

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Judy had mixed feelings when her husband announced that they were going to spend a week on a fishing trip on Lake Michigan. She loved the lake, and a week of rustic living would be nice, but she knew from past experience her husband Ted and their son, Ted Jr. would be spending their days out in a boat, leaving her alone for long stretches. It was an isolated rural area and there wasn't much to do when you're by yourself.

So, when they arrived at their rented cottage and unpacked, she knew that the next day would be the first in a long period of solitude. She figured she could spend the day reading and sunbathing, but she would be on her own. Well, she thought to herself, it's good to be alone sometimes, to rest and recharge your batteries. That's what a vacation is all about, actually. She was sure she could find something to do to keep herself amused.

The following morning started out just as she'd expected; they all got up at dawn, Judy prepared breakfast, then after they finished eating her husband and son went down to the dock and took the boat out. Judy was left to herself. The situation was made worse by the fact that the rented cottage was somewhat isolated. While it was a nice place, there was a wood lot on each side which gave it privacy, a privacy that added to Judy's sense of aloneness.

She went outside wearing a halter and a pair of loose fitting track shorts, figuring to sit in the sun for a while and work on her tan. On the far side of the bay she could see a more traditional cabin rental site, a dozen or so cabins, cruder and more rustic than this one, but filled with people. Over there she wouldn't be by herself all day. The feeling of discontent settled over her.

This was the mood she was in when the dog came wandering out of the woods. He was a large dog, appearing to be a mix of Irish Setter and some other large breed, and she had no idea where he'd come from. He appeared well fed and cared for, so she speculated he was the free roaming pet of one of the nearby locals.

Not being sure if it was friendly or not, Judy went up on the screened in porch and closed the screen door behind her. The dog saw her and came over to the porch steps and stood there looking up at her, wagging his tail. He barked a couple of times in neither a loud nor threatening manner. Judy decided then that he was friendly and went back down the steps. The dog seemed to be happy to see her, she couldn't help but think that perhaps he was lonely too, lonely and bored.

She bent over and began petting him, lightly scratching his head and neck. He seemed to enjoy it immensely, brushing against her legs, then standing at her feet looking up at her. As she continued scratching him, he would periodically toss his head and sniff at her hands, occasionally licking them. Judy decided he deserved a treat of some kind and went into the cottage to see what she had.

She came back out with a couple of hot dogs and dropped them on the concrete slab at the foot of the steps. She watched as without hesitation he wolfed them both down. So that was it, he was used to wandering around to the cottages in the area to panhandle food. Clever fellow, she thought to herself as she sat down on the steps watching him and thinking she'd found a friend. When he finished eating he came over between her knees while she scratched his neck. Then, suddenly he shoved his snout into the leg of her shorts. Startled Judy quickly stood up, dropping her hand to block him.

"OK, enough of that," she admonished him quietly.

He stood with his front paws on the bottom step looking up at her. He seemed completely harmless, Judy figured that his shoving his nose into her shorts had been inadvertent, he was just excited,

sniffing out a new friend. She stepped down from the steps and, bending down, continued petting him.

He sat at her feet, looking upwards, seeming to be contentedly receiving her attention. Then suddenly his snout went into her shorts again. This time before she could react, his tongue shot out licking the crotch of her panties. Even through the fabric it caused a shock like sensation to race through her as her abdominal muscles contracted. Shaken, she pushed him away and retreated up on the porch, closing the screen door behind her. As she watched him he came up and stood on the steps and barked at her. Then she saw his cock, an angry red color, sticking several inches out of its furry covering. That's when she understood; the damned dog was horny.

"So, that's it," she said aloud. "Sorry Romeo, Juliet isn't coming down from her balcony to play today. Too fucking bad for you."

With that she went into the cottage. She kept glancing out the window, Romeo, as she had named him in her mind, stood on the steps for a few minutes, then finally turned and wandered off into the trees. At least he'd helped to break up her morning's boredom.

Later, when her husband and son returned for lunch, aggravation was added to her feelings of boredom. It was bad enough she felt abandoned on this vacation, but now it seemed as if she were the only one expected to work; the cooking and cleaning were all being left to her. She began to feel used and abused, doing the same things she did at home. This wasn't her idea of a vacation.

