

Chapter One

It was nine o'clock in the evening. Early for a pretty, energetic twenty-two-year-old to be going to bed. But what else was there to do?

Sighing deeply, Doris Meyers stood in front of the big mirror her new landlord had just yesterday affixed to the wall opposite the bed she shared with her shoe salesman husband, Harry. She began to slip her sleeveless sweater up over her head. As she cast it carelessly onto a chair in the corner, her self-pity was momentarily forgotten. She admired the lush, rounded swells of her breasts that she freed from her brassiere with one deft flick of the wrist. Good-looking tits, she observed with satisfaction.

Doris had learned to be critical and appreciative of her good looks early in life. She had been raised on the wrong side of the tracks, where an attractive woman was considered a valuable commodity. Doris had guarded her maidenhood jealously, waiting for the man who could rescue her from the misery of brawling neighbors and leaky faucets and cockroaches in the kitchen.

Harry Meyers had rescued her all right. And put her right into another kind of prison. When Doris had married Harry at eighteen, she had known plenty about the facts of life.

But almost nothing about the responses of her own body. Harry had taken her virginity on their wedding night, and had awakened a sleeping tiger in Doris. Ever since then, she had never been able to get enough sex. Or enough of anything else.

Her husband was , twenty-four years older than Doris. And his shoe-salesman salary no longer seemed like the windfall it had when she first married him.

Doris had acquired a burning taste for luxuries. Luxuries her husband could ill afford.

The redhead slipped her tight-fitting skirt down over her hips. She let it fall in a pool around her feet while she fondled her swelling breasts and her smooth flat belly. Doris liked to read Harry's girlie magazines on the sly, when he was off at work. She found that her own body compared favorably with any of the sultry-looking sexpots in the pictures. With the practicality of a girl who had grown up with misery, Doris realized her looks would not last forever.

She was beginning to feel desperate about the passage of time. She wanted to make something of her youth and beauty while she had them. It was time she quit hiding her light under the bushel of her husband's heavy, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am body.

Doris Meyers wanted to live a little!

Carefully, tantalizingly, she slipped her tight-fitting white lace panties down over her firm, swelling ass-cheeks. She turned her back to the mirror and bent forward slightly. By craning her neck and back over her shoulder, she could admire the lush half-moons, as round and inviting as any man could ask.

Her lewd posturing was beginning to inspire flashing tingles down in Doris's tight little pussy. She was reminded of the purpose of her early-to-bed. Harry quit work at nine-thirty tonight. He would be home soon^ Doris wanted to get it off before his arrival.

Then she would not have to feel so anxious when Harry failed to respond to her aching cunt-hunger. Oh sure, he would probably fuck her. But he might also set another record for the quickest quickie in the west. What Doris wanted was long, slow, sensuous lovemaking. She knew it was possible. She had read about it in the confession magazine she liked to read on the afternoons when there was nothing good on television.

She knew what she needed. She needed a lover! But as yet, she had not had the nerve to do anything about it!

The pretty young redhead was feeling raunchy. She had not had an orgasm in two days, and that was at least forty-six hours too long a wait for Doris. At last she was alone. At last she could give her lusty body the satisfaction it craved.

She sat, naked on the bed, watching her reflection in the mirror. Spreading her legs obscenely wide, she admired the plentiful red hair of her bush and the narrow fleshy pink slit of her cunt. It was as tight and resilient-looking as a virgin's pussy. Again she compared- herself favorably to the girly pictures. "It's a good-looking pussy!" She spoke lewdly into the mirror. Then she looked disparagingly around the neat, plaster-board bedroom. "Too damned good to be stuck in a joint like this!"

The man watching on the other side of the one-way glass did not take kindly to hearing his brand new duplex referred to as a joint. He himself had just moved in three months ago, right after the builders left. Harry and Doris Meyers were his first tenants. He figured he was giving them a good deal on the rent. Doris had nothing to complain about.

As he watched her slender fingers probe daintily into the inviting pink slit of her snatch, Walter Briggs decided to forgive the young beauty her indiscretion. How could he find fault with a little honey like this one? So young, so pretty, so conceited! He had known from the first minute he laid eyes on her that Doris Meyers was a sexy, dissatisfied woman. That was why he had rented the other side of the duplex to them. He had planned all along to put up this mirror and cut the holes in his closet wall.

Being a voyeur to the young wife's sex life was just what Walter had been looking forward to. This was the first show Doris had put on for him. He felt a snug little glow of satisfaction at the thought that he could sneak into his closet and watch the redhead any time he wanted. This was all the simple pleasure Walter asked from life.

At fifty, he was retired with a comfortable pension. He admired women, but for what they had hidden between their legs, not for what they had in their heads. He had celebrated for three straight days when his nag of a wife left him. He had vowed never to get involved with another female as long as he lived.

He would be content just to sit back and watch...

With bated breath, he watched Doris's fingertip circle round and round the slick tip of her clitoris. He watched her eyes grow hazy with lust. Her tongue protruded just a little between her lips as her entire consciousness became absorbed in the pleasure-tingles darting from her hardening clitoris up through her whole eager body. "Uuuuuuhhh!" Her urgent moan penetrated the mirror and inspired the voyeur's cock to begin to throb in his pants.

God, she's a sexy little bitch! Walter thought lasciviously. She's sure as hell hot for it! That husband of hers must have a hell of a time keeping up with young meat like that! It never occurred to Walter that he was actually six years older than Doris's husband. In Walter's dream-world, he could handle any woman that came by. He hadn't tested his virility for a year now. But in his dreams, he had them all, any way he wanted them.

His hand stroked absently over the bulge in his pants. His cock was palpitating pleurably, incited by the wanton image on the other side of the glass. He felt no need to do anything about the feelings coursing through his

loins. He enjoyed the agony of desire as much as he enjoyed Doris Meyers' display.

Feeling secure in the knowledge that she was alone and free to bring herself pleasure in whatever way she wanted, Doris shoved two fingers deep into her wet cunt. She began to saw them back and forth. They worked with a moist sluicing sound. Her juices were flowing freely. Sensitive as she was, she knew it would not take much before her whole body trembled in uncontrolled paroxysms of orgasm.

Relishing the lewd abandon of performing shamelessly in front of the mirror, she smiled at herself. The smile quickly evaporated into formless lust. Her pussy was so wet, so hungry. She could feel the pressure building. Her clitoris throbbed greedily each time the flat of her hand rubbed over it. Her cunt-walls clutched her fingers in reflex need.

"Oh God!" she wailed into the still room. "I need it so bad! I need to cum so bad! Uuuuuuhhhh ... good-d-d!"

From his hiding place in his dark closet, Walter watched the girl's fingers fly in and out of her wet receptive pussy. The look on her face was pure wanton hunger. She was obviously working with single-minded purpose, struggling to take herself over the top... to break into the tumultuous world of orgasmic release! The pace of her fingers never faltered. Her cunt-mound ground recklessly up to meet her fingers. Her ass rose slightly from the bed on each upward thrust.

"God, what a woman!" Walter whispered his admiration as he watched the redhead ride her fingers furiously in pursuit of her solitary pleasure. Doris Meyers was even more of a find than he had anticipated. She was the hottest woman he had ever seen in his life. Hotter than those girls he liked to watch in the movies downtown. He imagined what the clasp of her seething pussy-walls must be like. His cock throbbed agonizingly at the thought. He smiled, gritted his teeth and watched on. He knew it would not be long now.

Doris's lovely face was staring beseechingly into the mirror. But it was obvious she saw nothing.

Not even her own reflection. She was looking for something that was somewhere deep inside her. Something she wanted more than anything in the world at this moment. Seemingly without warning, it was upon her. "Uuuuuuuuhhhh! .. . Oooohhh God-d-d! I'm cummmmmm-ing-g-g!"

Her face seemed to shatter before she bent forward and lay her head on her lap. Her hand continued to grip her cunt, her shoulders rose and fell with spasmodic effort. For the moment, she was overwhelmed by the intensity of her release.

It surprised Walter when she suddenly sprang to her feet and scrambled beneath the covers.

"I'm in here, honey!" she called. Her fingers fumbled for a magazine on

her bedside table. She opened it at random and started to read.

A moment later, Harry Meyers walked into the room. He looked weary. His hair was disheveled and he walked like a man with corns on both feet. He flung his suitjacket into a chair and started to undress.

Walter watched the funny little looks Doris cast at her husband over the top of her magazine. Harry paid no attention to her as she eyed him mischievously. It amused Walter to think that he shared a secret with the pretty redhead that even her husband knew nothing about.

Chapter Two

"Did you have a nice day at the store, dear?" Doris asked her exhausted husband as he crawled into bed next to her. Even through the glass, Walter noticed that her voice was huskier than usual. That telltale reminder of the scene he had just witnessed made the older man smile.

"Uh, God ... let's not talk about it! Women! If I ever meet a woman who will buy the first pair of shoes she tries on, I'll faint dead away! Do you hear me, Doris? Women are crazy!"

Walter could see that, despite his obvious vexation, Harry was not unaware of the lush woman whose body lay next to his. He sidled over closer to his redheaded wife. A bulge sprang up at about where Doris's crotch

should be. Harry was. feeling her up!

Doris tried to slide away from her husband, without being too obvious about it. The agonized look on her face forced Walter to stifle his laughter with the back of his hand. He realized her poor little beaten cunt must still be acutely sensitive from the drubbing she had just given it.

Suddenly Doris sat straight up in bed. From that position, she would be momentarily free of Harry's eager caresses. She was ready for a good fucking, but her clitoris needed a few minutes to recover from the wrenching shock of orgasm. "Haven't you forgotten something, Harry dear?" she asked in a mocking sing-song.

"What's that?"

"I'm a woman, Harry. Does that make me crazy?"

"Of course not. You're my luscious little wife! Do you think I'd make a crack like that right to your face if I meant to include you in it? No sir! I know which side my cunt is buttered on!" Harry seemed to be recovering his energy. He rolled over on his side and clutched the tight thick curls of Doris's pussy. "Oooohh, baby!" he grunted. "I think it's time I had me some of that!"

He started to bury his head under the covers. Then, impatient with the

obstacle they presented, he thrust them down to the foot of the bed.

"Thanks, neighbor," Walter whispered on the other side of the mirror. Harry had just given him a full view of his wife's reclining, naked body and his own naked, palpitating erection. Harry began to suck greedily on Doris's full round tit, while his hands fondled both lush globes eagerly. He half straddled her and began to grind his erection against her thigh.

"Oooooohhh, Harry!" Doris squealed with pleasure and held her husband's graying head against her bosom. She was no longer averse to being touched. Her wet hungry pussy was eager for more attention. She could hardly wait to have her cunt-walls spread wide by a hard turgid penis! "Oh Harry, baby! I need you so bad!"

Hypnotized by the lusty conjugal scene before him, Walter watched his new tenant straddle his wife's thighs and guide his swollen cock-head toward her ready hole. His fingers massaged his own stiff prick through his pants. It throbbed in earthy response.

His attention was captured by a sudden moaning outburst. "Oooohh! Oooohh, Harry ... stick it in me, baby! That's the way! Aaahh, feels good!" Doris began to writhe her hips lasciviously, thrusting upward to take her husband's cock as deep into her cunt as she could get it. Harry established a quick fucking pace, sending his penis again and again and again far inside her smoldering depths. Her cunt-walls gripped and massaged his fleshy prick. His cock-tip banged against her cervix on every instroke. This was the lusty release he had been longing for all day. He was ready for this!

Eyes closed, face distorted in a totally preoccupied sexual leer, Doris ground her cunt up against Harry's driving loins. She opened her thighs as wide as she could get them, giving him lots of room to ream her wide. She was totally receptive, totally eager. Her deep-throated moans gave her husband ample encouragement to throw his best efforts into fucking her hot hungry cunt. "Aaaaaaiieeeee! Oh Harry, do it, do it! Fuck meeee! Oooohh, it's soooo wonderful!"

Walter watched beads of sweat stand out on the husband's face as his muscular buttocks worked frenziedly up and down over his wife's straining, writhing body. "Jeez, it's good, Doris!" Walter heard Harry roar. The rest was the big older man's hurried panting mingled with Doris's wanton shrieks and moans. Doris had her knees bent, feet planted firmly on the bed on either side of Harry. She was thrusting her pussy up at him with demonic energy, wailing at every filling satisfying instroke. Walter could see the muscles in her neck standing out, betraying her mounting crisis. Right now, Doris looked like a woman who could keep on fucking forever. She was obviously completely absorbed in what was happening to her.

She wanted to fuck, and keep on fucking! No doubt about that!

"Oooohh, baby! Oh baby! I don't know how much longer I can keep this up!" Harry's voice was panting, desperate. He was beside himself with excitement.

"Oh God, Harry!" Doris's reply was feverish in its intensity. "You've got to

keep going! You can't stop now! Uuuuhh... Harry ... it's so good! I want more and more..." Her feet lashed his buttocks mercilessly, egging him on. Then, once again, she planted them on the bed and thrust upward, determined to get every iota of sensation from this coupling she could get. She felt an awesome new sensation of being filled deeper and fuller than ever before. She knew it was Harry's cock swelling, ready to ejaculate. "Oh Harry!" she moaned, half from disappointment, half from the unavoidable excitement of taking hot jetting sperm deep into her cunt.

His head buried in the pillow his wife lay on, Harry seemed to pay little attention to Doris's responses. He was in a world of his own. "Uuuuhh, shit... look out, baby! Here I cummmmmmm!"

From his secret hiding place, Walter saw the look of disappointment on the young wife's face and grinned. He had been right! Harry Meyeres obviously was not enough of a man for the gorgeous, sexy redhead. He fondled his cock, growing a little soft now inside his pants. Poor girl! he thought lecherously. If only she could have a cock like this to keep her satisfied!

It appeared Doris was experiencing something of the same thoughts herself. While her husband fell into a heavy slumber next to her, her hand snaked down under the covers and began to fondle her seething pussy-mound.

Doris did not like to risk discovery this way by playing with herself while her husband lay right next to her. But tonight she had no choice,. She had been so hungry. Her cunt had been wide open, ready to take whatever was

thrown at it. She could gladly have fucked the night away!

Now she lay next to a sated, snoring husband with time and a hot pussy on her hands. While her fingers began to investigate the wet, sensitive folds of her vagina, she imagined being seduced by a young handsome man with boundless energy. In her mind's eye she could see him standing over her with his cock sticking out hard and ready. He was going to fuck her! And she was so ready! So ready!

He straddled her and shoved his hefty cudgel deep into her cunt-hole. She was wide open for him, wet and anxious. Her hand molded a phallus three fingers thick and buried it far up inside. "Uuuuhh!" she groaned aloud, then fearfully looked over at her husband to see if she had given herself away. It was all right. The rhythmic drone of Harry's breathing never faltered. With renewed eagerness she fucked herself with her handmade prick. Once again, the pleasure darts soared unchecked through her receptive body. She was climbing, climbing... so close ...

"Mmmmmpphh!" Her cry was only half uttered when she muffled it. Her face remained clenched in a lusty expression of spent pleasure. At last, she drifted off to sleep, images of her dream lover still vivid in her mind.

On the other side of the wall, Walter sat alone and contemplated all he had learned tonight about his new neighbors.

He felt a curious excitement. His brain teemed with thoughts and fantasies. He was pleased with himself. He had chosen well when he leased

the other half of his duplex to Doris and Harry Meyers.

The future excited Walter. Who knew what might come of it all?

Chapter Three

Walter Briggs had always been something of a loner. He tended to keep himself aloof from close relationships with people.

But he was not lonely. There were always things that interested Walter, that captivated his attention. Once he had been a model railway buff. Then he had taken up fishing with a passion, heading for the streams at every available opportunity. Later he had collected lizards and butterflies.

Since his retirement, Walter had acquired a new hobby. He discovered his penchant by accident. There was a hole in the plaster in the closet of the small apartment block he had owned and looked after with his wife. Purly by accident one evening, he witnessed a furious coupling between the young husband and wife next door. He had found his secret watching peculiarly satisfying.

When his wife found out about his latest preoccupation, she left him. That had been the last straw in her long series of complaints about her husband. Her leavetaking was only an added bonus to his new pleasure as far as Walter was concerned.

When he planned the construction of his new duplex, he had two large holes left in the neighboring apartment wall. They were disguised by pictures Walter finally attached the mirror to the Meyers' bedroom wall. The situation was perfect for the pursuit of Walter's secret pleasure. Now he could enjoy his retirement in peace.

Casual as he was about most relationships, Walter was fastidious in maintaining family ties with his one surviving sister, who lived in a small town in Minnesota. Once a year, in the autumn, he spent a month with that sister. This year was no exception.

Although he was somewhat reluctant to leave his new showcase in the bedroom closet, Walter went off to see his sister as usual. When he returned, home a month later, it was with a burning sense of excitement to learn what had been happening with the Meyers. He was sure that Doris was ripe for wandering.

His first day back, he ran across Doris in the supermarket where he was stocking up after his long absence. She was somewhat cold in her greeting, as usual. Walter had no illusions about Doris Meyers' opinion of him. She obviously disliked him intensely.

Her attitude only amused Walter. He smiled at her enthusiastically and greeted her warmly. "Doris, my dear... you look wonderful! Of course, you always look wonderful, but today you are positively blooming!"

Despite herself, Doris blushed with pleasure. "Why, thank you, Mr. Briggs. I'm feeling very good these days. I guess it shows on my face." Often as Walter had asked her to call him by his first name, she insisted upon Using the more formal approach. It kept her landlord at arm's length, right where she wanted him.

"I'm glad to see you so happy, my dear. Pretty women should always be happy. Happiness becomes them so much better than gloom. And Mr. Meyers ... how is he?"

. Doris's face seemed, to cloud slightly. "He's just fine, thank you."

"Good ... good. Wonderful man, your husband."

"Yes ... yes, of course. Well, if you'll excuse me, I've got to get back to work. I'm on my lunch break." She started to walk off.

"You mean you have a job, Doris?" This was interesting news!

"Yes ... I'm a working girl now!" She hurried off.

Walter watched her round, shapely ass squirm delectably inside her tight gray skirt. She wore high black pumps that obviously made walking difficult.

The effect for the viewer was highly stimulating. Her gait accented every line of her ripe hips and buttocks. "Aahhh ... it's good to be back home!" Walter sighed contentedly, speaking to no one in particular. He headed for the meat section. Protein was what he needed ... to keep the old warhorse roaring...

Doris hurried back to work with the rye bread and cream cheese she had bought at the supermarket. Her boss, Bill Swenson, liked to stay in his office at lunchtime. It was part of Doris's job to bring him his lunch. Bill was a hard-working accountant with a one-man office. He had finally become successful enough to afford a girl Friday. He looked long and hard for just the right woman.

Doris Meyers had won the post hands down. After a few tentative flirtations on his part during her job interview, she had asked if there was anything special he would like her to do. The attraction between them was electric. Both of them knew exactly what her words were implying. Bill hired her on the spot.

The young redhead prepared coffee and sandwiches in her little office and carried them in to her boss. She smiled brightly at him as he looked up from his paper-littered desk. His blond hair was modishly long. It hung down over his eyes and curled around his earlobes when he worked. Bill was one of those men who pay almost no attention to their looks, yet who always seemed to attract women. Bill had been married for five years, but marriage didn't tie him down. He had drunk deep of the heady life of extramarital affairs.

To Doris, Bill Swenson was Robert Redford, Paul Newman and the Sheik of

Araby all rolled into one. Her heart went pitter-pat every time she stood within five feet of him. Her cunt throbbed in glowing memory of some of their overtime work dates. Bill was the dream lover Doris had been looking for. Finding him was pure accident. Harry had suggested she look for work to relieve her boredom. Bill's was the first ad she answered. It was like pieces falling into a puzzle.

