

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My wife, Patty, got tippy at the party and she got really horny to boot. She had lost her panties and her bra and couldn't remember how she lost them but some of the guys at the party were grinning ear to ear, so I suspect that they had a hand in it.

On the way home, she was no better and we had just barely pulled out of the drive when her clothes ended up in the back seat and she was settling down to suck my cock.

Okay, maybe I am a bastard for doing it, but fair is fair. I parked at the curb and she jumped out butt naked and wiggled her cute horny ass up the drive and waited at the door for me, so I could let her in. She didn't care that the flood lights showed everything and any neighbor looking out could easily see her fingering herself.

When I finally locked the car up and started to walk up to the front door, she was on her knees licking her lips. I smirked as I got closer and asked "Planning on finishing up what you started in the car...on our front door steps" She grinned and said "Yep, you're not going anywhere until I get my desert" I'm not an exhibitionist but for that kind of blowjob...fuck the neighbors watching they could put it on TV or sold tickets for all I cared.

It must have been at least 20 minutes before I began to shoot my load into her mouth and face. I realized she wasn't in any hurry, she was enjoying her exposure. Her favorite thing to do was to let the 1st and last spurt "paint" her face as she loved to call it. She always said the rest of my load was strictly for her tummy.

Tonight, was going to fun I could tell, she wasn't even in her stride yet. I sighed knowing tomorrow would be a totally different woman. When Patty was sober, she was the perfect picture of proper public decorum...damn, try saying that five times real fast. Hair, makeup, and dress always beyond question. Sexually, well, she acted as though she only had sex because it was expected of her as a wife and only in the proper missionary position. God help me, if I tried anything outside her idea of what was proper.

However, when she got tippy or drunk it was like Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. She turned into a total slut and to be honest, I often thought how I could keep her drunk just to keep this side of her. The last time I got a blowjob like this, well it was the last time she got drunk about 6 months ago. I had to get her bathed and dressed in her favorite flannel night gown before she woke up. I had taken her to an adult book store that had glory holes and she spent 5 hours sucking and fucking cocks of all ages, shapes, colors, and sizes. Before she fell asleep, she told me it was the most fun she had in ages.

Next morning, I was given the cold shoulder for letting her drink so much because she woke up with a hangover. Her head hurt too much to scream at me and she thought maybe she was coming down with the flu because she kept burping up gas. Whenever, she turned her back I would smirk and said to myself "Not gas, those were cum burps".

But I didn't care about what would happen tomorrow morning, what I was looking forward to was fucking my beautiful wife everyway I could and watching her orgasm over and over again and she would do anything to keep my cock hard and ready for her use to include rimming my asshole. I knew she would remember nothing about what happen tonight, so I was going to have fun.

I didn't have to bother undressing her, because she was naked. I had to carry her clothes in from the car. Once inside I convinced her to get a bottle of wine and two glasses then met me up in our guest room. I didn't want her to wake up on any wet spots and I could easily change the bedding tomorrow before I left for work. Before she fell into a deep sleep, I would risk her into the bathroom for a nice

hot bath to remove any evidence of our activities.

I set her normal flannel night gown on our bed, so I didn't have to go looking for it later. I put food and water down for our German Shepherd and then suddenly he popped through the doggy door set in the kitchen door. He was happy to see me and after greeting me he ran straight to the food. Suddenly he stopped and raised his head and sniffed. I thought nothing of this as I grabbed my wife's clothes and took them down stairs to put them in the washer along with my clothes. I will convince her that she did it before going to bed. All evidence of her drinking washed away.

As I headed back upstairs, i noticed that King's food bowl looked untouched which was strange. I looked around and called his name but heard nothing. I shrugged and thought maybe he had business to finish first. As I walked upstairs, I heard muffle moans of pleasure coming from my wife. I grinned and thought "Horny bitch she decided to start without me" As I walked to my door, I was greeted with a sight I never believed I would see.

My wife laying on her back with legs spread wide and King half standing on his hind legs, his snout and tongue buried in her wet pussy. Her hands were stroking his head cooing "oh fuck yes, good boy King. Oh, gawd, King your tongue is amazing keep licking momma." I wasn't sure how I should react to this sight but looking down my cock was rock hard and throbbing. Patty's eyes fluttered open and she grinned up at me and giggling said, "King decided to get me already for you." Then she went back to cooing at him "Yes King, get momma all nice and wet so Daddy can fuck his bitch"

Patty was on fire when King stopped his licking and sat down on his hunches. He looked up at me waiting. Patty was about to turn over and into a doggy position when I stepped up and stopped her. I got between her wide spread legs and lifted her legs over my shoulder and in one stroke was buried deep inside her pussy. The sudden lunge took her by surprise as she sucked in a deep breath of air and let out a gutter moan of lust. She let her head fall back over the side of the bed and I got a wicked thought.

I looked down at King and noticed his cock was not hanging out, I then leaned forward pushing my cock deeper into my wife and she let out another moan and I patted the other side of the bed. King looked at me for a moment then jumped up and ran around to other side. And sat down in front of Patty face. I heard her mumble "What's wrong King?" when I slammed all the way back inside her and her mouth shot wide open and I patted my wife's head. King understood and stood up on his hind legs with his front paws landing of either side of my wife's naked body.

Kings cock went straight into Patty's open mouth which she automatically closed around it without even thinking it was a dog's cock trapped between her lips. I heard King give a deep guttural whine and he looked up at me and I laughed and said "I totally know what you mean boy. Fuck her mouth good for me" In no time at all King and I established a coordinating movement. I thought for sure Patty would start fighting but her body relaxed and was eagerly accepting both of our cocks.

When I got a clear view between King and Patty, I was shocked to find he was burring his doggy bone all the way to the knot which was swelling up quickly. Patty's hands had reached back to grab his hind quarters trying to pull him in deeper. Her lips were now reaching up the sides of his knot and yet still not one struggle to get away. In fact, I don't think that King could have pulled away even if he wanted to and by all evidence he didn't. From the looks of it, he was going to pound his puppy makers into her and give her puppies one way or another...he didn't care.

He began jack hammering her mouth and at first, she got panicky then she relaxed and just let him do whatever he wanted while I was now trying to do my own version of his humping into her willing pussy. I almost regret knowing that she wouldn't remember anything of this in the morning but then

thought, I wonder how soon I would be able to do it again.

I saw Kings hips jerk then he stopped, and I saw my wife's throat began to swallow over and over again. I couldn't stop myself at that and my hips jerked, and I felt my balls tighten and my baby makers came blasting out of my cock. The blood was rushing in my ears and all sound vanished except for the beating of my heart. Slowly it started to return, and I heard King giving a weak whimper moan as he licked my wife's rock-hard nipples. Even Patty's body was experiencing a series of shock waves even after King's and my cocks were pulled out.