After they ate and went back out in the boat, Judy was left with time to think about her situation. One of the things she thought about was her surprising physical reaction to the sensation of Romeo's tongue across her crotch. If it had felt that exciting through her panties, she wondered what it would feel like on her bare pussy. While she'd never had any real desire to screw a dog, she'd long had a curiosity about it ever since she'd read a story in one of her husband's sex magazines about it years earlier. It had been intriguing.

Now in her boredom and discontent, she began to actually contemplate it. After all, she reasoned, Romeo had initiated the action, he'd learned it somewhere, either one of the locals or a previous tenant here at the cottage had taught him that this was acceptable behavior. Somebody somewhere had let this dog fuck them. The whole idea began to excite her. This could be a way to liven up her vacation. As for her husband, the hell with him; she was entitled to a little fun too.

She went outside and looked around. There was a storage building off to the side that served as a boathouse during the off season. She went inside and looked around. It was fairly empty, just some old lawn furniture folded up and leaning against the wall. She went over and found a chaise lounge style and pulled it out; this would do. She unfolded it, then went to the cottage and got a blanket to spread across the plastic webbing. The stage was set if she decided to do what was now on her mind.

The next morning she was again left alone. She sat on the porch watching for Romeo, wondering nervously if he would show up, not really sure if she wanted him to or not. She wasn't the least bit sure if she could go through with this thing. A part of her mind saw this as an exciting sexual adventure while another part thought it was disgustingly depraved. She wouldn't know until the time came whether she could go through with it.

Finally, about the same time as the day before, she saw him wondering across the property. It seemed to her as if he had some sort of pattern, making rounds to scrounge food from vacationers at the same time each day. She made a few kissing noises to get his attention and when he came over

by the porch she spoke.

“Morning, Romeo, hungry today?”

She stood up and went into the cottage, retrieving a couple of hot dogs she’d left on the table. When she came out she went down the stairs. Dropping one on the ground, she watched as he quickly picked it up and after a couple of bites swallowed it.

“A couple of hot dogs for one hot dog,” she said. Then waving the second wiener, “OK, Romeo, do you want to play with Juliette for a bit?”

There she walked over to the shed door with Romeo close on her heels. She paused briefly before opening the door and going in, the dog followed her. She held out the hot dog and watched as he took it from her hand. She noticed her hand was shaking.

The thought occurred to her as to just how disgustingly perverted this thing she’d been contemplating was. It had been one thing to think about it, it was another to be standing here ready to go through with it. She decided that she couldn’t go through with it. She started for the door, but once there she stopped. She realized this might be the only chance she would ever have to do this. Back out now and she might spend the rest of her life wondering about it.

Nervously she turned back to the chair. Almost mechanically, as if in some type of trance, she walked over to it. She could feel her heart beating wildly as she reached under her skirt and removed her panties with badly trembling hands. Then, hiking up the short skirt of her sundress, she sat down on the foot of the lounge. Leaning back, she looked at the dog, patted her pubic mound, and in an audibly nervous voice spoke.

“Okay, Romeo, Juliette’s ready. She’s all yours.” With that, she laid back, closed her eyes, and waited.

She heard his paws on the hard dirt floor as he came over and then felt the fur of his head on the insides of her thighs as he sniffed her. She spread her legs farther apart and put a forearm over her eyes, still wondering if she should do this, not sure if she really wanted to, thinking it wasn’t too late to stop it. Then she felt the cold nose bumping against her pussy followed by the first lash of his tongue. The same erotically electric sensation she’d felt the day before shot through her, there would be no turning back.

The first stroke of his tongue had been the beginning of a veritable onslaught as he began lapping at her furiously, his strong rough tongue forcing its way between her cunt lips, torturously stimulating the ultra-sensitive inner flesh, rocking her with a mix of intensely erogenous sensations, rapidly driving her towards orgasm. She gripped the metal tube frame of the lounge chair, bracing herself for what she knew was going to be a powerful orgasm.

Her orgasm was like a seizure, her muscles contracting and releasing as she sobbed out loudly. Romeo’s pace sped up, she assumed spurred on by the aroma, taste, or both of her vaginal secretions. She laid there almost helpless under his powerful tongue lashing, relishing every second of it. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d come so forcefully.

