like, then go ahead."

Both of them blushed faintly, but continued their examination of her - and even becoming bold enough to stroke her softly and gently pinch her nipples. In return, she did much the same to them, and it wasn't long before there were three sets of hard, fully erect nipples in the room - and the sound of soft panting as all three found themselves becoming aroused at what was happening.

Several minutes passed before Melissa let her hand fall away from Laurie's breast. Laurie turned to look at her, and Melissa hesitantly asked "Mom, when we're sad and we cuddle like this, we usually kind of, uh, kiss and, um, touch each other to feel better." At her voice, Natalie, too, stopped what she was doing so she could listen.

Laurie thought it over for a moment and asked "Are you asking if it's okay if you do that with me, too?"

Natalie spoke up, saying "Uh, well, if it's okay, and you don't mind..."

Laurie turned to tell her "No, I don't mind at all - in fact, I think I'd like that", with a smile.

Both girls got pleased expressions on their faces, and Melissa told her "We're usually laying down when we cuddle."

Laurie nodded her understanding, and let the girls guide her over and down so that she was lying on the floor in front of the couch, a small cushion for a pillow. Both of them quickly moved closer, and lowered their heads to hers. Looking up at them, she could see that they were still a bit nervous, and she smiled in reassurance. Both smiled back before Natalie lowered her head to give her mother a kiss on the lips - soft, and chaste. She was followed by Melissa, who did the same. As they were looking down at her, Laurie felt their hands return to her breasts again, and softly sighed at their gentle, loving touch.

Natalie lowered her head for another kiss; it was still soft and chaste, but lasted a bit longer than the first. Melissa then did the same before it was Natalie's turn again. Over the next couple of minutes, Laurie kissed each of her daughters several times, and each kiss lasted a bit longer than the previous one. Before long, she was kissing one or the other of them almost continuously as she felt their hands softly caressing her breasts. At one point, Melissa told her "Mom? It's okay if you want to touch us, too..." followed by a nod of agreement from Natalie. Realizing that she'd had her hands resting on her

stomach, Laurie didn't hesitate to accept their offer, taking one of their breasts in each of her hands, feeling their nipples harden again at her touch.

Laurie closed her eyes, the better to savor the soft touch of their hands on her skin; she didn't see the look the two girls shared.

A few minutes later, Laurie was almost in a trance when she felt Melissa's body move - and a few moments later, the feeling of a pair of soft lips on her nipple. A bit later, another pair of lips fastened themselves to the other. Knowing that it was her own two daughters at her breasts warmed Laurie's heart, and gently kindled her desire.

With the girls now using their lips and mouths and tongues on her breast, their hands had moved farther 'south'; Laurie could feel their touch wandering over her legs and sides and belly.

Again, the touch on her body was soothing, and Laurie went even farther into her 'trance', and so didn't notice as first Melissa, then Natalie, paused to discretely slip their panties off.

The sensation of their hands on her body was pleasant and relaxing, so it took Laurie a moment to realize, some minutes later, that one of the hands was starting to slip under the waistband of her panties. A few moments contemplation and she decided that it must be Melissa - it felt like a left hand, and Melissa was on that side of her body.

When she finally felt fingertips brushing the edge of her pubic hair, Laurie decided that Melissa probably wouldn't mind if she did the same in return. Letting her hand slip free of Melissa's breast, Laurie slid it along her daughter's body - only to be surprised when she got as far as Melissa's upturned ass without finding any panties. She opened her eyes briefly to verify what her touch had told her, and saw that it was true - and further, that Natalie had discarded HER panties, as well. Closing her eyes again, Laurie thought "The little imps! It's almost like they're trying to seduce me! - and a moment later, thinking "Melissa DID say 'and touch each other' - I wonder if they... No, surely they wouldn't!"

But they would, as she discovered. A second hand -it could only be Natalie's - joined the first, and a couple of minutes later, she felt tugging on the waistband of her panties. Realizing that it was too late to call things off at that late stage, more than a little curious to see just how far the girls were willing to go, and eager to find out the latter, Laurie lifted her ass off the floor a bit; the hands deftly slid her panties off her hips, down her legs, and from around her ankles. The thought "That wasn't the first time they've done something like that!" came into her mind, and the implications of it fanned her desire a little more.

Even in her mid-thirties, Laurie knew that she was in a lot better condition than most women, and that she looked several years younger than she really was - she'd seen young men in their twenties turning to look her over they didn't think she could see. So she knew that the attention Natalie and Melissa were giving her was entirely motivated by a

desire to sympathize with and comfort her; that some of it - how much she wasn't sure, but was starting to suspect she'd find out - was simply desire.

The idea that her own daughters might want to make love with her was something that Laurie hadn't considered before - it simply hadn't entered her mind that they might think of her that way. But now, with them touching her the way they were, she had to admit the possibility. The idea of it both fascinated and troubled her. It was fascinating to think that she was still attractive enough to be appealing to someone their ages, and the idea of re-experiencing some of the pleasures she'd had with other women with THEM gave her a mild thrill. But that they were HER DAUGHTERS, her own flesh-and-blood, was troubling. As they continued to explore her body with their hands - both seemed fascinated by her thick mat of pubic hair - she argued the matter with her memory of Ken. After being married for so long, and as close as they'd been, she could easily imagine him talking about it with her.

The girls were so much younger than she was - was she 'taking advantage' of them? After a moment's thought, she decided that she wasn't: she'd told them it was okay to touch themselves and each other; THEY had been the ones to touch **her**, first. Yes, she'd approved of it - but only *after* the fact.

She'd heard about incest - was this it? She'd always thought of it as a man doing things to his daughters; but realized that it could also mean any other combination of parent and child. Yes, she was almost certainly having sexual contact with her child - well, children - but neither side was forcing the other. If anything, the contact was coming about out of what would normally be considered all the 'right' reasons: love, the desire to comfort and reassure, and all that. SHE wasn't trying to seduce **them**; in fact, just the opposite seemed to be the case. Was it still incest when it was the child seeking out the parent - and that child was old enough to have no small understanding of the nature of their actions?

The laws and customs about parents having sex with their children probably made a lot of sense, back when men were the absolute masters of their homes, and people were ignorant about sex and sexuality and all that. But now? Sure, if a parent did anything to push or coerce the child - if the child felt **any** reluctance about it at all - then the parent should be punished, and harshly. But if the child was old enough to have some understanding of what was involved? If the actions between them were at the behest of the child? What then?

Laurie finally decided to accept what she and the girls were doing. Both of them had gotten The Talk from her, and both had gone through sex education classes in school. They were certainly mature enough - once past their 'terrible twos', neither she nor Ken had had to give either one of them so much as a swat on the backside to enforce an instruction or punish an infraction. Talking to them, she knew that both understood why they'd had to move, and accepted it, even though neither liked it - it was necessary, and that was all there was to it; neither wasted time fussing about something that simply HAD to be done. She wasn't trying to do anything to them; it was they who were trying to seduce HER.

"The bottom line", Laurie argued to her memory of Ken "is that they're not ignorant about sex, like I was. They're mature enough to know what they're doing, and why. I told them it was okay to please themselves, and even each other; and now they've decided to include me, too - and it was THEIR idea, not mine. I'm not forcing them, and they're not forcing me - it's by mutual consent. Both have already expressed considerable interest in guys, even after being with each other, so anything that happens between us isn't likely to 'bias' them one way or the other. I'm their mother, and the nature of that relationship will HAVE to change, if I let this happen - but they're both grown up enough that I don't think it will change too much, or in the wrong direction. Yes, there are some bad things that could come about - but there are good things that could happen, too, and I think the good stuff is more likely."

Laurie's memory of Ken didn't argue with her - in her mind, she was sure that he would understand what she was saying, and agree, even if reluctantly.

With the matter settled in her mind, Laurie realized that Melissa and Natalie were both softly stroking the inside of her thighs by that time, and letting their hands briefly contact her mons.

Her mind settled, and with a clear conscience and untroubled heart, Laurie spread her legs slightly, letting them know that further contact was acceptable - and emphasizing the fact by letting her hands move between THEIR thighs.

As her hands grazed their mounds, Laurie heard Natalie and Melissa both gasp slightly at the contact. They responded by moving their hands along the inside of Laurie's thighs, softly stroking their way toward her mons. Once there, they didn't hesitate to begin a slow, careful tactile examination of her cleft, including her rapidly extending labia and the area between them. With their heads still at her breasts, Laurie moved her fingers slightly, discovering the velvety softness of the hairless areas of their young mounds; then moved on to the silky feel of their pubic thatches.

Both girls responded by spreading their legs to give her even more access; Laurie reciprocated by lifting her knees and letting them fall apart, opening herself completely to her daughter's touch.

Her eyes still closed, Laurie could smell, as well as feel, her own increasing arousal - and along with her own scent, she detected two more, young and fresh. She knew that what the three of them were doing was having an impact on Natalie and Melissa, too - and it pleased her.

She wasn't much surprised when she finally felt their lips leave her breasts, and blaze a trail down her body: she'd told them that she, herself, had used her mouth on another woman; it wasn't unreasonable to think that they would try it, too - and in all likelihood, discover how pleasurable it could be.



As their mouths got closer to her sex, their bodies turned, bringing their hindquarters within even easier reach. Laurie took advantage of the change by opening her eyes to look at the areas between their thighs - and marveled at the smoothness of their skin and the contrast between the two sets of vaginal lips. Both girls were obviously aroused, their labia extended and parted, the area between shiny with their oils. Each girl's clitoral hood was visible at the top of her cleft, the nubbin it covered slightly exposed.

Laurie looked again at the exposed and parted vaginal lips each girl was revealing. As she'd seen in the mirror, Melissa's were much like her own: relatively thin, but somewhat long, her arousal turning them a dark pink. On the other side of her, Natalie's labia were thicker, but only of medium length, and looked darker than her sisters. Both sets looked soft and smooth, almost delicate; and both girls were clearly aroused, too, judging by their glistening.

Reaching out, Laurie cupped each girl's mons in her hand; her fingers in their downy bushes as she used her thumbs to softly stroke each girl's cleft and gently separate the petals of their sexual flowers. With each movement of her thumb, Laurie heard Melissa and Natalie's breathing catch in their throats - both were enjoying having her touch them so intimately. As their arousal grew, and their vaginal lips separated even more, Laurie found that she had a fairly clear view of the entrance to each girl's vagina. Moving her hands slightly, she was able to use her fingers to open them even more, and quickly saw that Melissa had, indeed, broken her hymen - but that Natalie's was still intact.

That settled, Laurie's next considered action was to let the girls know that SHE was ready to feel some pleasure by giving THEM pleasure. Dipping a finger between Melissa's vaginal lips, Laurie collected enough of her daughter's oils to lubricate the end of her finger, which she then pressed against Melissa's entrance. Melissa groaned softly, and pressed herself back against her mother's hand; in short order, Laurie had nearly half her middle finger inside her daughter's tight, wet vagina.

With her other hand, Laurie did much the same - except that instead of poising her finger at the opening to Natalie's vagina, she moved to begin softly stroking her youngest daughter's clitoris, instead.

Both girls paused in their activities for a few seconds - in both surprise and pleasure at what Laurie was doing. Then they quickly picked up where they left off - and went on to perform nearly identical services for their mother: as Melissa was wetting her finger with Laurie's oils, Natalie was applying a soft circular motion to Laurie's clitoral hood. Another couple of seconds, and Laurie could feel Melissa sliding her finger into her eagerly waiting vagina while Natalie detoured to collect some of her mother's lubrication to use on Laurie's exposed clitoris.

Several minutes went by like that, Laurie pleasuring the girls as they did the same for her; but Laurie finally realized that there was simply too much going on - that it simply wasn't going to work for her to try and please both of them at the same time. That left her with something of a quandary: who first? She loved both of them, dearly. Whichever one she

was with first, the other might feel hurt and left out. If she chose Melissa, Natalie might see it as another case of 'oldest goes first'; if she went with Natalie, Melissa could well view it as 'youngest gets special treatment'. What to do?

Looking at them, she realized again that Natalie's fair coloration was Ken's legacy - and the idea of being with him again, even through her, had something going for it. But Melissa... Melissa reminded Laurie of herself at that age - and the thought that it would be like making love to herself had a certain perverse appeal; enough of one to make her mind up for her.

She eased her finger out of Melissa and slid both hands down to begin softly stroking the inside of each girl's thigh. After a few moments, they paused, then lifted and turned their heads to look at her only in curiosity - neither showed the slightest embarrassment or concern about what the three of them were doing.

It took Laurie a moment to find her voice before she told them "I'm sorry, girls, but I just don't think this is going to work."

Natalie and Melissa both looked at her in surprise and concern; she realized what it must have sounded like to them, and quickly added "No, I mean that I just don't think that it's going to work with me trying to be with both of you at the same time like this. What you're doing feels good - real good! I just can't divide my attention between both of you at the same time. So what I want to do is just be with one of you, and when we're done, I'll be with the other one. That way, I can make both of you happy when it's your turn."

Melissa and Natalie glanced at each other before turning back to look at Laurie. From the expressions on their faces, she knew that they accepted what she'd just said - and perhaps even agreed with the reasons for it. Neither of them looked as aroused and excited as she felt; she suspected that both of them were feeling a little disappointed and let down.

"For my own reasons - and no, I'm not going to say what they are - I think I want to go with Melissa first; if that's what you want, honey", the last directed to her eldest daughter. Melissa looked pleased, and quickly answered "Of course I do, Mom".

Natalie looked disappointed, and Laurie quickly told her "Don't be sorry, dear. I think I'll still have plenty to give you when Melissa and I are done!"

Laurie's words and tone of voice, along with the confidence she displayed, seemed to convince Natalie that she would be getting as much of her mother's time and enthusiasm as her sister. Thus reassured, she carefully moved over a bit to make room for whatever Laurie had in mind for Melissa.

Melissa realized what it was when Laurie gently tapped the inside of her thigh until she raised her leg - and from there, went on to understand what her mother was planning to do. The knowledge left her feeling nervous and excited - nervous that she wouldn't be able to please her mother, and excited that it **was** her mother that she was trying to please.