After a few minute Patty's eye fluttered open and she broke out into an ear to ear wide grin as she said exhaustedly "Can we do that again? But switch next time." I laughed and said, "I'm game if King is." And as we looked at King, he looked back at us and barked which remarkably sounded like he was agreeing. We both laughed, and patty pulled me down on her and kissed me deeply. Maybe I should have been grossed out, but I wasn't. I looked at King and said "Hey, if you don't mind sharing, I won't mind sharing" and he seemed to bark in agreement again.

I didn't give Patty time to fall asleep, I did what I had to do. I got on my knees and began to lick her pussy. Soon she had her legs wrapped around my head moaning in lust again. King came over interested and watched. Patty was softly moaning in pleasure. I had an idea and I patted the bed and King jumped up. He quickly became interest in Patty's quivering boobs. I watched him stand over top of her and started to lick and nip at them bring moans of excitement from her lips. Her nipples were rock hard and responded to everything he did. I had a sudden image of Patty nursing a litter of puppies with those breasts which made me rock hard. I saw that she was having the same effect on him because his cock was back out and wanting to play again.

I patted the floor next to me and he jumped down which caused Patty to moan in disappointment. I quickly moved away, and patted Patty's pussy and King understood and got back on his hind legs and I guided his paws to both sides of her waist and then reached down and guided his cock into her pussy which brought guttural sounds from both of them. King has is mark and I quickly walked around to the other side of bed and waited for her mouth to open wide which it did. This time I was fucking her mouth and damn it felt wonderful.

Patty must have been enjoying herself because she reached back and grabbed my butt cheeks and pulled me even tighter against her mouth. By now King was humping away like a jack hammer and I felt myself a bit enviousness towards him then laughed it off thinking Patty was my wife then watching how her body responded to his cock I said, "she might be my wife, but she is without any doubt his bitch too." And I was okay with that. I thought "Too bad Patty wasn't like this all the time, who know what King and I could get her to do."

Kings bark brought me back to the moment and I looked up and saw him looking at me. Fuck was our dog reading my mind? Did he just agree with me?

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I was, without any doubt, so wonderfully fucked by these two amazing males; one human, my husband of 3 years and one a dog, our family pet. Brad had picked me gently up from the bed. He carried me from our guest room to the bathroom and what was cute, was King hovering around Brad, barking if saw a part of me get to close to wall or door. Brad would look at King and say "I got this King. Don't worry boy, I'm not going to hurt her" that it made me giggle. King was being a side walk supervisor and Brad was getting annoyed.

Finally, Brad was lowering me into the tube and with a hint of his patience wearing thin, stared King

and said, "Do you want to do this?" and King cocked his head at Brad for a moment and then gave a loud resounding bark. Brad was silence for a moment then broke out laughing and said "Well you can't, I'm doing it. You can do it next time and I will criticize you." King gave another bark as if to say "Deal"

Giggling, I lean my face up and kissed my husband's cheek and said, "I guess, I have two white knights to protecting me now, so you two will just have to learn to share." Brad turned to look at me and said, "Quiet from the peanut gallery" and King barked what seem to be an agreement. Now Brad and I broke out laughing as he carefully lowered me into the nice hot bubbly water. I wanted to sleep so badly but I knew I couldn't.

I allowed myself to shut my eyes until they were tiny slits. Brad too my body soap and wash cloth and began to scrub me down. King sitting on his hunches rested his paws on the side of the tub and watched. My husband was very thorough, and I think he was enjoying his self-more than he should. He spent a lot of time washing my 36d boobs which caused me to moan because it felt so good and I as once again aching to make love again, but my husband works the wash cloth everywhere but where I wanted him to go.

He pulled me up, so he could wash my back then my sides, the outsides of my thighs. He slowly worked each leg holding it up and cleaning it. I realized he was teasing me, the bastard. I grabbed his hand and pulled the wash cloth out of it and pushed his hand between my legs as I spread my legs as wide as the tube allowed. I heard him chuckle and I whispered softly "Asshole" and he chuckled again.

Soon Brad's fingers found the place I wanted them most, my pussy and I gave a deep guttural moan of pleasure as they pushed inside of me. I realized that King wanted in on this seduction as well because he started to lick my ankle and inside of m legs which made them spread wider. I tensed for a moment when Brad's one finger found the opening of my tender butt hole, but I quickly relaxed and allowed him to explore that as well. I was losing myself in pleasure, but I knew I had to keep at least a tiny hold on myself, after all I was supposed to be drunk. I had to act the part, or my secret would be discovered.

I wasn't expecting what happen last night to happen. I was shocked and yet happy it did. I can't believe I'm saying that. I was actually happy that my dog fucked me along with my husband. Everything I had been raised to think was being tossed out the window and I was so unsure of anything...except that I was happy. I was afraid that if my husband knew I wasn't drunk he would hate me and maybe even toss me out the door. It's one thing to have fantasies but another for those fantasies to be made real. If I pretended to be drunk, then in the morning I could go back to being all prim and proper. It was my safety net until I understood what was happening to me better.

Brad and King gave me a great orgasm and he, Brad not King rinsed me off and put my night gown on and tucked me into bed so I could finish sleeping it off. King slept on the rug next to my side of the bed. I fended sleep but my mind was working a mile a minute trying to make heads and tails of things...tails, that's funny.

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As I laid in bed pretending to sleep, I tried to remember how this all got started in the first place, so I can place the blame for everything on that moment in time. Was it because my Mother hated sex and considered it just for procreation only. Her wedding advice to me was to get pregnant as soon as possible so I wouldn't to deal with it again. According to her, we didn't live back in the time where you had large family to take care of farms or needing to take care of a business. She had told me

that if my Father had demanded more than one child from her, she would have never married him. When I asked wide eyed "You and Father don't have sex anymore?" She slapped my face and told me to never ask such filthy questions again, and I didn't. I never knew how Dad lived with this sexless existence, I was way to embarrassed to even think about it.

But we grew up in an age of enlightenment, and sex was all around us. Sex was used in advertisement, it was talked about by everyone. Oh, sure some kinds of sex were still taboo and never talked about in "polite company" but it didn't take long for me to hear the terms "blow jobs" and "butt sex" which I refused to believe people did. That was until one day, I was passing by an alley on the way home. I saw a girl my age on her knees sucking an older boys' penis. I was shocked, but I couldn't stop watching them. The boy was obviously enjoying what she was doing but I was even more shocked to see that she seemed to be enjoying it just as much. Then the boy grunted and with horror I watched the girl's throat swallowing over and over again the white stuff that shot out of the boy's penis.