Then there was a pause as he stopped licking her and she felt his weight as his forepaws stepped on the webbing of the chair. She took a deep breath and held it, readying herself for what was about to happen. Then she felt the hard jabs as his cock began striking her pussy rapidly, almost painfully, seeking its target. Then it hit its mark, she felt his cock slide easily and surprisingly comfortably into her wet cunt. The mental effect of it, the thought that she was being fucked by an animal, enhanced

the purely physical sensation of his prick moving inside her.

That's when she felt it, the knot, the ball that swells up on the base of a dog's penis during intercourse. She'd forgotten about it, and now he was trying to shove it into her. There was a painful moment when her cunt lips gave way as it forced its way past them. Then his thrusting stopped and she could feel his cock swelling, pushing deeper, pressing tight against her cervix. The ball expanded also, feeling huge as it expanded stretching her internal tissues while the resilient flesh of her outer labia, trying vainly to return to their normal shape closed behind it, holding it in snugly.

They lay there, her on her back and the dog above her, knotted together. She knew from all she'd read they couldn't really be stuck, but she also knew it could hurt like hell if he pulled out. But it didn't matter; there was no reason why she would want him out. The mixture of erotic pain, physical pleasure, and outright depravity were driving her on going orgasm to a level she'd never before experienced. The thought that the beast's cock was tied tightly in her pussy provided an added thrill.

So she laid there in a state of bliss filled ecstasy, the dog settling down, laying on her as his cock filled her with a warm flood of cum. She could feel it flushing through her, oozing out of her, tepid and soothing. Though not without pain, the exotic quality of this sexual encounter far outweighed any discomfort. It was a sensuous, pleasurable agony.

The muscles of her abdomen and hips were contracting repeatedly, almost as if her cunt was trying to grip and squeeze the swollen, strangely shaped cock that had entered it. She couldn't tell if her body was trying to embrace it or force it out of her. Lost as she was in this world of purely decadent sex, she had no concept of time; it could have been minutes or hours, but finally she felt his prick beginning to slowly reduce in size. As his knot went down, she was aware of the fact that more of his cum was seeping out of her. Finally the knot slipped out of her followed by the slithering feel of his cock withdrawing as he dismounted her.

Exhausted, she assumed it was over. Then she felt his tongue stroking her tired pussy again. At first she thought he was going for seconds, but somehow this was different from his pre-fuck lapping, she realized this was some naturally instinctive post screwing activity. She relaxed and enjoyed it. It was brief, but it had a comforting effect on her badly abused pussy.

When he finished, Romeo went over to the door, whining to be let out. Judy sat up, then slowly stood up and weak kneed and slightly unstable, walked over and opened the door. Once Romeo left, she closed the door and looked around. She saw the wet spot at the foot of the chaise-lounge and felt the warm dog cum running down her thighs. She went over and picked up her panties from where she'd dropped them and used them to wipe herself off, amazed at the amount of cum he'd deposited in her. Wiping the back of her hand across one of her eyes, she was surprised when it came away wet. Somewhere during the encounter she'd been crying without knowing it. Whether they'd been tears of pain, ecstasy, or both, she hadn't a clue. It had truly been an experience.

She left the storage building and walked slowly to the cottage for a much needed shower and a change of clothes. Later when her husband and son came in for lunch, she was back to normal, as if nothing unusual had happened while they were gone. Her secret adventure was locked away safely in her brain. That should have been the end of it, she had no intentions of repeating it and it would have been the end of it if not for the dream.

That night she dreamt that as she and her husband were in bed a man came to have sex with her. He was human, but he had a cock like Romeo's; red, pointed, and with the ball at the base. She pushed the bed covers aside and waited with her legs spread. He slid over her and pushed his cock into her. Once in it began expanding, just like Romeo. The ball inflated until they were firmly knotted

together and he started to cum. Unlike Romeo who seemed to have come in a steady stream, he seemed to come in a series of pulsing ejaculations like a human only voluminously, like a dog. Her husband got out of bed fully dressed, complete with fishing pole and tackle box, announcing if this was what she wanted, then he was going fishing. She looked at him, stuck out her tongue and jabbed her middle finger in the air, letting him know what he could do with his fucking fishing. Then she woke up. She realized that she wanted to fuck Romeo again, and if given the chance, she would.

