

Party-Lines Newsletter for May 2003

May 2003						
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**To make reservations, you should call 650-965-4499 or go to
www.backdrop.net/calendar.html**

Event pricing for singles/couples

• Open Dinner Parties

\$25/\$45

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- Slave Auctions \$25/\$25
- Workshops \$15/\$25
- Movie nights \$5/\$10
- Valentines Day Play party \$25/45
- Open House Free

Event Times

Unless otherwise specified, the following times will be recognized for BackDrop events. Please note: these are event *beginning* times, and it is advisable to be a little early to socialize and make yourself comfortable.

- 8pm – Parties, Dinners, etc. Mon.-Sat.
- 2pm – Sunday Classes / Workshops
- 11am – 11am Brunch

Events (and the clubhouse) are now open to members only. To facilitate this, we have established a new class of membership called "Associate Member". Dues will be \$10 for thirty days. Your personal information will not be added to our permanent membership roster or our mailing lists.

You will be given a membership card with a unique number printed on it. You will have to show your membership card each time you attend an event. If you lose your membership card, you will have to purchase a new one.

We have new events coming in all the time! We're still in the process of rebuilding. The library, though not entirely unpacked, is operational again, and we should have a new cross up within the month. Come check out all the changes. We look forward, as always, to serving you, and being served!

Dreams Come True

Alex is bored, but feeling anxious. He so well knows the feeling that is coming over him, and is powerless to stop it. His mind plays out the scene, and he feels tightness at the crotch of his jeans. As he looks over the fence, he can see the lacy red bra and panties moving slightly in the light August breeze. He never had a set that looked quite that sexy before, and he must have them.

His senses straining, he notices no activity from the house. The modest ranch home seems lifeless through the big sliding glass door. He figures that the woman has gone out to go shopping. When she moved into the neighborhood six months ago, she caused quite a stir because the realtor was one of the biggest gossips in the small suburban community. Her name was Linda, and she'd moved to the quiet little town after a messy divorce. So messy, apparently, that she'd been able to pay cash for the property. Alex didn't care about any of that.

What mattered was that she was in her early thirties and had a hot body, red hair and a pretty face. So far, she was part of his favorite fantasy.

Tensing his body, he half-climbed, half-jumped the wooden fence. Moving quickly through the un-mown grass, he approached the beautiful lingerie on the clothesline. Reaching up with trembling fingers, he gently unpinned the lacy underwear, and began stuffing them into his pocket. Then he heard a sound that almost made his heart stop, the sound of the sliding glass door opening. He turned on his heel to dart away, when he heard a voice that stopped him dead.

"Freeze, Alex!" he heard Linda hiss.

"Yes, I know who you are," she told him, "you're the little bastard that's stolen about a hundred bucks worth of lingerie from me. It was easy to find out your name."

"B-But, how?" Alex's voice was plaintive.

"You only live down the street you little jerk. All I had to do was watch what house you went into and ask one of the kids on the block. If you're gonna steal underwear, you should at least do it somewhere else!"

"Shit," Alex mumbled, as he measured the distance to the gate.

"Don't even think of trying to ditch me. I'll call your parents.

What will they think of a boy who steals panties and bras?"

"I ain't no boy," Alex said, his eyes flashing angrily.

"Oh, yeah," Linda smiled, "how old are you?"

"Eighteen," Alex said defiantly, "five months ago."

Slowly the look on her face changed. It became

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almost predatory, and suddenly Alex wished he had kept his mouth shut.

"So you're an adult," she mused, "that changes things quite a bit."

She stood there contemplating him, and Alex felt his legs starting to shake a little as he could see the wheels turning in her mind. He wished that he'd never stolen a pair of panties in his life, that he'd never had this compulsion to put on women's underwear. It wasn't fair. He didn't know what made him do it, and he couldn't help it. Linda broke the long silence.

"You know, I could call the police. You're eighteen. Shit, that'd be much better than just calling your folks. You'd be ruined... Unless, of course, you've been caught at this before. Have you?"

Alex shook his head mutely, feeling the pricks of tears starting at the corners of his eyes. He opened his mouth to beg and plead for her to not. He was ready to do almost anything she said.

"No, don't speak. I want to think for a minute."

As he stood there miserably, waiting for this cruel woman to decide his fate, Alex vowed that he'd never steal another pair of panties in his life.

"You know," she began, "I was just going to make you come mow my lawn for the next couple of months, no big deal. But your being how old you are changes all that. Do you see what kind of shit I can cause you because of that?"