You might ask how I knew it was white...she saved the final mouth full and opened her mouth wide and showed him her tongue. I could see it from my hidden position. The boy grinned and told her she was a fantastic cock sucker and she grinned back and thanked him then asked if they could do it again tomorrow. The boy said, "Only if I can bring a friend with me, he doesn't believe you're giving me head."

The girl just grinned bigger and said "Sure, and I will do him too, if you want. Just remember I'm your girl" The boy said "You sure are and you are the best cock sucker in the whole damn town" I ducked down behind some boxes until they left. I was shaking from what I just witnessed. I had no one to talk to about this, certainly not my Mother.

The man I met and married was Brad and he was a wonderful man. He was kind, and loving, and always thoughtful. He was a lot more experienced sexually and I made sure he understood how little experience I had. He just grinned and said, "It would be my honor to show you what you are missing"

Our wedding night was marvelous, I felt like a princess and he took his time and as gently as possible when he took my cherry. I found myself pitying my Mother, because for such a minor moment or two of pain, I discovered what an orgasm was. My love and adoration grew for this man who brought me not to one, not two, but three orgasms on our wedding night. Yes, three time I took his orgasm inside my vagina and loved it. He didn't even question me when I told him I wanted to shower before I went to bed.

The only thing that made me uncomfortable is when he wanted to do something for me that I thought was too dirty for me to emotionally handle. He wanted to lick my vagina, but the thought made me sick to think about. And when he asked about a blowjob I was equally sicken. I begged him to forgive me, my childish ignorance but I needed time to learn how to handle the thought of such things.

Brad was understand and never push me into anything I said I couldn't handle. I was all for the different sexual positions and loved many of them but when he grinned and said he wanted to do me "doggy style" I thought I was going to faint. I never heard of such a humiliating thing..to be fucked like a dog and I started crying against his chest he again comforted me and told me not to worry about.

I did notice that as time went by, we started to make love less and less. In the beginning, it was almost everyday then it went down to a couple of times a week then once a week the once every

couple week. If I asked my Mother about it, she would have just told me to thank God for it. I wasn't going to do that, because I knew the truth about sex and I loved it. I tried to ask my husband, if he was bored with me sexually and he just hugged me and said not to worry about it, it was just he was under a lot of pressure at work.

Then about 3 months into our 2nd year of marriage, Brad got a urgent call from his office they needed him to bring some Important papers to work. He rushed out barely taking time to give me a "Will be back as soon as I can. Love ya" Well I was doing my weekly cleaning and since he was going to be out of his office, I thought I would surprise him and clean it for him.

I already knew not to move any of his papers even though they seemed scattered all over the place. I dusted the best I could then vacuumed the rug and emptied his trash. It was then I noticed his computer was still on. He never left his computer running when he had to leave. He said it was in case of a power outage.

I giggled and like most females, I got curious. A part of me felt like I was Pandora about to open that mysterious box. I knew a little about computers but had no real interest in doing more than writing letters or emailing the few people I knew. His computer was asleep so when I wiggled the mouse the screen came on and I thought my heart was going to stop.

The whole screen was taken up by a single picture. I was staring at a mans naked butt looking between his legs and a equally naked woman who had his penis in her mouth with sperm squirting around the sides and dripping down her chin. There were arrow symbols on both sides of the picture and I clicked them the camera angle changed. The woman wasn't being force and by the sparkle in her eyes she was enjoying this filthy act which brought back memories of school and the classmate I watching doing the same thing.

I saw several tabs and clicked another one and this time it was the same people but instead of pictures it was a video. The man's penis was longer and thicker than my husband but not by very much and the woman was taking the whole thing all the way down her throat with one smooth motion. What really bothered me more was at the end of the video the woman looked up and thanked him as if what he did was a gift to her.

I click another tab and found more pictures of naked women with multiple partners and in all sorts of positions including doggy style. I sat down stunned then I thought "Oh my god, my husband is wanting to have nasty sex with other women. I even found bestiality photos which really make me sick to look at and yet unable to turn away from them.

My heart was broken. Then I clicked another table and found chat rooms and I found emails from people with obscene names. The final blow came when I clicked on the last tab and porn stories hundreds and maybe thousands of them and sites that specialized in porn stories.

I started to look through some of the stories and found out that they were all the same type. They were about house wives who fucked other men...no, correction who fucked lots of other men. Apparently, they called these kinds of wives "Hot Wives". Some of the stories the husband encouraged the wife to go out and find other men and even some where they wanted their wives to bring them back to their house, so the husbands could watch them.

Some of the stories the wives fucked behind their husband's back and the husband only found out by accident or when his wife came up pregnant and the wife then told the husband it wasn't his baby. A few of the stories, the husband didn't even know until the wife delivered the baby and it was bi-racial.

This was too much for me to handle and I got up and went into the dinning room and pour me a large glass of brandy. I tossed back half of it and choked as it burned its way down my throat. I refilled it and then grabbing the bottle went back to Brad's computer room determine to find out the true scope of what I saw.

I read more and more stories where husbands wanted their wives to be so nasty that even whores wouldn't do the things they did. They not only sucked cock...yes cocks and swallowed cum. New words were added to my limited vocabulary. These wives also let other men fuck their asses and women would even lick their partners ass which they called rimming and something really disgusting called ass to mouth where the man would fuck the wives' ass and then immediately shove it into her mouth to finish up or for her to clean it with her mouth. I felt sick and swallow down more brandy.

There were stories of wives going out dress like slut and whore or some even went out in public naked wearing just a jacket or coat. Stories of wives having BDSM sex with their Master's or Mistresses. Oh yes, wives cheating on their husband with other women. Wives cleaned cum from cocks, other pussies, off of boobs, even off of floors...Yuck. This was all sick to me and yet I couldn't stop reading this. How could any man, husband want his wife to be like this? This can't be normal...can it, and can my own husband want to humiliate me like this? I was horrified.

My brain was confused, and the alcohol didn't help clear it. I thought I would wait until Brad came home and confront him with all of this. Demand an explanation and if he couldn't give me one, then demand a divorce.

The thought of that make me start crying because no matter what, I still loved my husband. I hurt so bad, I could hardly stand it. I was angry at him too. I was so angry that he would even fantasize about me doing such wicked things. If he wanted someone to do those things, he should have married a whore.

Then I thought that I needed time to think things out. I didn't want to ruin my marriage because I didn't take the time to consider everything. I returned everything to the way it was. I couldn't remember what he had up on his computer, so I thought, I would reset the main breaker. Brad had taught me this in case something was to happen. If I flipped the switch all power would be shut off...Perfect.

In fact, I would leave it off and pretend it went off while I was asleep. I would leave a note telling Brad that I had gotten sick and went to lay down in the guest room just in case I was coming down with something. I washed my glass and dried it and put it back in china cabinet. I put the brandy bottle back but hid it behind the other bottles I would have to remember to buy another bottle to replace it. I spray the rooms with deodorizers and brushed my teeth. Then I went out and flipped the switch.