The next morning, after her husband and son went out on the water again, she took some towels out to the storage building, preparing her new found playpen. Then she went about her business, waiting hopefully for Romeo to turn up again. The difference this time was she knew what was going to happen and, unlike the previous day, she was looking forward to it.

He turned up about the same time, almost like clockwork. He wandered slowly across the grass, looking around. When he heard her on the porch, he walked rapidly, almost running, towards the porch steps.

“Good morning, Romeo, came back to play some more? Well, I’m ready and willing.”

She picked up two hamburgers left over from last night’s supper. Going down the steps, she flipped one onto the grass. When he finished gulping it down, she waved the second and walked towards the storage building, Romeo close at her heels. She felt she really didn’t have to lure him with food, but didn’t want to take the chance. She was that anxious.

Closing the door behind them, she held out the cold burger. Once he took it, tossing his head back as he chomped down on it, Judy waked calmly over to the chaise-lounge. She took off her shorts and underwear and sat down at the foot of it and waited. When he finished the burger, she make a few kissing noises to get his attention, not that he needed any encouragement. As soon as he finished, he came straight over.

“That’s it buddy, come and get me,” she said aloud. The thought “breakfast at Judy’s, cold burgers and hot pussy” ran through her mind.

She felt the tickle of his whiskers and fur of his head as he moved between her thighs, then the first stroke of his tongue. It was beginning, this time she was completely relaxed, knowing what to expect and ready to enjoy it. Once again his forceful lapping began to send her off to a world carnal bliss, the strong tongue pushing and pulling her pussy lips apart as it moved quickly across them. The rouge texture of it irritating and stimulating her, she closed her eyes and sobbed out in ecstasy as an orgasm engulfed her. Romeo began licking harder and faster when she started to come, she assumed enticed by the taste and odor of her vaginal discharges.

When the lapping stopped, she raised her head up and looked down past her spread thighs as the dog climbed up to mount her. She saw his cock extended out from its hairy sheath, looking like a crimson rocket aimed at her crotch. The mere sight of it caused her muscles to contract. A thrill passed through her just knowing within seconds this red missile would be deep inside her. She laid her head back down and waited with anticipation.

She knew his prick wasn’t fully engorged, only about four inches were visible and the ball hadn’t appeared yet. She knew from yesterday all that wouldn’t happen until it was safely within her. That was the difference between yesterday and today, she was aware of everything that was about to happen. There was no uncertainty, no surprises, no fear, or runaway nerves; she could lay back and joyfully experience it.

The rapid thrusting of the dog’s cock inside her pussy lasted only briefly before she felt the swollen ball banging against her genitals as the animal tried desperately to shove it into her. Then there was

the brief sudden stab of pain as he succeeded. Once in, he stopped humping and pushed forward steadily as his prick began expanding and swelling inside her. The feeling that he'd successfully and tightly knotted her sent a thrill through her body and she almost immediately began to cum again.

Even the pain of his cock pressing hard against her cervix had an erotic quality to it. The mere thought that she was fucking a dog, that his erect cock was flooding her with his warm thick cum, that she was committing what may well be the ultimate sexual taboo, something that days earlier she would have thought as disgusting, all these ideas added to the exotic quality of it.

Her body was reacting to it by reflex as he settled on top of her, cumming in her in what seemed to be a slow steady stream. Her hips involuntarily squirming, changing the pressure of his cock against her, her muscles contracting, feeling like her cunt was squeezing his penis, milking it, forcing his cum deeper into her. It was also forcing some out of her; she could feel it dribbling down the crack of her ass. She was lost in the throes of one continuous orgasm and couldn't be happier.

Eventually, it ended. She felt the odd sensation as his cock began deflate, reducing the strain on her pussy. Romeo raised himself up and pulled himself out of her. She could feel more of his cum running down her ass. Then he began licking her again. She didn't know exactly why he did this after he finished fucking her and she didn't care; she just laid there and enjoyed it. His tongue felt good on her tortured cunt, reawakening her fading orgasm, ending her session with Romeo in a delightfully erotic flourish.