Everything fit.

It was Bill Doris could thank for the new glow in her cheeks and the light in her eye that Walter Briggs had noticed. At twenty-two, Doris was finally enjoying some of the joy of being young. She was not in love with Bill. But she loved his thick turgid cock that grew hard at the drop of a pen. Bill had told her her upturned ass was her best profile.

"Hey, Doris, that looks good!" Bill lay down his pen and patted his secretary on the ass as she set the tray in front of him. His eager grin made him look even younger than his twenty-six years. "You're the best girl Friday a man ever had, you know that, Doris? Cute too!" He winked at her and began to eat ravenously.

Doris turned to leave, but a quick hand grabbing at the sleeve of her pink silk blouse stopped her. "Did you want something else, sir?" she asked coyly.

"You know I do, baby!" He indicated the chair beside his desk. "Why don't you sit down and keep me company? I hate to eat alone. Besides, I think I'd

like some dessert!"

In the face of his brash suggestive grin, Doris could not help blushing. Her pussy tingled with excited anticipation inside her panties. She had had only a glass of fruit juice for lunch. She was anxious for some "dessert" herself. Smiling contentedly, she smoothed the sleeve of her expensive blouse with her well-manicured fingertips. The blouse had been a present from her boss.

Doris loved getting presents. Especially presents that made her feel sexy, desired-like a real woman. When Harry brought her presents, it was usually something practical like a new raincoat or a toaster. In the few short weeks she had worked for him, Bill had already given her several presents, all of them totally frivolous and beautiful. His generosity was feeding Doris's developing taste for luxury. She was becoming ambitious.

She rose and stood behind Bill's chair. She wound her arms around his neck and kissed his earlobe. "Well... how do you feel, darling? Time for dessert?" Her cunt tingled in response to her lewdly suggestive words. If Bill said no, she would have to change his mind for him. She was hot.

He leaned his head back and indicated he wanted a kiss. Their mouths met in hot urgent search. For both of them, there was no turning back now. They were ready! "Better get at it, baby! I have an appointment at two!"

His mischievous, boyish grin only titillated Doris's desire. She fell to her knees between his thighs and began to tug eagerly on his fly. Within

seconds, she was pulling the thick hard shaft of his cock through the opening in the material. She felt the moisture seeping into the crotchband of her panties as she contemplated the turgid prick in her hand. "Oooohh, baby ... mmmmm, what a nice cock!" The thing Doris liked most about Bill was that she could be as lewd, as lusty as she liked with him. He had an ebullient energy that matched hers. When they got together, the sex was raw and burning... vital as their youth itself.

"Yeah ... what are you going to do about it, pretty baby?" Bill's voice had become thick. He watched his secretary's fingertips work up and down over his fleshy prick. The feather touch of her skilled caresses was more effective than a dynamite charge. His prick was aching for something hot and wet and clinging. "Come on, baby! Suck it!" His ham-like hands urged her red head down onto his upthrusting cock-shaft.

With a low murmur of surrender, Doris opened her mouth wide and admitted the pulsing penis deep into her throat. Her cheeks closed snugly around the smooth fleshy shaft. Her head began to bob up and down. She sucked him enthusiastically and expertly. Her tongue dipped enticingly into the little slit in his glans. It stabbed the sensitive ridge around the base of the head. She nibbled greedily all the way down its slippery length and up again. Her saliva made it shine in the shaft of daylight, that poured in from the transom overhead.

"Uuuuuhh... jee-zuz! Yeah, woman! That's the way! Christ, that's a sweet mouth you've got there! Suck it, baby! Suck my prick!" Bill was grinning and grooving on what was happening to him right in his own little office, in the midst of work dull and methodical. This good-looking redhead had single-handedly changed his office routine from plodding boredom to sweet

anticipation. When he worked, he still worked as hard and as attentively as before. But his coffee breaks and lunch hours had taken on a new appeal that made the time in between a lot more pleasant. Bill didn't mind good hard work, as long as he got Ms daily rewards.

And the soft slippery caresses of Doris Meyers' talented tongue were all the reward the young accountant could ask for. Even with all his experience, Bill could not remember ever having met a woman with more enthusiasm for sex play or with more energy and imagination to contribute to his own keen libido. Whether she was fucking or sucking or licking or kissing, Doris was totally immersed in what she was doing. The easy sway of her ass as she walked, the touch of her hand as she handed him the work she had typed up ... each was enough to leave Bill with a massive hard-on. Doris lived and breathed sex, and her enthusiasm was contagious.

Like Bill, Doris could always go that little bit farther if she had to. "What a woman!" he grunted as he watched her full pink lips maneuver lewdly over the appearing-and-disappearing shaft of his prick. He could feel his cock growing even harder and longer with the inciting treatment of her tireless mouth. The sight of her lovely, provocatively clad body kneeling over his turgid rod made a pretty picture.

Bill's mind and senses were ablaze with sensations that serviced all his faculties. He felt her mouth, warm and winning. He touched her thick red curls as her head bounced over his cock. He heard her low groans and his lust soared. He saw her beautiful face so totally devoted to the pleasure of his hard prick and he wanted to fuck her mouth forever ... and then to fill her full of his hot fiery load. When he could stand no more. When she had given him every ounce of sweet pleasure he could handle. "Yeah, baby, do it!

Do it!"

He closed his eyes and leaned back in his comfortable captain's chair. The feelings were building, building . . . deep in his balls ... rising as surely as the response of the sea to the moon's magnet.

Kneeling submissively on the floor between her handsome employer's legs, Doris reveled in the sheer lewdness of the act she was performing right in the office.

Her pussy flared hotly inside her panties as she became enthralled by the smooth hard feel of his cock in her mouth ... by the way it was ramming steadily deep into her throat... by the way it challenged her tonsils, urging her to bring it to swift fiery release.

Even though her cunt was getting no satisfaction at the moment, Doris derived intense pleasure from being the willing slave of this fine, big hard cock sawing in and out of her mouth. She enjoyed her own rampaging desire. She- enjoyed the rubbery texture of his swollen prick battering her cheeks. What most titillated her was the thought of having him spurt his hot load deep into her belly, of sucking it all until he was dry and limp in between her lips. She did not worry about her own need. She had learned to have confidence in Bill. He gave as good as he got. "Mmmmm ... goooddd ..." Her words were muffled as they escaped the thick obstacle filling her mouth. "I love it, Bill!"

The redhead's very willingness to please excited the man. He gripped her

curls firmly and began to lunge his cock more ardently far into her open throat. He could feel the little pleasure darts soaring through his body, needling him, urging him to let go. "Uuuuuuhhh ..."

Felling his member swell into new, more urgent hardness, Doris sucked more hungrily than ever. She wanted to make it very good for him. She wanted him to commit his thick white explosion to her greedy little belly. Her lips quivered frantically over his penis, massaging it. Arousing it. Dealing intoxicating pleasure to every millimeter of his hard-veined cudgel.

At last, both of them knew the moment of crisis was at hand. While Doris sucked frantically, Bill thrust his prick hard and deep into her mouth.

With every step, he came closer and closer.

Then...

"Uuuuuuhhh ... Christ! I'm cumming! Wow!"

Even as she swallowed hungrily to get every thick drop, Doris was smiling to herself. She had what she wanted. Her pussy was still throbbing excitedly, but her belly was satisfied... for the moment Her big green eyes looked beseechingly up at her employer as he tucked his cock back into his pants.

He reached down and patted her head. "Great, baby. That was just great. Now we better get ourselves business-like. John Maynard should be showing up any minute."

The two o'clock appointment! Doris-struggled to her feet and balanced herself on her high black heels. She smoothed her skirt snugly over her hips and licked her lips. "Doris reporting for duty, sir!" she quipped and saluted smartly.

He laughed and patted her ass. "You've already been cited for service above and beyond the call, baby. Now get out there and smile pretty for Mr. Maynard." He watched her tantalizing ass work its way to the door. "And Doris ..."

Doris was completely happy now. That was just what she wanted to hear.

Chapter Four

Things did not work out as planned that evening for Doris and her boss. Mrs. Swenson, the boss's quiet, mousy-looking wife came by about four-thirty and invited Bill to take her to dinner.

Bill agreed reluctantly. He had been looking forward to the after-hours "work" session as much as Doris had. His wife was a good woman, and he couldn't have asked for a better mother for his three children. But she lacked Doris's zest, her spice for life and love and sex. Their children under

the-age of four kept Mrs. Swenson well mired in the routine of day-to-day practicalities.

"See you tomorrow, Doris." He winked back at the pretty redhead as the three of them parted in the street outside the office building. "Come prepared for a heavy day. Lots of work to do."

Doris grinned and waved at the couple as they drove off in their car. She felt a pang of sympathy for Mrs. Swenson, but it soon vanished. Surely Mrs. Swenson had what she wanted out of life-three lovely children, a pretty baby girl and twin three-year-old boys. She had a handsome, up-and-coming husband who Doris knew would never leave his wife. Bill had told Doris his wife just wasn't that interested in sex.

Well, Doris was. And so was Bill. They weren't hurting anybody by indulging their preferences in this harmless affair. What the spouses didn't know, didn't hurt them.

As she rode the bus home, Doris began mentally to rehash the day's events. She began to relive the titillating moments when she had kneeled on the office floor sucking her boss's cock. Her cunt began to flare with renewed excitement. She decided she had better cool it. Harry would be working late tonight, so she couldn't count on even a quickie for several hours. Better to put her mind on other thoughts less distracting.

She stopped in at a lingerie shop on the walk home from the bus stop. Now that she had the extra money from her earnings, Doris was able to indulge

her taste for pretty things more often. She bought several pairs of panties, a negligee and a sexy, easy-open bra. She was thinking of Bill when she bought them, not her husband. She knew

Harry would find her attractive in a gunnysack.

Only with Bill did she know the titillating thrill of seducing a man with her expert female wiles and her boundless sexuality.

Doris, was beginning to feel quietly superior to Harry. For the first time in her life, she was learning that she could get along without him. Being alone would not necessarily mean returning to poverty. She was attractive. She was sexy, far sexier than poor Harry could keep up with. Her secret made her feel smarter than Harry. After all, she knew something he didn't. That made him a fool.

At home in her clean but unimpressive apartment, she tried on the new bra and panties. She slipped the lacy black negligee overtop and admired her lush figure in the big bedroom mirror. The negligee was just sheer enough to promise all the secrets contained in her generous cleavage and the tight little mound of her cunt-but not sheer enough to show everything. "Not bad," she decided as she posed and pirouetted in front of the mirror.

As she expected no company for the evening, she decided to remain dressed in her provocative outfit. She turned on the stereo, and while the soft bewitching instrumental music floated into the apartment, she poured herself a generous scotch and soda. Only when she was seated comfortably

on the couch, looking glamorous and feeling tipsy from the first hit of alcohol on an empty stomach, did Doris realize that she was much too excited to just sit and relax. She needed action. Any action.

Her session with Bill this afternoon had left her too hot and bothered to sit still. She could still feel his smooth fleshy cock in her mouth. She could still taste the zesty bite of his semen. Her pussy throbbgd unappeased inside her new sexy black panties. Bill had made unspecified promises for tomorrow, but tomorrow right now seemed like a million years away.

Like a message from heaven, the loud knock on the Meyers' front door seemed to come at just the right time. Doris had no idea who it might be, but she was anxious for company. Even if it was the paper boy, she was ready to talk his ear off.

It wasn't the paper boy. It was a tall, blond man, about thirty, with a trim mustache and a very interesting gleam in his eye. He held an attache case in his right hand. His eyes surveyed Doris's lush body in its provocative attire quickly and expertly. Satisfied with the results, he smiled once again directly into her eyes. "Good evening. My name is Mel Sears. I have some very fine hair-care products I'd like to show you. May I come in?"

Doris grinned the knowing grin of a newly initiated woman of the world.

Before she met Bill Swenson, she probably would have been shy and ill-at-ease in this handsome stranger's presence. With her new

Bill-instilled self-confidence, she felt sure of her own attractiveness. It was easy for her to demonstrate her interest in him. "Yes, you may. I was just about to die of boredom. You arrived just like the answer to a maiden's prayer." The alcohol had made Doris doubly bold. She was pleased by the fleeting thought that her husband would not be home for more than three hours. No hurry. She could just see what would happen.

The pretty redhead's suggestive words raised the handsome stranger's eyebrows. He followed her into the living room, his eyes gravitating to the taut wriggle of her ass under the sensual material of the negligee. One look at the living room told Mel Sears everything he needed to know. Clean, modest home. Bored, good-looking housewife, who undoubtedly did not get laid nearly as often as she would like. She was ripe for picking. Mel's hunter instincts came on full alert. He was not the kind of man to pass up a sure thing. He enjoyed the fringe benefits of a salesman's life.

Doris went behind the bar to mix them both a drink. She watched his handsome profile as he surveyed the living room, looked at the few books stacked alongside the tropical fish tank. They were more for show than practical use. Neither she nor Harry did much reading.

Though his eyes were elsewhere, Doris knew with a sure woman's instinct that his thoughts were on her. She had liked the way he looked at her in her sexy outfit. Straightforward and interested.

This Mel Sears was obviously an honest man with an honest, healthy

interest in the opposite sex. Just the kind of man she liked.

Thoughts of her husband were far from her mind right now. As far as her conscience was concerned, she was able to dismiss her plans for Mel Sears as easily as she dismissed her affair with her employer. What Harry didn't know couldn't hurt him.

The music that continued to pour from the stereo made Doris feel light, free, excited. She swayed rhythmically across the room and handed Mel his drink. She sipped long and deep on hers, then set it aside. "Do you like to dance?" she asked him. Her body continued to move with the music. She held her arms out to him, inviting him to join her.

Mel took his cue. He put his glass down after draining it in one long hefty swallow. "Sure ... I love to dance. Especially with beautiful women. By the way, I don't even know your name." He held her very close and began to lead her easily around the floor.

Doris put both arms tightly around his neck. Her chest rubbed shamelessly against his, forcing her ripe full tits flat against him. The feeling titillated her. With her mouth hovering next to his ear, she spoke. "What would you like to call me?" she asked.

He held her at arms' length for a minute and looked into her eyes. His own eyes danced with amusement. He pulled her close once again and began to rove his hands searchingly over her back and her taut, swelling buttocks. The resilient feel of her young flesh made his cock lurch in his pants.

"Mmmm, baby," he moaned, "I think I'd like to call you 'lover'."

She felt the telltale swell of his growing cock prodding against her belly. The sensation was dazzling. She caught her breath and wriggled her ass back against his searching hands. Her cunt flared with arousal. She leaned her head back and searched for his mouth.

Their kiss was long and deep. Their tongues dueled hungrily, experimented with one another, tested the extent of their sensuality. Bot kissed freely and openly, giving themselves up totally to the experience. Both liked the results.

"Hey, lover___" His low murmur was sensual, hypnotic. "I'd like to get to know you better..." There was no doubt in Doris's mind about what her reply should be. She was wet and eager. She knew what she needed, and that was the only consideration that meant anything to her at the moment. "Why don't we go into the bedroom where we can be more comfortable?"

He picked her up easily in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. He threw her down on the bed and hastily began to remove his clothes.

She leaned back and watched him strip, waiting for the magic moment when his penis would be revealed to her rapt gaze. He stepped out of his pants and stood naked, his erect cock swaying menacingly from his loins. His lusty grin told her it was all for her. "Well, baby?"

"God, it's a lovely cock!" She started to crawl down toward the bottom of the bed. Her intention obviously was to take hold of his prick. He thwarted her plans by pushing her onto her back so she lay helpless and panting beneath him.

"You sure are a good-looking man!" she sighed. The alcohol racing through her veins had totally destroyed her inhibitions. She was shamelessly hungry for this stranger's thick handsome cock. It was all she cared about in the midst of her aroused abandon. She stared up at him, anxious to see what he would do next.

Mel knew exactly what he wanted to do. Slowly, he parted the veil of her negligee. He gripped hold of her black panties and pulled them down, down over her thighs. He threw them aside carelessly and spread her naked legs wide. Crawling close in between them, he leaned forward and parted her pink pussy-lips, exposing them to full view under the tangled bush of her red cunt-hair. "God, that's a sweet little pussy!" His voice was thick. With an urgent grunt, he began to lick up along her wet gleaming cunt-lips.

Doris was ecstatic at her good fortune. If there was one thrill that pleased her more than any other, it was the prurient excitement of watching a man kissing and licking her wide-open snatch. Even better than the watching was the feeling. Her passion grew a thousandfold at the first hot stab of his tongue. From there, it only got better: "Aaaaaiiiieeeeeee! Mmmmm ... ooooooohh .. I love it! It's soooooo sexy!"

Closing her eyes tight, Doris rocked her head hypnotically from side to side. The center of her attention was the spot where that talented tongue

was dipping' and- lapping and gliding over the sensitized flesh of tier pussy. He stabbed his tongue stiff and poker-like against the rising bud of her clitoris. Then he slid it down over the wet folds that bordered the entrance to her cunt. Finally, he twirled it round the puckered sphincter beneath. Then the process would repeat, each time with more enthusiasm, more skill, more abandon than the time before.

Mel was delighted with the uninhibited responses of the half-clad redhead lying beneath him. Her eager little wriggles, her low urgent moans made his cock throb cobra-like between his thighs. For just a -moment, he raised his head from his lascivious task and looked at her. Her negligee was parted from the belly down, lewdly exposing the flat smooth roundness of her stomach and the thick bright patch of red cunt-hair. He looked up at her face as her eyes, opened and looked pleadingly into his.

"More?" Her feeble moan was half question, half command.

Mel was happy to oblige the lady in distress. He grinned reassuringly before bending forward once again. His lips puckered around the pink fleshy lips of her pussy and sucked hard.

"Uuuuuhhhh!" Once again, Doris clenched her eyes tight and enjoyed the feelings coursing through her passion-possessed body. His tireless mouth drew responses from her eager loins that she hadn't known she was capable of. She began to hump her pelvis rhythmically upward, in an obscene attempt to fuck his tongue with her anxious, hungering cunt. "Christ, it feels so good! Oooohh ... jeez! Do it to me, Mel honey! Do it!'"* She sucked in air between, her clenched teeth as she encouraged the man to have his way

with her fevered body.

The young salesman had seldom had to work for his pleasure the way he was working this evening. But he was loving every minute of it. He loved the tangy rich flavor of her juices that flowed freely from her aroused pussy. He loved the way her cunt-mound bounced up off the bed to meet his lingual caresses. Her eagerness inspired him. His cock was pulsing almost painfully now. His uppermost thought was: if she responds like this just to being sucked, what will she be like when I-get my prick stuffed into her hungry snatch?!

The prospect overwhelmed him. It wouldn't be long now before he would have to find out. The comfort of his rigid cock demanded that he act soon.

The pleasure-sensations seemed to accumulate somewhere in the pit of her belly, forcing Doris to greater and greater efforts under the man's probing rriouth. She was getting so close to what she needed so badly. Her womb was exploding with pleasure. Her tits were throbbing in instinctive response. There was no reality any more except that prodding tongue, those nibbling lips. And the pleasure ... the sheer roiling, churning pleasure ... "Aaaaaggghhhhhh! Oooohhh ... shit... I'm cummmmm-ing-g-g!" She ground her pussy into his face and worked out the catapulting energy breaking free of her shuddering body. He could feel her pussy-walls clasping convulsively, milking his tongue as she writhed beneath him.

The sheer brutal energy of her climax inspired Mel to urgent lust. He could not wait another moment. He wanted pussy! He wanted to sink his cock deep in the warm seething hole of her craving twat. He crawled up over her

squirming form and began to pull her clothes away from her body. In his haste, he ripped her new negligee. Neither of them paid any attention. There were other things on their minds. He cast her brassiere into a corner of the room. The sight of her full, upthrusting tits beckoned him forcefully. He had to suck them. Just for a minute.