I was upstairs in the guest room when Brad came home and found it dark. He went out to the main circuit and minutes later the power came back on. I heard him open the door and look in but kept pretending to be asleep. About 30 minutes later I smelled something good cooking that made my stomach growl. I heard steps and pretended to sleep again. I heard the door open and something being sat on the dresser. what ever he cooked smelled really good. I felt his hand on my forehead for a moment then I felt him kissing me. He closed the door and I heard him go back down stairs.

I quietly got up and looked at the tray he left me. There was a single red rose and a note saying "Hope you feel better when you wake up. Love Brad" I wanted to cry but I guess I ran out. There was a covered bowl which contained my favorite chicken stew from the market we use. Brad must

have called and found the power went out and picked up dinner. Now, I did cry a little as I ate. By then, I had made up my mind.

I decided that If my husband wanted a Hot Wife, he would get one. I was going to make him sorry for what he had been doing behind my back. How many times did he Jack off to the porno, wasting his precious sperm instead of inside of me where I wanted it. However, I needed to pretend as if nothing happens. I would become like my Mother with him and transform into the biggest slut I could be when possible with other men. That part I still had to work on. I will see if he likes what he fantasizes about.

Damn, I'm confused. I felt bad too because after I saw those pictures and stories of girls/wives having sex with animals I couldn't bare having King in the house with me. I put his food and water bowl on the porch and refused to play with him. He actually looked hurt when I turned to lock the door and the doggy door so he couldn't come in. I hope Brad takes care of him because right now I couldn't.

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I fended sickness the next morning and got up only after Brad left for work. I was glad he took care of King and let him outside and had kept the doggy dog locked. I was still having problems with dealing with what I had seen. I had showered and just thrown my robe on to go down stairs and found that Brad had made coffee and it was still hot when I got to the kitchen. One sip and I choked and spat it out, okay one thing Brad could not do was make coffee that was fit for human consumption. I checked the filter and found that he filled the holder up to the brim with coffee grounds. Oh my God, I thought, he won't be able to sleep for a week and I giggled.

I emptied the coffee maker and cleaned it out then filled it with clean cold water and the proper amount of grounds and turned it on. While waiting for it to brew, I peeked out the kitchen door window and saw King laying down facing the door looking expectantly at it and I felt sad. None of this was his fault but yet he was being punished. In less than 10 minutes the coffee makers chime went off and now I had a good cup of coffee. I sat down to plan my revenge.

How does a good girl get fucked? I could try Craig's Lis but then I thought of all the news reports I read about people who were tricked answering those ads and getting tortured or worse. I had no friends that I could tell what I was going to do in case something happened. They were all Brad's friends too and could tell him what I was up to. This had to be a secret until it happened.

Okay, what next? Friends possibly, no wouldn't work for the same reason as Craig's List anyway I don't think I know of any of our friends who would want to be a part of this. Me taking this step would probably destroy any friendship anyway. I was not willing to do this.

Next idea? Bars or clubs, possibly. It did have its positive side...me getting fucked by a total stranger but a known regular at a bar. Maybe a bit safer then Craig's List. Maybe met a guy or guys...yea guys, I like that idea. Why not start my Hot Wife revenge right, just dive head long into it. Anyway, I could met them and let them know that fucking could be possible, but only after I get to know them better. Then I thought of STD's and AIDs and crabs or scabies...God, I'm not even sure what the last one was but I heard about crabs, so I figure scabies had to be like it.

I know I wanted revenge, but I really didn't hate my husband. I did not want to risk his health or mine to be honest. I just wanted to hurt and humiliated him like he did to me. Okay so he didn't actually throw it in my face but discovering it like I did came out to be the same thing...I think. Oh, fuck Brad, why did you have to be a closet pervert? In the back of my mind I heard a small voice say,

"Why did I have to be so damn curious?" I told myself to shut up, that that wasn't the point.

Well I knew I wasn't going to meet any guys at the church social, that was for sure and to be honest, just thinking about it that way I was half expecting to be hit with lightning or a hole in the ground to open up and I would fall directly into hell. What's the old saying "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned" I was sure that getting my revenge would ruin both of our marriage forever and most likely end in divorce, but I was ready to deal with that as punishment for both of us.

Well, I was out of ideas for the moment. I had to put the other part of my plan into actions. I would have to transform myself into my Mother. I would need to go out and buy a bunch of flannel night gown the type that went from neck to ankle. I thought maybe I should also buy some granny panties as well just for effect but wasn't ready to give up wearing my bikini panties which were more comfortable for me. But what about sexy underwear for when I find the guy or guys? That's an idea. I could hide them from Brad and the only time he would find them is when they were full of other men's cum. That made me smile but it also bothers me too.

I decided that I would move into the guest bedroom, but I wanted to think it out first. If I did everything fast, then he would know what is happening and I wanted it to be just as big a shock as me finding his porn stash. No, I would fend sickness for a few days and then go back to sleeping in our bed. I would not move out of our bedroom until I was actually fucked by another man. I chuckled when the idea that I could cheat on my husband with another woman, then thought that he might just like that idea, the pervert. Anyway, finding a female to cheat with would probably be harder than finding a male.

Damn, cheating never sounded this complicated on TV or in the movies. I had to think more about this plan.

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Okay, I had decided that I had to put away my plans for world domination.... wait, what, oh crap. I got to stop watching reruns of the cartoons of Pinky and the Brain when I'm drinking. Yes, after my first cup of coffee, I decided to add a shot of brandy to it to help settle my nerves. I was now on my 3rd cup and smacking my lips.

Okay, I'm at a total loss on how to get laid by someone other than my husband without getting kidnapped, tortured, infected with a disease, or worse. How in the hell do all these women you see on TV do it? Anyway, with those plans on the back burner, I realized that I could not push sleeping in the guest room much longer, so I decided that I would start sleeping in my own bed, but I would not be having any sex with my husband until I could rub me being unfaithful under his perverted nose...hiccup.

Just kidding, it takes a little more than what I've had to get me that drunk. I usually go from sober to happy to tippy to feeling NO pain to passing out drunk. The curious thing is somewhere between happy and tippy I also start getting really horny. By the time I get to feeling no pain...well, all I will say about that is when I get there, I start taking my clothes off because I get too hot. However, to go from feeling no pain to drunk, big difference...I pass out. Not a sexy sight at all, when drunk, I'm told I even snore and even less lady like, I start passing gas. Maybe it is a built-in protection my body has but, there it is.

I had to admit that Brad had been sweet the last couple of days that I fended being sick. He brought home dinner, and not Big Macs. He brought home food that he thought would work with my being sick. This morning, the doorbell rang, and he sent me flowers and I almost kissed the delivery guy.