When he'd finished, she laid still on the lounge catching her breath, thinking. The realization that she had never been multi-orgasmic, but she'd fucked Romeo twice and cum several times on each occasion wasn't lost on her. She was glad she'd done it, it was different from normal straight sex, painful and slightly humiliating, but these things added to the perverse thrill of it all. The strength and intensity of her orgasms had made it all worthwhile.

She sat up and, looking down, saw the wet spot beneath her. She wondered how much cum a dog actually discharged during sex, it seemed like a lot. It was still dripping out of her. She picked up one of the towels she'd put there the day before and began to wipe herself off. She pressed the terrycloth tightly against her pussy to absorb as much of the slop as it could. Then, slowly she got up and put her underpants and shorts back on and walked over to the door. She reached down, scratched the dog between his ears.

"Good job, boy, thanks."

With that she opened the door to let him out. She watched as he went out into the sunshine and thought it had been a good morning. Then she heard a voice.

"Hiya, Buddy. So this is where you've been, having fun with the pretty lady."

Judy's blood seemed to go cold as she realized somebody was out there, that she'd possibly been caught. She stuck her head out of the door and saw Mr. Hanson, the man who'd rented them the cabin. He was alongside the building by a small window on one knee, petting Romeo.

"Yeah, Buddy," he said looking and smiling at Judy, "did she show you a good time?"

"He followed me into the shed, I gave him a hamburger." Judy's voice was shaky.

"Gave him a hamburger, is that what you call it? Around here, we mostly call it illegal."

"I don't know what you mean," she said in a high pitched voice, she was now terrified and denying

was all she could think of.

“Well, I could show you if it’ll help,” he took a smart phone out of his pocket. “It’s pretty hot, actually.”

Judy felt the blood draining from her head, weakened, she leaned against the door jam, using it for support. She was in a blind panic, not knowing what to do or say. He’d taken pictures, or perhaps even a video of it, she was in deep trouble with no way out. She began to sob. Then she heard his footsteps coming nearer.

“You know, I always thought the only women who did this sort of thing were the ones who couldn’t get a man. You’re a good looking woman, you could get laid anytime you wanted, even now.”

It took a few moments for her to realize what he might be suggesting. When she did, she was shocked and shook her head slowly, tears running down her cheeks.

“No, please, I couldn’t,” she whispered pleadingly.

“Really, you could fuck a dog but you can’t do a couple of minutes with me? You took that shlong of his, twist and all; a normal six inch hard on ought to be easy enough. Think about it, you do this and your time with Buddy will be our little secret.”

What had been a horrifying suggestion seconds before had suddenly become her only option, her only way out. The last thing she wanted was for her husband or, worse yet, her son to find out what she’d done. It wasn’t the ideal solution but it was better than nothing.

“You’ll let me delete the pictures from your phone?”

“Of course, you do me this favor, and I’ll be glad to do you one in return.”

Judy sadly nodded her head, she decided to trust him. She turned and went back into the building. She heard the door close behind her as he followed her. She had the same nervous feeling she’d had the day before with the dog. She walked over to the chaise lounge but felt his hand on her shoulder.

“No, not there, over there,” he gestured over towards an old cabinet that looked like it was serving as a work bench. “You screwed Buddy like he was a man, but I’d kind of like to screw you sort of dog style; from behind, only standing.”

She went over and stood in front of the cabinet compliantly. She felt his hands slide up her back, under her shirt, and unhook her bra. Then he reached around her, his hands freeing her breasts from the cups. He began to fondle them.

Oddly, under the circumstances, she began to become aroused. It almost seemed as if her body was betraying her. She felt the taut sensation of her nipples hardening. One of his hands moved down into her shorts, rubbing her pussy, searching for her clitoris. When he rubbed it, her knees buckled slightly and she leaned forward on the cabinet for support. Her pussy, already wet from being fucked by the dog, was rapidly getting still wetter, and there was the unsettling feeling in her stomach that often preceded sex.

It seemed to her that her body with her earlier orgasms reawakened, was spontaneously responding to this new stimulus. There could be no other explanation; coerced sex simply shouldn’t be so arousing. By the time he pushed one finger into her cunt and began finger fucking her, she’d stopped trying to figure it out. She was just happy to have found out this might not be a terrifying



experience akin to rape like she'd feared. It was merely sex with a stranger and that could be hot. This might be another fantasy being fulfilled.