Either way, she soon found herself straddling her mother's head; knowing that her mother could see everything between her legs - just as she could see between her mothers. The thought was exciting to her, and she felt herself getting even wetter - and knew that her mother would be able to SEE that she was getting wetter, which excited her even more.

Underneath her, Laurie saw the sudden increase in Melissa's arousal. It took her a moment to understand that Melissa was as excited about BEING in that position as she was to have her there. That thought aroused Laurie - which was something that Melissa could see, in turn.

With Melissa having lost her cherry, Laurie decided to start things off on somewhat familiar territory for her by again wetting a finger and sliding it into Melissa's now-drooling vagina. After a few seconds, Melissa returned the favor, and the two of them spent a couple of stimulating minutes watching the other's labia and vaginal opening as they slowly finger-fucked each other. Then Laurie raised the stakes a bit by adding a second finger, which Melissa did, too. Laurie realized just how young and inexperienced Melissa was as she slid her fingers in and out of Melissa's surprisingly tight and wet channel.

After a little bit, Melissa seemed to realize that the fingers she was using weren't filling her mother nearly as much, and opted to add a third - and heard her mother's soft moan of pleasure when she did. They spent the next few minutes slowly frigging each other, both of them getting more and more aroused.

Laurie could see as her daughter got wetter and wetter, and the sight and smell of it excited her. Finally, she couldn't resist any longer; pulling her fingers free of Melissa's tight opening, Laurie lifted her head and let her tongue trace a path between the petals of her daughter's virgin pussy - and delighted in the taste of it. Soft and delicate, the freshness brought back a flood of memories from her own youth - how Michelle had tasted that first time, and how she'd found out how SHE tasted when the two of them had soul-kissed that first time, afterwards.

In only a few seconds, Laurie was eagerly lapping up all of her daughter's precious nectar she could find; and she was finding a lot of it.

At the first touch of her mother's tongue, Melissa froze, afraid that her mother would somehow find her unpleasant. But when she not only did it again, but started doing it so enthusiastically... well, that was all Melissa needed to prompt her to do the same in return. Lowering her head, she watched as her mother's vaginal lips clasped at the fingers she slowly withdrew, realizing for the first time just how closely she and her mother resembled each other, age differences aside.

Up close like that, Melissa could easily discern her mother's unique smell - while vaguely similar to how she, and even Natalie, smelled, there was still something about it that made it different, too. She didn't have any hesitation about extending her tongue and letting it collect some of the juices she saw at the opening of her mother's vagina. When

she did, her taste buds all but did a happy little dance in her mouth - Mom was delicious! Unlike Natalie's sweet flavor, Mom was more musky and spicy; and her oils were a bit thicker than what Natalie produced. Melissa quickly went about licking up the ample supply her mother was producing - then realized that Mom got as wet between her legs as she did, herself. And with that thought, Melissa understood that getting so wet inside wasn't such a bad thing, after all...

Off on the side, Natalie looked on as her mother and sister went about using their mouths on each other. She'd watched as they used their hands first, but was still slightly surprised when her mother lifted her head and began licking Melissa. Natalie felt a little envious of Melissa, getting to be first like that - but the arousal and desire she was feeling from watching them was quickly overwhelming any lesser emotions.

She could smell both of them, of course - she was completely familiar with Melissa's scent, and knew that the other could only be Mom's. Between the smell of their excitement, and the sounds as they licked and sucked on each other, Natalie could feel herself getting more and more excited. That night that Mom had talked to both of them about sex, she'd hid in the hallway to listen to what Melissa wanted to talk to Mom about; she was amazed to learn that Melissa had broken her cherry while using the handle of her hairbrush to masturbate! She was also surprised and even just a *little* bit hurt when Melissa told Mom what the two of them had been doing. But Mom didn't seem to mind, so Natalie supposed that it was okay. Since then, though, she'd been thinking - a lot! - about starting to use her finger **inside** herself, instead of just on the outside. Melissa sure got excited when she put her fingers inside her, and Natalie was starting to wonder if it really felt that much better. If it did, she might even think about doing something to break her cherry herself - except if she did, it wouldn't be by accident, like Melissa; if she was going to do it, it would be on purpose, darn it!

Natalie was pulled out of her thoughts by the increasing sounds Melissa and her mom were making - both of them were moaning almost non-stop; and they were getting louder, too.

Melissa and Laurie were both doing much the same thing: happily licking up the other's ample supply of fragrant oils until the readily available supply was gone, then shifting over to tease and caress the erect clitoris before them until the supply was refreshed again. Laurie's greater experience gave her an advantage in their 'contest', but Melissa was learning quickly - and enjoying the 'lessons' tremendously.

As the time passed, Laurie and Melissa both found themselves getting closer and closer to their orgasms - and that simple fact served to increase their pleasure even more. Their mutual pleasuring continued until they reached their shared goal of bringing each other to orgasm. Melissa was the first to climax, due entirely to her mother's mature experience - throwing her head back, Melissa all but screamed as her mother's tongue rapidly fluttered across her clitoris to push her into the abyss of the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Beneath her, Laurie continued her oral assault through the first wave of Melissa's climax, then eagerly switched over to lick up the heady oils her daughter was producing in even greater quantities, her spasming vagina all but pushing them onto Laurie's active tongue.

Melissa felt a series of incredibly powerful spasms pass through her body as her mother continued to lick, and even probe, at her vaginal opening with a tongue that had more talent than she'd ever thought possible. As the waves of pleasure and release going through her body gradually tapered off, Melissa silently resolved to bring her mother as much pleasure as *she* had just experienced - and unhesitatingly applied herself to her new task.

Underneath Melissa, Laurie could tell that she was 'coming down' from what had obviously been an incredibly powerful orgasm. Still, she was surprised when she felt her daughter's head drop to begin a furious tongue-lashing of her clitoris - and even start softly sucking on it. Although Melissa's oral skills had noticeably improved during their time together, she was still more enthusiastic than talented - but that was enough. In little more than a minute, Laurie could feel herself getting closer and closer until, finally, she was there.

With a loud cry of her own, Laurie felt her body freeze in place as the intense pleasure she was feeling in her clitoris finally broke free to overwhelm her body and mind.

Above her, Melissa was both delighted and awed at the results she'd managed to produce in her mother. As her mother cried out her release, Melissa could smell a sudden increase in her mother's arousal, and quickly moved her lips and tongue to take advantage in the new supply of nectar suddenly available to her. Even as she could hear her mother gasping and moaning, Melissa was lapping up the oils that all but flowed out her mother's vagina, and sucking them off her blood-engorged labia - and heard her mother groan even louder in response.

Next to them, Natalie could only sit there in awe at the obvious power of the orgasms her sister, then her mother, had gone through. She and Melissa had brought each other to orgasm before, of course - but never anything like what she had just witnessed! As they'd pleased each other, she couldn't help letting one hand start playing with her breasts as the other slipped between her thighs; then, as their excitement and arousal increased, so had her attentions to herself. She'd even dared to let slip one of her fingers inside herself, surprised - and most definitely pleased - at how good it felt. But even through her arousal, she'd been careful not to penetrate herself too far, and eventually had withdrawn it so she could use its slippery wetness to lubricate her sensitive clitoris. She'd been on the edge when she'd heard Melissa cry out; the obvious passion in her sister's voice caused her to pause in amazement. But when Melissa had dropped her head back between her mother's thighs, Natalie had begun diddling her clitoris furiously - and unnoticed by either, brought herself to an orgasm that was stronger than she'd ever felt before. She'd managed, just barely, to keep from shouting when it hit; Melissa and Mom were having so much fun that the last thing she wanted to do was distract or interrupt - it was simply too

exciting to watch them. And it was more exciting still as she heard and saw her mother having her own powerful orgasm a few moments later.

As Laurie began to recover from her climax, she let her head fall to the side - where she saw that Natalie was watching them with considerable interest. And judging from the wetness between her thighs, Natalie's interest had been enough to bring herself to her own climax, independent of what her mother and sister were doing. Looking at Natalie's dark labia, Laurie figured that Natalie must have orgasmed fairly recently - perhaps between Melissa's and her own. She couldn't recall hearing any additional noises from that time, but had to admit that she'd been more than a little 'distracted'. Natalie saw her mother looking at her, and blushed slightly - something that told Laurie that her daughter probably had gotten herself off while watching the two of them.

Laurie could tell that Melissa was feeling a bit weak from their activities - making Laurie smile to herself. For once, her age was working in her favor: being older, she couldn't hope to keep up with girls as young as her daughters; but she made up for it in stamina - they might have four or five orgasms to her two or three, but she'd be in better shape at the end than they would.

Reaching between them, she gently nudged Melissa until she turned around. When they were facing each other again, Laurie smiled up at her daughter and said "Thank you, dear. That felt really good."

Melissa smiled shyly, and answered "I'm glad you liked it, Mom. It felt pretty good for me, too!"

Laurie put her arms around Melissa, and Melissa willingly let herself be pulled down for a hug - and a kiss that reminded her of what SHE tasted like, too, before Laurie released her to say "As nice as that was, I think it's Natalie's turn now... if you want one?", the last part directed at Natalie, who promptly answered "Oh, I want a turn, too, all right!", making Melissa and Laurie both smile.

With her mother's help, Melissa managed to move off to the side so that Natalie could find out for herself just what kind of lover her mother could be.

Laurie sat up and moved over next to Natalie. She could see that Natalie was still a trifle nervous, but clearly ready to have her own time with her mother. Laurie lifted a hand to cup Natalie's face, and then lowered her head so the two of them could share a soft kiss on the lips.

Natalie caught the smell, and a faint taste, of her sister's unique aroma - and knowing that she was getting it second-hand from her mother thrilled her to her core. Raising a hand, she gently cupped her mother's breast before starting to caress it, and softly pull on its nipple. A few moments later, she felt her mother's hand gently slide down to cup one of her breasts, in return. The two of them kissed for nearly a minute as they softly stroked

each other's breast. When their lips finally parted, Natalie could feel herself panting slightly.

Laurie looked down at Natalie and quietly asked "Are you ready, honey?" - and got a solemn nod of affirmation. She lowered her head to kiss the girl again, and wasn't particularly surprised when she felt her daughter's tongue make a soft, tentative brush across her lips. Laurie opened her own mouth, letting her tongue slip out to do the same to Natalie; in short order, their tongues were introducing themselves to each other.

As their kiss continued, Laurie carefully guided Natalie to lie on her back. When their lips separated, Laurie began to slowly kiss her way down her daughter's body; stopping when she got to the girl's firm young breasts, where she happily took the end of one of them between her lips to begin sucking and licking the youngster's nipple. When she did, she heard Natalie's soft gasp, and felt her trying to move her head around to do the same in return. Laurie turned slightly so that her breasts hung down in front of Natalie's face, and Natalie quickly lifted her head far enough to latch on to one of them, sucking and licking its nipple as her hand moved to begin squeezing and caressing the other.

That seemed like a *dandy* idea to Laurie, and she quickly took Natalie's other breast in her hand, marveling at how soft the skin was, and how firm the flesh underneath. When she had the nipple in her mouth as long and hard as possible, Laurie released it and moved her hand out of the way so she could do the same to its mate - which was soon as long and hard as the first. Back and forth Laurie went, from one breast to the other until she had the tips of both of Natalie's breasts crinkled in arousal and shiny with her saliva. Beneath her, Natalie had been doing much the same, and Laurie could feel how tight her breasts felt from the attention, and how hard her nipples were when the cool air flowed across them.

With both of them breathing heavily, Laurie began to move on, again kissing her way down her youngest daughter's body, her lips savoring the softness and taste of Natalie's skin.

When her mom started kissing lower and lower on her body, Natalie knew where she was headed, and felt herself getting even more aroused at the thought that she and her mother would soon be looking at each other's most intimate places. But along the way, she felt her mother's larger breasts come in contact with her own - and was surprised at how erotic it felt to have them pressing against hers; and how it made her tingle to feel hers and her mother's nipples being dragged across each other's breasts. She was even more surprised when she felt her mother rise up a bit before moving around so that it was just their nipples touching and brushing against each other. Then Mom lowered herself again, so that their breasts were pressed together, and Natalie could feel her nipples - and Moms! - getting hard again.

When she got close enough, Laurie paused for a bit, using her lips to 'comb' Natalie's blonde fleece, savoring how soft and fine it was. But her goal was still ahead of her, and

she once again started kissing her way toward it, letting her nose follow the sweet, fresh scent of Natalie's virginal aroma to its source.

When she went to lower her head between Natalie's parted thighs, Laurie realized that her slightly greater stature might make it difficult, if not uncomfortable, for Natalie to do anything in return. To solve the problem, Laurie spread her thighs a bit more, lowering her pelvis even closer to Natalie's face. She felt some movement beneath and behind her, and turned her head to see that Melissa had pulled the cushion over and tucked it under Natalie's head, giving her some support. Melissa saw her looking at them, and Laurie smiled in approval at what she'd done; Melissa just smiled before moving back out of the way.

Moving her head back between Natalie's legs, Laurie was pleased to see that the girl was pretty well aroused: her labia appeared to be fully extended, dark with her excitement, the area between them visibly wet from the juices that were escaping her opening. Lowering her head even farther, Laurie extended her tongue and let it trace a path from Natalie's clitoris all the way down to her perineum, with a slight 'dip' where her vaginal opening beckoned. The taste, as she'd expected, was light, and almost sweet in its freshness. Behind her, she heard Natalie's soft moan before the girl did the same to her - and getting an answering moan.

With Natalie still having a maidenhead, Laurie wasn't about to try using her fingers in the girl - but she knew full well that her tongue would feel almost as good, and wasn't hard enough to deflower the youngster. In a matter of just a few seconds, Laurie was applying her considerable oral skills toward bringing her virginal daughter to a climax that she'd remember for a good, long time.