Humm, maybe, nope forget about that right now. Back to business.

I pull a chuck roast out of the refrigerator, knowing it was his favorite. I browned the roast and seasoned it and put it along with carrots, potatoes, and onions into the slow cooker with some beef broth and set the temp and covered. I knew we had a good dry red wine to go along with it. Dinner was now on autopilot and the hardest thing I had to do was next...King.

I realized that King had done nothing to hurt me. It wasn't his fault that Brad had all that bestiality porn, stories and even photos. I had loved King since we got him from a puppy. I had even begged Brad not to get him fixed because I wanted to be breed so we could have his puppies. He was not a full breed German Shepherd, he is a handsome black and tan with a beautiful face and intelligent eyes. He started to follow me around almost from day one and he loved to curl up in my lap to take naps. Brad enjoy playing with him, so he would get exercise and we even got him doggy obedience classes.

Some people will say dogs and animals in general are just dumb animals, King wasn't, and I truly believe that it was true for a lot of animals. Many of them seemed even smarter than humans at times. We tried to spell out when it was time to take King to our veterinarian. One day, I looked at the clock and told Brad it was time go take King to the V-e-t and King took off running. He crawled under our bed and Brad couldn't get him out. Finally, I crawled under the bed with him and coaxed him out with a dog biscuit and a lot of loving from me. I think would have done anything for me.

Well King was a dog, and of course did what dogs usually do. Yea, sometimes it was embarrassing but I knew that is was just instinct and not motivated by anything else. Yes, I am referring to sniffing which he would do just before I started my period. Brad use to make fun that King knew my cycle better than I did because I had to check my personal calendar to be sure. I have an unusually long cycle which is why it throws me off. Well when that happens, I shower more than once a day and put on fresh clothes and of course make him understand that I do not want his attention like that. I don't even think about it anymore.

I looked out the kitchen door window and there was King laying down facing the kitchen door looking like he lost his best friend in the world. It broke my heart, and I heard myself say "Fuck it, he is my dog and I love him." I opened the door and he stood up immediately. I knelt down and called to him, he hesitated and cocked his head. I wanted to cry because it looked like he was trying to say "Are you sure?" Then I said "Come here King...please" well he ran at me and almost tackled me and before I could react, he was licking my face and neck and I hugged him and called him "my beautiful boy"

Finally, I stood up, saying "now I got house work to do". Brad had kept the dishes washed and put in the strainer but dusting, sweeping, vacuuming...nope. Hey, I shouldn't complain, he did more than some husbands I have known. I turned around to go into the dinning room when I got the shock of a cold wet nose on my butt and I yelped and jumped at same time. King was just sitting trying to look innocent and I wagged my finger at him and said "I got enough problems from the other male in the house without you adding to it. Behave!"

King still followed me around but would lay down in the door way watching me. I chuckled and said, "well at least I know I can turn one male head without him having to resort to porn." Finally, the house was back in order, I got the laundry done, the bed made with fresh linen and had time to shower and put on a comfy pair of cotton shorts and t-shirt and I sobered up. A little makeup and hair brush and just a hint of perfume. I was set. I fed King and went to let him out back. He sat looking at me but refused to go out.

Then I figured the problem and I closed the door and showed him that I unlocked the doggy door. I knelt and kissed him on his nose and said "X my heart I won't lock you out again" he let out a deep bark, and I started to say "Oh my" when his tongue shot out and into my mouth. I was stunned for a second before pulling away. I looked at him and said, "Did you do that on purpose!" King instantly barked back as if to say "No..." I stared at him for a moment then stood up and said, "I don't believe you." He cocked his head looking up at me with those big beautiful eyes then shook my head and said "Now get out and do your business and go play for a while"

I had poured a glass of red wine for Brad and one for me when I heard my husband pull up in the driveway. For a second, my mind flashed back to my husband's porn collection and remember a picture of a dog that resembled King and was locked onto a girl with his paws wrapped around her. The picture showed that his thing, his cock was buried in her pussy. The girl was looking back at him and her face was full of lust.

Then I heard Brad call out "Honey, I'm home" and I was brought back to reality and felt weird thinking about that picture.

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I didn't want Brad to get suspicious of my sickness, so I finished my wine and started using Sprite. To mask the smell of wine on my lips I took a whole clove and started sucking on it. I had already poured a glass of wine for Brad and had it ready. I put on a smile and grabbed his glass and walked out of kitchen and into the living room and walked towards the hall leading to the front door. Damn, I forgot to throw out the clove, so I spit it out and tossed it into the small trash can by the table in hallway.

We have a full-length mirror just next to the hall. I put it there, so I can make sure that I look my best when I walk out the door. Well as I past our full-length mirror I was feeling playful, I did a turned turn around to make sure I looked okay. I've seen too many wives who let themselves go once they got married. Okay, I confess that I'm not one of those women who get offended when guys look at them. Oh, I will pretend that I don't like it, but it isn't the truth and Brad knows it too. He's not the jealous type and he says he is proud when other guys notice me.

When we first met, Brad was in a group of guys at the club who were staring at me and I could tell by the way they all looked at me and how they were taking back and forth snickering with each other without taking their eyes off, that all they had on their minds was sex. I smirked, because I could tell that they only saw me as a piece of fuck meat, well, except for Brad. He looked at me alright, but the way he looked was different. The way he looked made my panties wet and that shocked me because up until then, most guys didn't do that for me.

Hey, don't get the wrong idea, I wasn't into girls either. It was just up until then guys were...amusing and not to be taken seriously. Oh, I made sure that I was never caught some place where anything bad could happen, and I wasn't a cock tease but.... well, they were just guys. I never teased, and I never took up any offers. If I saw a guy and he was a good dancer, okay I would dance with him, if he asked but not often.

All through the night, the other guys in the group he was sitting with tried to ask me to dance and I refused them all. While I was telling my girlfriend how silly those boys were being, Brad was at the table and said, "Excuse me, but would you honor me with a dance?" I was startled because it was so old fashion like some of those movies I watched. I looked into his deep brown eyes and I tried to answer but the words didn't come out and my girlfriend said, "She would love to dance with you stud" and I blushed and looked at her and she just smirked.

Well, we danced and danced and danced. Fast songs, slow songs, I quickly stopped caring I just let Brad guide me and I felt happy. His eyes never left my eyes, well except when I laid my head on his shoulders and closed my eyes and sigh and even then, I felt his head next to mine and I heard him take deep breaths as if to savor the smell of it. He was a great dancer and before I knew it the MC was saying that the club will be closing.

Brad lead me back to my table where my girlfriends were all staring at me giggling. I tried to look defiant, but my best friend's smirk told me that I wasn't fooling anyone. Brad said thank you and I hope to see you again and started to turn away when I reached out and touched his hand, he turned and looked at me with curiosity in his eyes. I took a napkin and quickly wrote my cell phone number on it and said, "In case you want to call" His eyes lit up and his grin was infectious as he said "I will. You can bet on that".