When she felt his finger withdraw from her, she knew it was time. Without a word, she straightened up and pushed her shorts and panties down to her knees, then let them drop so she could step out of them. Then she leaned over the cabinet on her forearms and waited. She felt Hanson's hands massaging her bare ass, then the press of his cock head as he probed for the right spot.

Once he found it, he gripped her hips firmly and pushed his erect prick forward. As she felt it going into her she was surprised, she would have thought after the erotic battering it had taken fucking the dog, she thought her pussy would have been numb or desensitized but it seemed the opposite was true; she was hyper responsive to the thrusting hard-on inside her.

Something else occurred to her, she'd always heard guys who went in for coerced sex were really on a vicious power trip. They were in it for the feeling of dominance more than the actual sex. Hanson, on the other hand, seemed to be only after sex. It was as if he really had been turned on watching her screw the dog and now wanted to have her. She'd fucked a dog and he'd been aroused by it; they were a couple of harmless perverts.

This realization calmed her and she began to enjoy what was happening to her. She started wiggling her ass and pushing backwards to meet his every thrust. As the pace sped up, she felt herself approaching the brink of yet another orgasm. Judy reached out, grabbing the opposite side of the cabinet, her cheek resting on the top surface, moaning wildly as she came again. Her body began a series of involuntary jerks and shudders when the orgasm engulfed her.

Unable to withstand all this activity, she felt Hanson's prick throb inside her, spurting three shots of cum into her. After the seemingly endless volume of fluid the dog had flood her with, this normal amount of human semen seemed almost insignificant. It merely signaled the end of a sexual encounter rather than a part of the turn on it had been with Romeo.

When he pulled out of her, Judy straightened up and found herself to be unsteady on her feet. She walked over to the chaise lounge and sat down. Watching her as he pulled up his pants, Hanson then picked up her shorts and underwear and went over and sat down beside her.

"Are you all right?" he asked as he handed her clothing to her,

"Yeah," she responded quietly, "I'm just tired, the two of you pretty much wore me out."

She began to slowly pull her clothes on. Then she remembered the pictures on his phone.

"How about we delete the pictures? You promised."

"There are no pictures," he responded, handing her the phone so she could verify it.

"What do you mean there are no pictures?"

"I lied," he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, "I looked in the window and saw what was going on and it turned me on, I felt like my dick was going to explode. I wanted you badly so I told you that. Even if I had pictures I wouldn't have shown them."

Stunned, Judy thought about this for a moment. She knew she should be mad, beyond mad, furious, but she wasn't. Partly because she was relieved that she needn't worry about being turned in, but also because Hanson had gone, in her mind, from being a sexual predator to a co-conspirator. They

were two degenerate perverts who enjoyed the same thing.

“So, you like screwing women who just got fucked by a dog, is that it?”

“Yeah,” he said, “I guess so. I didn’t know it until today, but watching it was so hot. Seeing a woman like yourself, so into sex that she’d make it with a dog, damn, I had to have you.”

“I see,” she broke into a smile, leaned over and kissed his cheek. “I’ll probably be alone again tomorrow. You want to get a good look?”

The following morning husband and son went out in the boat for their last day of fishing. Judy called Hanson and waited for his car to pull up. She hopped in and they drove the half mile to his cottage. Today she wasn’t going to fuck a dog in a dirt floored storage building. She was going to do her two paramours in private, with no worries of being caught.

“Do you need a drink or anything before you get started?” he asked her after they went inside his cottage.

“No, not really, but a kiss would be nice,” she smiled.

“That I can provide.”

He stood in front of her and they kissed, a long, lingering, open mouthed kiss, their tongues probing each other’s mouth. She pressed herself against him, her hips pushing steadily against him in slow and even dry humping motion. She could feel his hard on pressed between them. His hands slid down her back and began massaging her ass through her shorts. They were both fully aroused all ready when their lips parted.

Reaching behind herself, she grabbed one of his hands at the wrist, pulled it around and shoved it down the front of her shorts. She rested her head against him as he began caressing her rapidly moistening pussy. One finger was moving up and down her slit between the swollen cunt lips, striking her clitoris with every forward motion. She almost forgot what she was there for; almost, but not entirely.

Finally, in almost a whisper, she asked, “Where’s my Romeo?”