Alex nodded his head dejectedly.

"On the other hand," she continued, "I sort of feel sorry for you. It became pretty obvious that it wasn't on a dare after the second time. You really can't help yourself, can you?"

Alex stared at the ground.

"Speak. Don't forget who's in charge here."

"I... I don't know w-what comes over me," Alex fumbled.

"And does wearing my underwear give you a thrill? Does it really get you off like nothing else?"

Alex's burning face told her all she needed. Now her look was almost friendly, but there was something else there, too. She was still giving off those predatory vibes, but the look in her eyes...

"You know," Linda continued, "you being an adult also means a few other things. Do you know what I mean?"

"N-no."

"It means I can have some fun. And if I'm right about you, I don't think you'll mind it very much either. Now do you understand?"

In a flash, Alex placed that look. It was a dark lust that scared him, but also excited him a little. Could she

mean...

"Follow me and be quick about it," she snapped.

Alex followed her into the cool living room.

"Don't just stand there - close the door!"

He turned and pulled the sliding door shut. Through the glass he could see the lacy red panties liting in the breeze as though they were laughing at him. He turned to face her.

She looked across into his face, smiling a little more warmly, but her eyes still danced with gleeful desire. She was about his height and even more beautiful this close. Her skin was a healthy bronze from sunbathing, but soft and smooth. Unable to help it, his eyes darted down to the swell of her luscious, round breasts, barely confined in the small triangles of stretchy fabric.

"Go ahead and sit down for now," she invited.

Gratefully, Alex plopped down on the plush couch and waited while she sat down in a chair next to him. She licked her lips and spoke.

"You know," she started, "my ex-husband was a cross-dresser. Got him off better than almost anything. Of course, he didn't look so good in drag. Not like you probably would. Still, it was fun for me anyway. We played a lot of different games, and I had a blast, too. I don't think there's any problem with consenting adults having some fun behind closed doors. Do you?"

Alex shook his head emphatically, wanting to please, still afraid of the police being called. He was also starting to see where this could lead, but was afraid to acknowledge it. Faced with the prospect of a fantasy coming true he was torn between excitement and terror.

"I didn't think so. Anyway," Linda went on, "we had a lot of fun. Part of me just loves turning naughty boys into women. I have a little bit of dyke in me, you see. And I also like giving them what they got coming. Are you starting to get the picture?"

She stared intently at him, "And now I meet this cute little cross-dresser named Alex. Now what should I do with you?"

"I... I don't know," Alex stammered.

She rose to her feet and slapped Alex across the face.

"That's 'I don't know, Mistress!" she hissed at him.

"I'm sorry... Mistress!" Alex cried out.

Linda was starting to enjoy herself. Here was a perfect opportunity to really get into some heavy play. This poor kid had fucked up, and he was going to pay the price. But, she mused, he's gonna be begging for more after we get into it.

"Get up!" she commanded, "Get up and get your clothes off!"

Gasping, Alex leapt to his feet and began fumbling

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with the buttons on his shirt. As he slid the material off the upper half of his body, Linda noted with approval that his upper body was near hairless. Alex paused for a second, looking agonized, his hands frozen at the top button of his trousers. With glee she noted the reason for his hesitation, a bulge pressing firmly at his crotch.

"Take them off--NOW!" she spat at him, thoroughly enjoying this.

Fingers shaking, Alex undid his pants, which quickly dropped, past his slender legs which were covered with fine, blonde hairs. His young hard cock strained madly at the lacy, white panties he was wearing. He kicked off his sandals and stepped out of the jeans.

"Pretty panties," she remarked, "good thing for you they're not mine. You must get around... Now take them off and kneel before me."

His dick still throbbing between his legs, Alex swiftly got on his knees before her, his head down.

"Very good, slave." she said, "you even assumed the right position without being told. Now look at me."

She glanced down at her captive, feeling hot with her newfound power. She saw him shaking a little, and the sight got her even hotter.

"So you want to dress up like a girl, huh? Want to be pretty? Well, I'm gonna give you the chance to wear those clothes you want so much.

Now, follow me and do everything I tell you."

She made him get in the shower and shave his legs and underarms.

Taking his hand, she led him to her dressing table and sat him down. She was very good with makeup, and in fifteen minutes she was looking into the face of a beautiful, frightened teenage "girl."

Linda went to her dresser and pulled out a lacy white set of bra, panties, garter belt and stockings. She tossed them to him.