After he left, my best friend leaned over and said "You smell like a cat in heat" I slapped her arm, but I couldn't meet her eyes...she was right. Brad did call the very next day and we just talked and before I knew it, we had talked for over 2 hours. My best friend said nothing, but it was that insufferable grin that made me blush and I swear a few times I heard her mumble "Patty and Brad sitting in a tree..." When I said "WHAT" she fended innocents and said that she didn't say anything but continued that grin.

About a month later I told her that Brad proposed to me and she said "Well, it's about time. If he asked you that first night you would have grabbed him and dragged him to the preacher before he could change his mind." I tried to look offended and said "Continue to be that damn smug and I won't ask you to be my Maid of Honor" we both broke down doing what girls tend to do when our emotions go overboard, we both cried.

I had told Brad up front that I didn't believe in having intercourse before marriage and he said it was okay with him, but we did cheat a little. Nothing wicked really but after a hot kissing session I realized his was hard and getting uncomfortable. I whispered that I could help relieve him and he tried to be gallant about it but when I started to unzip his pants he shut up. I had taken a pack of tissues from my purse and I pulled his cock out of his pants and after blushing and telling him how beautiful I thought it looked, I started to jack him off.

I had never done it before and I looked into his eye and said "I'm sorry if I'm not very experienced doing it. Direct me, tell me what I can do to make it better for you and he gave me gentle instructions and I was rewarded by a nice hard throbbing cock. It was hot and silky, and I could feel his hot blood pulsing through my hands. He moan softly and said my hand felt fantastic and I knew he should be getting close, so I told me to let me know when, so I could keep us from getting messed up.

Well, I learn several things that night. One was to bring more tissue, a lot more. Okay, I had decided that this was not going to be onetime deal. His initial shot blasted right through the tissues I had ready. He said "Sorry", but I grinned at him and said, "I will know better next time and be prepared." I did have enough to do a fair job and some of his cum that did land on me was on my hand and arm. He blushed when he pointed to my hair and said some of it got there too and I giggled and wipe it up. Instead of throwing the messy tissues out, I put them in my purse.

Later, at home in my room I took them out and cautiously sniffed them. There was just a mild smell and I thought that I liked it. The tissue also smelled like Brad too which I did like. I had a fleeting moment when I desired to see what it tasted like, but I quickly let that desire passed. I got a zip lock bag and saved it, putting it with the rests of my precious keep sakes. If we got married, I wanted something to remind me of his first orgasm with me. Okay it sounds dumb, I'm a girl and we do stuff

like that. Remember first dance, first kiss, well I had his first orgasm.

I started giggling to myself and said, "What am I going to do, tell people oh here is the first load of cum Brad ever gave to me.?" That was stupid, but I still kept it. I had a friend who family had one of those vacuum sealers for food. I asked her how they worked then I got lucky and she got a call and while she was distracted, I vacuumed sealed my tissue. I giggled as I thought preserved forever.

Well back to greeting Brad at the door. As I did my turn about in front of the mirror. I was startled when realized that I hadn't worn panties or bra. My eyes zero in immediately to my obvious camel toe and my nipples were rock hard. Wait, was I wet as well, fuck? What the hell got into me. I wasn't supposed to be dressing to tease or seduce. Damn! It's too late to change now. Maybe Brad will be tired and won't notice.

Brad was carrying some grocery bags and I reached out and offered to take them while he got comfortable. I looked up at his face and I knew, one look...fuck he noticed, and his pants were already starting to tent and the grin he gave me, well it made me feel wetter if that was possible. Damn what was I thinking. I hadn't planned on teasing him, that was simply not what I did.... EVER.

I gave Brad a quick kiss and grabbed the bags in my free hand and offered him the glass of wine in the other. I told him dinner was almost ready, but he had time to change clothes or if he wanted to take a quick shower first. I instantly bit my lip. What was wrong with me? Then another one of his pictures popped into my mind of a dog fucking a girl and a guy fucking her mouth. Then instead of strangers in the pictures I saw Brad and me and...oh my god, King. I gulped and thought, I was going to need something stronger than wine.

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I turned and walked back towards the kitchen and I heard my husband give me a wolf whistle. Was I swinging my ass too now???? I turned back and smirked and saw that his pants were now fully tented, and he was rubbing himself and I stared for a second longer than I should have. I looked up at his face and he was grinning. I turned around and walked toward the kitchen shaking my head.

On the way to the kitchen I a glass and poured brandy in it and drained it. While I was seeing what Brad bought, I heard the shower running. I closed my eyes and thought "Why did I have to find his porn stash? Had I not seen it, then tonight could have been great. But I can't un-see what I have seen. I shook my head to try and clear it and realized that as angry as I was with Brad...I WAS NO COCK TEASE.

I decided that I, consciously or subconsciously, created this problem and I knew that I would take care of it. I will just have to plan my world domination for tomorrow.... what??? Damn that cartoon it always gets stuck in my head. When I see it and I can't stop thinking about it, then I realized I'm humming the theme song.... Pinky and the Brain. As smile creep across my face as I saw in my imagination, "Brain, what are we going to do tonight?" and the Brain answering back, "I don't know about you Pinky, but I'm going to be getting laid"

Just as I walked into the kitchen, there was King sitting and watching me. What is it about my dog, can he read my mind, or does he smell me going into heat? I swear it looks like he is grinning at me. I demanded crossly "What are you grinning at?" and King barked and lunged forward and touched his nose to my crotch. I quickly pushed him away and glared at him saying, "You men are all alike. You behave yourself or you will be sleeping in the back yard again!"

King ran under the kitchen table and laid down and put his paws over his snout like he was trying to hiding. I started to laugh but stifled it and said, "When did he learn that trick...smart ass." I turn to

the bags to see what Brad had brought home with him but keeping an eye on King. Damn it looks like he was grinning again. I saw to him "I should have gotten you fixed" King's eyes got big and he raised his head and hit it on the chair and I couldn't help myself, I laughed.

I grabbed one of his milk bones and squatted down and said "I'm sorry King, mommy should never have said that. I wouldn't want you fixed...I want you to make puppies. Come on, let's kiss and make up." King still eye me suspiciously until I held out his milk bone then he scooted out and sat down obediently in front of me wagging his tail. I smiled and said "Now be a good boy and don't make fun of mommy. Give me a kiss" King licked my cheek and grabbed the bone and dropped it to the floor. I turned saying "I got to put this stuff away and.... YIKES" and I jumped and turned. King was innocently chewing his bone, but I know that I felt a cold nose...his cold nose on my ass.