Momentarily confused, Hanson finally responded, “Oh, Buddy, he’s in the side room.”

“His name may really be Buddy, but he’s Romeo to me.”

“That’s OK with me,” Hansen said as he walked over and opened a door.

Romeo was lying in a large dog bed. When Judy walked in, he raised himself up, his tail wagging. Judy squatted down and began petting him. Glancing down, she saw the tip of his cock, red and pointed, protruding from its protective sheath. She knew the dog was glad to see her. Excited by her presence and the attention, the dog got to his feet making eager sounding little whimpering sounds. Judy turned to Hanson.

“Where are we going to do this? I don’t think he wants to wait.”

“Right here if you want. Would you like to do it on all fours, like a female dog? I’d like to see that. I have a carpet remnant to use to pad the floor.”

When Judy stood up and nodded her agreement, Hanson went and got the carpeting. The idea of

getting fucked by a dog like dog intrigued her. While she was waiting, Romeo came over and began sniffing the crotch of her shorts. It wasn't hard to know what he wanted. Hanson returned and rolled the carpeting out on the floor. It was a soft looking shag, Judy thought it looked comfortable and that it was a shame probably only her knees and hands would be using it. She smiled as Hanson bowed from the waist and extended a hand towards the carpet.

She pushed her shorts and panties down, letting them drop and stepping out of them. She stood with her feet apart as Romeo rush in and began licking her pussy. She scratched Romeo's head as his tongue began to perform its sexual magic. She felt her stomach tighten and she inhaled sharply with every stroke it took. She knew she wouldn't be able to stand there for long as she felt the first shiver of an approaching orgasm.

She stepped back, then walked over to the edge of the carpet and got down on her knees, then leaned forward on her hands. Romeo had come over right on her heels, moved in and resumed lapping her. It was different in this position; his tongue assaulted her from her pubic hair up past her ass crack, all in one forceful continuous stroke. Then, like a wave passing over her, she was submerged by her orgasm. Just like the other times she'd cum while he was licking her, Romeo's tongue attacked her hungrily, he seemed to really love the taste of a female's juices.

Weakened by her orgasm, she lowered herself down, supporting herself on her elbows instead of her hands. Her head was hanging down as she gasped for breath. She didn't even notice at first when Romeo stopped lapping at her. But she did notice when he started to climb up on her. She felt his weight on her back, then his paws pressing against her hips, holding on to her. His own hips began thrusting wildly and she felt his cock jabbing against her as he probed for the opening. She could tell he was hitting her too low, so she spread her knees out a little, adjusting to his height.

Then, his dick poked into her and she felt him change position as he begin rapidly thrusting, trying to get deeper into her pussy. Then she felt the knot, he was thrusting almost frantically in an effort to get it passed her cunt lips. She gave a whimpering moan as it forced its way into her. His thrusting was replaced by a steady forward pressure. There was the now familiar sensation as his cock began to swell inside her with the knot now firmly imbedded in her pussy, tying them together. She was also aware of the warmth of his cum as it began to fill her. Another series of orgasmic spasms rocked her, leaving her weakened.

She pitched forward slightly as she moved her elbows outward lowering herself until her cheek was resting on the shag carpet. The forward motion caused the knot to pull back against her cunt lips, Romeo quickly pushed ahead to prevent his cock from coming out forcing the head of his prick tightly against her cervix. The knot pulling against her cunt lips seemed to stimulate her clitoris, the dickhead slamming against her cervix hurt. This alternating pleasure and pain heightened her orgasm to a whole new level; she was beside herself in ecstasy. The warm dog cum leaking out of her, dribbling down her cunt and over her clitoris added to the erotic effect. She had never cum with such intensity before.

Romeo began to jerk around; one hind leg was up, kicking her in the back. Judy wasn't sure what was happening until the dog managed to get turned around, facing away from her. She'd seen dogs in this position before after they'd finished mating. She knew her time with Romeo was almost up. This might be the last time she would ever fuck a dog again, and she hated to think it was almost over.

Then something occurred to her. She began rocking back and forth, successfully recreating her earlier experience, the knot pulling and the dickhead poking, it was the pleasure pain cycle. Basically, she was jerking the dog off with her pussy and herself with his prick. But even this had to

end, she felt his cock deflating slightly, then he pulled out. The flow of cum leaking from her pussy increased briefly, it was all over. She rolled over on her back, then she heard Hanson.