"Do you know how to put these on, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress." Alex's voice quavered. Now he even sounded a little like a girl.

"Then do it!"

Trembling, he fixed the garter belt around his waist. Then Alex pulled on the patterned stockings, getting the seams lined up correctly on the backs of his legs, and fastened them in place with the garter belt. Next he drew on the frilly white bra across his hairless chest and snapped the catch into place. When he stepped into the lacy pair of

panties, he pulled them up and over his aching, throbbingly hard cock. His young rigid dick bulged within the sexy panties.

"Okay," she said, "now stand in front of this mirror and get a good look at yourself and tell me what you see, you little slut."

Alex gasped as he looked at himself. There stood a very sexily clad young girl, a girl with a big lump in the front of her panties.

"I... I see a.. a girl!" Alex's voice shook.

"I don't." Linda said, "I see a very naughty little slut that needs a real good spanking. Get over her and lie down across my lap!"

Linda looked down as Alex's nylon-covered asscheeks with much satisfaction. His butt looked very much like a girl's and felt a wave of desire course through her. She hooked an arm around his waist so he couldn't struggle too much and raised her hand to deliver the first blow.

Whack! Her hand came down hard on Alex's bottom, and he cried out. Whack! She hit him again, loving the way his buns jiggled at each stroke. She spanked him as hard as she could, delivering the spanking evenly across both

cheeks. By ten swats, Alex's cries were turning to tears, but the hard bulge against her thighs belied him. Within ten

minutes, he had ceased crying and his breathing was getting ragged, as though the pain was being replaced by something else. She paused in the spanking, caressing his ass through the nylons and feeling the heat.

Suddenly, Alex's breathing got very short. Knowing what was coming, she stroked his bottom firmly, her fingers playing down the crack of his ass. Alex's body tensed and he groaned loudly, and Linda felt a sticky wetness on her thigh as his semen jetted into the panties.

Overcome with lust, Linda ordered him to his knees. Still breathing hard, Alex knelt there and watched her as she stood. Linda first removed the top of her bathing suit,

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and Alex almost gasped again at the sight of her perfectly round breasts. They didn't sag at all, but rather stood out proudly with nipples hard from excitement. Linda hooked

her fingers into her bikini and quickly peeled them down. Now Alex did gasp. Linda stood there before him, tall, sweaty and beautiful, with a large hard-on jutting out from her crotch. It was at least nine inches long, and it pulsed with desire.

Alex didn't need to wait to be told. He knew it even before she said it. He wanted to take a woman's cock into his mouth. To suck it and make her come. To get it hard again, and...

Alex kissed Linda's magnificent cock. He ran his tongue around the big purple head, and Linda moaned softly. Encouraged, he opened his mouth and took her large, throbbing tool inside. Linda groaned loudly, feeling the young transvestite's mouth around her cock, and her hips shook at the sensation.

"Just a minute, baby," she whispered, "let's get comfy here."

She lay on the bed with her back on the pillows, her legs apart, and her eyes burning with desire at him. She reached out for him.

"Come to Momma, Baby Doll."

Alex paused for a moment, still on his knees, and relished the sight of her. Linda lay there, her breath quick through her red, parted lips, her firm, luscious breasts covered with a film of sweat, and, most excitingly, her big, firm penis doing pushups against her flat belly. The red-haired pre-op opened her legs wider to accommodate the cute TV.

Alex quickly moved between her legs and took Linda's juicy meat into his mouth again. His mind was inflamed with the excitement of sucking this gorgeous TS's tool. He slowly lowered his lips down the smooth turgid shaft until his lips touched her pubic hairs, and Linda began squirming madly at the sensation. Up and down her cock, Alex's lips and tongue worked madly, and he could begin to feel her spasm within his mouth. Suddenly, Linda's little cries hitched and she tensed.

Alex pulled back, and he felt the tiny little dribble leak out as she came. Grabbing her penis, he milked it and got every drop he could.

As her breathing calmed down, Linda spoke.

"Sorry that's all there was," she said, "I've been on hormones a long time."

"That's okay," Alex grinned at her, "I got so hot. Sucking a woman's cock has to be the ultimate erotic experience."

"Almost," said a voice behind them.

Linda smiled at the unseen person, but Alex whipped around warily. He gasped for the second time

that afternoon. There stood at the foot of the bed, one of the most beautiful young girls he had ever seen – and her cock was even bigger than Linda's.

"Alex," Linda introduced, "meet Tiffany."