Underneath her mother, Natalie was amazed and delighted with the things that her mother was doing with her lips and mouth and tongue. The sensations she was feeling in her clitoris and vagina were simply *incredible* - so incredible that Natalie nearly forgot that her mother was as available to her as she was to her mom. That lapse was soon corrected, though, as Natalie began licking and sucking on her mother's extended labia, and erect clitoris. As she applied herself, she realized that her mom was producing a surprising amount of juices - maybe even more than Melissa did! Natalie found the taste of them different than what she was used to with Melissa - they were somehow stronger, and perhaps even a bit thicker. But they were still delicious!

After an initial period of eager participation, Natalie began to realize that she was feeling a whole lot more excited than her mother seemed to be - and with that, realized that Mom was doing things that she, Natalie, wasn't. So Natalie began to pay attention to just exactly what her mom was doing, and how she was doing it - and started to do the same things right back. Her efforts were rewarded by an increase in the oils her mom was producing, along with a number of soft moans of pleasure. That was all Natalie needed to finally understand that there was a lot she still had to learn about pleasing another girl - or woman, for that matter. She continued to pay attention to what her mom was doing, and mirroring it - and as she learned just how to do the different things, her mother did even



MORE stuff to her, and Natalie learned from that, too. Most of all, she learned that giving pleasure could be as much fun - well, almost - as receiving it, and quietly resolved that she would learn as much as she could about how to be a better lover for *whoever* she was with.

For Laurie, the experience of having her youngest daughter learning how to please her was initially a bit frustrating. But as the girl learned, things got better and better. As Natalie learned how to arouse her, Natalie's own arousal grew, too - making it even easier and more pleasurable for Laurie to teach her. Back and forth, they fed off of each other - figuratively AND literally - each one's arousal increasing with the knowledge that she was exciting the other. It was only a few minutes before Laurie felt Natalie start arching her hips up in pleasure at what Laurie was doing. Laurie continued toggling back and forth between lapping at her daughter's young, wet pussy, and using her lips and tongue to tease and stimulate Natalie's erect and sensitive clitoris. Wanting to teach Natalie something about how to please another woman, Laurie was deliberately going about teasing her youngest child: moving her along toward an orgasm, then letting her slide back a bit before moving her forward again. She could hear the moans when she was toying with Natalie's clitoris and the soft whimpers when she abandoned it to clean Natalie of her virgin's oils.

But, as was inevitable, there came the time when there was nothing left to do but bring Natalie to the edge of release, hold her there for several long seconds, then push her into orgasm with a furious tongue-lashing of the youngster's clitoris.

Natalie was delighted when Mom used her tongue to play with her clitoris - she was so gentle and firm at the same time; it was *heavenly*! She couldn't help making noises, though, when Mom went back to licking her pussy - that felt good, too, of course, but nowhere NEAR as good as the rest. It seemed like every time she really started to feel good from having her clit played with, Mom would stop doing it, and go back to licking her for a little while before starting on her clit again. It was **so** exciting and so frustrating, all at the same time! Every time Mom played with her like that, Natalie could feel herself getting even closer to having an orgasm, only to have it pulled away from her for a little while. Finally, she was *so* close, and Mom surprised her by not stopping - at least not completely. Instead, her mother slowed **way** down, teasing her SO bad! Natalie thought she was going to just I>die if something didn't happen soon when her mom suddenly started fluttering her tongue oh-so-lightly but oh-so-fast across her clit - and a couple seconds later, Natalie thought she'd been hit by a train or something: her whole body just **froze**, every muscle pulling against every other, her mind going around in these crazy circles and not making *any* sense. Then the force of it really hit her, and she literally screamed with the pleasure and relief of it as a series of tidal waves of ecstasy washed through her. Then, to top it all off, she could feel something pressing into her - it wasn't hard enough to be a finger or anything like that, but it was still firm enough that she could feel it pushing a little ways past her opening. A moment later, she felt her mother's lips on the outside of her pussy, and realized that what was pushing its way inside her was her mother's TONGUE. Even as she understood that, she could feel it rapidly sliding in and out of her... almost like it was... Oh, god! Like it was **fucking** her! With that in her mind,

Natalie felt the spasms passing through her suddenly get more powerful as she again cried out her passion and pleasure.

When Natalie screamed, Laurie's first thought was that the neighbors would call the police. Then she realized that they were out in the country now, and that the closest house was a good quarter mile away - far enough, she hoped, that they wouldn't pay any attention to it, even if they heard it, since it was just the one.

Laurie put her mouth over the entrance to Natalie's vagina, and started trying to push her stiffened tongue into it. After a few moments, she got the tip of it through; after that, it was relatively easy, and she began sliding it in and out of the girl to give her an idea of what a finger, or even penis, would feel like. She heard Natalie cry out again - much softer, thankfully - and felt Natalie's young vagina start clenching. Laurie once again regretted not having a longer tongue - all Natalie's spasms did was to push her tongue out, forcing Laurie to stiffen it and push it back in again as soon as she could.

Finally, after a couple of minutes that didn't last anywhere NEAR long enough, Laurie felt Natalie's orgasm taper off, and finally stop. Behind her, she could hear the girl's panting and the occasional soft moan as an aftershock coursed through her.

Laurie gradually slowed her actions, and after licking up the oils that had accumulated on Natalie's mons and inner thighs, lifted her head. Looking back, she could see that Melissa was staring at them, dumbfounded by the ferocity of Natalie's orgasm.

Smiling to herself, Laurie put her head back between Natalie's thighs and started softly kissing them.

A couple more minutes went by before Laurie felt Natalie's head lift, followed by the sensation of her daughter's tongue slipping into her cleft. It didn't take long before Natalie was busily engaged in trying to arouse her mother as much as possible, and bring her as much pleasure and joy as she'd just experienced.

As with Melissa, Natalie's enthusiasm more than made up for her lack of technique. It wasn't long before Laurie could feel herself getting closer and closer to another orgasm - and this one promised to be a doozy.

Natalie was trying to slide her probing tongue into her mother's wet vagina, but not having much success - her tongue simply wasn't long enough to get as deep as she wanted to. She didn't know that it was a problem her father had had, too. In any case, she knew that her efforts were still having an effect on her mom: she could feel the tight ring of her mom's opening start clenching at the semi-rigid member trying to push through it. Natalie finally had to give up when her mother's pussy would just push her tongue back out every time she managed to get it IN; she shifted her focus to her mom's erect clitoris, taking it between her lips and circling it with her tongue as she started a soft, rhythmic sucking.

Laurie was slightly disappointed when Natalie stopped trying to tongue-fuck her - but forgave the girl when she took Laurie's clitoris and started doing all those **wonderful** things to it at the same time. Laurie had already been close to orgasm; the spasming of her vagina was the last phase before it happened. Now, with Natalie stimulating her clitoris that way, it was only a minute or so before Laurie felt herself slip over the edge again, groaning loudly as a tsunami of pleasure hit.

Natalie knew when her mom started to orgasm - she simply froze in place before groaning so loud that Natalie was afraid she'd done something wrong. But that fear was quickly put to rest when she felt a small flood of her mother's juices flow onto her upper lip. Natalie quickly licked them off, then put her mouth over her mother's clitoris again, and started sucking on it in time with the spasms she could feel in her mom's body - and felt those spasms get stronger, in response. Pleased with herself, Natalie kept her attention on making her mother's climax as good as she could; after what Mom had done for her, how could she NOT do it? Besides, it made her feel SO sexy, knowing she could make her mom feel so good...

Even with Natalie's efforts, Laurie's orgasm could last only so long - and as it finally slowed and softened, she felt Natalie's actions on her clit slow and soften, as well. Two such powerful orgasms, so close together and after so long with so few others, left Laurie feeling thoroughly wiped out. Carefully, she moved herself from above her daughter, and managed to get herself to a seated position, propped up against the couch. She saw Melissa looking at her, and held an arm out, inviting the girl for a hug. Melissa readily moved into her mother's arm, and they hugged before Laurie let her head fall forward to give her older daughter a kiss on the lips. Melissa welcomed it, tasting her sister on her mother's lips, and felt herself getting aroused by that fact. In return, Laurie welcomed the invitation when Melissa's tongue touched her lips; and the two of them dueled tongues in each other's mouths for several seconds.

Finally, though, Laurie simply had to rest, and let her lips pull away from Melissa's. Leaning back against the couch, she wasn't surprised when Natalie got up to a sitting position, and moved to the other side of her from Melissa. Then each of them snuggled into her sides, pulling her arms around them, each holding one of her hands on a breast. They put their heads on her shoulders, and sat there quietly for several minutes.

It was Melissa that finally spoke, saying "I... I didn't know it could BE like that!"

Laurie laughed, and said "Oh, I think you'll find that it can be a LOT better, once you learn a little more."

Natalie spoke up then, asking "Would... would you teach us, Mom?"

Laurie laughed again, and hugged both of them before answering "Yes, honey, I'd be glad to. What you did - both of you! - felt good to me, too. It's been a long time since I was with another girl, and what we just did brings back a lot of happy memories - and

reignites a few passions, too. So if you want me to teach you how to make love with another woman, nothing would make me happier!"

After a bit, Natalie got up and brought Melissa and Laurie the iced tea they'd been drinking before retrieving her own; the ice had mostly melted, but the additional liquid was just what they needed.

Some time later, the three of them got up, and at Laurie's invitation, made their way to her room so the three of them could sleep together that night - the girls bracketing their mother, and spooning with her during the night.

When the three of them woke up the next morning, Laurie could see that the girls were feeling a bit self-conscious, and perhaps even having a little morning-after regret. To put them at ease, she turned and gave each of them a kiss - full on the lips - before climbing out of bed and letting them watch as she stretched. Smiling down at them, she said "Thank you, both of you, for what you did for me last night. I was feeling lonely and a little bit worried and afraid. But both of you came to me to let me know that you love me, and you comforted me in one of the best ways I know."

Both of them shyly smiled up at her, pleased with her words. Laurie went on to tell them "I have to go out later, but before then, I want to take a shower. As nice as it is, I still smell like a used brothel, and I don't dare go out in public like that. Would either, or both, of you like to join me?"

Melissa and Natalie answered by throwing back the covers and scrambling out of bed to take places next to her. Arm in arm, they made their way to her bathroom, where Laurie got the shower started as the girls started molesting each other - and her. The groping and fondling continued even after all of them were in the shower, and afterwards, too. The only benefit was that Laurie knew that there were parts of their anatomy that were VERY clean.

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Over the course of the next couple of weeks, Laurie had several chances to 'teach' the girls how to make love with another female - sometimes with just one or the other; a few times, with both. In between, the girls assiduously practiced their lessons. Sometimes, they would start with each other before they even went to bed, and Laurie would be witness to their lovemaking. Other times, she would be in bed at night, and hear the cries of pleasure and release. When that happened, she wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to throw the bedcovers back and masturbate - and several times, she had the able assistance of Tojo to make it even better.

She was home alone one afternoon, and started feeling exceptionally horny for some reason. She tried to push it back, but there simply wasn't any ignoring the 'itch' developing between her legs. She finally gave in and went to her bedroom, stripped, and laid down on her bed before slipping a hand between her thighs while the other moved to

begin squeezing her breast and pulling on her nipple. She teased herself for a little while, waiting before she finally gave in and slid a couple of fingers into her wet pussy, moaning softly as she did. It wasn't long until she was enthusiastically sliding them in and out of herself; she could feel how wet she was, and felt mildly pleased at how snug she still was inside.

She wasn't surprised when she felt Tojo move between her legs; she simply offered him her fingers, which he readily licked clean of her juices before lowering his muzzle to start his enthusiastic licking of her crotch. Laurie had long since lost any sense of guilt about letting him lick her that way, and simply laid back to enjoy what he was doing. It wasn't long before she felt herself getting close, and a little later, felt herself going over the edge, her pussy clenching as Tojo continued to lap up her abundant oils.

When she came down from her orgasm, she sat up; when she did, Tojo moved back a little, and Laurie saw a brief flash of red underneath him. Leaning over for a better look, she saw that his dick was sticking out from its sheath - and sticking out a good, long way. She found herself surprised at the idea that Tojo would get a doggy hard-on from licking her pussy - and right on the heels of that, started wondering if this was the first time, or if that happened to him all the other times before. If it did... well, that was a pretty rotten thing to do, letting him get her off like that, and leave him 'hanging' - so to speak - that way.

She knew that it didn't take all that much to get guys off - more than once, she'd used her hand to bring one of her dates to climax instead of letting him fuck her. She figured that she could probably do the same thing for Tojo - it wasn't like he was going to tell anyone she was jerking him off, or anything.

Patting her legs to draw him closer, Laurie reached down to put her hand on the furry sheath that usually hid his manhood - well, doghood, she supposed, grinning to herself.

With him in her hand, Laurie was surprised to discover how big Tojo was - he was easily as long as Ken had been, and noticeably bigger around. Investigating a little farther, she found what felt like a knot in his dick; when she touched it, Tojo whimpered slightly and hunched himself in her hand.

"Aha!" she thought to herself. "That must be the part of his dick that really gets him off. I'll bet if I can play with that, he'll get off just as good as I do!"

With her hand still wrapped around his sheath, Laurie started stroking Tojo's erect dick - and as she'd suspected, when she did it around the knot she felt, he hunched himself in her hand as though fucking it.

She started to feel a little strain from leaning over, and released her hold on Tojo so she could sit up. She patted her lap again, and he jumped up, resting his forelegs on her lap. "Ah, that's better!" she thought, and reached under him again.

When she started stroking him again, Tojo seemed a little happier, and was more willing to hump the circle of her fingers. She tightened her grip a bit, and Tojo responded by wrapping his forelegs around one of her legs, and arching his back as though trying to bury his dark red dick in a bitch. Laurie held her hand steady for him, and in just a couple of minutes, felt something hot and wet spraying on her leg. Looking down, she saw that Tojo was cumming, spraying his canine semen all over her leg. She continued to let him fuck her hand until he finally released her leg and dropped to the floor. She turned loose of him, and he backed away a little bit before turning to start licking his dripping dick. As she watched, Laurie saw that the knot she'd felt was exposed - it easily made his dick three times as wide as it was anywhere else. Seeing it like that, she finally understood why she'd seen dogs in the street standing ass-to-ass: it could only be because the male's knot had gotten inside the female - a thought that both awed and frightened her - and they'd gotten stuck that way until the knot shrank enough for him to pull free. Laurie didn't even want to think about what would happen if the male didn't wait - she could easily imagine the pain a bitch would feel having something that huge forced out of her.