“Holy shit, look at the size of that thing! That was really in you?”

She looked up and saw he was talking about the knot. She looked longingly at Romeo’s dick and smiled.

“Uh huh,” she purred, “and it was bigger then.

Romeo came over and began licking her cunt one last time. He was brief about it. Most animals have a short attention span, and Romeo was no exception. After he cleaned her up, he wanted to go outside. Hanson took him out through the kitchen and let him out. When he returned he dropped down on his knees alongside her.

“Damn, you’ll never know how hot that was.”

“Well,” Judy giggled, “you could always show me.”

With that he leaned over and kissed her, a long, hard, lingering kiss. With their lips pressed tightly, his hands roamed over her body. Still aroused from her tryst with Romeo, Judy wasted no time, quickly undoing his pants, pushing them open, freeing his swollen cock. Without removing his pants, he moved into position over her. Judy reached down and gingerly gripped his hard on while raising her widely spread knees, flanking him. As he lowered himself, she guided his cock to her pussy. When she felt the head of it pressing against her inner labia, she paused and waited. Hanson pushed his hips forward and his prick speared its way into her.

The feel of a normal human cock had a soothing effect on her overworked pussy. She raised her legs and crossed her ankles behind him, rocking and twisting her hips to meet his every thrust. Her dying orgasm was reawakened as she felt involuntary shivers running down her spine, it seemed to be more than she could stand. Gasping for breath, moaning uncontrollably, she sped up her pelvic gyrations, desperately seeking a full blown orgasm.

When she finally did come, it was spectacular; the proverbial mind blowing, earth shaking, send you off to nirvana orgasm. Eyes closed tightly, her head turned to the side, Judy sobbed out wildly in sheer ecstasy. Her back arched violently and her abdominal muscles began contracting in a series of gut tightening convulsions. Then she felt the throb of Hanson’s prick as he unloaded several spurts of cum into her, joining Romeo’s inside her mixing into a multi-species semen cocktail. She found that thought to be a turn on.

When Hanson rolled off her, he kissed her; a lingering loving kiss. They lay on the carpet in an intimate embrace not saying a word. Finally it was Hanson that broke the silence.

“How in the world did you get started with Buddy in the first place?”

“He started with me,” she corrected him, “he kept shoving his snout into my shorts trying to lick me. After that, one thing just led to another. You do know he’s fucked or is fucking someone else, don’t you?”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes,” she assured him, “when he came to me, he knew what he wanted. When we actually did it, he wasn’t exploring or feeling his way through it. He came right at me and did it all with no problems.

Somewhere, whether it's a local or one of your previous tenants, there's been another woman in his life. He was experienced."

"I never paid any attention, I thought you were the only one," he thought for a moment, "damn dog is getting laid more often than I am."

"Too bad I didn't live around here," Judy said, "I think I could be good friends with both of you. Maybe you can find out who else he's fucking and get together with her."

"No," he said, "you'd be a hard act to follow."

He leaned over and kissed her again. They huddled together for a while as Judy resigned herself to the fact that her big adventure was over. She used his shower to clean herself up, then waked home, using the same path through the woods that Romeo had used every morning to come and visit her. She thought about what an interesting vacation it had turned out to be after all.

When she got back to the cottage, her husband and son had come back in for lunch and were waiting for her. As she fixed them something to eat she realized that now things were back to normal. She was already missing Romeo and Hanson.

The following morning, as they loaded up the car to leave, she noticed Romeo didn't come around. Hanson must have kept him in. Judy was glad of that, it would be hard to explain to her husband why he was trying to hump her. They drove to Hanson's cottage to return the key.

"I'm really sorry to see you folks go," he told them. "I really enjoyed have you here."

"Well," Judy replied, "perhaps we'll be back next year. The boys really enjoyed the fishing."

"I'm glad to hear that, but how about you, ma'am, did you have a good time?"

"Let's just say there were a couple of things that held my interest," she said, smiling demurely. As they walked away, going to the car, Judy looked back over her shoulder at Hanson. She raised her hand, waved good bye, and winked her eye at him. He smiled back and nodded his head. Yes, she definitely wanted to return next summer.