"Cute little slut you have here, Baby," Tiffany said, "Is he the one who likes your underwear so much?"

"Sure is. He got a nice spanking for it a little while ago. Did you have something in mind, too?"

"Well, after all," Tiffany said, "He did steal those lovely black panties that I bought for you on Valentine's Day. I think we'll have to think of something for that."

"Anyway, young panty-snatcher," Tiffany continued, "do you know what the true ultimate erotic experience is?"

Alex looked at Tiffany, and her long, throbbing cock, and told her he didn't, his voice shaking.

"It's being FUCKED by a woman, little slut. Get on all fours."

Alex felt her fingernails on his butt as she parted his sweaty asscheeks. He felt something burningly hot pass between his legs, felt her massive cockhead begin slowly pushing against the tight ring of his sphincter. Slowly, but surely, Tiffany eased all nine inches up Alex's hot ass and slowly began stroking in and out.

Alex watched Linda playing with her dick in front of him. To his excitement, it was getting hard again. And she was soon on her knees, her rigid cock in his eager mouth.

Alex was in heaven.

The lyrics for "The Masochism Tango"

I ache for the touch of you lips, dear,
But much more for the touch of your whips, dear.
You can raise welts
Like nobody else,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.
Let our love be a flame, not an ember,
Say it's me that you want to dismember.
Blacken my eye,
Set fire to my tie,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.
At your command before you here I stand,
My heart is in my hand. (*Ecch!*)
It's here that I must be.
My heart entreats,
Just hear those savage beats,
And go put on your cleats and come and trample me.
Your heart's hard as stone or mahogany,
That's why I'm in such exquisite agony.
My soul is on fire,
It's aflame with desire,

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Which is why I perspire when we tango.
You caught my nose
In your left castanet, love,
*I can feel the pain yet, love,
Ev'ry time I hear drums.
And I envy the rose
That you held in your teeth, love,
With the thorns underneath, love,
Sticking into the gums.
(*Alternate:
I can never forget, love,
How this passion was born.
How I envied the rose
That your teeth used to clench, love,
When I tried something French, love,
All I got was a thorn.)
Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.
The last time I needed twenty stitches.
To sew up the gash
You made with your lash,
As we danced to the Masochism Tango.
Bash in my brain,
And make me scream with pain,
Then kick me once again,
And say we'll never part.
I know too well
I'm underneath your spell,
So, darling, if you smell
Something burning, it's my heart.
Excuse me!
Take your cigarette from its holder,
And burn your initials on my shoulder.
Fracture my spine,
And swear that you're mine,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango!

Riding the Little Red-head

Once upon a time there was a very sweet, sexy young girl. She was petite, a mere four feet and 4 inches, but she was energetic and cheerful. She had a bright face that fairly glowed with youth. She had long, gleaming red hair that reflected the sun's fire. She had a small, but perfectly proportioned body. She was a dream to behold. Every man who so much as set eyes on her felt a stirring of his loins.

Now her aunt loved her very much, and could never think of enough things to give to the young girl. Once, she gave her a dress made of red velvet that matched the color of the young girl's hair. Now, because it was so very becoming of the young lady, she would rarely wear any other. She was always called "the little red-head."

One day, her mother said to her, "Come here, my little red-head, and take this bottle of wine and this cake from me. Your aunt is very ill, and this will make her feel better." Her mother gave little-red the cake and the bottle, "Now mind you, start before it gets hot, and once you're outside, make sure you don't stray from the path. You might fall down and break the bottle, and your aunt wouldn't get anything."

"Yes, mother." Little red-head said, looking down at her feet.

"And when you come into her bedroom, don't forget to say good-morning, and don't peer into all the corner's first."

"I promise to do everything right." Little red-head said to her mother, and given her mother a kiss on the cheek. The aunt lived out in the midst of a small forest, roughly half an hour from the village, and little red-head's home. When little-red entering the forest, she met Michael "the Wolf." Vulpin. But little red-head didn't know "the wolf" and so she didn't know how nasty an animal he could be. She wasn't afraid of him.

The wolf was hanging back, in the shade of the forest, sucking on a water-pipe and enjoying the breeze. He took one look at Little red-head, then did a double-take. He got up from under the ash tree, wiped his hands on his jeans and put on his leather jacket. He untied his long black hair and walked up to little red-head.

"Good Morning, little red," He said.

"Good morning, mister Vulpine."

"Your a petite a little girl, How old are you?" He said.