A tickling on her leg reminded her that Tojo had cum on her, and Laurie's attention switched over to what had happened. Looking closely, she could see that Tojo's cum was definitely thinner and clearer than a man's - it was flowing down her leg almost like water. She collected a little bit of it, rubbed it between her thumb and forefinger, deciding that it had kind of an oily feel to it, too. She couldn't help lifting it to her nose, only to find out that it didn't have any smell that she could detect; she hesitated a moment, then delicately stuck out her tongue to discover that it didn't have any real taste, either. Feeling a little guilty, she wiped her fingers off on her leg, and then looked at Tojo again.

He was sitting there panting, the pointed end of his dick sticking out from its sheath; she couldn't help smiling as she asked "So, Tojo - feeling better now?"

He licked his chops, as though saying "Yes, much better, thank you very much."

Laurie laughed, and stood up to go into the bathroom for a shower. When she came out, Tojo had left.

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After that first experience of getting Tojo off, Laurie was careful to do it again each time she let him lick her to what was invariably a thundering orgasm. To her surprise, after her initial adventure with him, it started taking him longer and longer to cum - and when he did cum, there was more of it. The last time she did it, she was amazed at the amount of fluid he'd sprayed out the end of his dick.

She also continued her lessons with the girls - and it didn't take long before either one of them was quite capable of getting her off; she knew that if - when! - they got the chance to use their considerable talents on someone other than her or each other, there were going to be some *seriously* pleased girls walking around!

Along the way, Melissa and Natalie had both gotten so relaxed and comfortable around her that they'd stopped concerning themselves about whether she saw them casually masturbating themselves. Not that they did it to orgasm right there in front of her; rather, if they were feeling a bit of an 'itch', they weren't above scratching it. It was through such touches that Laurie finally saw it as Natalie discretely - and carefully - slid a finger into herself. The girl didn't put it in far enough to endanger her maidenhead, but that she was putting it there at all was surprising.

Laurie continued to watch as Natalie became more and more confident about sliding one of her fingers into her pussy, and sliding it in farther and farther - but always stopping before she came in contact with her hymen.

Laurie and Melissa were laying out in the back yard for some nude sunbathing while Natalie opted to read a book in her room. Laurie was only mildly surprised when Melissa told her "Mom? I didn't tell you this, but I think Natalie's thinking about breaking her cherry."

"Thank you for not telling me, dear" Laurie answered, seeing Melissa smile at the phrasing.

A couple of days later, Melissa was out with some friends while Laurie and Natalie had a turn at nude sunbathing.

Deciding to take the bull by the horns, Laurie asked "Natalie, dear?"

"Yes, Mom?"

"You know that I don't mind if you want to masturbate. But I've noticed that you've been putting one of your fingers inside, too. If it makes you feel good, then that's okay. But is there anything you want to tell me?"

There were a few moments of silence before Natalie finally said "Well, I've uh, been kind of wondering, well, what it would feel like to have something inside me. I mean, all the way inside me. My finger feels pretty good, especially when I slide it in and out. So I've been thinking about, well, maybe breaking my hymen."

"You know that once you do that, you're technically not a virgin any more?"

"Yeah, I know."

"And that once it's broken, you can't UNdo it?"

"Of course I do, Mom."

"And you're still thinking about it?"

"Well, yeah. I know it's a forever kind of thing, but it feels SO good when I have something inside me like that."

Laurie didn't think for a moment that the use of the word 'something' didn't mean that Natalie had had more than just a finger inside. Instead of making an issue of it, though, she simply asked "So why haven't you done it yet?"

Another pause before Natalie answered "I, uh, kinda tried, once. But it hurt, so I stopped."

"What did you do? I mean, how?"

Natalie hesitated before answering "I tried using one of Melissa's tampons. I thought if I pushed it inside far enough, I wouldn't be a virgin any more. But when I did it, it hurt, so I pulled it back out and threw it away."

Laurie mulled it over, and asked "Do you really want to stop being a virgin that much?"

"Uh, yeah, I do. I can see how good it feels for you and Melissa when you have something inside you like that, and I how good it feels for me, even with just the little bit of my finger I use. So yeah, I do want to stop being a virgin."

Laurie sighed, and said "Okay, if you're that sure, then don't do anything else to hurt yourself. Let me see if there isn't another way that will be easier for you, okay?"

"Thanks, Mom!"

"It's okay, dear. All I ask you to do is really think about it some more, okay?"

"I will", Natalie assured her.

With that out of the way, Laurie and Natalie both fell quiet.

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True to her word, Laurie spent the next several days occupied with trying to find a way to deflower Natalie with as little pain as possible. She finally realized that the only SURE way was by a doctor - and proceeded to discretely find an OB/GYN that would do it without raising a fuss or telling anyone. It took some doing, and would cost her extra, but she was willing to pay if it meant Natalie would have what she wanted without being hurt. Laurie insisted on paying the doctor in cash - the last thing in the world she wanted was an insurance claim to turn up in the bank with the procedure listed as "deflowering virgin".

When Laurie told her about it, Natalie was thrilled, to say the least - but managed to keep her composure for her mother's sake. She even went so far as to say "Mom, I thought



about it, just like you asked, and I'm really, truly sure that I don't want to be a virgin any more. If the doctor will really do it, I want to lose my cherry."

So Laurie got the money, and the two of them paid a visit to the doctor's office. He applied a local anesthetic to Natalie's hymen, and then carefully cut it in several places to ensure that it provided no obstruction. He finished off by stopping any blood from leaking out by inserting a tampon, and instructing her to change it ever few hours until the next day. The whole thing took all of ten minutes from the time he sat down between her spread legs and the time she was standing up again. He wrote out a prescription for some pain medication, explained a few things to them, and that was the end of it.

As he'd told them, Natalie didn't have any noticeable pain - by the time the local had worn off, she had already taken the first dose of the medication he'd prescribed. When that ran out, she'd healed enough that all she felt was a mild discomfort; and even that lasted only a couple more days. By the end of a week, she was happily filling herself with one, and sometimes even two, fingers. It wasn't much longer until Laurie and Melissa were doing the honors, as well.

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Laurie was continuing her solitary pleasures, with Tojo ably assisting her nearly half the time. Each time, after she'd found her own release, she took care of Tojo as well. But each time she 'relieved' him that way, she caught herself looking at his dick, fascinated by its size. And when she was looking at it, she felt herself getting aroused again; aroused in a way that reminded her that it had been well over a year since she'd had a hard piece of meat sliding between her labia.

Finally, after one of their 'encounters', Laurie finally made the connection between the hollow feeling she had inside, and the hard penis she was holding. Her first thought was "That's gross!", and she pushed it out of her mind. But a bit later, it came back - the second time, she thought to herself "It's ridiculous. Sure, I haven't gotten any since Ken died - but a *dog*? We aren't even the same **species**!" before dismissing it again.

It stayed out of her mind, then - at least, until she let Tojo lick her to another climax. As she was letting him hump himself to relief in her hand, it crossed her mind to wonder if female dogs had climaxes from being fucked like that - and promptly on the heels of that thought, it occurred to her that damn near *any* female that liked to fuck would get off with a pile-driver like Tojo in her! Laurie paused then, considering the thoughts she'd just had - and realized that the last one had some validity. With a guilty shudder, she admitted to herself that if SHE could get fucked that way, she'd sure as hell climax from it! But still... Tojo was a dog, and she was a human.

She swore off Tojo for a while, trying to keep from having the thoughts she'd had about having sex with him. But the orgasms she had when he licked her the way he did... she eventually gave in, and let him bring her to a simply glorious climax. When it was over, she simply didn't have the heart to deny him the same kind of pleasure he'd brought her.

As he was finding his relief in her hand, it finally sank in for Laurie that Tojo had a dick that needed a pussy. She had a pussy that needed a dick. As she remembered thinking before, it wasn't like he was going to *tell* anybody. As long as she was careful not to let his knot get inside her... well, she figured she would have all the orgasms she could handle.

With the decision made, Laurie didn't delay putting it into practice.

She released her hold on Tojo's penis, and after a few seconds, he stopped hunching his hips as he realized that there wasn't anything for him to fuck. He released his hold on her leg and dropped to all fours before turning to lick his twitching dick a few times. He looked up at her and whined, and Laurie couldn't help looking at the mass of meat hanging below his belly.

With a slight shudder, she patted her lap, inviting him to jump up again. He did, and she scooted herself to the edge of the bed before taking his forelegs and pulling him closer as she laid back. Tojo could feel something brushing against his penis and started hunching himself against her as he tried to find a hold to sink his dick into. But the position she was in was simply too foreign to him, and he eventually gave up to pull away and drop to the floor again.

By that time, Laurie was too entranced with the idea of finally having a hard dick inside her. She realized that the dog probably didn't have the faintest idea of how to do what she wanted - he only knew how to do it HIS way: doggie style. She quickly slid off the bed, and moved to her hands and knees. That was something more familiar to Tojo, and he quickly moved to wrap his legs around her waist - but she wasn't a dog, and he dropped back to the floor after arching his hips a few times.

Laurie looked back and saw that his dick was starting to disappear back into its furry sheath; she realized that if she was going to get him to fuck her, she was going to have to do *something* to get him started. She quickly put her hand between her legs, and slipped a couple of fingers into her wet pussy; taking them out, she offered them for Tojo's inspection. He was drawn to the familiar scent, and readily licked her fingers clean - then went on to stick his nose - cold! - between her legs. He recognized the source, and began to lick her again. Looking back again, Laurie saw that almost his entire penis had pulled back inside his sheath. She felt disappointed, but consoled herself with the fact that his long tongue was busy between her legs again. She lowered herself to rest on her elbows as Tojo continued to lap up the juices she was starting to produce again.

After a bit, she felt him pause; when she looked back, she could see that his penis was starting to appear again! About that time, she felt him jump up and wrap his legs around her waist again - and a moment after that, felt him start hunching forward, the wet tip of his penis touching her all around her empty vagina. Reaching back between her legs, she was able to cup his sheath in her hand, and then guide him enough that she felt the end of his erect member slip between her labia.

With a single, hard thrust, she felt Tojo bury his hot dog-meat in her pussy - and if she hadn't been so wet and eager, he never would have gotten it into her. She'd known that he was big - but it had been a long time since she'd had someone inside her that way, and her vagina had apparently gotten smaller; he was so big around that it felt like he was going to dislocate her hips; and he was so long that she wondered if the end of his dick was going to come out her mouth. Oh, yes, he was filling the empty place in her; filling it far better than she'd even dared hope. Then, incredibly, he started fucking her - fast and hard, his balls swinging forward to bounce off her erect clitoris with each thrust.

Laurie could only hold herself still, she was so stunned at the powerful fucking she was getting from her canine lover - he was so big, so hard, so HOT; she couldn't help whimpering in pleasure as he pounded his doggy dick into her tight, wet pussy.

In little more than a minute, Laurie felt herself having an orgasm - a good one. Then, a couple minutes later, another - even stronger. Then another, stronger still. She was on the verge of having a fourth orgasm when she felt something large and hard bumping against the entrance to her vagina - and suddenly realized what it was: his knot. With a shouted "NO!", she clamped down with her pussy to keep it from slipping into her. Her effort worked - it stayed outside her. But the sudden tightening of her vagina had a different effect on Tojo: he came. She felt him press himself against her, and a moment later, she felt hot jets of canine cum filling her stretched pussy. That was all she needed to climax yet again, this one the most powerful by far. She was still shuddering from it when she felt Tojo back away, pulling his dick - his incredible, wonderful dick! - out before dropping to all fours. When he was gone, she could feel the cool air INSIDE her over-stretched cunt as small rivers of jism ran down the insides of her thighs. Laurie could only hold herself there, resting as she tried to get her breath and strength back. Finally, her breathing close to normal, she managed to get to her hands; and after a pause to rest, raised the rest of the way to her feet, feeling even more of Tojo's cum leak out of her and run down her leg. Shaky, she walked the couple of feet to where the dog was laying on his side, one leg up in the air as he licked his penis. She managed not to fall down as she leaned over to give him a pat on the head and a heartfelt "Good dog! Good boy!" before continuing on into the bathroom. There, she took a long, hot shower, both to relax, and to make sure that she got every drop of Tojo's cum out of her pleasantly aching pussy.

After that first supremely satisfying fucking from Tojo, Laurie didn't hesitate to let him have her whenever she got horny. Her only interest from that point on was trying to find a way of making sure she didn't accidentally let his knot slip into her, and seeing if she couldn't teach him to fuck her from the front, too - it simply hurt her knees and elbows too much when all he did was fuck her from behind.

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It was early one Saturday afternoon, and Laurie was in her bedroom, getting thoroughly pounded by Tojo. The girls were off at one of their friend's homes, getting ready for a sleep-over that night. That left Laurie with the time and opportunity to get a proper fucking - she hadn't had the chance for several days, and really needed it.

She was on the edge of a climax when some small noise caught her attention; looking in the direction it seemed to have come from, she was shocked to see Melissa and Natalie both standing just inside her bedroom door, watching Tojo's hard dick pounding in and out of her pussy. Even as Laurie started to say something, Tojo pushed himself into her as he began hosing the inside of her vagina with his cum. Laurie had been so close before that the feel of his hot semen spraying her insides was all she needed to climax - even with the girls watching as the family dog emptied his balls into her. By the time it was over, the girls were long gone.

When Tojo pulled free of her, Laurie quickly went in to take her shower, keeping it shorter than usual before she put on a robe and went looking for the girls.