His lips worked hungrily over first one heaving mound of flesh, and then the other. In his passion, he bit her delicate pink nipples. There was pain, but the overriding sensation was pleasure. She was wanting ... so much. She wanted that thick filling cock up inside her pulsating cunt.

"Oooohhhh ... oooooohhh ... I'm so hot, Mel darling! I want you inside me! I want you to fuck me!"

Mel was hypnotized by her gravity-defying tits. "In a minute, lover. Don't worry. I'm going to do you good."

Completely unknown to them, Mel and Doris had an observer. A very interested observer.

Walter Briggs' mouth hung open in pure mute admiration as he watched his lovely neighbor writhing in passionate lust under the body of a man not her husband. He allowed himself a little smile of satisfaction.

Just as he had suspected! Doris Meyers was having herself a little fun on the side! He recognized the young man as the salesman who had knocked on

his door only an hour before. Though Walter had sent him on his way at once, the young man was obviously being well compensated for that one rebuff and any others he might have encountered that day.

For reward, he had a beautiful young redhead begging him to fuck her. To ram his cock deep into her pussy, already wet from one tongue-provoked orgasm.

Instinct had called Walter into his closet to check for activity in his neighbor's bedroom. Once again, instinct had served him well. He judged that he couldn't have missed more than a few minutes of the love play. And the best part was yet to come...

At last, the young salesman was able to pull his mouth away from the lure of the redhead's lush tits. He poised himself over her and led his swollen cock-tip toward the entrance to her greedy pussy. The tip nudged teasingly against her flesh, making her writhe in frustration.

"Oh, put it in! For God's sake, get it in me!" she wailed.

Obligingly, the salesman thrust his weight down and forward. His cock drove deep into her welcoming cunt, forcing a low animal-like groan from her throat. "Aaaaarrrggghhhh! Oooohhhh, yesssss! That's it! Christ, that's what I wanted!!" Walter leaned close to the glass to catch a glimpse of the pink pussy-flesh clinging to the cock as the salesman pulled out of her. The view was short-lived, for as soon as only the very tip of his penis was left inside, he thrust deep into her once again. He established a hard, penetrating

fucking rhythm that left the woman a wriggling, mewling hulk of primitive abandon. Walter bit his lip as he watched the man's cock emerge shining from her wet, clinging pussy. "Hot damn!" he whispered. Watching Doris fuck her husband had given Walter only an inkling of the young wife's sexual capacity. But now he felt he knew the real Doris Meyers. She was a hot, selfish, greedy little bitch, totally devoid of scruples.

Walter thought of poor Harry, the loving husband who was being cuckolded right in his own bed. He couldn't suppress a malicious grin. And she thinks she's getting away with it, he thought. She thinks nobody knows. He was reminded of her superior attitude toward him in the supermarket at lunchtime. The thought that such a loose-moraled cunt should be able to look down on him made him seethe inside and grin on the outside.

With grim satisfaction, he realized Doris would have to pay for her sins. Some day. Somehow. Perhaps it was up to him, Walter, to see that justice was done.

He could feel his cock throbbing in his pants as he watched the young man shove his cock again and again deep into her wide-open pussy. He watched the way her hips swiveled up so she was practically climbing right up his prick, straining, for it, trying to get it as deep into her as possible. She was wailing like a banshee, celebrating the salesman's hard filling cock presence as enthusiastically as though she hadn't been fucked in a month.

Walter observed that she seemed to be, totally involved in what was happening. Obviously conscience was not getting in the way. He wondered if this was the first man she had seduced behind her husband's back. He was

beginning to think Doris Meyers was probably capable of much more than even he had given her credit for.

Her eager moans took Walter's attention from speculation and returned it to the cold hard facts of slick, swollen cock skewering wet fleshy, pussy. The sight stimulated him. This was pure raw, urgent sex. Passion for passion's sake alone. The very intensity of it, the unchecked energy made the man's blood race with vicarious lust.

"Uuuuuuhhh ... yeah-h-h! Do it to meeee! Fuck me, Mel baby!. Fuck me!" Her legs were wrapped around his hips now. Her heels beat against his buttocks, driving him as unmercifully as a jockey pushes a racehorse. "Uuuhh! Uuuuuhh! Yeah... good!" Her words were wild and raunchy, straight from the guts. "Lady" could not describe Doris now. She was a woman as animal, eager and untamed.

A coating of sweat covered Mel's body as he strove to satisfy the redhead's hot, clutching cunt. The very fire and abandon of her responses had served to push him to a level of orgiastic abandon that he had never before experienced. With a woman this uninhibited, he could be whatever he wanted to be. He could indulge the darkest side of his libido. He could fuck until he couldn't fuck any more. Obviously she could take it. More than that, she craved it. She expected it.

Under the ceaseless barrage of her heel kicks, his buttocks worked on and on. His cock rammed deep into her moist pussy, sometimes slow, sometimes faster, but always sensually. He closed his eyes and drank in the delicious sensations ricocheting through his body. He bit his lip as he let his

body succumb to the lure of the flesh.

"Christ, lover," he told her. "You're some woman. Jee-zuz, I've never fucked a pussy as eager for cock as yours." Bracing himself against the mattress he shoved his prick again and again far into her seething inner depths. -"Oooooohh, yesssss ... You're soooo good-d-d! I love what your cock's doing to me, Mel darling!" Even in the midst of her passionate absorption, she remembered the young salesman's name. But for that one piece of information, she knew nothing about him. They were strangers, and they would probably remain so. The very impersonality of sharing this kind of intimacy with a stranger inspired her lust. She was free to be anyone she liked with this Mel Sears. He was here for only one reason. To make her feel good.

He was succeeding. She could feel an awesome pressure building deep in the pit of her belly. Despite the force of her earlier orgasm, it seemed she was ready for another. She began to kick and squeal more urgently than before. There was something going on deep inside. An explosion building with the undeniable force of a tornado sweeping across the plains. "Do it to me! Oh Mel! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

Walter could scarcely believe the energy of the woman whose entire body had become something like a fucking piston. Her loins jerked up hard against the salesman's cock with merciless force and speed. Her entire back was arching up off the bed. It was as if she were a giant sea eel, trying to get all of him, to swallow him whole. To feel her voracious cunt at last fully satisfied.

"Oh Baby! What that sweet pussy of yours is doing to me!" Mel was shoving his cock into the redhead's cunt with automatic regularity. He was totally oblivious now to anything but that delicious hot pussy clinging lustily to his burgeoning member. In his erotic preoccupation, it seemed to Mel that his cock had never been so hard nor felt so good. He thanked the fates that had sent him to this particular doorbell at this particular time of day.

What if he had missed her! What if she hadn't been home! Mel Sears would have missed the fuck of his lifetime!

At last, he realized that his arduous efforts were about to be rewarded. Her body began to shudder under him. Her face twisted into an unrecognizable mask. Then with one sudden effort, she smiled broadly and started to relax. "Oooohhh ... it's beautiful!" she groaned. "I'm cumming so nice!

Aaaahhhhh!"

Mel was right behind her. With an intense wrench of pleasure, his gonads began to yield up their hot, thick juices. He squirted her greedy cunt full of his semen, until it started to run back out around the shrinking shaft of his penis. "Oooohh, baby ... that was good! Christ, that was good!" * Walter stroked his hard cock through his pants as he watched the sated lovers lying side by side. He watched the man's hands gradually begin to explore again her lush breasts and flat belly. Her hands pushed him gently away. She sat up.

"Sorry to rush you, handsome. But I don't think you want to meet my husband tonight. You'd better be going."

He sighed and smiled. "Okay, lover. But you can bet your bottom dollar I'll be dreaming about you tonight."

She smiled smugly. They left the room. A few minutes later, Walter saw Doris come back into the room, naked, clutching an armful of plastic vials and bottles.

"What a sweet boy, to give me all these nice presents!" she exulted as she spread her treasures on the mussed bedspread. A moment later, she was ruefully inspecting the remains of her new negligee. In his eagerness to strip her, Mel had ripped it beyond repair. "Dumb bastard! Why couldn't he watch what he was doing! That's thirty dollars down the drain!"

From his vantage point, Walter was learning a lot about the character of his pretty tenant. The more he watched Doris Meyers, the more she became an obsession with him. He wanted to know all about her!

Chapter Five

Walter's chance to talk to Doris again didn't come until a couple of days later. Early in the morning, he saw her hurrying out to the garbage tins in the alley. She wore only a short pink bathrobe. Waiter grabbed a sack and followed her out. He saw her spot him as she turned to walk back to her

duplex. She looked quickly for a way to avoid meeting him. There was none. She would have to return along the sidewalk Walter was blocking with his large strong body.

"Good morning, Mr. Briggs." Her voice was cold. Her eyes did not meet his. She waited for him to step aside and let her pass. He didn't budge.

"Good morning, Doris. How pretty you look today! You know, when I was a young man, they used to say redheads should never wear pink. But on you it looks fantastic! I guess you could wear anything, and make it look like something from gay Paree or somewheres." He laughed jovially.

Doris's impatience showed. She was not in the mood for a conversation with this offensive brute of a man. Though he always spoke pleasantly enough, there was something about his eyes and the tone of his voice that made her squirm inside. She thought of him as a big cobra, waiting for its prey. But even a cobra could win the redhead's heart, for a moment, if his compliments were fulsome enough. She smiled the smile of a woman who knows she is pretty and loves being told so. "Oh, Mr. Briggs ... you're going to make me blush in a minute."

Just like a virgin, eh honey? Walter thought sceptically. "I can't help myself, Doris. I think a pretty woman ought to be told about how pretty she is. That's my way." He paused and looked into her eyes that at last met his. "How's your job going?" He wanted to know more about that part of Doris.

"Oh, just fine! I love it! And Mr. Swenson is such a nice man! A wonderful

boss!"

Walter watched her eyes shine as she spoke. He wondered about this boss of hers. "Swenson? You're not working for good old Nat Swenson, the contractor, are you? He was fishing.

"Oh no! This is Bill Swenson. He's an accountant. Has his own office. For such a young man, he's very successful."

"You doing the typing for him or something?" Doris held her head high and proud. "I'm his girl Friday. You name it, I do it. Already, Bill. . . er, Mr. Swenson says he doesn't know how he'd get along without me." Basically, Doris was a talkative person. Once she got started, she liked to chatter on and on. When she realized she was getting much too chummy with her landlord, she cut herself off short. "Gee, it must be getting late. I've got to run, or I'll be late for work."

"Can I offer you a ride downtown? I've got some things to do down there myself this morning."

"No thank you, Mr. Briggs. The bus takes me right to the door of my work. Thanks, anyway. See you." She hurried off, her lush ass straining against her tightly wrapped bathrobe as she moved. She was relieved to get away from the older man's close scrutiny.

Walter threw his sack in the garbage and walked slowly back to his

duplex. He was becoming familiar with the Doris Meyers he saw writhing in wild abandon in her bedroom. But he knew nothing of the side of her she displayed at work. He had his doubts about the set-up with this guy, Swenson. It sounded like the two of them were alone in the office. And it was obvious from the gleam in her eye that she was very excited about both her job and her boss.

"Maybe it's time I saw an accountant about my taxes," The idea appealed to him. He looked up Bill Swenson in the phone book and found the address of his office. In an hour or two, he would go down and surprise Doris at work. In the meantime, he would fix himself a high protein breakfast to brace himself for the day. He did some calisthenics before he ate. He admired his muscular body in the mirror. "Not bad for an old man," he told himself. He patted his cock that, even soft, hung long and thick between his legs. "Better get you some nourishment, old buddy. You never know when you'll be called back into service.

The more he watched Doris, the more Walter got to thinking about what it would be like to have her all to himself. Whereas once he had thought just watching her would be enough to satisfy his lust, now he was not so sure. He was sure that a lusty girl like Doris would appreciate his sturdy, bull-like cock. He was beginning to think he ought to teach the redhead a thing or two about what real men were like. He'd wipe her disrespectful smirk right off her face ...

As soon as she arrived at work, Doris took her boss in his morning coffee and a sweet roll from the bakery across the street. He was immersed in his work and paid little attention to her. The redhead went back into her tiny office and settled in with a stack of typing. She worked steadily for better

than an hour. Then the Intercom summoned her into Bill Swenson's office.

She sniled brightly as she entered the room and shut the door behind her. That was an automatic reflex by now. It was always better to be safe. She never knew when a summons from her boss might end up with her on the long end of his cock. "How's it going this morning, Boss Man?"

"Great. I feel like I've got the energy of ten men today. I've done more work this morning than I have in the last week. I got in at seven this morning and I've been going non-stop."

His cold coffee and his roll still sat untouched on his desk. "Boy, you must be hyper if you forgot to eat. What made you come in so early?" She risked a personal joke. "The wife kick you out of bed?"

Bill's reaction was surprise rather than annoyance that his employee should be so familiar about his home affairs. "Yeah ... you're just about right. I was so horny last night I couldn't see straight, and she told me to drink some hot milk and go to sleep. How do you like that? I lay awake most of the night, then I decided what the fuck! May as well come to work!"

Doris remained unmoved by his tale of woe. "What I want to know is: how did you get so horny? Didn't I suck you good yesterday morning?"

"Sure, baby! Thinking about that was what got me going last night. But Jen

wouldn't cooperate.

Said she was too tired." His eyes twinkled. "How come you're never too tired, Doris?"

"I do get tired, but never of fucking. Your wife and I just have different priorities, that's all."

He looked appreciatively up and down her lush body clothed snugly in a tight black dress. "Boy! I'll say! Jen's a terrific wife, don't get me wrong ... but baby ... you are sexy!"

From her perch on the side of Bill's solid old flat-top desk, Doris could see his cock straining against the crotch of his trousers. She smiled in amusement. "That's the kind of results I like to get! Anything I can do to help you out, boss? I didn't get laid last night either." Doris's cunt-tingled with anticipation. She loved the very lewdness of her position. Being sex goddess and girl Friday all at once to this young handsome man really turned her on.

No attachments! No worries! Just lots of good clean fun!

Bill reached down and pulled a small pink box from his bottom drawer. "I almost forgot. These are for you.. Office uniform." He winked.

Inside were five pairs of lacy panties, each pair a different color. In common they shared one feature. They had no crotch. "Oh, Bill!" Doris cooed. "They're sexy!" Underneath she found a little gold chain bracelet. She squealed with delight. "I love it! Oh Bill, you're so sweet! You know how I love to get presents!" She bent forward and kissed him hotly full on the mouth.

As she straightened up he stared unabashedly down the cleavage of her dress. The sight brought his prick to final rock-hardness. "That's to wear on your ankle, Doris. That officially makes you my slave, baby. How do you like that?"

"Oh, I love it! Help me try it on!" He fastened the bracelet around her shapely ankle. Then he watched fascinated as she pulled down the pink panties she was wearing and wriggled into a black pair of the new crotchless ones he had bought her. She held her dress shamelessly up around her waist. "How do they look?" Her green eyes flashed with excitement.

He grinned and smacked his lips. "Good enough to fuck, beautiful!" He rose impatiently and bent her over his big desk so her shapely ass was swaying enticingly in the air. The black band of her panties beckoned him like a flower does a bee. "What do you say we try them out?"

Being bent over the desk with her face shoved into the stacks of folders Bill had been working on thrilled Doris. She felt so sexy, so wanton. The urgency of her employer's lust stimulated her own arousal. She could feel her pussy, naked and exposed, seeping juices from her excitement. "Ohhhh ... yesss ... let's..." She wriggled her ass in the air to encourage him

to impale her with his hard, ready prick.

Bill didn't really need any encouragement. His cock was thudding like a sledgehammer. He pulled his weighty weapon from his fly and guided the purple head toward her pussy-slit. His prick found its mark. Her cunt yielded moistly under the slight pressure.

The rubble of her pussy-lips on his sensitive glans destroyed what little self-control Bill had left. He shoved forward, hard and deep. His cock drove easily up in between her spongy, moist cunt walls. They gripped his pulsing member hotly and tried to hold onto him as he gradually pulled out. Before he was out all the way, he shoved forward once again. Her clinging inner depths welcomed him even more enthusiastically the second time around. Urged him to impale their moist recesses again and again and yet again.

Within seconds, the blond accountant had established a lusty fucking tempo deep into his pretty secretary's upturned cunt. While she moaned and whimpered into the folders on his desk, he gripped her pantied ass firmly and reamed her pussy wide. Her buttocks wriggled and squirmed against his forceful impalements, egging him on, making sure he was in her pussy as deep as he could go. "Uuuuuuhhh, Christ! This is what I've been waiting for!" Bill was feeling good. His cock had what it was after at last.

"Oh, Bill! Oooooohhh, feels good! Get it in me deep! Aaahhh, that's the way, darling!" Doris was in her element. She could never have taken the monotony of a regular job, but working for Bill Swenson was an experience she would not have missed for the world. They were both fulfilling needs for one another far beyond the employer-employee relationship, yet it was that very

relationship that was its heart. Doris got a thrill out of being the secretary who regularly got bent over her boss's desk and soundly fucked. BiQ was her handsome, lusty boss, who sometimes paid her no attention at all, other than to stick out his hand to receive the work she had prepared for him. But when they did get together, it was a wonderful romp that made the day for both of them.

Fucking his girl Friday over his desk Bill was heedless of everything but how good he felt. He had been tense and driven when he arrived at his office this morning, but a few minutes of plowing his cock into Doris's greedy twat was working out all his anxieties, all his frustrations. Her cunt was so hot and tight and wet! Just what his cock had been longing for! He slammed hard against her buttocks, sending her upper body skittering across the desk. She moaned in urgent appreciation of his deep skewering. He gritted his teeth in excitement, and kept on fucking.

Walter finally found his way to Bill Swenson's office about ten-thirty. He climbed up to the third floor of the old office building and entered a small outer office. There was no one there, but the cover was off the typewriter, and he recognized Doris Meyers' green raincoat hanging on a peg behind the desk. He had decided to sit down and wait when he heard a muffled sound of voices coming from the inner office.

Propriety might have dictated that he sit and wait for someone to discover his presence in the outer office. But Walter Briggs had never been a stickler for manners. When he wanted to get to point B, he always chose the most direct route from point A, no matter whose feathers he ruffled or whose territory he trespassed en route.

He walked over to the dark mahogany door and tried to turn the knob. It wouldn't turn. He was about to give up his quest when he felt the door give slightly. Obviously, whoever had closed the door had thought it was securely locked, when in fact the latch had not caught at all.

Gently, with a mounting feeling of suspense, he pushed the door just far enough open so there was a sliver of light escaping from the inner office. He put his eye to the crack. Sight and sound assailed his senses almost simultaneously.

"Oooohhh ... jeeez-z-z! That feels good, Bill darling! Fuck me hard, baby! Fuck meeeee!" Doris Meyers was at it again! Only this time she was fucking her boss! Walter could scarcely believe his eyes. His redheaded neighbor was one lusty surprise after another!

She was bent over the large wooden desk, folders and papers scattered all around her. Her black dress was pushed up to her waist. A young blond man's cock was ramming urgently in and out of her pussy, right through her black panties, it seemed. Her groans and the man's urgent pants and grunts made Walter feel right at home. It was just like sitting in his closet watching the goings-on in Doris's bedroom through the one-way glass.

Only this scene was in many ways more exciting. There was something much more lewd and risque about watching a couple fucking their brains out right in the middle of a conventional office setting. It made the situation that much more urgent, more lusty, more titillating. Walter could feel his

prick throbbing in his pants in sympathetic arousal.