"I just turned sixteen, mister Vulpine."

"Where are you off to so early, little red?"

"To my aunt's."

"What are you carrying in your backpack?"

"Cake and wine, for my aunt, who is ill, and this will help her get better."

"What are you carrying under that red dress, little red?"

But little red didn't understand what the wolf was asking. "Where does your aunt live, little red?"

"Another quarter of an hour into the forest," Said little red-head, "her house stands under three oak trees with a

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hazel bush beneath them. Surely you know the place." Little red started to walk again, moving beyond the wolf.

The wolf thought to himself, "A tender young thing, she would make a very juicy morsel...She would taste very good indeed... I'll have to move quickly to get both of them." and he said, "Little red-head, would you just look at all the pretty flowers growing everywhere? the forest is wonderful at this time of year. You are like a flower to me, little red. A flower that I would pluck... I believe you aren't even listening to the bird's sing. You walk as you're going to school, loosen up!, Enjoy the forest..."

Red riding hood looked around and when she saw the sunbeams dancing on the flowers and the pretty foliage, she thought, "If I bring auntie a group of fresh flowers that will please her." So little red-head bounded off the path, picking flowers for her aunt.

The wolf however, went straight to the aunt's house. He knocked on her door tentatively.

"Who is it?"

"Little red-head, I've brought something for you to eat. Open the door."

"Just press down on the latch," cried the aunt, "and come on in. I'm in the shower."

The wolf pressed down on the latch, the door sprang open, and the wolf, without so much as a word, went directly to the washroom, and feasted his eyes upon the naked form of little-red's aunt, Jeanette.

Now, Jeanette was still in the shower so she didn't see the wolf take off his clothing, nor did she see him, step into the bathtub, behind her. She felt his hand clasp against her mouth, and his other hand slide slowly across her belly. She gasped, and tried to squirm, but the wolf held her fast. She stood very still, feeling the wolf's growing excitement against her buttocks. He let his hand come up to brush her hair out of the way, and briefly caressed her nipple. She let out a little sigh, without meaning to. The wolf smiled to himself and let his hand trace her jaw, as he slowly released the tension that held Jeanette mute. Unconsciously, Jeanette's hand reached back and touched his growing member. She touched it gently, and pulled her hand back, as if shocked, but, sensing no argument, she wrapped her hand around it, feeling it swell and pulse with anticipation.

She tried to turn, but the wolf wouldn't let her. He gently

slipped his hand down across her belly, into the warmth of her crotch. A louder "Mmmm" escaped her lips, and she ground her ass into his hip. Expertly, he caressed her lower lips, isolating and teasing her clitoris until she forcibly jerked herself away.

She turned to face him, and he felt his face go red. Jeanette smiled a devilish smile and knelt before him, in the steam of the shower. With water pouring down his chest and her back, she brought his member to the same height as her face. She kissed him, sending a shiver of delight throughout his body. Then, she inched her mouth over his head, moving excruciatingly, deliberately, slow.

Jeanette nibbled in the head of The wolf's cock. She licked it, and murmured to it, occasionally looking up to see Michael's enraptured face. Then, slowly, she enveloped his entire length, letting the warmth of her mouth touch him deeply. She bobbed up and down, faster, and faster, but never quite fast enough to satisfy the wolf.

Finally, he pulled her up by her shoulders, and made her face away from him again. With the shower-water running down the front of her body, her hair plastered against her breasts, the wolf moved upon her. He rubbed the head along her slit, reveling in the feel of her lips against his smooth skin. He spread her, making way for his manhood to follow the head.

He moved more quickly now, hunching forward into her and driving his length into her with each lunge. Jeanette stared at the shower head, her mouth half-open, amazed at the sensations flooding her. He began pinching her nipples once again. She tightened and released her vaginal muscles, stroking his shaft.

The wolf couldn't believe how good she was, He had fantasized about an encounter like this, and the thought that he would get the little red-head as well spurred him on with greater energy.

Jeanette felt an explosion within her that came without warning. The force of it ground her ass into the wolf's pelvis with such force that he grunted loudly, before pushing back with his engorged member. Every nerve in her body was charged at once, and the extreme pleasure of the manhood within her was eclipsed by the eruption of orgasmic tremors that coursed throughout her body. She

trembled and screamed as another wave of pleasure exploded within her. Later, when it was over, the wolf left Jeanette lying in the bathtub, with the shower water running down her body. He pulled her bathrobe around himself and puts a towel around his head. He climbed into Jeanette's bed to wait for little Red-head.