She found them in Natalie's room, still dressed as they held each other, looking surprisingly calm. She sat on the edge of the bed, waiting to see if they had anything to say. Several moments passed before Melissa finally asked "Mom, what were you *doing*?!"

Laurie sighed at the tone of the question, and took a few moments to gather her thoughts before answering "What I was doing was getting a different kind of sexual relief."

"But you were... were fucking a **dog**!" Natalie declared, her eyes starting to tear.

"Yes, I was. But that's just exactly the point - I was fucking." After what the girls had just seen, Laurie wasn't going to concern herself with such trivialities as profanities.

"What you girls have been doing, and what you've been doing with me, well, it's felt good. Real good, in fact. It's done a lot to make me feel better in a lot of different ways. What I don't think you understand, though, is that Daddy and I used to make love - a LOT. That means that I used to feel him inside me, and it felt really, really good to me. Since he died, though, I haven't had anyone to make love with me like that."

"But there's other guys out there..." Melissa protested, her own eyes getting wet.

"Yes, there are. But there aren't that many of them around HERE - and the ones that are here are either married, or the kind of single guys that I don't think would be good enough to not tell people about us. And I'm worried that if the bank found out that I was making love with someone that I wasn't married to, they might try to make trouble for me. So can you understand that it was hard for me? I really liked making love with Daddy, and feeling him inside me. But I didn't dare be with any of the guys around here because I was afraid there might be trouble. So that meant I was left alone, not having anyone that I could make love with. And I think both of you would agree that it has been a long time since Daddy died."

Laurie went on to say "I think it's safe to say that both of you like having something inside you - and neither one of you has been able to do that for very long. Do either one of you think you could completely stop doing that now, even if you wanted to?"

Both girls shook their heads, and Laurie told them "I made love with Daddy for sixteen YEARS - do you think I was happy about not being able to make love after he died? Of course not - but there I was, wanting to make love because I liked it so much, and not having anyone I could trust to do it with. What you and I did together - it helped. It helped a LOT, because it felt so good. But it still wasn't the same as actually making love - of having a hard penis inside me, moving, and making me feel so happy and so good. Then, one day, I saw that Tojo had an erection - and I realized that HE had a penis, too, and that all I really needed, what I really WANTED, he could give me; and that he could give it to me without me having to worry about him telling someone, or anyone finding out, because it was just me and him, inside the house. And I let him put his penis inside me, and it felt nice - really nice. It's not as nice as when Daddy and I could make love - but it's still a lot better than not having a penis inside me at all."

The girls sat there quietly for several minutes, tears in their eyes as they thought about what Laurie had just told them. They missed their dad, too - and they could understand, after a fashion, how their mother would miss him even more; and why. As nice as it was when they had their fingers - and a few other objects, the truth be told - inside, how much better must it be when it was a real, live penis? One that would fill them the way they wanted to be filled, sliding in and out of them, making them feel OH! so much better than just their hands and fingers!

If Laurie could have read their minds, she would have been surprised to learn that it was a dog - and more specifically, Tojo - she was fucking was of less concern to Natalie and Melissa than she would have thought. To them, Tojo was as much a part of the family as any of the rest of them; viewed from the perspective their mother had just described, he had a penis that she needed to make her happy; that it was a dog's penis - Tojo's - was relatively inconsequential.

Melissa and Natalie finally managed to stop their tears, and after a whispered conversation, Melissa told her mother "If... if you want to make love, its okay with us - we love you, and want you to be happy, too. And if you think that Tojo is who you need to do it with, well, that's okay, too. When... when you're with him, we'll be careful to leave you alone, so you can feel good without having to worry about us bothering you."

Laurie was surprised at the words, and touched by the sentiment. She leaned over to take them into her arms and hugged them before saying "Thank you, girls, both of you."

She kissed each of them before letting them go again. After a few moments, Natalie looked up and hesitantly asked "Mom? Would it be okay if... if we made love with Tojo, too? When we're older and we're ready, I mean?"

Laurie was stunned by the question, and it took her a few moments to find her voice to answer "Honey, if you think you want to do that, then that's up to you. But Tojo's penis is pretty big, and you're still kind of young, and small inside. If you tried to make love with him now, he would probably hurt you inside."

Natalie looked shocked, and said "Oh, no! I don't mean I'd want to do it *now*! I- I've kind of seen him before, and he's HUGE there. I was just asking if it would be okay later, is all."

"Honey, if you - or even Melissa - ever want to make love with Tojo, then that's up to you. You don't have to tell me about it if you don't want to, and you don't have to ask me about it again, if you don't want to. I trust you - both of you - to know when you're ready to start making love." Laurie was so focused on speaking to Natalie that she completely missed the look of contemplation on Melissa's face.

The three of them sat there a little longer before Laurie asked "What happened that you're home so early, anyway?"

Natalie answered by saying "Oh, MaryAnn started feeling sick, so we decided to have the sleepover some other time." MaryAnn had been the one 'hosting' things, so to have it break up because of her was understandable.

Laurie told her daughters "I'm sorry to hear that - I know that you wanted to spend the night with her. How about if we have our own sleepover HERE tonight, instead?"

Both girls looked at her as if she'd lost her mind, but Laurie told them "Now come on - I had sleepovers when I was your age, too, so I think I have a pretty good idea of what to do. First, we order pizza. Then, when we're done, we can talk about guys. After that, it's a pillow fight, and then we talk about guys again. The only thing we'll be missing is talking about our 'stuff' - and we already know about that, don't we?" - the question at the end drew smiles from both girls; indeed, the three of them DID already know about their 'stuff': breasts, pubic growth, and all the rest that went with puberty and adolescence.

Seeing the smiles on their faces, Laurie felt better, and with a little more encouragement, got them into the spirit of the thing; none of them got to bed before the wee hours of morning, slightly sick from junk food, exhausted from several pillow fights, and their thoughts filled with images of hunky guys.

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The three of them were in the living room, watching a movie on television one night when Laurie noticed that Melissa was slowly masturbating herself. Neither of the girls had concerned herself about whether or not Laurie saw them touching themselves, so she didn't think much about it at first. But Melissa kept doing it, and it wasn't too long before the scent of her arousal was thick in the air. Natalie didn't seem to be paying the slightest attention to what her sister was doing - she was simply too engrossed in the program on TV. The only ones - other than Melissa, of course - that seemed to know something was going on were Laurie and Tojo. As the odor of Melissa's arousal was first detectable, Laurie saw Tojo raise his head and sniff in Melissa's direction before letting his head rest on his paws again. A while later, when it was unmistakable, Laurie watched as Tojo got

up and came over to lie at Melissa's feet - his large head pointed directly between her thighs, where her fingers were slowly sliding between her labia.

A while later, from the corner of her eye, Laurie watched as the girl discretely slid down in the chair she was sitting in, so that her butt was hanging over the edge of the seat cushion. Then she proceeded to spread her legs and start playing with her readily-visible clitoris. In just a couple of minutes, the scent of her increasing arousal was nearly thick enough to cut with a knife; it was so strong, in fact, that even Natalie took notice of it.

But the one that seemed most interested by it was Tojo: his head was up, and all his attention was focused on the area between Melissa's thighs. Another couple of minutes, and he stood up - when he did, Natalie finally turned to see what was going on, and watched as Tojo took a couple of steps forward to stick his head between Melissa's well-parted legs. Laurie and Natalie both looked on in surprise as the dog hesitated a moment, then began licking at Melissa's exposed pussy as she softly moaned her approval of what he was doing. A few more minutes, and they listened as Melissa choked back a cry of pleasure as she was overwhelmed by an orgasm. When it was over, Melissa didn't seem to have any idea that anyone else was in the room with her - she simply slid down out of the chair to sit in front of it for a moment before getting to her knees and turning around to rest her shoulders on the seat cushion.

Natalie could only sit there, stunned, as she watched her sister climax from having Tojo licking her, then move to a position that opened her up to having him start fucking her.

Laurie immediately recognized the position, and waited with bated breath as Tojo first sniffed at Melissa's exposed pussy, then jumped up to wrap his front legs around her waist. She watched as Tojo worked himself even closer to Melissa, his hips moving as his dick hardened, its tip getting closer and closer to Melissa's opening. She knew that after having been able to stick his dick in her several times, he had pretty well learned to find the hole he was after with little or no help - and that proved to be the case this time, too.

With a small hunching of his hips, Laurie saw Tojo get the first inch or so of his glistening red penis into Melissa; with an even greater thrust, she watched as he buried nearly six inches of dog dick into her young daughter. Melissa's head flew back and a deep groan escaped her lips; Laurie was halfway out of her chair, ready to pull Tojo off when she realized that Melissa's cry was caused by pleasure, not pain. Sitting down again, Laurie could see as Tojo's hard dick started sliding in and out of Melissa's pussy. And unless her eyes deceived her, there was more of it going IN than coming OUT - in less than a minute, she was sure: Melissa was taking nearly all of Tojo's incredible penis inside her young cunt; and from the sounds she was making, enjoying every millimeter of it, in the process.

Melissa let her head fall forward again, and Natalie and Laurie could both hear it as Melissa's breathing was accentuated by little hiccups caused by Tojo's thrusts into her.

Laurie had never witnessed the sight before her: nearly eight inches of big, hard dog cock sliding in and out of a woman - girls, really. Red and glistening, the rapid thrusting of his hips to slide it into her made a loud squishing noise that seemed to fill the room. Tojo was pounding into her fast and hard, and Melissa was clearly enjoying the hell out of it; gasping and moaning in her pleasure.

After a few minutes, Laurie saw Tojo's knot appear, and immediately became concerned. Moving over to the chair where Melissa was, Laurie told her "Melissa! Melissa! Don't let his knot inside you! The bulge you feel - don't let him get it inside!"

Melissa turned to look at her, and Laurie saw that her daughter was only vaguely aware of what she'd said. Taking Melissa's face in her hands, Laurie loudly told her "Melissa! If his knot - that bulge - gets inside you, you'll be stuck! It might be HOURS before you can get free of him!"

Melissa seemed to understand, and gave Laurie a brief nod - but that was all she could manage; Tojo was still pounding into her.

Laurie could only hope that her words had gotten through. Short of physically hauling the dog off of Melissa - something she wasn't sure she could do, anyway - she didn't see that there was anything else to be done.

Laurie moved back to her chair, and was relieved to see that the bulge on Tojo's massive dick was still bouncing against the outside of Melissa's pussy. Then she saw the dog slow down for a couple of strokes before hunching himself into Melissa one last time; just moments after he did, Melissa's head flew back again, her eyes wide open as she cried out "Oh, god! I can feel it - it's so hot!" before freezing as she climaxed.

Laurie knew just what her daughter was going through, and felt her own pussy twitch at the thought of Tojo's hot cum flooding into it. She watched as the massive dog's balls tightened a couple of times before a small river of combined human and dog juices began to flow out of Melissa's stuffed young cunt.

Laurie looked over at her youngest daughter, who was mesmerized by the sight in front of her. "Natalie! Natalie!" Laurie called, before the girl started, and turned to look at her. "Go and get a hand towel, would you? Or better still, two of them. There's no sense in staining the carpet, and I think it's going to be a while before she can move on her own."

Natalie nodded her understanding - of the task, at least - and quickly got up to head for the linen closet in the hallway to the girl's bedrooms. She returned just in time to see Tojo back away from Melissa, his dick pulling free with an audible 'pop' and releasing a flood of cum.

Natalie's gaze was traveling back and forth between the sight of Tojo's dick hanging beneath his belly, and the gaping hole of Melissa's pussy. Laurie didn't bother asking for the towels - she just took them, and quickly arranged one to catch the juices draining out



of Melissa's young cunt. She left the other towel folded, and set it on the floor; then she gently eased Melissa out of the chair and turned her around before guiding her - and the cloth between her legs - on top of the towel she'd just positioned. Satisfied that there wouldn't be any leakage that would make it to the carpet, Laurie sat down next to her daughter and put her arm around the child, holding her.

After a while, Melissa gave a small shudder, and her head turned so she could look at her mother. Laurie gave the girl a small smile and asked "Melissa, what did you think you were doing?"

Melissa gave a small start to that, and managed a small grin before answering "I thought I was going to find out what it's like to fuck - and I like it!"

Laurie made a small tsk-tsk sound, and said "Really, dear - you don't have to use such language."

Melissa blushed slightly, and said "I'm sorry, Mom. It just kind of slipped out. You're not mad? About me and Tojo, I mean?"

"No, dear, I'm not mad. I told you and Natalie that you could, remember? But whatever made you think you wouldn't be hurt by him?"

Melissa gave a small grin, and said "Ever since you talked to us about what you were doing with him, I've been trying to stretch myself, you know, inside. Sometimes I could see it when he got hard, so I kind of had an idea of what size I had to be - but I was still surprised at how BIG he is!"

Laurie couldn't help laughing a bit, and said "Yes, I know that feeling, too. But you're okay? He didn't hurt you?"

Melissa just smiled and said "Oh, yeah, I'm fine. It didn't hurt at all - it felt GREAT!", her enthusiasm making Laurie laugh again before replying "Well, if you're okay, then I guess there's nothing for me to worry about. Just sit here for a little while, until you feel strong enough to move. Then you can take a shower to clean up, and we'll be here when you get back."

Melissa nodded, and looked around to see what reaction Natalie had to what had just happened. Melissa saw her sister sitting in a chair, her face a mixture of awe and envy. Melissa got her sister's eye, and said "Natalie, trust me on this - there is NO WAY you're ready for anything like what just happened to me. You heard me tell Mom that I started trying to stretch myself inside back when she had that talk with us - and I could JUST BARELY take him inside me. I don't hurt or anything right now, but I think I'm going to be pretty sore tomorrow. So as much fun as it might have looked, I promise you that you aren't anywhere NEAR ready to try anything like that. Okay?"

Natalie nodded solemnly at her sister's words - they only confirmed what she'd already decided for herself. Yeah, it DID look like fun; but the size of Tojo's penis - well, that was kind of scary. She'd wait a while, and maybe try stretching herself inside a little bit, before she even THOUGHT about seeing if Tojo could fuck *her* like that.