The retired man watched in hypnotized excitement as the man's swollen, purple-headed cock drove in and out of Doris's wet, welcoming pussy. Swenson's prick glistened with a thick coating of her juices that made it shine in the stark artificial lighting. He bit his lip as he watched her face contort with lust. Her eyes were closed. Her lips wore her sultry, wanton grin.

Now Walter understood why Doris was so enthusiastic about her job! It was the perfect position for the sexy redhead. Good hours and lots of hard, thick fringe benefits!

As Walter watched, Doris's responses grew progressively more intense, more abandoned. Papers began to slip off the desk and down onto the floor as she squirmed in heated absorption. "Oooooohhh .. Bill baby! What a sweet filling prick you have! I love it! Uuuuuuhhhh... goood .. !"

"Oh... yeah, baby! Your pussy's gripping me nice! Christ, I'm glad I've got you to come to when my wife won't put out! I needed it bad!" The young accountant's face was a mask of hurried lust. "It's good pussy, Doris! Jeezuz! Nobody moves like you do!"

Walter grinned to himself. So this one's married! he thought. Doris is really playing with fire!

He forgot all about speculations for entrapping his pretty neighbor when the heated atmosphere in the room indicated the couple was about to climax. He watched the redhead's lush firm ass-cheeks inside her lacy black panties churn recklessly back against the man's tireless cock. Swenson's cock-head looked unbelievably hard and swollen as it nudged its way into Doris's wet, accommodating pussy. The man's face was almost as purple as his cock. He was pouring every ounce of energy he had into the greedy tight twat in front of him.

"Oooohhh, baby! You're really doing it to me! Shit.. . my cock feels great!"

In answer, she thrust her ass back hard against his loins. "Oh God, Bill... fuck hard, fuck hard! Aaaaaiieeeee! I'm cummmmm-ing-g-g!"

With a bemused grin, Walter watched the now familiar sight of Doris working out the urgent seizure of orgasm. He never tired of the way her lovely face scrunched up, then relaxed in a blissful lazy grin. Or of the way her shapely ass wriggled provocatively, expressing all the pent-up energy bursting forth from her hungry belly.

Now that he had made the woman cum, Bill felt . free to seek his own satisfaction. He rammed her hard and fast, again and again, until at last the searing fires of release reached out and grabbed him. "Uuuuuuhhh!... Christ!" He clung to the full swell of the woman's ass for a minute, then at last he helped her to her feet.

Though both were shaky, they set about the awesome task of rearranging

the scattered papers on Bill's desk. "Would you go get me the Bright Corporation file, baby?" Bill asked when he was once again seated and ready for work.

"Sure." Doris hurried into the outer office and rummaged through the filing cabinet. For a moment, she paused and sniffed the air curiously. She couldn't put her finger on it, but she had the strangest feeling there was an aroma""in the room that hadn't been there before. As though someone had been there, and left. She giggled at her paranoia, and hurried back to Bill with the file.

On his way back to the car, Walter stopped at a soda fountain for a big glass of milk, fortified with, malt. More than ever now, he knew it was important to give his body lots of protein. He was confident that Doris Meyers would be his for the taking in the not-too-distant future. He wanted to make sure he'd be ready for her. '

As he drank his malt, he thought over the morning's titillating events. He congratulated himself on the smart move he had made before leaving Doris's office. He had pulled tight the door to Swenson's inner sanctum. Now they would never know they had been watched. Not, that is, until he chose to tell them.

Chapter Six

Wednesday afternoon, Walter waited at his front window for Doris to arrive home from work. As soon as he spotted her familiar wiggle in the

distance, he scurried out to the front sidewalk and leaned casually against the fence.

"Afternoon, Doris!" he called just as she was about to turn into her walk.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Briggs!" She was more bright and cheerful than usual. Walter dared hope she might respond to his friendly overture.

"I was just about to pour myself some tea. Would you care to join me, Doris? I have some fresh muffins too. I made them myself, with soy flour for extra protein."

Doris was momentarily touched by the big man's appeal. For the first time, she realized he must be lonely. She almost regretted having to turn him down, until she noticed the shrewd twinkle in his eye as she addressed him. Then she shuddered, as usual in Briggs' presence. "I'm sorry, Mr. Briggs. I'm expecting my lawyer this afternoon. Business before pleasure. Ha, ha."

Her hollow laugh irked Walter more than her refusal of the invitation. He didn't like the way she tried to put on airs with him. When he, of all people, knew what she was really like.

It was with grim satisfaction that he sought out his camera on the top shelf of his closet. Now it was time to put his plan for Doris into action. She

had just flubbed her last chance to thwart fate.

Nothing could stop him now.

Doris went right to the bathroom and hurriedly applied fresh makeup and combed her hair. Then she searched her closet for something appealing to wear. She had somewhat misrepresented things to Mr. Briggs outside. The visitor she was expecting was a lawyer, but he was not "her" lawyer. She had met him at the office, and they had made plans for a meeting. Carl Smith had appealed much more to her instinct for pleasure than for business.

She slipped into a floor-length lounging robe just in time to reply to the ringing of the front doorbell. "Hi, Carl. Come on in." The lawyer was not much taller than Doris herself, but his dark good looks made him an imposing figure of a man. He was strong and solid-looking. Already, Doris could imagine his muscular arms holding her close. "What would you like to drink?"

Two drinks later, they were kissing feverishly on the couch. His hand reached inside her robe and fondled her lush naked tits. Her delicate nipples sprang into rubbery erection at his touch.

"God, that feels wonderful!" Doris moaned. She broke away from his grasp and staggered over to the bar. Something about the way the scene was unfolding bothered her. It was as if this Carl Smith expected her to make love to him as his due. She didn't intend to be treated as a free piece of ass, not by anybody. She wasn't horny enough to need Carl Smith, though her body certainly wanted him. Something was missing as far as Doris was

concerned.

Carl followed her to the bar and tried to put his arms around her waist. She pulled away from him. "What's the matter, Doris? Don't you want me as much as I want you?"

She smiled mischievously. "That would be an awful lot, wouldn't it?" She sensed the power she held over this man. It would be fun to tease him a little.

Carl looked exasperated. He threw up his arms in despair. "What's happening, Doris? I thought you wanted this as much as I did. Why else would you invite me to your house before your husband gets home from work?"

"Perversity, I guess."

He shook his head and started back toward the couch. She reached out and grazed her fingertips over the back of his neck. He turned and grasped her arm. His lean handsome face broke into a grin. "You sure are a hard woman to figure out, Doris. Would it help if I told you I'm willing to play the game your way?"

"Of course you are, darling. I just wanted to make sure you respected me enough, that's all."

"Of course I respect you. You're an incredibly beautiful woman." He watched her bright eyes shining with Wanton greed. Suddenly he knew just how to handle her. His hand reached into his pocket. "You know, Doris? I was going to buy you a little token of my esteem on the way over here. But I was so anxious to see you, it clean slipped my mind. Would you take this and get yourself something from me?" He held out a fifty-dollar bill.

Doris looked at the money. For a moment she was not certain she should take it. Then she reached out and enclosed the bill in her palm. Why shouldn't she take it? He could afford it. And she certainly deserved it. "Why, Carl! How sweet of you! Thank you so much!" She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him long and deep. She no longer questioned what she was doing.

Carl felt faintly amused by the eagerness with which the redhead took the money. He wasn't surprised by her greed, though he was somewhat disappointed. His disappointment faded as her voracious tongue searched the back reaches of his throat. Her mouth was hot and hungry. She would be worth the fifty dollars!

"Why don't we go into the bedroom, darling?" She led him into the modest bedroom and slipped out of her robe. She stood naked before him, her ripe tits firm and beckoning, her hips flaring down to the bright red patch of her pubic hair.

One look, and Carl Smith was all business. He wanted to get into that! And

quick!

He stripped off his clothes and wrapped the shapely woman in his arms. He felt her breasts yielding sensually against his chest. Her thicket of cunt-hair wriggled invitingly against his groin. His prick was hard and thrust back against her with arrogant need. "You feel good, baby," he whispered into her ear.

Doris was letting herself relax totally. She reveled in the erotic atmosphere of being alone and naked with this handsome, strong man. A man who respected her and her worth. The urgent probing of his fleshy cock against her belly sent wild pleasure-pangs darting through her body. She could hardly wait to feel his penis up inside her hot cunt! "You feel good, too. Oooohh, Carl... I loved the feel of your cock against me."

She expected to be pushed back onto the bed and soundly fucked. But instead Carl was prodding his cock in between her thighs, searching out the craving hole of her pussy while they both stood on the bedroom carpet. His prick found its mark and shoved forward and up. "Oooooohhh... uuuuuuhhhhhhhh ... God-d-d!" It was incredibly sexy, being fucked standing up like this, quick and deep. "Fuck meeee!"

The tight wet grip of her cunt clung hotly to Carl's prick. He felt a passing wave of weakness that was the closest thing to Paradise he had ever known. Now that the boundaries had been established between them, Doris had, become every bit the woman he had hoped for... and more. Her raw, guts-level sensuality made him feel intensely alive. His cock throbbed with reckless need, eager to lay her low, to fuck her till she couldn't take any

more. "Uuuuhh, baby,.. Wrap your legs around me. Go ahead. I can take it!"

While his muscular arms supported her back, she raised her feet from the floor and wrapped them around his ass. His hands held her buttocks and guided her pussy easily up and down over his filling prick. "God, Carl... it's good! You're so Strong!" She felt a heady wave of salacious arousal at being treated as if she were no heavier than a doll. As if she were a portable appliance to make his cock feel good. She let her weight rest easily against his arms. The feeling of being raised and lowered, raised and lowered over his cock drove her wild.

From his post in the closet on the other side of the mirror, Walter was getting some very interesting pictures with his camera. He could hardly wait to show them to Doris. He was sure she would be impressed with their lifelike quality.

It titillated the graying man to be spying on the redhead like this, and capturing her depravity for posterity at the same time. The idea of springing the pictures on her made his prick jerk in Ms pants. He took one picture after another, as fast as they developed. Walter was as thrilled as a little boy with his project. He enjoyed the adventure of playing spy and gathering his evidence.

Though he scarcely dared admit it to himself, Walter felt somewhat intimidated by the brute strength with which the small dark man was fucking the redhead up and down over his prick as easily as if she were a handful of liver. He was glad he'd been getting plenty of protein. He'd need all his

strength to beat that act.

While he waited for his pictures to develop, he watched hypnotized as the thick swollen cock appeared and disappeared in the wet recesses of the suspended woman. Her wild grunts and groans indicated she was as excited by what was happening to her as Walter was by his lecherous scheme. Confident of the man's strength and reliability, she was working her ass wildly now, screwing herself down on his prick with feverish abandon. "Oooohh, Carl! Screw me! Screw me!"

The lawyer did as she begged him. He bent his knees slightly to brace himself against her weight and fucked her long and deep. At last he noted with satisfaction that she was on the verge of climaxing.

"Oh God! God ... I'm cummmmm-ing-g-g! Aaaaaiieeeeeee!"

Even before she had quit groaning out her orgasm he set her down on the bed and helped her position herself on hands and knees. Then he sank his cock deep into her greedy cunt once again, this time from behind. Now he was free to plunder her pussy with total abandon. His goal was to make himself cum, and to give her a fucking she would never forget... a little memory to go with the fifty dollars.

Doris screamed wildly as the man's cock drove deep into her pussy with astounding speed and regularity. She felt herself cum again and again, but each time she had no time to relax and enjoy it, for he kept on pushing her up to another orgasm. Soon she was a quivering mass of sensation, bucking

ier ass back with mindless fury. She had never met a man as energetic as Carl Smith. He was really something! She was glad they had got together! "Carl You're beautiful! Uuuhh! So good!" '

"Yeah, baby! I love fucking that sweet little cunt of yours! Shit, it's so wet! I've never felt anything like it!" Watching her lush ass quivering with each slam of his loins against her drove him up to the very peak of excitement. A few more mighty thrusts, and he let himself coast down the other side. "Uuuuhhh, shit - damn, it's good pussy!" He collapsed on top of her and let himself drift in the sweet hazy aftermath that seemed to last forever, yet was only a moment. He felt her squirming urgently under him.

"You've got to go, Carl! My husband will be home soon."

He got up and started to dress. His movements were slow and unhurried. He had paid his price. He wasn't going to bust his ass getting out of here. At last he was ready. He gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "Be seeing you, baby! Thanks for a good time!"

While Doris lay on the bed and daydreamed about what to do with her fifty dollars, Walter lay his pictures on the kitchen table and surveyed them closely. He smiled with satisfaction. These pictures were worth more to him right now than a solid gold Cadillac.

Chapter Seven

Walter was so anxious to spring his surprise on Doris that he hurried over to her side of the duplex as soon as she got home from work the next evening. She was not pleased to see him, but he made sure he had his foot in the door before she had a chance to close it.

"Hi, Doris! Did you have a good day at the office?"

She was annoyed by his presence in her house, but she wasn't quite bold enough to order him out. "Fine, thank you. But I'm very tired ..."

"Ah ha! I suspected as much! That's why I brought you over some of my special high-protein drink. I made it just this afternoon, and my first thought was: I bet poor Doris could use some of this after a hard day on the job. Will you try it? It's delicious!"

Taken totally off guard by the older man's forceful friendliness, Doris watched dumbly as he padded out to her kitchen in his old-fashioned brown slippers. He returned within moments with two glasses of what looked like a milkshake.

"Here. Down the hatch!" He took a long slug, then watched expectantly as she took a timid sip.

The redhead had not been prepared for anything so tasty. She knew Walter Briggs was a health food nut, and she had always equated health food with foods boring and vaguely repulsive like carrot juice with brewer's

yeast. But this was rich and creamy, as easy to take as a McDonald's shake. She drank half the glass before she sat in a chair opposite Briggs. He had already made himself comfortable on the couch.

"You're quite a cook, Mr. Briggs." Her manner was polite, but forced. She didn't want to make an enemy of her landlord, but she didn't want to get too chummy with the strange old coot either.

He grinned with pleasure. What Doris didn't know was that the "health" drink had been well spiked with rum. Walter wanted his subject to be relaxed before he sprang his surprise on her. He was pleased that she was drinking the concoction so greedily. But then, he thought, Doris did everything greedily.

"Heck ... there's nothing to something like that, Doris. I'll tell you how to do it sometime. You're right though. I just love to cook. My old lady, back when I was married, she never did care much for cooking. So I decided I'd give it a go. Her cooking had me so I didn't care if I lived or died. Before I knew it, I was making some dishes that'd make one of them cordon blue chefs proud."

Doris had drained her glass. She was surprised to find that the presence of her talkative neighbor wasn't bothering her particularly. She hadn't even felt the old familiar shudders. She began to wonder if maybe she had been wrong about Walter Briggs after all. Maybe he was just a nice old guy who'd gotten a bit strange from not having anyone to talk to.

She didn't have anything in particular to do before Harry got home later. Talking to her landlord might be better than staring at four blank walls. "Where's your wife now, Mr. Briggs?" she asked.

"Walter... why don't you call me, Walter? She's back east somewhere ... I'm not too sure where. All I need to know is she's not around here." He shuddered slightly.

Doris ignored his plea to use his first name. She was not ready to go that far. "That's interesting, Mr. Briggs. I've always wondered how married people could get to hate each other so much they never want to see each other again."

Walter thought of Harry, and the way Doris was making a fool of him behind his back. "You can't imagine ever leaving Harry?" he asked eagerly.

While she pondered the question, her wide green eyes stared at the tank of tropical fish. Her well-lacquered fingers smoothed her thick red hair back from her face. Walter thought she had never looked so beautiful. Though part of him detested her and her ways, another part was thoroughly infatuated with the vain young woman.

"Harry and I have been through a-lot together." She looked at Briggs. Her eyes were solemn. "You see, I come from a place that's strictly nowhere. Harry rescued me. I guess I owe him something for that."

"Well, my dear, I'm certain having you for a faithful, loving wife is all the reward Harry ever expected."

He watched her thoughtful expression switch gears. Once again, she was the conceited, shallow woman he had come to know. Once again, her thoughts permeated no farther than herself and her own desires. "Of course, I expected Harry to go a lot farther than he has. He promised me he'd have his own shoe store some day."

"Well, maybe he will."

Walter was surprised by her harsh laugh. "No, I don't think so. Harry's really not very ambitious."

Walter was watching her intently. "But You are aren't you, Doris?"

The insinuating tone of his question caused Doris to look at him abruptly. She shivered. Once again, Walter had become the cobra and never before had she seen him so close to striking. She rose to her feet. "My: goodness, I talk too much sometimes. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to go, Mr. Briggs. I have some letters to write, some things to do. I want to be all finished up when Harry gets here."

Walter noticed she was swaying slightly on her feet. The rum was having its desired effect. He grinned at her exasperated expression when he continued to sit placidly on the couch. "Ah, yes. . . lucky old Harry. How could

any man deserve such a devoted, thoughtful little wife!"

Doris was getting nervous. She didn't like the mocking familiarity in the older man's voice. "I'm afraid I really do have to ask you to leave, Mr. Briggs."

His smiling face suddenly became cold as iron. "You're repeating yourself, Doris. Why don't you sit down? I have something to discuss with you."

The abrupt change in his manner shocked the redhead so much that she obeyed his command without question. She slumped back down into the chair and watched him like a frightened child waiting for a scolding. "Discuss . . . What?"

He pulled a plain brown envelope from the inside pocket of his well-worn smoking jacket. He waved the envelope at her for a moment, then he opened it and pulled out some photographs. "I was interested to hear you talk about how much love and gratitude you have for your husband, Doris. Good old Harry, rescuing you from your past. And how do you repay him? By fucking your boss at work? By fucking the door-to-door salesmen? And the lawyers? Who else, Doris?"

The redhead's jaw dropped. She stared unbelieving at the big man for a minute. Then she scratched her head and giggled nervously. He was bluffing her! That must be it! "Come on now, Mr. Briggs! You've been reading too many stories. Now you're thinking that real life is like that, too!"

Once again, Walter was smiling. But it was an evil smile. He held all the cards, and he knew it. He reveled in his power over this lovely, selfish bitch! "Maybe, Doris..." he agreed amiably. He watched her breathe a deep sigh of relief. "But the funniest part is ... my camera seems to be reading the same books." He lay the stack of pictures on the coffee table in front of her, and waited for her to pick them up.

Doris went rigid. There was no doubt in her mind now that she was caught. The question was: What did Walter Briggs intend to do with his sordid information? Slowly, she reached for the pictures and leafed through them. They were pictures of her and Carl Smith, fucking wildly, obviously enjoying themselves to no end. She stared defiantly at Briggs and began to tear the photos in half, one by one.

"Does that make you feel better, sweetie?" His mockery enraged her. Her features trembled with seething anger. "It sure does, you lousy bastard! How the fuck did you get these pictures anyway?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out, Doris my pretty. Maybe if you're a good girl, someday I'll tell you. In the meantime, I'm glad you're enjoying yourself so much. But I'm sorry you don't like my camerawork, Doris."

"I think it stinks! How dare you try to scare me with a cheap trick like this?!"

Walter could see the girl from the wrong side of the tracks coming out in Doris. Suddenly she was tough, mean, invulnerable. There was no doubt that she knew what the school of hard knocks was all about. "I'm not trying to scare you, beautiful. Impress you, maybe." His nostrils flared for a moment as he watched her tits heaving inside her skimpy blouse with the fury of her efforts. "You've never seen the little darkroom I have over at my place, have you, Doris? I used to be quite a camera buff, back when my old lady was around. I always had hobbies then, to keep her out of my hair. Anyway, the point is, Doris, it was no trick for me to make copies of all those pictures. You're just wasting your time, baby!"