I must have imagined it, but fuck it felt cold and wet and...hey I felt my thigh and it was wet. I stared at King, but he innocently chewed his bone. I slowly turned back to the bags but every time I heard noise I turn and stared at King. I mumbled "smart ass, if I catch you.... You're as bad as Brad." King barked.

Well Brad had bought me Egg Drop Soup from our favorite Chinese restaurant. Whenever I got sick this was my go-to soup. It always made me feel better. Along with the soup were two spring rolls and a fortune cookie. I decided to eat the cookie then read the fortune. It said "Surrender yourself to yin guo and everything will work out in the end. Your lucky number is 69 and your lucky color is pink." What the hell is yin guo? I took out my phone and googled it...Karma. Cause and effect. Mumbling I said "Karma, if you want to help find me a way to get laid so I can get even with Brad."

Well, I was just finishing setting the table, roast and veggies for Brad and egg drop soup and spring rolls for me with fresh glasses of wine. Brad appeared wearing a short fluffy royal blue robe that I nicknamed the "getting busy" robe. Okay, it was official, I guess I was going to have to make good my unintentional offer of sex. I am not superstitious, but I wasn't going to risk Karma's wrath either. Brad was grinning at me and I felt my nipples getting harder and my crotch getting wetter. Oh well...I get there are worse fates.

I explained during dinner that I started to get better this morning and was so grateful of everything he did for me during my sickness that I wanted to show him how thankful I was. I told him he was very sweet. Then Brad's eyes lit up and he said "I almost forgot. I was afraid you were going to still be sick, so I didn't want to tell you. But now, I can." I smiled at him and said, "Tell me what?"

He said excitedly "Do you remember me talking about rumors that our company was getting bought out?" I struggled for a moment then remembered and said "yes" Brad said, "Well it was official, and the new owner came in today." I asked, "Weren't you afraid that if your company was bought out, that a lot of people were going to be fired?" Brad said "Yes, but the new owner said that he wasn't going to do that. He said that he reviewed everyone's records and thought we had a lot of good people, but we had not real guidance and direction. He said that was going to change. He said there will be re-alignment of job duties but most of all we were going to be having team building seminars.

I said, "Sounds interesting." Brad grinned and said, "This Friday the 1st weekend seminar is happening" I moaned and said, "You have to work on the weekend?" Brad's grin got bigger as he said "The owner encouraged us to bring our spouses. The Hotel is 4 stars and it is all being paid for by the company. All the meals are being catered, we just pay for our drinks. Do you want to go?" Before I could think, I said, "Are you kidding? A 4-star hotel and catered meals...of course I want to go."

After dinner Brad helped me clean up and I washed, and he dried. King was under the kitchen table watching us. I was just about done and told Brad to bring a bottle of wine up to the bedroom and I

would be there shortly after I put everything up and fed King. After he left, I noticed King watching me very closely and I grinned and said smugly "Okay, smart ass, mommy going to get some, and you are just going to have to settle for dinner and bed" I turned to turn out the kitchen lights and when I turned back King was licking his cock.

I smirked and said "Okay smart ass, I hope you enjoy yourself, because mommy doesn't do stuff like that? King barked and went back to licking.

I stood mesmerized and thought "well he certainly seems to be enjoying himself" when his red tip started to come out. I only seen it do that on occasion when he was over stimulated but never this close. Why did I have to see those pictures in Brad's porn stash? I licked my lips then realizing what I did, I shook my head and said, "Good night".

Well Brad was ready for me, and I resigned myself to taking care of both of our problems for the night...ONLY. When Brad told me about the seminar, I started to get an Idea where I might find fuck partners that would really embarrass him.

After several glasses of wine and brandy, I was feeling no pain and was pretty horny. When he started to go down on me, I didn't try to stop him. I was curious and anyway, it was him doing it not me.

At first, I was thinking "This felt weird" then "This feels good" to "Oh my god, what the hell had I been missing?" His tongue did things that drove me crazy. I had cum twice and was on my way to a third time when I grabbed him by the ears and said, "FUCK ME NOW!!!"

My husband grinned and wasted little time getting into position. He bent his head to lick my nipple and I just screamed 'FUCK THAT, I WANT YOUR COCK. I'M READY" and I pulled his head back up and reached down between us and was so happy to find that he was definigly ready. He slides all the way in on the first stroke which seldom happened without a little work.

My brain didn't register everything that happened just then, and I can't even begin to describe it to do it justice. It wasn't until hours later when Brad feel asleep and I laid awake staring at the ceiling basking in the afterglow. This was not love making Brad fucked me like an animal and I lost control. When his cock slides all the way inside me it hit every switch on the way in. When I felt him slam ball deep inside me, I felt like a pinball machine that just been tilted and I never came down from it.

He switched from fucking to eating my pussy to sucking my tits to fucking. It felt like my heart was going to explode and all I could hear was the rush of blood pumping in my ear. At some point, he switched position and I vaguely registered that I was staring at his cock hovering above my face. I can't say that I thought about what I did, because if I had, I would have never done it...but I reached up with tongue and licked him.

I was surprised at what I had done and startled that I didn't find the taste offensive, it wasn't totally unpleasant either. I reached up again only this time with my lips. I can only guess when he felt my lips around him, he push down with his hips and more went inside my mouth and I took him without protest.

Now beside the taste the feel wasn't what I expected either. I could close my eyes and I could feel brad's excitement and his enjoyment of what I was doing. I think I even tried to giggle when I heard him moan lustfully. I certainly wasn't an expert and when he hit the back of my throat I started to gag. I felt him pull away, but I grabbed his cheeks and pulled him back down. I don't know why but I wasn't going to quit now. I remember seeing a lot of his porn where woman swallowed way longer and thicker cocks then his. If they could do it then by god I would. Soon we got a rhyme going that

didn't cause me to gag too much and that he was obviously enjoying.

I felt the silkiness of his cock, the heat, the pulsing of his blood through my mouth. My taste buds were tingling with new exotic flavors I had never tasted before. I felt my body getting ready for a really big orgasm and suddenly I realized that Brad was too. In this position I couldn't turn away. I knew I couldn't hold it in my mouth for long, so spitting wasn't going to be an option. So, I ready myself as best I could, for swallowing my husbands first load of cum into my mouth then into my belly. The thought triggers my orgasm just as I felt him tighten up and then started shooting. I gulped and gulped and gulped over and over until it slowed and finally stopped.

Then I surprised myself when I wasn't satisfied with that, I was nursing on his cock like it was a bottle. Not hard, gently, tenderly and yet hungrily. I don't even know how long we laid like that but when I felt his cock pulling out of my mouth, I didn't want it to go. I was confused, I was satisfied, I was exhausted.