Laurie listened to Melissa's words to her sister, and saw Natalie's ready agreement. Good, she thought to herself, there's one I'm not going to have to worry about for a while.

As she'd expected, Melissa was sore the next day - and admitted so to Laurie, without specifying just HOW sore she was. She didn't realize that her mom already had a pretty good idea, just from watching the way she walked, and even sat. Still, Laurie thought, she did it - and an impressive sight it was, too!

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It was just a couple of months before the bank's deadline to stop her insurance, and Laurie still hadn't had much luck finding an insurance company or program that would take her and the girls at anything *close* to reasonable rates.

She was in a restaurant having lunch with Charlene, listening to Charlene's on-going man troubles.

"I swear", Charlene said, "There is absolutely NO such thing as an honorable lover. That gardener I was so fond of? He got a little full of himself, and said something to William about my... situation."

For reasons that the doctors either couldn't or wouldn't explain, Charlene had never been able to grow pubic hair - not a single strand. That she was bare as a newborn bothered her, regardless of the salutary effect it had on her lovers of either gender.

"What happened?" Laurie asked.

"Well, you know William - he simply couldn't believe that I would be unfaithful to him, so he assumed the gardener had been peeping in my window or something. Just up and fired him, right on the spot. Damn! What I need is a lover with a big dick and no voice!" Charlene declared.

Charlene's word ignited a faint spark in Laurie's mind. She sat there quietly as she tried to bring that spark to full flame. Charlene saw what was happening, and sipped at her coffee as she waited.

After a bit, Laurie spoke up, asking "What if you COULD have such a lover? What would it be worth to you? How much would you pay?"

The tone of voice told Charlene that the questions were serious - what they meant, on the other hand, was as clear as mud. But she answered them honestly, anyway, saying "If

such a lover existed? Laurie, dear, it would be worth a LOT of money to me - five thousand dollars, easily, just to find him. Why?"

Laurie was starting to see the idea developing, and asked her own questions: "Charlene, how many women do you think there are that would want a good lover? One that would please them every time, but would never talk to *anyone* about what happened? Someone the women could keep around all the time, without having anyone start wondering about it?"

The questions were starting to intrigue Charlene, and she thought for a few moments before answering "Laurie, I can think of at least twenty women - that I, personally, KNOW of - that would almost kill for a lover like that. If you could make the rest of it happen, too? Well, you could almost write your own check with them."

Laurie's mind was racing by that point - everything she'd done and said over the past few months had come together; she was seeing a chance to not only get control of her life again, but make a nice chunk of money in the process. She was examining options, weighing risks, considering the benefits and pitfalls of the idea that had come to her.

She looked at her friend and asked "Charlene, what would you say if I knew a way for every woman that wanted it to get the fucking of her life? And that she could get it almost any time she wanted it, without having to worry about diseases, pregnancy, or what her lover might say?"

Charlene thought about it for only a moment before answering "I'd say... 'where do I sign up?' Now, are you going to tell me what's going on, or am I just going to have to sit here, going crazy with wondering?", slightly exasperated.

Laurie realized that her friend didn't have the slightest idea of what had been going on in her mind - and with that thought, she also realized that to say what she was thinking was just a *little* out of the ordinary was the understatement of the century.

Laurie told Charlene "I've got something in mind, and I need to check a few things. If it works, it'll be the answer to your prayers, I think. But I've got to warn you - it's pretty unusual."

Charlene knew her friend, and understood that if Laurie said something was 'unusual', you could safely bet money that that's just what it was. But the idea of a lover like that... it fascinated her, much more than she would ever admit.

Charlene told Laurie "Okay, if you say so. When will you know more? Or, at least, enough to tell me about it, so I can maybe help?"

Laurie thought about it for a few moments and answered "Give me a week; maybe less. Then I'll be able to explain it to you, and if you want, prove to you that it'll work."

"Okay, a week it is. But I'm telling you, Laurie - if you're just pulling one of your gags on me..."

Laurie smiled, and replied "No, it's definitely not one of my practical jokes."

With that, the two of them let the subject drop, going on to other topics.

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For the next few days, Laurie was busier than she'd been in months; even years. She spent two full days at the library, reading up on small businesses, and how to start one. Another couple of days were spent learning all she could about another subject. She spent two hours one night, talking long distance with her friend Tanya - or more correctly, Warren, the head computer whiz at his company.

Six days after her lunch with Charlene, Laurie was sure that what she had in mind **COULD** work. She was even pretty sure that it **would** work. There were still some problems, but those were mostly financial - and that was something she thought she could deal with, with a little help from her friends.

As they'd arranged, Laurie met Charlene again exactly a week after their previous get-together. They were by themselves in a quiet corner of the café that they both favored when Laurie told her friend "Okay, Charlene. I promised that I'd tell you what was going on, and here it is. I think I've got a way so that any woman that wants to can have a lover that will keep her happier than she ever thought possible. Her lover will never give her a disease, will never talk to anyone about her, and can't *possibly* get her pregnant. He'll be as loyal as she wants, and more loving and affectionate than any lover she's ever had. If she likes to fuck, he'll be as well-hung as she wants; if she's more into oral, well, then that's what her lover will do. What do you think?"

"I think I want one!" Charlene laughed. Still a bit mystified, though, she asked "How can you make those kinds of promises? What kind of lovers could you *possibly* have found?"

Laurie smiled, and said "Instead of trying to explain it, it would be easier if I just let you find out for yourself. Then you can decide if there's anything you can - or want to - do to help. Just remember - I said it's unusual."

Charlene's anticipation was evident in her voice as she said "If you're willing to let me take one of these magical lovers for a test-drive, then you bet I want! When can we do it?"

"Today, if you want - after lunch", Laurie answered. The girls had been invited to go horseback riding with one of their friends; short of an alien invasion, they'd be gone until early evening.

"I don't have a thing to do until this evening. I've got all afternoon, if that's what it takes."

Laurie laughed, and said "Oh, no, it won't take that long - though you might want it to!"

That only piqued Charlene's curiosity even more; but she let the matter drop in favor of the delicious meal they were having.

When they were done, and Charlene had paid the check over Laurie's mild protests and they went out to the parking lot. Laurie got in her car - again being amply protected by Tojo in the passenger seat - and Charlene followed in her own vehicle back to the house.

Inside the house, Charlene and Laurie kissed - they'd been friends, and even lovers, for a LONG time; but not since Laurie had married Ken. Their hands wandered across each other's bodies as they kissed; by the time their lips parted, both were panting slightly. It was with regret that Charlene asked "So, where's this wonder lover of yours?"

Laurie laughed, and rhetorically asked "Eager, are you?"

Charlene laughed, too, and replied "Damn right I am!"

Laurie took her by the hand and said "Come on, then. But I think it would be better if I kind of got you 'warmed up' first..."

"I'm already pretty 'warm', but if you insist...", Charlene replied, her tone making it clear that she didn't mind the chance to get 're-acquainted' with her friend. Hand in hand, the headed for Laurie's bedroom, trailed by Tojo - an event only Laurie noticed, smiling to herself.

In the bedroom, the two of them kissed and caressed as they undressed each other - both pleased by the good condition and attractiveness the other had kept.

Once on the bed, they began kissing and fondling each other again; each of them gradually moving her hands from the other's breasts to between her partner's legs - and then on to gently probe the other's wet vagina. After a bit, they eased into a '69', with Laurie discretely guiding Charlene to lay underneath her at the edge of the bed.

Laurie found herself again mystified and delighted by Charlene's bare mound, and eagerly moved her head between her friend's thighs, even as Charlene was doing the same to her.

Several minutes went by, and the room was soon filled with the sounds and scents of their mutual pleasuring. Laurie had taken her time, bringing Charlene along slowly while Charlene eagerly applied herself to getting Laurie off as quickly and strongly as possible. When she felt her orgasm start, Laurie raised herself up, crying out with pleasure as Charlene's talented tongue danced across her clitoris.

As Laurie's climax started, she saw Tojo get up from where he'd been laying on the floor, and come over to stand in front of Charlene's spread thighs. He seemed to watch them for

a few moments before moving closer. As Laurie's orgasm slowly faded, she managed to say "Okay, Tojo". That was all the dog seemed to need, and he moved forward again until he was standing between Charlene's legs. He sniffed in the direction of her exposed pussy, then lowered his head and began licking her in long, slow strokes. Beneath her, Laurie could feel Charlene tense briefly at the initial contact, but quickly relax as the pleasurable sensations continued.

In just a couple of minutes, Charlene had given up even *trying* to use er mouth on Laurie - she was simply too busy gasping and moaning as the tongue between her thighs continued to raise her to levels of arousal and excitement she hadn't thought possible. She didn't know whose tongue it was - and really didn't **care**: it was so strong, so limber, so LONG that who it belonged to was only of secondary concern. What mattered to her most was what it was I>doing to her: with each pass across her hairless cunt, it was both applying pressure to her engorged clitoris, and - amazingly - dipping into her hot, wet pussy farther than she'd thought a tongue COULD go. It was only another couple of minutes, and Charlene felt herself being overwhelmed by the sensations being created in her pussy - and before much longer, felt herself stiffen as the pleasure that had been dammed up in her clitoris finally broke free to flood her body. She nearly screamed her pleasure and relief before she froze where she was, simply overwhelmed by the pleasure.

Above her, Laurie could only smile as she heard and felt her dearest friend responding to the incredible pleasure she knew Tojo was capable of giving.

As Charlene lay there panting and shuddering after the majority of her climax was over, Laurie moved from over her friend to take a position next to her. There, she took Charlene in her arms, holding her. When enough time had passed, Charlene turned her head to look at Laurie and said "Dear god! I didn't know I could orgasm like that!" before lifting her head to see who her benefactor had been - only to gasp when she saw Tojo looking back at her with his doggy smile.

"Tojo? TOJO? Your dog made me cum like that?" Charlene asked.

Julie smiled, hesitantly, and said "He sure did. I told you it was unusual, didn't I?"

Charlene could just lay there looking at Laurie, thinking about what she'd just experienced. The idea of getting such pleasure from someone other than another human being was a shock to her, and somewhat troubling. But as she thought about it, she came to understand the things that Laurie had told her. Those words, plus what she'd just experienced, finally convinced her that having Tojo lick her to that kind of relief wasn't such a bad thing, after all.

"Why didn't you tell me? About you and Tojo, I mean?" Charlene asked.

"I didn't think you'd understand. Not really, I mean. It just seemed like one of those things that you have to experience before you can understand it."

"I'll vouch for that!" Charlene exclaimed. "That was most definitely an **experience**. And I think you're right - I really wouldn't have understood it until now, after it was over."

Laurie grinned and said "You might understand it - but it doesn't have to be over unless you want it to."

Charlene looked at her curiously, and Laurie told her "Sit up a little bit, and look at him."

Doing as instructed, Charlene sat up and looked at Tojo, not comprehending what Laurie was talking about. She finally said "I guess I don't see what you're talking about."

Laurie sat up, too, leaned over slightly, and sat back up before saying "Look closer. You'll understand."

Doing as Laurie had, Charlene leaned over a bit in the other direction before looking Tojo over again, and finally realized what Laurie was referring to: beneath his belly, Tojo's dick - huge! - was hanging down.

Looking back at her friend, Charlene asked "You mean... You actually... Oh, my god!"

Laurie nodded, not sure of her friend's reaction.

Charlene could only sit in surprise, and awe, for a few moments before asking "How could you? I mean, what made you think of... that?"

Laurie felt her heart go cold, but answered "After Ken died, I didn't dare be with any of the guys around here - most of them are married, and the others just seem like the kind that would run their mouths. I just kept getting hornier and hornier. Then, one day, Tojo did for me what he just did for you. After he did it a few times, I saw that he seemed to get horny from doing it. The first thing I thought of was just kind of jerking him off, and that was okay. But I was doing it one time when it finally hit me that what I really needed was a nice, hard dick - just like the one I had in my hand. Even then, it was a while before I finally let him fuck me. But when I did! He doesn't fuck like a guy - he's faster and does it harder than any guy I ever heard of; the only thing I had to worry about was his knot - that bulge you see on his dick."

Charlene turned and leaned over to look again, and saw what Laurie was talking about - she couldn't even conceive of having something that big inside her, and understood why Laurie had been concerned about it, too. When she sat back up and was looking at her friend again, Laurie told her "It wasn't as good as what I had with Ken - but it was a DAMN sight better than doing without."

Charlene sat there, thinking about what Laurie had just said, and finally told her "I'm guessing that it was more than just the once? And that Tojo is the lover you were talking about?", her tone making it clear that she wasn't trying to pronounce judgment on Laurie's actions.

Relieved, Laurie answered "Yeah, it's been more than just once. But I wasn't talking about lending Tojo out like that. What I was thinking was setting up a kennel - a *special* kennel, one where dogs could be trained to be uh, special companions to women that were interested in having one of them."

"What makes you think that there would be that many interested in fucking a dog? Like you said, it *is* kind of unusual."

"I did some research - that's why I asked you to wait a week before we met again. I found out there are already women doing it! What my idea is, is just to train the dogs so that they behave themselves except when the women want them for, uh, other purposes."

"You can do that?" Charlene asked, surprised.

"I already have!" Laurie declared.

"This I've got to see."

"You can see it - and experience it, if you want." Laurie told her.

The implication of that statement caught Charlene by surprise - having Tojo lick her to such a powerful orgasm had been one thing. But to actually do it? To fuck a dog? She thought about it - how good it had felt, and what she'd thought about it afterwards. It didn't take her long to make her decision.

"You.. you'd let him fuck me?"

"If you want", Laurie replied.

"After what he made me feel like just licking me? Yeah, I want, all right! What do I have to do?"

"He knows he's not allowed on the furniture, so you'll have to get on the floor. Just get on your hands and knees."