The remaining photos fell from Doris's hands.

She was defeated. She was hoping that, since they were instant pictures, there wouldn't be any negatives. She realized now that Walter Briggs was way ahead of her. He was every bit the cobra she had always taken him for.

Tears began to run from the redhead's eyes. She was helpless now, still angry but frustrated in her rage. There was nothing she could do to hurt the big man the way he was trying to hurt her. She stared unseeing at the carpet and spoke in a low monotone. "What do you want from me, pig fucker? You know we're not rich, or we wouldn't be living in this dump of yours! How much do you want?"

"I hope you don't think I'm trying to blackmail you, Doris. I'm not that kind of a guy. I was just... playing around." Walter's features were

inscrutable. But inside he was wearing the delighted grin of a kid in a candy store. He enjoyed getting all this attention from the sexy redhead, and it didn't much matter how he'd got it. All he needed to know was that he had the upper hand.

His reassurances inflated Doris's bravado. She overstepped her bounds. "Good! Because you're not getting one stinking penny from me! You can stick all your lousy pictures up your ass!"

Her taunting, vulgar words were annoying Walter. It was time he brought her down a peg or two. He went on speaking, as though he had not heard her crude jibes. "On the other hand, I'm sure you wouldn't want Harry to know all about what you've been doing behind his back. He just might dump you like a hot potato. And then where would you be, tough girl!" He spat the last words at her, grinning as he watched her wilt under his vindictive assault.

It was only when Briggs mentioned the possibility of Harry finding out about her sexual escapades that Doris felt the full horror of what that would mean. He might leave her!

It was not that Harry in himself meant that much to her. But he was the only man she had right now. None of the other lovers had offered to take her under their wings. The thought of being alone in the world terrified the young woman. She had never done it. Dim visions of herself having to move back in with her poverty-stricken mother made her crumble into wild despair.

She spoke bravely, trying to reassure herself as much as combat Walter. "I've got a job! I don't need Harry! I could get along!"

"Yeah! And how long do you think it will be before Bill Swenson gets tired of having you around? That kind of guy goes through a couple of women a year, at least. You're a new plaything right now, baby ..but there's plenty more where you came from. And the other guys? Without Harry around to keep you looking respectable, you'd soon be nothing better than a common whore. But maybe that's what you want. They say there's a whore in every woman."

"Stop it! Stop it! Shut up, will you!" Doris's protest was loud and anguished. With razor sharpness, Walter had managed to exorcise from her deepest subconscious all her girlhood fears. She didn't want to be disgraced! She didn't want to be a whore! If she got rid of Harry, she wanted it to be because she decided to do it... because she had another man to go to.

Doris realized her major weakness. She couldn't stand to be alone. A couple hours was as long as she could take without rushing off to the drugstore to talk to the clerk ... somebody ... anybody. Being alone brought back all her most grotesque nightmares that were based in harsh reality. The nights her mother had left her and the rest of the kids alone ... all night... until she finally came back at dawn with some drunken sailor and made the kids go outside and play, even before the sun was up.

Walter knew the minute Doris had given up. All the fight was gone out of her. She was his. "Of course, Doris, Harry need never know a thing about any

of this. The pictures could remain a part of my private collection. Nobody will be the wiser, if..."

She looked up at "him dully. She was resigned to whatever price he might ask her to pay. "If what, Mr. Briggs?"

"If you keep me happy, my pretty." His eyes sparkled. Seeing her vulnerable and defeated like this filled him with desire for her. His cock lurched expectantly in his pants. The golden prize was at hand.

Without a moment's hesitation, she agreed to his terms. "Okay, Mr. Briggs. What will keep you happy?" She looked into his eager, shining eyes. To her own surprise, she did not experience the familiar shudders. Then she realized what the difference was. She did not need to worry any more about being stalked by the cobra. She was already caught. Briggs was no longer an unspecified threat to her. He was her tormentor: It was true, what they said. A known enemy is better than the unknown.

Walter had to swallow hard before he could speak. His excitement was almost more than he could bear. "It would make me happy if you sucked my prick."

Automatically, Doris rose from her chair and walked over to Walter. She dropped to her knees in front of him and began to tug at the zipper of his fly. Almost before the older man knew what was happening, his cock was in her hand, naked and throbbing and growing quickly. He watched her eyes grow wide, despite her misery, as his prick swelled to its full nine inches.

"Suck it, baby," he told her. He urged her red head down over his eager penis.

Doris did not have to be told twice. She wanted nothing more than to get her humiliation over with as quickly as possible. She had never felt so debauched, so used. Even in the worse days when she was growing up, she had managed to hold onto her self-respect. Walter Briggs was doing his best to rob her of that right now.

At his urging, she took his swollen cock-staff deep into her throat and began to suck energetically. Even in her despair, she marveled at the length and girth of the big man's prick. It was huge! It was an effort for her to take even two-thirds of it into her mouth. And Walter's hands pushing down on her head were forcing her to take it all! She opened wide and relaxed the muscles in her throat. To her own surprise, she was taking all of him deep inside. She would never have thought it was possible. "Mmmmmppphhhh!"

Her muffled groan was music to Walter's ears. At last he had the sexy redhead's hot lips wrapped around his throbbing cock. It was something he had dreamed about right from the first moment he met her. Only recently, though, had he thought his dreams might ever become reality. He had been resigned to watching Doris make love to others, until it occurred to him there was no reason why he shouldn't be giving her some of the loving she so obviously craved.

"Jee-zuz, Doris! Suck it! That's the way! Eeee! Wow!" After all the months it had been since he had had sex with a woman, Walter had pretty well forgotten how good a soft, welcoming mouth could feel on a hard aching

cock. Doris's mouth felt like molten butter. She worked her lips skillfully up and down his penis-shaft, licking him here and there with quick titillating jabs. From time to time, she would stop to nibble the sensitive underside where the glans met the shaft. The stimulation from that erotic exercise made the semen bubble hotly in his balls. "God, Doris! What a mouth you've got, baby! You're really something!"

Kneeling in servile debasement in front of her landlord's stiff cock, Doris almost forgot the circumstances that had brought her to her present humiliation. She began to concentrate totally on the task at hand. And as soon as she let herself do that, she became enthralled by the rubbery texture and hard swollen touch of his cock against her lips. Never in her life had she seen a cock so large and thick. It filled her mouth to numbing capacity. Imagine what it would do to her pussy!

The thought made a little lewd tingle ricochet down her spine. Then she reminded herself who this man was and what he had done to her. For a moment the tingle abated. But as soon as her guard was down, it began again. It was impossible for Doris to be this close to a turgid cock and not to respond to it. Lechery was in her blood. As soon as she surrendered to the big man, gave up the hate she had been feeling, she left herself wide open to the kinds of feelings she would have preferred to reserve for her selected boyfriends.

This big lummoX was forcing her to do this thing to him! She couldn't let herself enjoy it! So said he; brain, but Doris had a very rebellious body. It was that that had gotten her into trouble in the first place.

The alcohol from the protein drink contributed to Doris's downfall. It made her blood race hotly through her veins. It accentuated the titillating masochistic feelings that her debasement had provoked. Despite her best intentions, Doris could feel her panty-crotch growing moist under her skirt. In time, it ceased to matter whose cock she was sucking. The important facts were that she was kneeling on her living room rug, between a big man's legs, giving head to his enormous hard cock.

The facts spoke for themselves. They wrenched lust-pangs from the depths of the redhead's belly and sent them darting throughout her trembling body. The harder she sucked, the more wantonly her tongue circled the thick cock between her lips, the more turned on she became.

With demonic frenzy, she bobbed her head up and down over Walter Briggs' tumescent member. She stabbed her tongue-tip urgently into the little slit in the glans. She fluttered her lips teasingly over the whole stiff shaft. Her low moans set up vibrations inside her mouth that helped add to the erotic sensations assaulting Walter's long-neglected prick.

"Mmmmmm . . . uuuuuhhhh.... "

The retired landlord was clinging to Doris's thick red hair for dear life. It had been a long time since anything this lewdly thrilling had happened in Walter's predictable existence. His cock was buried to the hilt in a honeyed mouth with the tantalizing lures of a thousand feathers, a hundred tiny vibrators. Actually experiencing the incredible energy of the redhead's sexuality was far more exciting than Walter had anticipated. Having Doris suck his pulsing cock made watching her through his peep-holes in the closet seem a pallid delight. "Aaahhhh ... do it, baby! Suck it! Suck it!" In all his

fifty years, Walter had never been this aroused.

Sensing the urgency of the older man's need, Doris worked her head frenziedly over his burgeoning cock-shaft. She could feel it growing even larger and harder, which seemed incredible in light of the size and rigidity it had already attained. Working her mouth like a subtle massage machine, she brought Walter Briggs to the very peak and then lured him all the way over the top ...

"Uuuuuhhh ... Christ. .. I'm cummm-ing-g-g!" How good it felt to spill his pent-up load deep into the sexy redhead's throat! He looked' down at her pretty, lust-distorted face and grinned as her tongue lapped greedily at the few stray drops that dribbled down his glans. "You liked that, didn't you, baby?" he taunted her.

His goading words brought Doris back to harsh reality. Now she could only feel shame and self-loathing for having responded so openly to someone who only sought to humiliate her. She wiped her face with the back of her hand and glared up at him. "I only did it to get you off my back ... and you know it!"

"Yeah, I know, Doris my pretty. You really hate sex. All those men have been holding you down and forcing you. Look, sweetheart, I've learned one thing in my fifty years, and that's that a blowjob like you just gave me is pretty damned hard to come by. A girl who can do it has to know what she's doing, and like it."

Doris stared sullenly at the floor and said nothing.

"Okay, you can get up now." He stared greedily at her lush curves inside her tight-fitting blouse and skirt. For a minute he was tempted to get her to strip for him. But no ... not now ...there would be time for that. He wanted to save and savor every aspect of her sexuality.

"Well, have I made you happy?" She spat out the words, still not looking at him.

"You have, my dear. And you'll make me even happier, I'm sure, up at my little mountain hideaway this weekend."

"What!? ... I can't! You mean you're not going to give me my pictures?"
Doris was too shocked to be angry ... yet.

"What's your hurry? You'll get your pictures. In the meantime, why don't you enjoy this? I bet you. haven't seen many like this one in your time." He wagged his cock at her before stuffing it back in his fly. He grinned as he watched her biting her lip anxiously. Her gaze remained fixed on his crotch until his zipper was safely closed.

"I can't get away," she murmured. She looked pale, discouraged. "Harry would never understand."

"I'm sure you'll think of some excuse, my pretty. I have every confidence in you." he left Doris to her thoughts. At home, he fixed himself a T-bone steak and cottage cheese. He went to bed early and slept soundly. Walter was past the age where excitement kept him awake. Now he used sleep to prepare himself for the excitement.

Chapter Eight

Doris told Harry she was going to visit her sister for the weekend. She felt that it was safest excuse. Harry hated her sister Beth. He would never try to follow her there.

Harry was surprised to hear Doris had decided to mend the family rift. She hadn't been in contact with any of her relatives since her marriage.

"I'm proud of you, Doris," he said at last. "Everybody should have a family, no matter how crazy they are. I'm sure it will be good for you."

Though Doris told herself she was dreading the humiliation Briggs would undoubtedly heap on her over the weekend, she felt a little tremor in her belly as she saw his car approach the curb. Their rendezvous point was about a block from her office. He arrived promptly at five-fifteen.

They spoke little on the ride up to the mountains. It was a good two-hour drive and Doris had lots of time to think. She hadn't let herself think about Briggs' blackmail all day at work. She was afraid Bill might notice there was

something wrong. She couldn't bear him to find out what a ridiculous mess she had gotten herself into.

Besides, after what Briggs had said the night before, Doris no longer trusted her employer so much. Today, when she looked at him, she was wondering when he would decide to throw her over for another girl Friday-a blonde maybe. They hadn't even had sex in the office today. Bill had appointments all day, and they didn't dare risk discovery.

A lot it matters! Doris had thought ruefully. Walter Briggs found out. I guess anybody could.

As Briggs' big car started to wind its way up into the mountains, Doris began to wonder just how the older man had found out about her wanton sex life. The puzzle obsessed her. She had to know the answer!

When she spoke to her tormentor, her voice was sullen and defensive. Still she could not conceal her underlying curiosity. "The least you could do, Mr. Briggs..."

"Yes, my pretty?" He turned to her and smiled.

His car veered dangerously close to a long steep drop.

"Watch out! You're going to kill us both!" Doris heaved a sigh of relief

when he had them safely back on the pavement.

"I like you when you're all excited like this, Doris. It makes you so attractive, my dear." Walter was feeling good. He felt, in fact, like a bridegroom on the way to his honeymoon. All day, he had cooked and gathered provisions so there would be lots of good things in the cabin to tempt his lovely victim. Though he intended to use the redhead as he pleased, he had every hope that the interlude would be as memorable for Doris as he was sure it would be for him. He felt proud and confident of his ability to entice the wilful beauty with his strong imaginative style of lovemaking.

"Never mind the garbage! How did you find out about me, anyway?"

He laughed softly. It was the quiet laugh of a man who is pleased with his own cleverness. "That intrigues you, does it, my dear? Well, all I can say is that I have watched you with great interest ever since you moved into my duplex."

"You mean you spied on me!" Her accusing voice was loud.

"I wouldn't call it spying, Doris. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time to learn some things about you, that's all."

Despite her anger, Doris found herself perversely tattered by the older

man's obvious interest in her.

She realized that, to him, she was a valuable prize. She only regretted that he would be paying for her favors with something that held only negative benefits for her. All she was doing was making sure Harry didn't find out about her and her lovers.

Under the right circumstances, she was sure Walter Briggs could be a very generous lover ...

She decided to try some female wiles on Briggs. After all, what did she have to lose? "You know, Mr. Briggs ..." Her voice became soft, insinuating. "You didn't have to go to all that trouble to get my attention. You're a very attractive man." She reached over and caressed his strong thrusting jaw. For the first time, she realized that he was an attractive man. Though getting gray, he was unusually strong and fit-looking for his age. His face had rugged character to it. It said that Walter Briggs had lived through many things that young Doris could only guess at.

The expression on Walter's face didn't change. He cast a quick amused glance at her smug, haughty profile. Then he looked back at the road. "You wouldn't be trying to sweet-talk me, would you now, Doris? There's a lot of women have tried that, but it never works too good. I like to have the upper hand with you quick-witted bitches. Trickiest critters I ever come up against... women!"

Doris said nothing, but she was simmering inside. The more she knew

Walter Briggs, the more she had to respect him as an enemy, he was nobody's fool... not even hers.

Neither of them spoke for the rest of the ride. The higher he climbed into the remote mountain regions, the more at home Walter felt. He had lived in the city most of his adult life. At first because that was what his wife wanted, then out of habit. But he had always kept his little cabin, to come to when he needed it. The brisk clean air and the pines reminded him of the kind of man he used to be many years ago. Strong and rugged, not a pasty-faced city dweller. The kind of man who liked his women spirited, and who knew how to keep them in line.

He pulled up in front of a neat little cabin in the midst of a small clearing. A pair of deer antlers hung over the faded green door. Some birds had built their nest in there. "Looks like I've got me some neighbors!" Walter cried enthusiastically. "Probably jays. Little rascals make good company once you learn to get over their ornery ways."

Doris suppressed an amused grin. Walter Briggs was like a little boy on an adventure. At the same time, she could see him as a rugged mountain man. Even his language had become more rugged, less formal. She could tell he loved this place, in a way she could never have imagined her landlord loving anything. She got out of the car and automatically picked up a bag of groceries and carried them into the cabin.

It was neat inside, and roomier than Doris had anticipated from the outside. There was a good-sized kitchen, a living room with a large fireplace, a small dining-room and a bedroom. She found the bathroom tacked onto the

back of the bedroom. It had obviously been constructed some time after the rest of the cabin. Despite her sordid reason for being here, Doris felt curiously comfortable in the place. A little scrubbing and dusting, and it would make a cozy weekend retreat.

"Well, seeing as I'm here, show me to the dusters and scrub brushes. We can't stay in a place all dirty like this!"

Walter was delighted. "Good girl! First, you better help me light this fire. Then I've got a request to make.. something to make me happy."

Doris shuddered. So ... it was to begin already. Phase One in the price she would have to pay for Walter Briggs' silence.

She tore up newspapers and passed over the kindling to get the fire started. Though it was not really cold on the mountain, there was a slight dull in the air. The fireplace worked well. Within ten minutes, the cabin was cozy as a rabbit's den.

Satisfied with the progress of the fire, Walter stood up and faced the young redhead. He reached for her hands and pulled her to her feet, "Now, my dear... I want you to take your clothes off... please."

Doris saw his tongue begin to work nervously over his parched lips. She was reminded abruptly of the snake-like part of her tormentor . . . the part

that had lured her up to this cabin to use and debauch her.

Tears of helpless frustration threatened to pour from her eyes, but Doris fought them back. Slowly, she removed her clothes, moving closer to the fireplace for the comforting warmth of the lapping flames. When she was completely naked, she turned toward Briggs for further instructions. He was holding out some kind of garment made of a frilly pink material.

"Put this on!" he instructed her gruffly. His eyes wandered hungrily over her full outthrusting tits, her trim waist, her smooth shapely belly. It had been one thing to admire the redhead's nakedness through the protective shield of the one-way glass. It was quite another to be alone in a remote cabin with her lush bare body only a foot away from him. He swallowed hard and struggled for self-control. He had planned the weekend's agenda carefully, and he didn't want to jump the gun. It was too early to plough her pink slit with his throbbing cock.

Doris unraveled the material curiously. It was an apron, the old-fashioned kind that covered both lap and chest. . . but it would leave her completely naked in back, except for the strips of straps and ties. She put on the flimsy garment, that was cut low over her full tits. With the apron on, she felt far more naked and vulnerable than she had completely naked. It seemed . . . dirty ... that he should want to see her dressed that way.

"You look lovely, my dear. Now you may clean up the cabin. Rags and cleansers are under the sink in the kitchen,"

To take her mind off her humiliation, Doris threw tier energy into cleaning up the cabin. Despite all her efforts, however, she could not ignore Briggs' lecherous gaze following her around the rooms. Every time she bent over she was agonizingly aware of his eyes assessing the smooth upturned curves of her ass.

When she was finished with her work, the cabin looked perfect for a comfortable, enjoyable weekend. She only wished she were with someone she could have a good time with.

"Now, my dear, I imagine you must be hungry. Let me fix us something to eat."

Doris had not realized, until Briggs mentioned it, just how hungry she was. Her stomach rambled at the mention of food. "Anything I can do to help?" she asked submissively. She had decided that, if she played the game strictly by her landlord's rules, he might give her time off for good behavior.

Walter grinned with delight. The pretty redhead was coming around. He could see that already she was treating, him with much more respect than she ever had before. The thought made him feel good. He wan'ted this selfish woman's admiration more than he had ever wanted anything. And he thought he knew just what would win that admiration.

She needed to be treated a little rough. Most of the men in her life treated her like she was delicate as a Dresden doll. She needed to know

what it was like to deal with a real man.

"Why don't you set the table, Doris?"

She found the cutlery and some tableclothes. She set the table carefully, as though she were expecting special guests for dinner. Maybe Walter Briggs would appreciate her efforts and think better of subjecting her to a weekend's humiliation.

"That looks lovely, my dear." Walter had suspended his dinner preparations to watch her naked ass bending over the table. That tantalizing sight had been haunting the big man for the past-two hours. He loved the way she looked in that apron-so feminine, yet so lewd. On the spur of the moment, he decided that he had spared her long enough ... and kept his throbbing cock waiting far too long.

He walked up behind her and pulled his cock from his fly.