Red was surprised to see the front door open, and when she walked into the bedroom, everything seemed so strange, and an odd warm feeling was welling up from

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between her legs. There was a different smell in the bedroom, and it made her nervous, uneasy.

"Good Morning!" she cried. But there was no answer. So, she went to the bed, and drawn back the curtain: there lay auntie Jeanette with her nightcap pulled down deep over her face, looking very strange.

"Why Auntie Jeanette! What big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with."

"Why Auntie Jeanette! What big hands you have!"

"The better to hold you with." And the wolf grabbed little red-heads' wrists. He looked up at her and smiled, wolfishly.

Little red was uncomfortable, and the heat in her pelvis was growing. Her eyes were drawn to half-way down the bed. "But Auntie Jeanette! What a big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with." Hardly were the words said than the wolf jumped out of bed, and little red was pushed onto it. She was tied to the four posts of the bed, and the wolf stood above her.

"Now, what have you in your backpack?"

"A bottle of wine and a cake."

"And what have you under your velvet red dress?"

Little red didn't answer. So the wolf pressed down on her ankles, and slowly dragged his hands up the length of her legs. He was surprised to feel the light texture of the silk stockings that little red wore. Slowly he pushed the hem of little red's velvet red dress up from her knees. The wolf chuckled when he found that little red was even wearing a garter-belt.

He let his hand idly trace the edges of the garters as he circled little-red's soft vagina. Little red-head was breathing very oddly. She would tell the wolf to stop what he was doing, then moan when he did. He let his hands wander across her body. He felt her firm behind as he tongued the inside of her thighs, running the tip closer and closer to her lips.

Little red leaned forward straining against her bonds, so he started kissing her mound. He lightly ran his tongue along her lips up to her clit eliciting a long, low moan. Once her legs started trembling, he separated her lips with his fingers and dipped my tongue into her moist pussy. She cried out and thrust upward. The wolf started to fuck her with his tongue, pushing it in as far as he could. Little red-head started to moan loudly, her head thrown back as she tried to grind her hips into the wolf's face.

Little red grabbed the bonds and pulled on them, opening her legs as wide as she could. Her face was heavy with perspiration, and dark with her impending

orgasm. She cried out and her pussy convulsed around the wolf's tongue.

From between her legs, the wolf smiled, and murmured to little red, "I *knew* you were hiding something under your dress. Now, do you want to see what I've been hiding?" The wolf stood up, over Little red's tied-up form.

"Why Mr. Wolf! What a big bulge you have in Auntie Jeanette's bathrobe!"

"Why, all the better to fuck you with, my dear little red-head," the wolf removed the bathrobe he was wearing, allowing little red to stare at his throbbing cock. It must be at least ten inches long and almost as big as her arm, the whole thing was bright red.

"What are you going to do with that?" Asked little red, although she had a very strong idea what the answer would be. Threads of pleasure wound throughout her body as she watched the wolf stroke himself. He moved into position between her legs.

All protest from her ended as she spread her knees as far apart as she could. He slid her down her body so he would be able to penetrate her. He rubbed his penis between her labia to get some of her lubrication on himself. In a couple of smooth strokes he was buried deeply in her virgin vagina. She was tight but the feeling was exquisite.

The wolf kissed Little red on the lips, savoring the salty taste of excitement. He began to gently thrust up and down into her. She leaned back and sighed. When she began to come, her orgasm reached an intensity that her face and her little breasts went bright pink.

Little red was rocking her hips violently, trying to pull the wolf further into her. She looked barely conscious, her eyelids fluttering, eyes rolling, face flushed. She erupted in another orgasm, her back arched, her thighs tensed, coaxing the wolf's orgasm from him.

Her voice crescendo to a scream: "OOooooohh god! Ahhhhhhhhhhh, Yesssss, oh, do me, do me, do me!..." Then she began to relax, as the wolf poured his orgasm into her with shuddering force.

"Did you eat Auntie Jeanette too?" Little Red asked in a whisper, sometime later.

"No love," Jeanette's voice came from the doorway. Jeanette stood there, her nude form silhouetted by the bathroom lights.

"Your Auntie Jeanette ate him instead." She smiled lazily at the wolf.

Little Red started to visit her Ant Janette much more often, and Red's mother even started to come by. Old wolf, well he went on to become mayor of the country, but that is another story in it self. Both Jeanette and the

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wolf live happily ever after.