Charlene did as she was told, finding herself on the floor, her emotions mixed. On one hand, the idea of being screwed by a dog was pretty kinky; but the gardener was long gone, and the pool boy only came by once a week - it had been long enough that she was more than ready to have a stiff dick in her snatch.

Charlene felt Tojo move behind her, but nothing seemed to be happening. She looked back, and saw that the end of his penis was sticking out from its sheath; but he just continued to stand there looking at her. Then she heard Laurie's voice say "Okay, Tojo", and the dog stepped forward to begin licking her exposed pussy again. That went on for maybe a couple of minutes as she felt herself getting more and more excited, all over again. She chanced another look back, and could see that Tojo had a full-fledged hard-on,



his massive cock hanging below his belly. "Why isn't he trying to stick that thing in me?" she wondered - then when Laurie asked "Are you ready?" she understood that he was waiting for *permission*; and realized that Laurie hadn't been bluffing about being able to train dogs to be 'polite'.

Charlene answered "Oh, yeah, I'm ready! I am *so* wet inside!" before he heard Laurie say "Tojo! Fuck!". With those words, Charlene felt the dog jump up to put his forelegs around her waist and crowd himself closer to her, his hips moving as he tried to find where he could bury his slippery red penis. She felt it touch around her mons a couple of times before it slid between her labia - with his target found, Tojo hunched his hips and buried six inches of hard dog-cock in her in a single motion. Another thrust, and she felt the rest of it slide in - the end of his penis bouncing off the deepest part of her pussy as he stuffed her with more hard dick than she'd ever had before. She gasped at the sensation of having her pussy stretched, not realizing that she whimpered, too, when he pulled out of her before slamming into her again.

In just a few seconds, she could feel him hammering into her so much faster than any man she'd ever had. As he continued pounding into her, Charlene felt herself have first one orgasm, then another. Both times, it was all she could do not to scream at the intensity and pleasure of them as Tojo continued his rapid thrusts during them. He was doing such a good job of screwing her out of her wits that she finally had to let her body drop to rest on her elbows - Tojo just moved a little closer, burying a little more of his dick in her. She was getting close to a third orgasm - she could tell it was going to be a whopper - when she felt something large and hard bouncing against her over-stretched pussy. Then she heard Laurie's voice telling her "That's his knot - the bulge you saw. If you don't tighten around him, it might slip in; then you'll be stuck with him until it shrinks enough to come out again."

Charlene realized that the LAST thing she needed would be for that to happen - who knew, it might take HOURS? And the thought of having him trying to pull it out before then... well, that simply didn't bear thinking about.

So she tightened her internal muscles - as best she could, what with having them stretched out that way - and felt the dog's thrusts get shorter and even faster. A few moments later, she felt her insides being spraying with what felt like liquid fire; realizing that he was ejaculating in her was all she needed to push her over the edge into her third orgasm since Tojo had started fucking her with that **marvelous** dick of his.

As her orgasm continued, Charlene could feel Tojo continuing to hose her insides with his hot doggy cum. "Doesn't he EVER stop?" she thought to herself, just before another powerful spasm racked her body.

Watching them, Laurie had known when Tojo started cumming - and watched as his jism was forced out of Charlene's over-stuffed pussy to run down the insides of her thighs as she experienced what was obviously a very powerful orgasm. Laurie knew what Charlene

must be going through, and smiled inwardly - she didn't think her best friend would be able to swear off dogs after THAT fucking!

Finally, it ended: with his balls empty, Tojo backed out of Charlene, then moved to lay down where he lifted a leg and began licking his gradually shrinking dick.

For her part, Charlene was barely able to keep herself from falling over. Laurie recognized the problem, and quickly went over to help her friend find a more comfortable position while she recovered. After a bit, Charlene looked up at her and managed to whisper "You were right - that is DEFINITELY better than doing without!", with a smile.

Laurie just grinned before moving to give the other woman a kiss on the lips.

When Charlene was rested enough, Laurie helped her to her feet and the two of them went in to share a shower.

Dressed and in the kitchen, both women were sitting at the table and having a cup of coffee when Charlene said "Okay, I'm convinced. You can train the dogs. I can't tell you how surprised I was that Tojo waited until you said it was okay before he stuffed that baseball bat of his inside me!"

Laurie just grinned, and Charlene went on "And after getting screwed to within an inch of my life like that, I damn sure want a dog like that myself. I'll write you a check, right now if you want, for ten thousand bucks if you can deliver me a dog that can screw me silly like that, and still behave himself when other people are around."

Laurie sat there, stunned for several moments before she could ask "Ten thousand? *Dollars?*"

"I'm not talking zlotny's, Laurie."

"But I was only thinking about a couple thousand - maybe even five. But **ten thousand dollars?**"

"Honey, I don't think you're understanding what's going on here. That's cheap - damn cheap! - payment for a lover that can leave a woman feeling like that. Hell, I spent nearly half that much on the damn gardener before he got his dumb ass fired! Think about everything you told me about your idea until now, and see if I'm not right - particularly for a woman that NEEDS to find a lover because her husband is too busy or whatever to take care of her himself."

Laurie did start thinking about it - and it didn't take her long to realize that Charlene was right: any woman that had the resources to apply to a lover wouldn't blanch at the idea of paying that much for one that would do what Laurie was proposing. Assuming, of course, that she was willing to consider taking a dog as that lover.

Charlene saw her friend's comprehension, and said "I didn't graduate business school for nothing, Laurie. Trust me on this. Now, tell me - exactly - how you were going to get this kennel thing started."

As Laurie did, Charlene interrupted a few times to ask questions. When Laurie was done, Charlene sat there, obviously deep in thought. After several minutes, she told Laurie "Okay, you've got a pretty good hold on the basics. If you started doing it on your own, there's a pretty good chance that you'd do all right. But there are a couple of things that I think you missed, and a couple more that would just make it easier for you."

"What're those?" Laurie asked.

"First, I don't think you dare have JUST a special kennel - I think it would be too small and maybe draw too much attention. Go ahead and start up a kennel; just run it as a business like any other kennel. With that as a cover, you can do the 'special' dogs separately. The other thing is that not everyone is going to want a monster like Tojo. What breed is he again?"

"Akita", Laurie answered.

"Yeah, that's it. Real protective and everything, isn't he? Okay, what I'd suggest - and this is part of making your life easier - is that you focus on just training the special dogs. Remember, you said that the dog can either be a licker or a fucker, so have the WOMAN decide which she wants, and tell her which breed, or breeds, will do it for her. She buys it, and 'boards' it with you while she's on a trip or something with hubby. When she gets back, she's got a new, special friend. If your kennel is really high-end and you run it really dog-friendly - you know, lots of time with people, load of room to play, high-end food, all that kind of stuff - then you can charge high enough rates that adding in the income from the special training can be done without raising any questions. Now, what do you need to get this thing off the ground?"

"Right now, pretty much all of it, really. I've got an acre of land to work with, but that's about it. I'd need to build pens and shelters for the dogs, maybe put a fence or something around the whole thing to keep the dogs and neighbors apart, storage for the food and other supplies, the business paperwork, some money for advertising and other startup costs, and a few other things. I even talked to Warren, Tanya's husband, about computerizing things, and maybe doing an Internet web site. I was an accounting major, so I think I can handle the books - particularly with all the software that's out there."

Charlene nodded, and said "Yeah, I expect you could - but you should still get an accountant to back you up. As for the other stuff... I figure you'd need maybe fifty thousand for the first year."

"Fifty thousand! I don't have that much money!"

Charlene smiled and said "No, dear, I don't mean you'd have to pony that much up all at once. To get things started, you'd only need about twenty, maybe twenty-five, thousand. The rest you'd get from your clients, or customers, or whatever you call them."

"Oh. That's better than fifty thousand, but I still don't have that much money..."

"Laurie, dear - didn't you hear me offer you ten thousand for one of your dogs? That's almost half of it. If you can find someone else to pay for one of your dogs in advance, there's another ten thousand. Then you'll only have to put up five thousand, maybe less, of your own money to get things moving."

Laurie thought about it, and realized that there might be someone that would be willing to pay her in advance for one of the dogs she was proposing to train. If so....

Laurie looked at Charlene and said "Okay, I'm going to do it. If I have to, I'll do it in pieces - maybe just the outside fence and a couple of dog runs at first, then add the rest later; stuff like that."

Charlene grinned and said "That's the spirit! I'll write you that check right now; it'll give you some working capital to start with. Now, what kind of dog should I get?" as she reached for her purse.

"What do you want him to do?" Laurie asked, stunned.

"Fuck me stupid, of course!" Charlene answered as she started writing.

"No, I mean besides that!" Laurie laughed, adding "I mean what kind of dog do you want? From the way you said Tojo was real protective, I guess you don't want one that will protect you even if you don't want to be protected?"

Charlene finished writing out the check, signed it, and handed it to Laurie before answering "Oh, I see what you mean. No, I don't want a dog like that. Something friendly, I think. Big, but not *too* big, you know?"

Laurie answered "Okay, that's starting to narrow it down. You don't want anything smaller than, say, a German Shepherd?" - Charlene shook her head - "and you don't want anything as big as a Great Dane." Another shake.

"Something friendly? Or just not as protective as Tojo?"

"It doesn't have to be TOO friendly; I wouldn't mind if someone thinking about bothering me thought twice about it." Charlene answered.

"Good. That lets out the different retrievers - Lab, Chesapeake, Golden, and so on. The ones that come to mind first are German Shepherd, maybe Doberman, Keeshond, and a

couple of others. All of them are protective to some degree, but not as much as Tojo is. They'll be a little smaller than he is, though."

"That's okay; I want something that will fuck me and not kill me doing it!" Charlene laughed.

As the rest of the afternoon went by, Laurie and Charlene discussed what kind of dog Charlene wanted. They narrowed it down a little more, and then the two of them went to a few pet stores so Laurie could show Charlene was some of the dog breeds would look like. Charlene finally settled on one, and each of them headed home after Laurie promised to find a couple of reputable breeders for her friend to contact.

That night, Laurie called Tanya and invited her to come for a visit.

Three days later, Tanya left to go home with a blissful smile on her face.

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Laurie was surprised at how fast things could move when you had enough money to motivate people.

A month after she got the check from Charlene, she had the beginnings of a new kennel a couple hundred yards from the house. Inside, there were only six dog runs completed, with space for another twenty-four. One unusual feature of the kennel was the surprisingly well-furnished office area; in addition to the usual desk and chairs, it was carpeted and sported a small couch that unfolded to a futon bed, along with a bathroom that included a shower. The workers that had built hadn't wondered about the highly effective soundproofing - they'd simply assumed that it was meant to keep sound OUT, never thinking that someone might want it to do just the reverse.

Four of the runs were occupied: a Keeshond for Charlene, a Golden Retriever for Tanya, and two German Shepherds for a couple of women that Charlene knew. Any one of the runs was large enough to hold three dogs in luxury - indoor/outdoor carpeting, miniature fountains to make sure the water dishes were always full and always fresh, and lambs wool pads for the dogs to sleep on. There was plenty of light and ventilation, and even a local talk radio station was piped in to make sure the animals had human voices. Every animal had a chew-toy and an item of clothing worn by his mistress. All the runs opened up to an exceptionally large fenced-in area where the dogs had all manner of room to run and toys to play with. The area was screened from the outside by a couple of layers of assorted shrubbery; it would take a seriously dedicated peeping tom to get close enough to see inside the area. During the day, the dogs were free to run and play, usually kept company by Laurie or one of the girls; at night, all of them were confined to their runs. All the dogs were fed premium canned food twice a day, with top-notch dry food available all the time.

Laurie was getting help with the training from Melissa, who tended to walk around with a rather satisfied smile on her face. Natalie wasn't ready to help quite THAT much yet, but was still more than happy to play with the dogs in the open area - and was rather looking forward to the Cocker Spaniel that was scheduled to arrive soon. He was to receive some special training so he would orally tend to his mistresses needs...

As Laurie watched the workmen build another six runs, she was quietly amused that she was actually getting inquiries from wealthy people that just wanted her to board their dogs - with no 'special' training. Just going by the numbers, her rates were pushing the envelope of outrageous. It wasn't until the customers really looked at the details and how she ran things that it began to make sense. Tanya's husband Warren had come out to help Laurie set up her computer systems; one of the chief features and attractions of HER kennel was a customers-only web address that let them look at one of several web cams that were scattered around - but not in the office. Visiting her website and entering a code, the clients were able to see that Fido or Spot was in good health and being *very* well taken care of in their absence.

Going on into the office, Laurie sat down at the desk and checked to see how much activity she'd gotten on the website. Most of it was routine browsing by net surfers; the couple of families that she'd sent 'sample' access codes to had taken the time to verify that the web cameras really did exist and really did work. One of the families had even taken the time to send her an email, telling her how impressed they were with the place. One, though, was from a woman that Laurie had been told to watch for: a friend of one of Charlene's friends. While the message itself was an obvious inquiry about boarding a dog, the woman was also able to discretely and subtly inquire about having her dog - a Great Dane! - get some 'special training'. Laurie replied, answering the obvious email while she just as carefully answered that she did, in fact, offer the requested service, and what it would cost.

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Six months passed, and Laurie was nearly ecstatic with how things were going. She'd been able to get the rest of the runs built, and over half of them were occupied nearly constantly. The requests for special training had dropped off some - she only had two such dogs at the time - but the kennel operation itself was a smashing success. Charlene had been right - the kennel WAS a good idea, in and of itself, never mind that it provided such good 'cover' for the REAL moneymaking operation.

Charlene had come out several times, and during one visit, got together with Laurie to change the web site a little; now it obliquely let women that wanted it know that they'd found the right place; knowledge of her special services was passed along solely by one woman carefully letting another in on the secret - but only after the second had been thoroughly sounded out on the idea beforehand. None of her special customers had the slightest interest in seeing her get in any kind of trouble, or getting any publicity for what she was doing for them. As part of the package, she carefully helped women that were interested figure out what breed of dog would work best for them. In addition to the dog's

sexual abilities, some wanted protection; others wanted companionship. Some were afraid of large dogs, others wouldn't have anything else. Whatever their needs and desires, Laurie cheerfully helped them figure things out.