The first thing Doris felt was a thick, blunt pressure against her naked ass-crevice. Then the man's big hands bent her farther over the table, to give easier access to her vulnerable pussy.

"Oh, no," she moaned feebly. Now it was to begin! He was going to fuck her like this, right over the carefully arranged table. She felt a quick stab of anger, then a familiar little tingle deep in her belly. Her body was titillated by the idea of being taken like this, suddenly, in the midst of

dinner preparations. She remembered the impressive size of Walter Briggs' cock and she began to tremble at the thought of feeling it filling her tight pussy-cavern to bursting. "No . . don't do it to me!"

Walter grinned at her weak protest. Obviously the wanton redhead was fighting a brutal inner struggle. Part of her-her conscience-wanted to fight him and the humiliation of being fucked for blackmail. Another, more powerful, part of her wanted this coupling as much as he did. "Grin and bear it, baby!" he told her.

As he spoke, he shoved his prick hard against the yielding entrance to her twat. His cock soared right on up inside, imbedding itself in a hot wet environment of clinging cunt. "Goddamn! What a pussy!"

Without further hesitation, he began to ram his large, swollen cock deep into her cunt. His pull-outs were short and eager. His throbbing penis didn't want to be out of her too long. It just felt too damned good up inside her voracious pussy. "Uuuuuuhhh ... yeah, baby!"

"Oooooohhh . . . mmmpppphhh ..." Doris couldn't remember ever having been this powerfully fucked. The combination of Briggs' hard lunges and the size of his cock were driving her wild with a fast-blooming lust. Mixed in with her eagerness was a passing fear that he might actually hurt her with his ruthless impalements. But that fear could not dim the sheer salacious pleasure of experiencing his turgid cock spreading her cunt-walls farther than they had ever been spread before. "God! Oh God, it's good! Do it! Do it to meeee!"

Walter grinned with satisfaction. It was just as he had thought. His swollen nine inches had been just what the greedy beauty was waiting for. He had never had such a wanton creature pinioned on the end of his prick before; He enjoyed the overwhelming sense of power he experienced every time her round ass-cheeks wiggled greedily back toward his pelvis.

She was everything he had hoped for! Walter even forgot about the anger he had felt for the pretty littleslut. All he wanted now was to debauch her thoroughly ... to leave a mark on her that she would never forget. Other men will never feel as good after she's had a weekend of me, he thought confidently.

"Oooooohhh . . . ooohhhhhh . . . I'm cummmm-ing-g-g!" Doris experienced a moment's shame. Not only was she cooperating with her' blackmailer, but she was enjoying the rampaging power of his impressive cock more than she had ever enjoyed any. male before. She should be resisting his insensitive assault, not wailing for more. She should definitely not be cumming from the wanton excitement of his filling prick!

Doris began to wriggle her ass more shamelessly than ever. She shoved it hard back against his pubic bone, forcing him as deep into her cunt as she could get him. Then she undulated her hips against him, relishing the smooth fleshy intrusion far inside her womb. "Uuuuuhhhh! ... Oooooohhh, more! Do it some more!"

For Walter, having his sexy prisoner begging for more of his turgid prick

was the highspot of a life racked with disappointment. But Doris Meyers' enthusiasm made up for it all. He felt like a real man again. He was the conquering hero who had reduced his lovely captive to a mewling mass of craving sexual energy. Without knowing it, the redhead had given Walter back his self-respect.

He watched with aroused amusement as Doris's carefully laid table dissolved into an unkempt scene of spilled shakers and clattering cutlery. Her pretty, lust-contorted face lay pressed into the tablecloth, rapt with concentration as her pussy milked his cock for more pleasure. "Aaaaaarr- gggghhhh! Uuuuuhh. . .your prick's so filling in meeeee!"

She surprised even Walter when she came for the third time in a row. He grabbed her hips firmly and pulled her hard back against him in a slow, agonizing rhythm. His cock was throbbing mightily, begging for release ... for the chance to spill its load in pussy for the first time in a year. "Feels good, eh, baby?" He wanted her to say it. To admit that he was more man than she had ever known.

To such a direct question, Doris hesitated to give an answer. It was one thing to mewl in wanton arousal under his cock's thrusts. It was another thing to admit submissively that he was fucking her better than anyone had ever fucked her. Her moans ceased, though her ass kept on wiggling back in search of his cock.

With a sadistic grin, Walter pulled his prick right out of her clutching cunt-hole. "Well?" he taunted; her. Hard as his cock was throbbing, he was

willing to wait her out. He wanted to remind her irrevocably of who was boss.

The redhead's resistance lasted only a few moments. Her hot cunt tingled in frustrated need. His cruel withdrawal had left her with a warm empty place that craved filling. Doris thought about standing up straight, about telling him defiantly that she didn't need him. But the thought repelled her. There would still be that awful, unsated need deep in her belly.

Her last resistance crumbled in favor of brute satisfaction. "Oh ... yesssss, yesssss ... it feels good, Mr. Briggs! It feels good!"

Walter was satisfied. That was all he wanted to hear. He thrust his cock in along her trembling ass-slit and found the hot welcoming hole of her cunt. He reamed her cunt-passage with long deep penetrating strokes, driving the wails from deep in her gut. When she was seething on the brink of distraction, he let go.

"Uuuuuhhh . . . God, it's happening!"

"Oh yesssss... yesssss, cum in meeeee! Oooooohhh, I'm cumming too! Aaaahhh, it feels so wonderful!"

Now when he pulled his cock from her wet streaming cunt, she felt only sweet satisfaction. She had what she wanted. The hot thick load of his juices seeped wetly from her inflamed pussy-lips. "Mmmmmm," she moaned,

and struggled to straighten up.

Chapter Nine

While Walter fussed at the kitchen counter, Doris sat at the table with her head in her arms.

Now that the crisis was past-now that her body had what it craved-she felt awful. Walter Briggs had turned her into a groaning, mindless sex fiend. She hadn't even cared that he was forcing her to fuck him against her will. As soon as his big cock entered her pussy, she had turned into a salacious whore... just what her landlord obviously thought she was already.

How could she hold her head up high when she knew that even a kinky sadist like Walter Briggs could turn her into a mewling wanton at the thrust of his cock?

Even as her conscience rebelled against her shameless behavior, Doris's cunt gave a little pleased twinge of remembrance each time she thought of Briggs' big cock. Her sopping pussy, which was pressed naked into the wooden chair, began to throb greedily. Doris was aghast at her own lasciviousness. It seemed her body was beyond humiliation. It would do anything for its craven satisfaction.

She paid no attention as the older man rearranged the table and set

various dishes upon the starched yellow cloth.

"Ready to eat, my pretty?"

His voice made Doris want to spit in his face. But the smell of food distracted her attention. She looked up. On the table in front of her was a tempting assortment of goodies. Muffins, olives, tiny meatballs, vegetables stuffed with avocado, onion crackers. Despite her guilt and confusion, Doris realized her first duty to herself was to eat. She began to heap her plate with food. "Why don't you let me go now?" she asked him dully, her eyes lighting up at the thought of filling her belly. She didn't really expect an answer to her question. But she felt she owed it to herself to ask.

He grinned at her obvious enthusiasm for his dinner. "Are you sure you really want to go?" As he stood over her, he ogled the lush swell of her tits inside her frilly pink apron. The flush of lovemaking had made them more swollen and tempting than ever.

"Of course I want to go!" she said hopefully, spreading a muffin thick with butter. "What do you think I am?"

"I know what I think you are, Doris my pretty. The question is: what do you think you are? I think spending the weekend with me will be a valuable experience for you, Doris. It'll teach you a few things about yourself."

Doris was too interested in the food to be angry. She hadn't eaten a thing

all day, and it was only now that she realized how ravenous she was. "Don't fool yourself, Mr. Briggs," she bluffed through a mouthful of food, "I know all about myself. I may not like it all, but I know about it."

"Well, maybe it's time you started liking yourself, too... I'm glad to see you like my cooking."

"Um-hummm."

There was complete silence for several minutes. Briggs seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Doris was relieved. She welcomed the chance to eat in peace.

The redhead was taken totally by surprise by a pair of hands pushing her thighs apart under the table. She looked down to see the big man kneeling between her legs, his head closing in on her wet, swollen cunt. "Oh, my God!" she breathed just as his tongue snaked out in search of the hidden bud of her clitoris. She dropped her fork and watched awestruck as his fingers parted her pussy-lips and his tongue explored her inner slit. "Oooooohhh," she moaned. Then catching herself,, she begged him not to do it to her. "Please, Mr. Briggs! Don't... uuuuuuuuggggghhhh!"

Her ass slipped forward on the chair to give him easier access to her treacherously responding twat. Hard as she bit on her pouty lower lip, strongly as her -brain struggled to kill the arousal building inside, her body began to tingle with abandoned frenzy. Once aroused, there was no stopping

her greedy libido.

Kneeling on the floor between the redhead's naked thighs, Walter savored the titillating flavor of her copious love-juices mixed with his own semen. He stared hungrily at the pink, inflamed furrow of her pussy, shining in the soft overhead light. To the sex-starved man, her cunt was more delectable than the most luscious meal a hungry man could imagine.

He extended his tongue and licked recklessly up and down the soft fleshy flanges of her cunt. He made a scepter of his tongue and stabbed it into her well-pummeled pussy. Then he moved farther down, lifted her thighs slightly, and penetrated her sphincter with his lewd love-probe.

Until Briggs' tongue poked her asshole, Doris was staring at the ceiling, struggling against the tantalizing allure of his depraved lovemaking. His tongue in her ass totally destroyed what remained of her will to resist. Having her sensitive anal tissues massaged by his soft tongue was the most incredibly sexy thing Doris had ever experienced. Her thighs slumped wide apart. She gripped hold of the man's graying hair and pulled his face closer to her twat.

She was hooked. She had to have more. "Oooooohhh, Mr. Briggs!" Her loins ground slowly, sensuously, up toward his uninhibited tongue. "I like that!"

Walter's face was smeared with the juices that again flowed wetly from Doris's pussy. He reveled in the wanton feeling of being awash in her wetness. He swooned to the sweet music of her responsive cries and wiggles.

He had found another route to Doris Meyers' heart... and like every other pathway, it went right through her greedy little twat. "Mmmmmm, baby ... sweet-tasting pussy! Just about the wettest pussy I've ever seen, too!"

A few moments earlier, his words would have wounded the redhead's pride. Now they only fired her libido. Yes, she was feeling good! And she was going to relax and enjoy it!

That was the last Doris heard from her conscience for some time.

The food on the table lay neglected as the ill-matched twosome became thoroughly absorbed in their forbidden feast of orgiastic delights. Moaning and mewling all the while, Doris kept a fast hold on her landlord's hair and undulated her loins rhythmically against his face. She had never had a lover who ate her pussy with such selfless enthusiasm, such imaginative abandon! For such a queer old coot, Walter Briggs was turning out to be one hell of a lover! She urged him to poke- his tongue into her asshole again, and he did so willingly. "Uuuuuuhhh ... oooooohh, I don't believe how good that feels!"

Walter, too, had lost all sense of why he was here in his mountain cabin, eating his young neighbor's pussy. He had given up all his feelings of revenge, of indignation at her whorish nature ... for the moment. His libido right now was thoroughly absorbed in the delicious preoccupation of eating her wet twat. He thought he had never tasted anything so wonderful. He knew no girl had ever responded to his eating like this before. He felt he could go on this way forever.

His urgent desire to taste the juices of her pussy made him neglect her clitoris for some time. Then he found the fleshy nodule, full-swollen from her eager arousal. He began to stab it with his tongue, to circle it with maddening, harsh movements. He was rewarded by her submissive cries, more intense, more abandoned than ever before.

"Uuuuuuhhhhhh . . . ooooohhh God! I don't believe how good that feels! Suck my clit, lover! Oh jee-zuz . . . jee-zuz ... I'm cummmmm-ing-g-g!" Doris had lost count of the number of orgasms she had enjoyed that evening. All she knew was that each was more intense, more electrifying than the one before. She held Briggs' face to her mound and ground her clitoris against him, until at last she had worked it all out. She sighed and slumped back against the chair.

She paid little attention when her landlord got up and sat down at the table. He began to serve himself food. "Boy, the mountain air sure works up an appetite! That was a great appetizer, baby. Thanks!" He began to eat with the same gusto Doris had exhibited earlier. It gave him pleasure to watch her passion-flushed body sprawled languidly in the chair. Her frilly apron had been twisted and tugged until it revealed everything there was to see. Her lush tits stood out firm and naked. Her red-thatched pussy sparkled with moisture in the artificial light. "Mmm-mmmm! . . . Why don't you eat some more, my pretty? You'll be needing all your strength."

At last Doris had the energy to sit up straight in her chair. She fussed with the apron until it once again modestly covered her tits and pussy. The she resumed her eating that had been so explosively interrupted.

Between them, she and Walter consumed everything edible on the table. "I'm sure glad you like my cooking-, Doris. Now why don't you get on up there and wash the dishes?"

She sneered at him defiantly. When he started to scowl, she hurried to her feet and began clearing the table. He grinned at her timidity. She was working her ass off for his pictures, and she was smart enough to know not to annoy him now. He watched her pretty round ass jiggle as she worked over the kitchen sink. For a long time he couldn't take his eyes off her full, highset half-moons and the mysterious crack in between. He realized there were pleasures to come ...

When she had finished her work, he picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. He set her down on the bed and ordered her to remove her apron. When she was naked, he forced her to submit quietly while he tied her spread-eagled to the four posters of the bed. Then, while she stared fearfully up at him, he covered her with a feather comforter and bade her good-night.

Doris had expected the worst when Briggs tied her to the bed. She was confused by his immediate departure with the obvious intent of letting her go to sleep.

Then why did he tie me up like this? she wondered. Eventually, she began to understand. Being wide open and helpless like this began to excite her hidden masochistic tendencies. The longer she lay there with her legs and arms tied far apart, the more excited she got. Her pussy pulsed greedily,

despite all the orgasms she had enjoyed that day.

She realized it would be a long and frustrating night...

Chapter Ten

Walter wrapped himself in a couple of blankets on the couch and went to sleep in front of the dying fire. After his usual six hours' sleep, he woke up bright and eager, though it was only a little after five a.m.

He went into the bedroom to look at his bound love-slave. Doris had fallen into a fitful doze, but even the slight stirring of Briggs' presence in the room woke her up. "Wha.. What's happening?" As soon as she saw the big man, the whole sordid memory of last night's submission swooped in on her.' She groaned.

Walter stared at her lovely sleepy face. He reached down and pulled off her cover. Her tits stared up proudly at him. He marveled at the awesome way they defied gravity. "You're looking good this morning, Doris," he told the spread-eagled redhead. He bent forward and inspected the pink flanges of her cunt under the tangle of pussy-hair. Her lips were no longer swollen, but they were matted with the juices of his orgasm and her own excitement. "I bet you could use a little freshening up!"

He came back with a bowl of water and a sponge and began to dab the

trembling folds of her cunt.

Doris flinched under the gentle touch of the sponge. The longer she was around Walter Briggs, the less she understood him. Sometimes he seemed almost kind, considerate. The warm water on her pussy right now felt very soothing. But the young wife could not forget what Briggs was doing to her. He was forcing her to submit to his lovemaking, blackmailing her with his photographs. How could she ever trust a man like that?

When he had finished sponging her off, Walter smiled up at her brooding face. "Not talking this morning, Doris?"

She turned her head away from him and refused to speak, even when he left the room and came back a few minutes later. She shuddered when she felt his weight on the edge of the bed. Though she braced herself for his touch, it never came. At last, she cast a quick glance in his direction. Briggs was sitting, smiling at her. She looked away.

"Are you mad at me for what I did to you last night, Doris? It wasn't so very bad, was it?" The big man realized the redhead must be suffering guilt pangs for having submitted to him so easily the night before. He smiled smugly. As if any woman could resist me and my good old cock for very long, he told himself.

Doris's face remained set in a brooding scowl. Still she refused to look at her tormentor. He wasn't going to make a monkey of her any more. He could have her body-she couldn't stop that-but he was not going to have her soul.

Her uncomfortable, sleepless night had made Doris mean.

The young woman was completely unprepared for the tantalizing sensations that began to creep over her naked body. She noticed it first on her belly, then up over her tits. Unable to stand the suspense of not knowing, she looked down at Briggs' hand. He was trailing a feather over her helpless body. "What are you doing?" Her voice was angry, abrasive. It was her defense against the insidious pleasure-pangs stealing over her.

"I'm giving you pleasure, my dear. It does feel good, doesn't it?"

His confident, taunting words helped steel Doris's conviction. She gritted her teeth and made herself think about what she had done at work the day before. She was not going to let him beat her again! She mustn't, for her own self-respect!

"Nothing to say for yourself, Doris? That's not like you." He made the feather hover over the tip of first one breast and then the other. Despite her resolution, he could see that the feather was having its effect. Her pink areolas grew puffy, her nipples hard with her arousal. "Your titties seem to like it, Doris. Look at them."

The bound woman looked down at her traitorous tits that were swollen with lust, begging for more of the lewd titillation. She closed her eyes and bit her lip in despair. It seemed she was powerless against the wilful dictates of her lusty body.-Hard as she tried to fight Briggs and his

tantalizing allure, her body defeated her every time.

The worst struggle of all came when Briggs trailed the feather down to her sensitive clitoris and began to tickle the soft nubbin. He watched her pink fleshy bud gradually grow in size until it was engorged with blood, hard and begging for attention.

"Uuuuhhhhhh," the spreadeagled woman moaned. She could have imagined no humiliation worse than being tied up like this, forced to respond to pleasure despite the better instincts of her lust-enfeebled brain. Even as she silently cursed

Briggs for his skill in seducing her, her hips began to hump up slightly, searching for more of the feather caresses. "Mmmmmmm..."

Walter's features relaxed into a lecherous grin as he watched the redhead's face finally succumb to her building arousal. Once again, he had her in his clutches. Her body had defeated her combative instinct. She became his lust-slave once again.

This morning, he had a special surprise for Doris. Something he thought she might never have experienced before. He worked the feather over her lush curves until she was groaning in unashamed need. Then he untied one hand and one foot, both on the same side, and rolled her over onto her side.

While she looked back over her shoulder at him, he pulled out his blood-

swollen cock from his pants and climbed onto the bed to lie full-length behind her. He shoved his turgid cudgel in along the crack between her buttocks and massaged it back and forth.

Doris's response was immediate. As soon as she saw the older man's burgeoning prick, she knew without a shadow of a doubt that that was what she wanted. Just one more time ... one more time of feeling his prick sinking deep into her hungry belly. Then she would have had enough. Then she could fight him. Then she could reclaim possession of her soul. She groaned a groan that was scarcely human. "Uuuuuhhh ... yesssss ... goddamn it, yesssss! That's what I want!"

He ran his hands lasciviously over the smooth yielding curves of her body as he lay on his side behind her. He reached around and fondled the soft globes of her tits, relishing the way the flesh molded itself to his fingers, challenging his very touch with its proud resilience. He caressed the full swells of her ass-cheeks, then guided his cock far in along her cunt slit, till it came out gleaming with her juices. "You want my prick, do you, baby? You want to feel it deep up inside you? Spreading you wide? Filling you up?"

This time, Doris didn't even bother to resist. Her need was too urgent. "Yess! Oh Yesss! Stick it in me! Please!"

"You're a greedy little twat, aren't you, Doris? After all I did for you last night, you're still begging for more!" He thrust his hips forward, sinking his cock a little way into her cunt, then pulling out again. To tease her, to make her flow with need for him.

"Oh, please!" the frustrated woman wailed. "Please stick it in me again! Let me have it! All the way!"

Walter stabbed two fingers deep into her cunt-hole. When they were thoroughly coated with her juices, he pulled them out. He buried one in her sphincter, passing the bar of her pucker even before she knew what to expect. He began to work the finger back and forth. Gradually, her rectum relaxed under the tantalizing massage. When that happened, he sent the second finger up to join the first.

"Uuuuuuhhh! Oooooohhhh! Oh, Mr. Briggs, I need it so bad!" Though she experienced some slight pain at first, taking two fingers deep in her anus, Doris soon learned to accommodate the unnatural intrusion. After all, it felt so good. It aroused strange masochistic thrills from deep in her belly, tingling sensations she didn't even know she possessed. "Mmmmmm!" She wriggled her ass back against his fingers, urging him to ream her sensitive passage harder and deeper.

"Like that, do you, Doris my pretty?" Doris's ever-ready sexuality never ceased to delight the older man. It pleased him that she was just as ready for the little games as he was, whether she knew it or not. Just a few moments of prodding her in the right places, and she was like putty in his hands.

"Uuuuhhh, mmmmm, yesss . . . aaaaaaaaaggghhhh! No! No! Not like that! It hurts!"

Without warning, Walter had replaced his fingers with the ready shaft of his blood-engorged cock. He shoved his pulsing member deep into her asshole, reveling in the tight clasp of her traumatized muscles. They had closed on him just an instant too late. He had been able to slide easily deep inside her anus. Now he began to work his prick carefully in and out, a little distance at a time, getting her used to the massive presence in her most secret hole.

The initial pain and her shock combined to make Doris wriggle in protest against Briggs' skewering cock. Her attempts to get free were useless under the big man's strong grip. They only served to screw her tighter down onto his tingling prick.

Rather than being alarmed by the redhead's struggles, Walter was stimulated by her grinding undulations that massaged his cock to almost painful hardness. "Uuhh! Wow, it's tight in there! Your asshole feels good, baby!"

Tears sprang to Doris's eyes as she realized there was no way she could escape this new humiliation Briggs had designed for her. She was pinned painfully and inexorably on the end of his hard prick. When he was done with her, she would never be the same. The last bastion of her virginity had fallen. "Please! Don't do it to me any more ..." There was resignation in the young woman's voice. She knew her words wouldn't stop him, but she uttered them anyway, to ease the anguish she was experiencing.

"Mmmpphh! It's tight, baby! Relax! Relax, and learn to enjoy it!" Walter knew a sexual dynamo like Doris should be capable of enjoying getting fucked in the ass. He had seen many less wanton women than she learn to love it.

Doris had already started to relax. Her total despair had made her give up all resistance to the thick prick sawing steadily into her tight asshole. It was then, when she was completely passive, that she learned what it was that made some women beg to be screwed in that secret part of them. The pain ebbed away as a new kind of masochistic pleasure began to dart from her loins throughout her pinioned body.

Now that she was totally at Briggs' mercy, the very helplessness of her position began to excite her. She was his total slave, bound to the bed, pinned down by his hard-driving cock and heavy body. She had no choice but to submit to whatever indignities he chose to heap upon her. In this state, she could not possibly be held responsible for her responses. And so the masochist in Doris Meyers-rose to the fore.

"Aaaaaggghhh! Yessss!" she wailed. "Do it to me! Screw my ass, Mr. Briggs! Do it! Do it!"

The big man grinned to hear her still calling him Mr. Briggs. The formality seemed quite absurd under the circumstances. Here he was with his prick buried to the hilt in her asshole, and she was still addressing him the way she would a clerk in a drugstore. "Why don't you call me Walter, my dear?" he taunted her.

But she didn't hear him. The redhead was totally immersed in her new-wanton sexuality. She concentrated only on the hard rod sliding in and out of her stretched asshole. Her whole body tingled with the tantalizing sensations that sprang from her belly. "Uuuuuuhhh ... oooohhhh!..." Like a dumb animal, she moaned and cried, proclaiming her nameless pleasure to the unhearing pines.

Walter forgot to analyze the situation any longer. Burying his face in her thick red hair he fell to fucking her asshole with relish. From time to time, he grunted out his pleasure, but most of the sounds were hers. He was glad he had taken Doris far from civilization. Her loud moans of pleasure could awaken the dead.

The time stood still for the blackmailer and his now willing victim as they churned through the agonies and ecstasies of their unnatural union. While the woman thrust her buttocks eagerly against his loins, the man reamed her tight clutching hole again and again. Her grasp on his tender prick made it grow even larger, to the point where Walter felt he would have to cum or bust.

At this point, Doris discovered the ultimate extent of this new forbidden pleasure. "Oh my God! I'm cummmm-ing-g-g!" It was her most intense orgasm yet, and from the most depraved of sources. She could never have imagined how good a release she could get from having her ass stretched.

Walter was relieved to hear her proclamation of release. He was more than ready for his own. "Look out, Doris! Uuuuuuhhh... here I cummmmm!"

When he had finished with her, Walter got to his feet and closed his fly. He undid Doris's remaining bonds. Before he left the room, he turned and grinned at her.

The look on his face astounded the sensual young woman. If she hadn't known better, she would have thought it was the look of a man in love. With one toss of her red hair, she shook the thought from her mind.

"While you wash and dress, my dear," he told her, "I will fix you a breakfast fit for a king."

Chapter Eleven

Doris was hooked.

Hooked on Walter Briggs' big thick cock. Hooked on his boundless sexual imagination and enthusiasm.; Hooked on the good feelings that flowed through her eager body almost constantly throughout the weekend.

If Walter wasn't feeding the redhead some delicious concoction he had made himself, he was luring her body to new high points of intense erotic abandon.

By the time Sunday afternoon rolled around, Doris was walking around with a glow on, the likes of which, she had never known before. She may have had some slight difficulty walking, for the exercise chafed her swollen and well-used pussy. But she was a happy sufferer, with a contented tingling cunt.

"Well, Walter," she told the older man as they prepared to lock up the cabin. (She had finally learned to be comfortable with his given name.) "This has been some kind of a weekend. I don't know what to make of it exactly, but I'll never forget it."

Walter was pleased all the way down to his comfortable old boots. He had accomplished his purpose. He had won the respect of his lovely neighbor. He noticed with satisfaction that she didn't even mention the pictures on the ride down the mountain. That was good. He had no intention of giving them to her, and he didn't want to spoil the perfect weekend with a scene.

It was evidence of how enthusiastic Doris was about his skilled lovemaking that she was no longer even concerned about being blackmailed.

He dropped her several blocks from the duplex, so she could take a bus the last little way. It was a small precaution, to make sure Harry would remain totally in the dark about their wild weekend.

Harry was watching a ballgame on TV when Doris came in. He raised his cheek for her customary welcoming kiss. "I'm glad to see you, Doris. I'm

getting hungry, and I wasn't looking forward to eating beans again."

In the kitchen, Doris tied on her practical cotton apron. She thought briefly of the sexy pink apron she had worn up at the cabin and sighed. She wondered when Walter Briggs would next call on her to work out her debt. After this past weekend, she felt perfectly willing to remain a victim to her blackmailer's whims indefinitely.

As soon as she got home from work Monday evening, Doris gathered up the week's laundry and went downstairs. It had been an exhausting workday. Her boss had been demanding, both sexually and work-wise. She would have liked to just sit back and relax, but tonight was to be the first night of a business arithmetic class BUI had arranged for her to take. She would have to hurry if she was to get the laundry finished before class-time.

As she was unraveling the sheets to stuff them into the washer, something bright yellow fell onto the floor. Doris did not recognize the garment and she bent down curiously to retrieve it.

It was a pair of brief lacy panties. And they weren't her panties. Automatically Doris went through the process of filling the machine and adding detergent, pressing the 'on' switch. But she was aware of none of her actions. Her brain was racing frantically for an explanation for the yellow panties.

The only explanation that seemed plausible did not please Doris at all. Was it possible that Harry, good old faithful stolid Harry, had been entertain-

ing a strange woman in her absence?

Doris stomped up the basement stairs and poured herself a drink. The more she thought about her husband's treachery, the more angry she became. Even in her overwrought state, she knew that her anger was illogical. After all, she herself had just come back from a wild weekend, the retelling of which would make a madam blush. And she had spent two coffee breaks today sucking her boss's cock. Her indignation at Harry could by no stretch of the imagination be termed righteous.

But it was there ... and it was powerful. The hardest part to accept was that, all along, Harry had been deceiving her about his-true nature. While pretending to be mild-mannered as Clark Kent, he had been plotting and executing a plan to bring another woman into her bed!

"The nerve of the man!" she ratted as she drained her scotch. "God, you can't trust anybody these days!" Her first impulse was to go next door and seduce Walter out of spite.

Then her agile brain started working. Harry had gone to work early this morning, which meant that he would be coming home earlier, probably not long after she left for her class. She wondered if her dear husband had made any plans for her convenient absence. The thought of surprising him at his infidelity started the blood pounding through her veins. "I'll catch the bastard at it!" she decided. Right away, she felt better.

She braced herself with another scotch, put the clothes safely in the

dryer, then she left the house. She even carried a notebook with her, to make her purpose seem normal. She walked slowly down to the neighborhood coffee shop and had a cup of coffee. Then she headed back toward the duplex.

Harry was home. She could tell by the fact that every light in the house seemed to be on. It was one of Harry's extravagances. It made him feel prosperous to be able to bum all the lights in the evening. Doris's only problem now was to determine whether or not her husband was alone.

Her only clue was a powder blue Ford parked right in front of the duplex. It was a weak clue. The car could belong to someone visiting any one of the neighbors. But Doris had a hunch that any girl who would wear frilly yellow panties just might go for such a wishy-washy blue car. Nothing the hypothetical other woman did could seem right at the moment to Doris.

She lingered for several minutes in the shadow of a hedge, to see if anything new might develop. When there was no stirring of life in or around her home, she decided to go inside.

Softly, she let herself in the front door. The living room was empty, but Doris had her proof now that Harry was not alone. A woman's blue all-weather coat hung over the back of Harry's favorite chair. Doris began to see the inside, but she put the lid on her turbulent emotions. She did not want to disturb the pair... not yet.

She crept carefully down the hall to the bedroom. The door was ajar, so

she had to be careful approaching. She soon saw, however, that she needn't have worried so much about detection. The couple were far too absorbed in what they were doing to pay much attention to anything else.

"Oh Harry! You're such a wonderful lover! God, you really know how to do it to me!" Despite her own pleasures of the past days and weeks, Doris felt an immediate intense pang of jealousy. This woman was telling her husband what a good lay he was! She wondered why Harry never extended himself in bed for her. It was his quick on-again, off-again routine that had sent her looking for other men in the first place.

"Oh, baby ... that's because you turn me on so much!"

Doris gritted her teeth. So I don't turn you on, is that it? she fumed. She watched her husband pause astride the shapely blonde's loins. His cock remained embedded deep in the other woman's pussy.

"Am I even sexier than your wife, Harry?" The blonde's voice teased the older man.

"You make me feel sexier, Emily. That's the important part."

"Oh, Harry... do it to me some more! Your cock feels so nice up in my pussy!"

As she knelt just outside the door, Doris tried to assess the justice of Harry's complaint. The redhead had always assumed that she was a sexy woman, that being with her should be enough to turn any man on. Maybe Harry was right. Maybe lately, she hadn't put out enough effort to seduce her own husband. Maybe she had let the romance slip out of their relationship. But she figured Harry was just as responsible for the oversight as she was. It took two to keep lust and titillation brewing.

To her own surprise, Doris was deriving quite a bit of titillation from watching her husband's swollen prick moving in and out of the young blonde's welcoming cunt. Now that she was looking more closely, Doris realized that the strange woman in her bed was a clerk at the shoe store Harry worked at. Doris had met her once, and hadn't liked her. She had felt the young blonde was a snob who put on airs.

The woman called Emily was not putting on any airs right now. She was moaning and wriggling under her co-worker's hard, deep impalements like a cat in heat. Doris watched her pink pussy^lips cling greedily to Harry's turgid organ as he pulled out of her. Their lure was obviously strong, for almost immediately, Harry sent his cock soaring back up inside. Her cunt-lips nibbled his impaling rod in hungry welcome, "God, it's tight in there, Emily! My prick feels like it's going to bust right open!"

The blonde's whimpers became urgent. "Oh don't do that yet, Harry! Not yet... please!"

"Don't worry, baby! I've hardly even started on you!"

While the young woman mewled contentedly, Doris thought back on all the times Harry had cum quickly in her, leaving her to finish out her orgasm with her fingers. She felt betrayed by the greater interest and consideration he was showing the cither woman. Never once did she think about the wanton way in which she responded to her boss at work. Right now, Harry was the villain in her mind. No extenuating circumstances could make him seem less of a cruel, heartless bastard.

She was tempted to barge into the bedroom and break up the fun right then. But her curiosity got the better of her. She wanted to find out just how far the adulterous lovers would go.

For several minutes more, amidst Emily's groans and wails, Harry maintained his deep-fucking rhythm into the blonde's writhing pussy. She squirmed her ass lustfully up to meet his every instroke. From time to time, her arms pulled his head down to her so she could kiss him greedily. "Mmmmmm, it's sooooo good!" she murmured.

Harry suddenly seemed to get an inspiration. He pulled out of her, and urged her over onto hands and knees. "Come on, baby! Let me fuck you from behind!"

"Oooooohh, yesssss... I love to get it doggie-style! Oooooohhh, Harry!" She thrust her round white ass-cheeks back in search of the older man's long fleshy cock-shaft.

With bated breath, Doris watched her husband guide his cock-tip toward the alluring slit between the blonde's thighs. At last he found his goal, her soft yielding hole, and shoved forward. "Uuuuuuhhh, God ... it's so tight this way, baby! Feels great!"

"Uuuuuuuuhhhhhh . . . oooooooohhh ... Aaaaahhh!" Emily screwed her buttocks furiously back against Harry's pummeling cock. Her tongue protruded between her lips as her face became contorted with lust. From time to time, she would look back wantonly at Harry, and Doris could see just how much the other woman was enjoying her husband's tireless pummeling.

Though twinges of jealousy attacked Doris from time to time, her anger was fast giving way to a building excitement. For the first time, she was seeing Harry not just as her reliable old man, but as a virile, potent lover. His hard, swollen cock-shaft looked downright tantalizing as it worked its way in and out of the woman's clenching eager pussy. The blonde's cries of delight excited Doris's cunt to grow wet against her panties.. It was as if Harry had suddenly become a whole new man in her eyes. A desirable man. An unknown quality.

Doris's graying husband firmly gripped the lush swells of Emily's ass and held her steady while he reamed her with long lunging strokes. He seemed strong and forceful as any young stud, the way his lean buttocks clenched and thrust, clenched and thrust, with untiring gusto. The look of lusty hunger on his face sent a perverse dart of desire through Doris's cunt. Harry, same old Harry .. he was an exciting man!

The older man was amazed by his own capacity for pleasure with his young, sexy co-worker. He wanted to do everything to her. He wanted to give her a sexual experience she would never forget. Suddenly, he turned her over onto her back once again and spreadeagled her. Crawling in between her thighs, he spread the folds of her pussy and began to investigate the delicate hills and valleys with his tongue. He loved the taste of her juices, so copious now from the thorough fucking he had been giving her.

"Aaaaaaiieeeee! Oh God yes! I love it! I love having my pussy sucked, you darling man, you!" The blonde writhed like a demented creature while Harry held tight to her thighs and probed her cunt with his agile tongue. She began to buck her pussy up toward him, urging his tongue deeper. Her blonde hair flew from side to side on the bed as she writhed in total erotic abandon.

The longer she watched, the more amazed Doris became. Harry was doing the most wonderful things to the young hussy he had brought into their bed. Even as her cunt tingled-hungrily, Doris felt resentment for all the times she had wanted Harry to be this way with her. The times he had cum quickly in her craving pussy, and rolled over to sleep.

Torn between conflicting emotions, Doris pulled her skirt up to her waist and slid a hand into her panties. Something had to be done about the hot throbbing in her anxious pussy. She stroked the swollen bud of her clitoris, and had to struggle to keep from moaning aloud. It felt so good! Round and round her fingertip moved, the sensations growing more powerful as it became wet with her free-flowing juices. Then she thrust her finger farther back and jabbed the spongy entrance to her cunt. "Uuhh..." She

fought back the cry, and gingerly worked her finger back up to her clitoris. She spread her knees slightly on the hall carpet, and worked abandonedly inside her wet panties. With this taunting titillation, the scene in the bedroom took on a new lascivious fascination. It was like watching through rose-tinted glasses.

Harry's cheeks were streaked now with his lover's juices, but still he kept on working, sucking the pleasure right out of her trembling pussy-slit. At last his hard cock could stand no more deprivation. He lay down on his back next to the girl. "Come on, baby! Get on top of me! Make yourself feel good!"

At once, the blonde scrambled up over the reclining man. She grabbed hold of his hard prick and held it upright. She guided her craving pussy down onto the swollen, throbbing head. "Uuuuuuhhh ..." Her wanton moans filled the room as she enclosed the filling organ in her craving pussy.

She began to work her hips sensuously up and down over the rigid cock. Her lust-distorted face and wild cries told how much she enjoyed the salacious power of being on top, of forcing the man's big prick into her pussy again and again.

Through excitement-dimmed eyes, Doris watched the new developments in the bedroom.

Her wet pussy begged for some of the titillation the lovers in the next

room were experiencing.

Her mind was made up. Damn the consequences! She was going in there!

Chapter Twelve

From the closet on the other side, of the one-way glass, Walter Briggs watched the excitement in the bedroom.

It had surprised Walter to learn that Harry Meyers had a girl friend. But the knowledge pleased him. He had thought Harry the pitiful victim of his wife's infidelity. Now that Harry was getting his own back, Walter no longer had to inwardly scorn Doris for the things she was doing to her husband. The score was evening up.

He watched with pleasure as Harry soundly fucked the shapely young blonde. The woman called Emily didn't appeal to Walter nearly as much as Doris did, but there was no denying that she was a good lay. She threw herself body and soul into her lovemaking.

It took some time before Walter noticed a presence peeking through the partly open door. He grinned to himself. So! Doris was spying on her husband! He wondered what was running through the young woman's mind, watching her husband screwing another woman. If he knew Doris, he imagined she was hopping mad!

From that point on, the center point of Walter's interest switched to the woman crouching outside the door. He could only see part of her face, but he thought he detected some movement out there. Was it possible that Doris was getting her jollies from watching her husband and the blonde?

What a woman! Walter could not help admiring Doris's gift for deriving pleasure even from the most potentially grim situations.

Shortly after the blonde straddled Harry's loins and began to raise and lower herself over his up thrust cock, Walter realized Doris was going to make a move. Gradually, she moved into the open until all of her was visible to his watchful eye. While the couple on the bed remained oblivious to her presence, Doris began to remove her clothes.

When she was naked, the redhead moved into the room.' Harry and Emily were positioned sideways on the bed, so Emily's back was to the door, and Harry's view was blocked by Emily.

Doris was upon them before they even knew she was there. She crouched on the end of the bed and grinned.

Walter watched Doris's saucy upturned buttocks swaying in his direction as she surveyed the adulterous couple. Neither Harry nor his young lover moved. They just stared at the naked redhead, waiting for her to establish the ground-rules for the scene to come.

"Doris! What... ? Why aren't you at your class?" Harry's voice sounded indignant, but it was only the frog in his throat that kept him from speaking normally. He knew Doris ... and like most redheads, she had a wilful temper that the peace-loving Harry would rather live without.

"Hi!" the blonde mumbled in a tiny voice. She stared dumbly at the wronged wife. Her face wore the expression of a woman waiting to be hung. She swallowed hard and waited.