Not only had Laurie been able to replace the insurance the bank had terminated on her, she'd actually been able to get a *discount* rate through an organization for small and independent businesses!

As the number of dogs she was taking care of grew, she was forced to hire one of the local high school kids - a young boy - to help. He was delighted that the pay was so high for what amounted to so little work: after he cleaned the runs and play area each day, he was actually paid to play with the animals. Too, he hadn't shown any interest in quitting - in fact, Laurie had more kids asking her if they could work there than she had work for them to do!

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Laurie and the girls were sitting in the living room, having just finished feeding the dogs in the kennel. With thirty of them, Laurie needed the help; she'd had to tell the additional two kids she'd hired to help at the kennel they were absolutely forbidden from giving the dogs ANYTHING after she caught one of them feeding an Irish Setter the remains of a fast-food cheeseburger. Still, with the girls helping, it didn't take long and wasn't hard.

Laurie was still enjoying a glow from the day before: her Special Lovin' Kennels had celebrated its first anniversary. Charlene had been there, along with Tanya and Warren; they, and the girls, had all celebrated with a steak dinner from the grill and perhaps a bit too much champagne - but the mild hangover had been well worth it.

After Warren and Tanya had left, Charlene had been simply floored to discover that Melissa and Natalie were a lot closer than simply being sisters; she'd gone on to find out just how close they could be with her, as well. Afterwards, Charlene and Laurie had had their own time together, with Tojo added for even more fun and pleasure.

With a five-figure bank account - soon to go to six figures! she exalted - Laurie was nearly as financially well off as she'd been while Ken was alive.

Natalie and Melissa had each told her at one time or another that they were glad they'd moved, after all. Both still missed Ken, of course; but they'd learned to like the life they had now, rather than simply accepting and tolerating it.

Laurie was sitting there thinking about what to do next with the kennel when her thoughts were interrupted by Natalie asking "Mom? Have you got a minute?"

Laurie looked at her youngest and said "Of course, dear. What is it?"

Natalie hesitated a moment before answering "I've been thinking about it, and I've decided that there's something I want to do. You told me that I didn't have to ask you or say anything about it, but I want to do it while you're around in case I need any help or anything."

Laurie couldn't figure what Natalie was talking about, but decided that since the girl had said she had already approved of it, then it was probably okay, and answered "I'd be glad to, honey. What is it you have in mind?" as Melissa looked on in interest. Clearly, she didn't have any idea of what Natalie was after, either.

"I... I want to let Tojo fuck me."

Seeing the surprise on her mother's face, Natalie went on to say "I've been waiting, just like I told you I would, and I think I'm finally ready. You know I've been letting some of the special dogs lick me, but I haven't let *any* of them do that to me yet - I wanted Tojo to be the first one. I've been stretching myself, you know, inside; I can get three fingers inside myself and it doesn't hurt *at all*." From the tone of the last couple of words, Laurie figured that Natalie not only hadn't felt pain, but rather enjoyed herself.

Knowing what was coming, Laurie felt herself getting aroused; the idea of watching as Natalie gave herself to Tojo for the first time was more than a little exciting. But she maintained her composure and said "Okay, dear. If that's what you want, then that's what we'll do. When did you want to do it?"

Again, Natalie hesitated a moment, then answered "Um, I was kinda thinking that tonight would be good. Maybe even now?", the last with a questioning tone.

"Of course, honey. Is there anything you want me or Melissa to do?"

Natalie thought about it a moment, then replied "No, I don't think so. I want you here, Mom, in case I don't do it right or something goes wrong; Melissa can stay and watch if she wants to - she didn't make me leave when SHE did it."

Laurie noted the look of pleased relief on Melissa's face - apparently, her eldest daughter was as excited at the idea of watching her sister's first dog-fuck as Laurie was herself.

Satisfied that no one was going to say or do anything, Natalie stood up to take her panties off - all that any of them was wearing in the warm evening weather. Sitting back down, Natalie moved her legs apart and let them watch as she cupped a breast in one hand as the other hand moved between her thighs, where it started moving as she slowly caressed herself. In just a couple of minutes, Melissa and Laurie could both smell Natalie's growing arousal.

Tojo could smell it too, and his head came up as he scented the air to try and locate the source of an aroma he was well acquainted with.



Natalie solved the problem for him by calling his name; he stood and moved over to her, his nose leading him to stand between her legs as she slouched in the chair she was sitting in. He'd smelled her before, of course, but she'd never said anything to encourage him. That changed when she calmly said "Its okay, Tojo - come on!"

Moving forward, the dog was nearly overwhelmed by the scent of her fresh young pussy; he let his head drop a little and made a tentative lick at her exposed mound. She moaned at the contact, and reassured that what he was doing was okay, he did it again. In short order, he was licking at her as enthusiastically as he'd ever done for anyone else; Natalie could only lay back, groaning and panting as he quickly and easily moved her toward an orgasm.

In just a few minutes, Natalie's body was writhing in the chair - but she kept her hips steady and her legs open for Tojo to continue licking her hot, wet pussy.

Finally, with a small screech of pleasure, she came - hard. Her body froze in position as Tojo continued to lick her while spasm after spasm of pleasure ran through her body.

Watching her, Laurie and Melissa found themselves getting more and more turned on by the sight; neither of them noticed that both had slid a hand into their panties and were busily frigging themselves.

When she had recovered from her orgasm enough to open her eyes, Natalie looked around and saw that her Mom and Melissa both had a hand inside their panties, playing with themselves. Nervously, Natalie tilted her head and saw that Tojo's dick was hanging down, red, slick, and HARD. Nervously, she brought her knees up and let her legs fall apart, opening herself to Tojo for a different purpose. He looked at her eagerly, and she told him "Okay, Tojo. Fuck!"

Laurie and Melissa watched as Tojo jumped up on Natalie, his forelegs resting on each side of her. It hadn't taken long to teach him to fuck that way, and Laurie and Melissa both found it easier and just as satisfying as letting him mount them from behind. Both watched as Tojo moved closer, the tip of his shiny red dick waving in the air as it approached Natalie's till-then dick-free vagina.

He started hunching himself forward, and he bounced off the backs of Natalie's thighs and ass a couple of times before the tip slid between her parted and glistening labia. He pressed himself forward, and felt the end of his penis slide home; with a powerful thrust of his hips, he pushed nearly half his erection into Natalie's almost-virgin cunt.

Natalie's eyes widened to the size of saucers at the feel of Tojo's massive prick plowing into her; despite the careful stretching she'd subjected herself to - and she'd used more than her fingers, if the truth be told - Tojo's stiff dick was still a lot larger than she'd expected. But she HAD managed to stretch her young vagina enough that having him inside her like that wasn't painful - at least, not TOO painful. She felt him slide out of her a little ways, then his body tighten as he hunched himself at her again - that time, filling

her full to overflowing with his hot dog-dick. She quickly put her legs around him, using her feet to try and hold him in place as she tried to relax herself, and giving herself time to stretch farther than she'd expected to need to. Tojo cooperated, and Natalie took a couple of deep breaths, forcing her body - and yes, her somewhat abused pussy - to relax. It took a couple of seconds, but it finally worked. As she felt the tension leave, she could feel her cunt gradually adjusting to accept Tojo's presence without complaining. It wasn't long before she was comfortable, then pleased, at having him inside her that way.

Unhooking her ankles from behind him, Natalie again lifted and spread her legs, giving him the chance to start doing what she'd wanted in the first place: give her a good and proper screwing. That he did, willingly and enthusiastically.

Melissa and Laurie were both fascinated when they saw Tojo stuff his massive prick into Natalie's waiting pussy - and incredibly, deliciously aroused by the sight. Both were eagerly sliding their own fingers into their eager cunts as they used the other hand to squeeze their breasts, and pinch and pull on their hard nipples. As they masturbated, they watched as Tojo started fucking Natalie, his dick so large that they could see it pushing and pulling the flesh at the entrance to her vagina as he slid it in and out of her. In just a few seconds, the room was filled with the liquid sounds of the dog's erection sliding through Natalie's tight opening. Natalie had let her head fall back, her eyes closed as she concentrated on the incredible sensation of Tojo's huge dick sliding into her so far that she could feel it hitting the deepest part of her before slipping back out.

As the seconds ticked by, Natalie could feel her canine lover speeding up his thrusts as he pumped into her harder and harder; the slight pulling on her vaginal lips was being transferred to her erect clitoris, causing a rhythmic tension - almost pressure - on it in time with the dog's pounding. That, combined with the sensation of having her young cunt so thoroughly hammered, soon had her experienced an orgasm that only seemed to spur Tojo to even greater efforts. A bit later, she was again close to a climax when she heard her mother speaking to her.

Laurie watched as her family's canine lover repeatedly stuffed his big prick into her daughter's young cunt - and saw when Tojo's knot began banging against Natalie's labia. She had to call the girl's name twice before she responded so Laurie could warn her to keep the dog's knot from being pushed in. Natalie nodded, and Laurie could only hope that she'd heard and listened. In the mean time, she could clearly see Tojo's massive dick being pounded in and out of Natalie's young pussy. The sight excited her more than she could say, and it wasn't long before the fingers in her wet cunt pushed her over the edge. With a loud cry, Laurie felt her vagina tighten around the two fingers she had deep inside herself, her climax causing the rest of her body to stiffen as wave after wave of pleasure and release ran through her. After the first couple of spasms, she heard another voice cry out; it took her a moment to recognize it as Melissa's.

Laurie had just taken her sore, slick fingers out of her pussy when she heard another cry - Natalie's. She quickly opened her eyes to watch as Tojo crammed as much of his dick as he could into Natalie's stretched cunt, his balls twitching as he pumped spurt after spurt

of doggie cum into her daughter. She was relieved to see that the bulge on his dick was still outside Natalie, even though it was clearly being pressed hard against her.

Natalie had been on the edge of a climax when she'd heard her mother warn her to keep his knot - "So *that's* what's been bumping against me!" she thought to herself - from slipping inside. Natalie didn't figure that was going to happen, as much as the rest of Tojo's dick had had to stretch her, but decided that she'd better make sure anyway.

It took her a little bit to learn to control the muscles in her vagina, as she was experimenting, she heard her Mom, then Melissa, yell as they had orgasms. The thought that they were getting off just from watching her turned Natalie on even more, making her that much wetter inside. To her surprise, it felt like Tojo's bulge was starting to slip into her a little way; that prompted her to try tightening her vagina again to keep him out. She finally succeeded, and felt him pumping into her even faster - something she didn't believe he COULD do! Several seconds later, she felt him crowd even closer before an incredibly hot liquid started flooding her insides. When she realized that he was squirting his cum in her, it was all she needed to push her over the edge into a climax for more powerful than any she'd ever experienced.

Laurie watched as Natalie went through what could only be described as the biggest orgasm of her young life; her legs dropped to Tojo's side as Natalie moved to lock her ankles behind the dog, holding him in place deep inside. Where they were joined, Laurie could see Tojo's cum being forced from her daughter's stuffed young pussy; she looked over to see that Melissa had recovered from her own climax, and told the girl "Melissa! Get a towel for your sister, would you?"

Melissa nodded, and quickly went to the linen closet, returning with a large bath towel. As she approached, Laurie could see that the crotch of Melissa's panties was visibly wet from the overflow of her oils; Laurie figured that her own panties didn't look much different. Then, when the girl got close enough, Laurie could smell Melissa's arousal, which only began to excite her all over again. But first, she had to deal with Tojo and Natalie...

Laurie quickly unfolded the towel, then tucked it between Natalie's ass and the chair cushion, so that it would soak the overflow of Tojo's cum that she knew was inevitable. With that accomplished, she sat back and gestured for Melissa to join her. When she did, Laurie put an arm around the girl, hugging her close before saying "That was really something to watch, wasn't it?"

Melissa could just grin and answer "It sure was! Did I look like that when he fucked me the first time?"

Laurie laughed softly and said "Yeah, pretty much. He was behind you, of course, but it was still sexy as hell to see..."

Natalie was slow coming down from her orgasm - it seemed that every twitch of Tojo's dick only made another spasm of pleasure course through her. She vaguely felt something touch her, and there was a difference in the way the chair felt under her, but she was too far into her own pleasure to pay any real attention. Only when she unlocked her ankles from behind Tojo and felt him start to back away from her did she realize that some of his juice had gotten out and trickled across her asshole before continuing on to soak the crease of her ass. Then she realized what was underneath her, and understood that someone had tucked a towel under her for just for that reason. She didn't try to keep Tojo from pulling free of her, and was simply amazed when she felt an incredible amount of his sperm flowing out of her.

She opened her eyes, and saw that her Mom and Melissa were sitting across from her, watching her with smiles on their faces. She blushed slightly, but managed to maintain her dignity as she reached down to hold the towel in place before moving to sit up in the chair - and feeling even MORE of Tojo's cum drain out of her when she did.

Laurie was watching as Natalie adjusted to the inevitable consequences of being fucked by a dog; when the girl was finally situated, Laurie couldn't help asking "So, I take it you had a good time?"

Natalie blushed, and answered "WAY better than 'good'! I thought it would feel better than the other stuff, but I didn't think it would be like THAT!"

Laurie and Melissa both laughed before Melissa said "I'm guessing that you'll want to help with the rest of the dog training, now."

Natalie got a broad grin on her face and answered "Yeah, I think I'd like that."

Laurie smiled in return and said "Good! We've got another couple of dogs that will be here next week, and Melissa and I could use the help."

Natalie laughed and said "Next week? I should be recovered from this by then...", making Melissa and Laurie both laugh - they'd both had pretty much the same feeling after THEIR first time with Tojo, too.

After a few minutes, Natalie was ready - and able - to get up and take a shower. As Laurie walked toward her bathroom with an arm around each of her daughters, she was thinking "Okay, we've got two dogs coming in. I'll take care of the Great Dane, and the girls can do the German Shepherd; he'll be pretty easy on Natalie....."