The others' discomfort made Doris feel supremely at ease. She was one woman who always knew what to do with the upper hand. "I see we have company, Harry." She patted Emily on the back. "Just help yourself to anything you want, Emily. What's mine is yours." She looked significantly down at Harry.

While the illicit lovers, and Walter, the unseen observer, watched awestruck, Doris calmly straddled Harry's fate. She sat astride him, facing the petrified blonde. As she squirmed her pussy suggestively down against her husband's mouth, she smiled reassuringly at the pretty shoe clerk. "Don't worry about a thing, Emily. I'm here for the kicks, too."

It didn't take long before Harry responded to the lewd situation of being mounted by two women at once. Once again, his cock grew iron-hard in Emily's clutching twat. He stuck his tongue out and began to lick the gleaming furrow of his wife's pussy. When her moans proved her readiness for his assault, he began to suck and lick her wet hole in earnest. It amazed

him that her * cunt was already so damp. The thought struck him that maybe Doris had been watching them and playing with herself long before she made her presence known. The idea titillated him.

Harry had never dreamed of anything so daring as satisfying two women at once. But he was fast becoming totally immersed in his enviable task. He was pleased that Doris had been so understanding. His lust-addled brain began* to fantasize every imaginable threesome combination. What fun they could all have!

Even Emily gradually relaxed in Harry's wife's presence. When it became clear to the blonde that the redhead was as captivated by the lewd appeal of the situation as she was, she began to wriggle her ass once again. With a harsh, steady rhythm, she worked her loins up and down over Harry's blood-swollen penis. Her cunt-walls clutched the stiff rod greedily. Her lust-dimmed eyes began to survey Doris's lush naked body with wanton interest.

Doris recognized the look in the other woman's eye. The blonde was intensely turned on by the depravity of their threesome. While she screwed her pussy down into Harry's face, Doris leaned forward and closed her lips over Emily's.

It was the first time the young wife had ever kissed another woman. She found she liked it. A woman's mouth was so much more soft and yielding than a man's. It seemed to invite her to come right on inside. The openness of the appeal made Doris's cunt flare with fiery passion.

Walter Briggs had never seen anything like it. He had been prepared for some thrills when he installed the special mirror in his tenant's apartment. But he had not anticipated seeing the older husband and his young wife wantonly making love to another woman. It had turned into an orgy!

Not content with just exploring one another's mouths, the women began to fondle each other's full firm breasts. Doris felt the blonde's pretty little nipples leaping to hard erection under her touch. Feeling the woman responding to her like that made her clitoris pulse hotly. She rubbed it harder down against Harry's face, searching out his tongue-probe with her swollen nubbin and groaning hungrily as he licked her clitoris with feverish lust.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhh ... ooohh, Harry ... it feels sooooo good!"

He licked his lips and grinned at his wife's wanton compliment. Though he could not see his wife kissing his girl friend, he could tell by the sounds they were making that they were exploring one another's bodies. The thought made his prick throb hotly inside Emily Bambruck's clinging pussy. Made his tongue dart more abandonedly into his wife's wet wide-open cunt.

While she kissed the blonde's mouth hotly and squeezed her responsive nipples, Doris felt the lust-darts torturing her vulnerable cunt. Just a little longer now and she would be flying. "Oooooohhhh... god-d-d! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

Her tongue darted hungrily into Emily's mouth. The urgent gesture took

the undulating blonde over the peak into wanton orgasm. "Me too! Oh Harry! Your cock's doing it to me, darling!"

Harry had not known just how ready he was to blow until he heard the two wild women giving in to the taunting lures of release. He rammed his prick hard up into Emily's pussy and let his cum shoot into her greedy hole. The older man had never experienced anything so totally satisfying in his life. He was spilling his load while two lovely women groaned out their climaxes over his prone body.

Right now, Harry Meyers figured he was just about .the luckiest man in the whole wide world ...

"Shucks, I was hoping I'd get over here in time for the fun! Looks like you folks are all tired out!"

Walter walked over to the bed and smiled down at the sated threesome. Harry and the girl looked mystified by his presence, but Doris smiled mischievously at him. "Hi, Walter! I don't think it's too late to get in on the happenings." She reached over and slapped Emily's ass harshly. "You're ready for some more fucking, aren't you, Emily?" Now that she had lived out the fantasy of joining her husband's romp with his girl friend, Doris felt nothing but contempt for the timid blonde. She had played out the scene for kicks, but vanity demanded she spurn any woman who tried to cut in on her men. Doris had never got along well with women. She considered most of them dull and lifeless.

Walter had considered the pros and cons before interrupting the scene in the next apartment. He had decided at last that Doris, whom he now considered in a strange way "his" woman, probably could use some help. She wouldn't be able to tolerate for long being the odd woman out in an affair. Her pride couldn't handle that. "Just wanted to make sure you didn't need any help, Doris. If you're all tired out, I'll just be going back home."

Harry finally found his voice. "I think that might be a good idea, Mr. Briggs. I don't think you were invited over here, and I don't think your presence is welcome at the moment." The shoe salesman could not fathom the nerve of his neighbor. Imagine! Trying to horn in on Harry's women! He must have heard the noise through the walls and decided there was a free-for-all going on.

The older man looked at Doris. "Is that how you feel about it, Doris?"

To her own surprise, Doris found herself one hundred per cent on Walter's side. And it wasn't just that she was getting back at Harry for bringing home another woman. Seeing the two men together, she realized that Walter was far closer to her idea of a real man than Harry was. "No, that's not how I feel about it. You're my guest here, Walter. You can stay."

Harry looked confused. "What makes you two such bosom buddies?" he asked.

Doris grinned slowly at her husband. "Walter and I are lovers," she told

him. She enjoyed the expression of shock on Harry's tired features.

Chapter Thirteen

Harry was surprised at how quickly he was able to digest Doris's stunning piece of information. He had no doubt at all what he had to do about it.

Signaling the blonde that it was time to leave, he slowly put on his clothes. "I think you've saved us both a lot of problems, Doris," he told his wife. "I guess I knew, when I started seeing Emily, that I needed an excuse to make something happen in our marriage. I could tell you weren't happy. And neither was I. I figured there wasn't much point living a life with that much misery in it." He smiled fondly at the terrified blonde. "Emily helped make me feel good again."

Doris was astonished. "But... you always seemed so ... so content, Harry. I thought nothing could ever get you off your ass and out doing something. I wanted you to be a doer, Harry. I can't stand stagnating."

"Well, from now on, you can handle your life however you please, Doris. I'm sure we can come to a reasonable agreement about the divorce. Good-night, Doris ... Briggs." He nodded politely and ushered his young girl friend out of the room.

The deserted wife still felt nothing but astonishment. No anguish over losing her husband. She realized her relationship with Harry had effectively

died a long time ago. She grinned feebly at Walter. "I hope I can do it on my own." Even loneliness didn't frighten her as much as it once might have. She realized Walter's strong presence was protecting her from her fears.

The big man brought her a bathrobe to cover her nakedness and a glass of water. "Drink it," he said. "It'll make you feel better." And she did. Her big green eyes looked hopefully up at him.

"You're right. I feel better."

"Don't you worry about a thing, Doris. I've got plans for you. I think you'll go for it. With your talent and my brains, we could make a fortune."

They sat on the bed and talked for several hours. Doris talked out her strange emotionless response to losing her husband. They finally decided that she was probably just not the kind of person who could have real emotions about another person.

But that did not bar her from passion. She could enjoy great passions with many men, and keep her emotions for herself.

Walter finally revealed the secret of his closet hiding place. He could see the idea titillated Doris.

But they had no sexual contact that evening. . Even Doris recognized the

propriety of calling one night's moratorium for the end of a marriage. When Briggs left for his own side of the duplex, he and the redhead had come to an understanding.

They realized there was some kind of a guts-level attachment between them. But it was not the kind of feeling that would fit into a marriage. Both of them were too selfish, too set in their ways, to want that kind of a mundane commitment.

But they had one overwhelming thing in common. They were devoted to the kind of self-oriented sexuality that thrives on the bizarre, that has no need for the normal emotions of love and fidelity. Walter had already noticed Doris's attachment to money and gifts. He accepted the fact that she enjoyed being pampered. She enjoyed sharing her bounteous favors with the men who were willing to pay the price.

"Now don't be offended, Doris," he said, "But you're a born whore."

Once she got over the shock of the dread word, Doris realized that from Walter Briggs, such an observation was a compliment. She was as close to being his kind of woman as any woman could ever be. "Maybe you're right."

"Sure I'm right. And a woman like you could get a lot of favors from a lot of men... men. willing to pay through the nose for your company. Not cheapskates like Bill Swensen who for a lousy salary gets to enjoy your gorgeous body at no extra charge." Walter was not quite as emotionless as Doris. He resented the young accountant because he knew Doris was

attracted to him.

Doris was quick to accept the older man's assessment of her young lover's motives. "I'd quit tomorrow if I had some other way to support myself."

"Then quit, baby. And leave it all up to me."

Over the years, Walter had built up a network of acquaintances who could help him get to the source of whatever it was he wanted. Now he started to establish contacts to build up a business for Doris. His agreement with the redhead was that he would split her take fifty-fifty, and he would watch her perform through the one-way glass. Doris would no longer have to pay him rent for her apartment. Both of them felt it was a good working arrangement. Doris had someone indulge her to keep her from feeling lonely. And she had the freedom to indulge whatever fantasies should appeal to her. To her surprise, she found the loose, security she enjoyed with Walter was the most comforting she had ever known.

Her first client was a well-dressed man in his early thirties. He was strong and self-confident, and appreciative of her scantily clad beauty. Doris liked him right away. She had been slightly apprehensive about her new career, but she realized now that she would have no trouble adjusting. She didn't even have to worry about bothersome emotional attachments. The men knew what they were there for, and they were eager to please.

"Can I call you Mike?" she asked him as she led him into the bedroom. Whereas before the room had been neat but boring in decor, now it was

liberally decorated with plants and flowing prints draped across the walls. Walter had even installed a thick pile carpet. It was a perfect den of lust. In this setting, a client could imagine himself far away from the day-to-day worries of living.

"Baby," the man told her as he wrapped her in his arms and began to kiss her neck, "you call me anything you like. I think I'll just call you sugar, because you are sweet enough to eat." He began to hurriedly pull away her clothing, nibbling her firm flesh down over her tits, her belly.

While Walter watched from the other side of the see-through mirror, the man called Mike began to eat Doris's pussy. The redhead stood shakily over him, her head thrown back in a look of wanton ecstasy. She smiled tauntingly into the mirror, aware that the older man was watching her.

Walter grinned at her saucy gesture. What Doris didn't know was that there was a big surprise in for her this evening. Mike had confided to Walter his favorite fantasy, and asked if the woman might be interested, Walter had assured the young man that Doris was up for anything.

He had never discussed such a perversion with the redhead. But he was sure that, once she got a taste of it, she would love it.

The time for his entry was approaching, but in the meantime he would sit back and enjoy his hobby of watching Doris feeling good in her bedroom. He had great hopes for their new business association. As he saw it, Doris would be keeping him happily in amusements for some time to come. And the best

part of it was, at the same time, he would be earning a nice nest egg for his retirement. That was what he liked about their unusual relationship. They were both deriving from it the thing they most craved. And they had company when they needed it.

The man's face was eagerly buried up under the red thatch of Doris's cunt. His fingertips held her pussy-lips wide while his tongue searched the most secret parts of her sensitive slit.

Doris was feeling shaky. "Oh Mike," she warbled. "I think I have to lie down." The intensity of the feelings darting through her loins were too much for the sexy redhead. She didn't want the effort of trying to stay on her feet. She wanted to just lie back and enjoy.

"Sure thing, sugar."* He picked her up and lay her down gently on the bed, so her ass was positioned right near the edge and her legs hung over the side. He knelt once again in the thick pile of the carpet. His tongue darted out and prodded her fleshy pussy. It worked slowly down to the real object of his desire-her tight-puckered asshole.

Making a little spear of his tongue, he shoved it far into her nether hole. The redhead squirmed her ass down salaciously onto his irreverent probe. "Oooooohhhhhh, Mike . . . that feels wonderful! Aaaiiiieeeeee!" No man had ever licked her sensitive asshole with such wanton enthusiasm. She could feel all her inhibitions evaporating. It no longer mattered that she and the man were doing business here together. All that concerned her was the galloping pleasure. She wanted more.

Delighted with the lascivious response of Doris's churning ass, Mike worked slavishly to give the lovely whore the rim job of a lifetime. His tongue worked first with petal-soft teasing motions, then with hard urgent fucking motions. The woman's moans and whimpers egged him on in his work. Mike felt he could go on forever for a woman who appreciated his efforts. This redhead was the most appreciative woman he had ever met. He grinned and licked for long minutes, until his hard cock could stand no more neglect. Then he rose and began to strip.

While she watched her client undress, Doris grinned wantonly at him and undulated her ass against the mattress. She could feel the hot juices flowing from her pussy. She needed cock. Her face curved into a lusty grin when Mike bared his thick, solid cock. That was it! Just what she was after!

She reached forward and grabbed his blood-engorged member, using it to lead him to the bed. "It's a beautiful cock, Mike. I can hardly wait to feel it in me."

She urged him to lie on his back and she went to work. She began to plant tantalizing little kisses down over his chest and belly until she reached his hard throbbing cock. She kissed the tip tenderly, extending her tongue and jamming it inside the foreskin. Her sensuous tongue-massage between foreskin and cock-head was the most titillating sensation the man had ever experienced. He began to grind his loins upward, urging her to take more of his ramrod cock.

At last she pulled back the foreskin and began to suck in earnest his sensitized organ. While her lips worked hungrily, her tongue darted out in quick little stabbing motions, as unpredictable as the woman herself. These extra surges of pleasure made Mike groan. He closed his eyes and let her do it to him. Her wet welcoming mouth was carrying the man to a paradise or orgiastic abandon. He could feel the raunchy urges soaring through his balls. He wondered when Walter would come in. He was ready to turn his fondest fantasy into reality.

Walter removed his clothes in the hallway and stood at the door watching the couple for some time. He watched the redhead's mouth work eagerly up and down over the client's upthrusting prick while her ass wriggled wantonly in the air behind her. Her gleaming half moons lured the big man to the bed. He watched Doris's startled look when she felt his hand on her buttocks.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, looking back and forth between the two men.

"Mike here asked me to help make this a threesome."

Doris was pleased. Despite- all her experience, she had never had two men at once before. She entertained lewd visions of sucking one cock while the other skewered her pussy wide. Her cunt throbbed greedily. "Okay, boys ... let's see who can last the longest."

Walter grinned indulgently at his young protege. It was just like Doris to see the situation as a challenge. He had visions of keeping the two of them

going all night.

"Okay, baby." He climbed onto the bed. It amused him that he still held the upper hand. Doris did not know just what the men had in mind. "Come on, baby," he urged her. "Why don't you climb onto that nice hard prick?"

Eagerly Doris followed Walter's suggestion. She straddled Mike's loins and lowered her pussy over his saliva-gleaming cock. Sitting all the way down, she groaned at the thick filling feel of his cock spreading her pussy wide. Without hesitation, she began to raise and lower her hips, fucking the man with slow sensual movements. She smiled mischievously at Walter. "How am I doing, Big Daddy?"

"You're doing great, Doris my pretty." While she watched him, he wet his finger with spit and shoved it into her asshole.

"Uuuuuhh! Yess, that's nice! Oh Walter, you do the sexiest things!" Then she realized she had better pay a little more attention to her paying customer. "Mike darling ... your big cock feels so good inside. Eeee, I love it!" When the younger man grabbed her hips and shoved his cock hard up into her, she squealed with abandoned delight. She ground her ass down whorishly onto Walter's finger while her pussy nibbled greedily at Mike's turgid cock.

Walter could feel the redhead's sphincter relaxing. He knew it was time. Pushing her forward slightly onto Mike's chest, Walter straddled the other man's legs and guided his swollen cock-head toward the upturned slit

between her buttocks. He watched Mike's cock sliding wetly in and out of her cunt. The thought that he too would soon be fucking the lusty young woman made his cock pulse with anticipation.

It did not register on Doris for several moments what the men had planned for her. It was only when she felt the larger, blunt pressure against her asshole that she tried to shimmy forward to escape. "Oh no!" she wailed. "Not two of you at once! I can't! You'll tear me in two!*"

Walter held the squirming redhead firmly down against the young man's loins. "Relax, my-pretty! You're going to love it!" He shoved his cock-tip up into her clenched asshole and slowly began to set up a screwing rhythm. Mike remained motionless under the two of them, waiting for the big man's cue to go ahead.

Doris held perfectly still while the older man's big prick started to saw its way back and forth in her most tender passage. It seemed impossible to the young woman that she could take two such big cocks at once and not be hurt. She could feel Mike's swollen prick resting motionless in her pussy while Walter explored her clasping rectum. It was a strange awesome feeling, having those two cocks up inside her like that, filling her as she had never been filled before.

Suddenly the lusty woman realized that what she was experiencing was the ultimate in depravity. She was being reamed by two filling pricks at once, each one of them capable of intense pleasure. The pleasure from both of them could only be twice as good. Moaning submissively, she began to wriggle

her ass tentatively back against Walter's loins.

"Oooooohhh ... God-d-d, yesssss ... do it to meeee! Fuck my pussy! Fuck my ass! Shit, I want to feel it all! Do it! Do it!" Wailing like a wild thing, she started to slap her buttocks fitfully back against her protector's loins. She was so wet and willing now, she had no fear of being hurt. The only thing that could possibly happen would be that she would be pleased to death. And what a way to go!

Mike saw that his time to join the action was at hand. Synchronizing his movements to the older man's steadily thrusting prick, he began to spread wide the clutching walls of her pussy. He could feel Walter's cock moving a thin membrane away. It was a strange sensation.

The young client's senses were being inundated: by Doris's cries, by Walter's lusty groans and bellows, by the movement of Walter's cock against his own, by the slap and squish and odor of cocks spreading wide soft yielding flesh. He could feel the load in his testicles bubbling hotly, desperate for release. But he wanted to experience just a little more. The reality was so much better than the fantasy had ever been. This gutsy little redhead was fulfilling the man's wildest dream to perfection.

"Oh, sugar!" he moaned. "You are really something special. You are the hottest little mama I have ever come across!"

For a long time, the threesome became absorbed in the sheer orgasmic titillation going on all around them, stimulating every part of their beings.

Doris had never felt so intensely fulfilled. Her belly had never pulsed so happily. She knew now with unwavering conviction that joining forces with Walter had been the best thing for her. Walter had made a real man's woman out of a frustrated housewife.

Walter watched proudly as his redhead writhed passionately beneath him. She was such a hot wench. Finding clients for her was the only way the older man could ever have hoped to keep up with her craving sexuality. But he was proud of her, proud of her bottomless lust for life. He knew they would do well together.

Both of them were ruthless in their pursuit of their own happiness.

Suddenly the big man's thoughts were interrupted by Doris's howling proclamation: "I'm cummm-ing-g-g! Oh God! It's won-n-derful!"

The men followed close after her, one behind the other.

"Oh Christ, sugar... I'm cumming with you!"

"Look out, Doris baby! Here I cummmmm!"

That evening cost Mike a hundred and twenty-five dollars. But he never doubted for a moment that it was well worth every penny.

In only a few months, Doris and Walter were able to afford adjoining apartments in an expensive uptown building. Walter had a new peephole cut, and things went on as before. The clients seldom knew their performance was being monitored on the other side of the mirror. But Doris knew, and enjoyed every minute of putting on her shows for her old man.

Walter and Doris had found the closest thing to trust and contentment either one of them had ever known. They made a good team. United in lust, they thrived on their self-indulgent existence.

End