Brad turned around and stared at me for a minute then started to kiss me passionately. In-between kisses he said how incredible that was and good I tasted and the praised made me feel good. I was still riding the sexual high not knowing what I would be feeling when I finally came down to earth. I found myself hoping that I could do it again, in the morning. Wait, I'm supposing to be mad at him...excuse me, angry. Only animals get mad.

I knew I could blame the drinks for what I did last night and maybe even pretend not to remember any of it. And what made it more confusing was that I kept thinking about King licking his cock. Was I going crazy???

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So, while my husband slept peaceable, smiling like an angel, I laid awake staring at the ceiling. I thought that my sexual afterglow would fade along with my alcohol buzz, and I would be left with a lot of guilt at everything that happened. At first, I thought I would just pretend to wake up with a hangover and say that I didn't remember a thing, but fuck that won't work.

The more and more I thought about it, the more I wanted to suck Brad's cock again. I wanted to kick myself for wasting all this time being stupid and not at least giving it a try...oh and getting my pussy eaten, now I really did want to kick myself in the ass for passing that one up and where in the hell did Brad learn to do that stuff with is lips and tongue...or better yet, who did he learn on?

I have to say, that in our entire marriage, last night was so incredible that it changed my whole way of thinking about sex. I thought I really liked sex before, but now I freaking loved it. For some reason, last night became the perfect storm for my sexual awakening and it swept away all my old ideas of what was acceptable and unacceptable and what was out of this world, without a doubt, I want to do it again and again and again.

But that wasn't all that happened last night. I figured out a way I could get even with him husband for his porn addiction and give him what he wanted at the same time. I would go to the seminar alright and I was sure that one of the co-workers would want to bang the hell out of me, maybe more. I knew I could pretend being drunk and letting me have my cake and eat it too.

If my husband wanted me to cuckold him with other guys, I would do it in spades. I can't believe I even thought about doing this, but it was obvious what I needed to do. I had until Friday to see if I could actually do it. I would need new outfits, so I could seduce his co-workers. I'll pull out all the stops and get my hair done and my finger and yes, my toe nails too. I grinned to myself because I always thought only whore painted their toes. Well I'm finished being a good girl, so I might as well

join their ranks and show it.

I decided that I would call after Brad left for work and make an appointment that afternoon with my hair dresser and tell her I wanted the full treatment. But for now, something else was working itself into my mind...Brad. I quietly got out of bed and took a quick shower, dried and put on a little perfume then crawled back into bed.

Neither one of us bothered to put anything on after we had sex, so when I slowly pulled off the covers there was Brad. To my amazement, his cock was already half way to becoming fully hard. He must be having naughty dreams. I was hoping that they were of me. I remember one of my girlfriends calling a guys erection in the morning as "having morning wood" and I thought, to me, it was more like breakfast in bed and I giggled.

I got into position where I could look straight down over it. My hair fell down and I'm guessing started tickling him. I quietly reach back to my night stand and found a hair band and within seconds I was sporting a pony tail. I went back to looking down at his cock. I have to admit that the smell wasn't as fresh as last night, but it wasn't really offensive or a turn off either. I could smell him...and yes even smelled me. I leaned down and kissed the head and he shifted slightly and a moan deep in his throat.

Then I stuck out my tongue and I licked. The taste was like last night but again not as fresh but still something was intoxicating about the smell. I lowered my lips to his cock and breathed in deeply and I felt myself getting wet. My lips slide up and down his shaft gently as I sucked, and I felt him getting harder.

On impulse I released his cock and pushed it gently up as my lips and tongue to his balls and began to lick and suck on them. I opened my mouth and sucked each precious egg into my mouth bathing it in my mouth before I released it and did the same for the other. Now he as moaning, and I giggled as his hips searched for my mouth. I was enjoying myself and for some reason it made me feel like I was part of Brad when his cock was in my mouth.

I quickly captured his cock again and began to suck a little harder and using my tongue to lick the underside and around the head. I could feel his breathing becoming more rapid and it excited me. He as slowly coming out of his sleep as I felt his body tense and then his hands grabbed my head and he started to pump harder. I heard him yell "OH MY GOD YESSSS, I'M COMING" I didn't try to escape his hold, I relaxed and allowed him to guide me and I was ready for the blast of cum that would be shooting out at any second.

Brad did not disappoint me either. I began swallowing and swallowing until there was nothing left and then exactly like last night, I encircled his cock and gently nursed on it for a good 15 minutes, milking out every last drop. I can't believe it but in one night I had become addicted to sucking cock...I was a cock sucker and I loved it.

I looked up into Brad's eye and his expression floored me. There was a look of total adoration in them. It was like I was seeing him for the first time. At that very moment I was the only woman in his world and I realized that as angry as I was, I never stopped loving him. He gently pulled my face up and his lips meet mine and we kissed and didn't stop until the sun peeked into our window.

Brad instantly wanted to return the favor but looking at the clock I laughed and said I would have to take a rain check...he was going to be late for work, something he couldn't afford with a new boss. He groaned and tried to pull me to him, but I pulled away while giggling and told him to shower and shave while I made him breakfast.

He turned over pulling the sheet with him and said, "I don't want to". I laughed and yanked the sheet away and smacked his butt and said, "NOW MISTER!" then as a wicked after thought said "Or no pussy for desert tonight" I heard him say "Okay, okay I'm getting up." Giggling, I didn't bother to dress and went downstairs to make his breakfast.

As I walked into the kitchen, I was gloating to myself. I guess I did pretty well for a rank armature. I went to the refrigerator and started pulling out eggs and bacon and butter when I felt I was being watched. I looked back and under the kitchen table and saw King staring at me with his nose slightly in the air sniffing. I giggled again and wondered if King smelled me excited?

I turned with my hands full and laid everything on the counter then looking back at King still sniffing said "Yea, okay Mommy was naughty, sue me. I'll feed you breakfast in a minute as soon as I get Daddy's started. King cocked his head and barked. I looked back at King and with a grin said "Daddy already gave Mommy her breakfast" I giggled and went to work getting everything ready.

Bacon in the pan, bread in the toaster, glass of OJ, and a fresh pot of coffee brewing. I went to the cupboard and got out a can of dog food and opened it and after washing King's bowl out I put new food into it and bent over and went to put it on the floor. King surprised me by taking a swipe at my face with his long tongue. I cried out "King I already took a bath" but before I could get my balance and stand up, he licked my nipple and they both got instantly got hard.

I pulled away and stood up shocked and looked at him staring at me. I wasn't afraid and more surprising I wasn't angry at him. I was just confused. I could hear the water still running and knew Brad was still getting ready. King wasn't even paying attention to his dog food...he was looking at me and I found his attention strangely exciting.

Then I did something that surprised even me. I knelt down on the floor and put my hand to my side. I leaned forward to kiss his nose and he licked my other nipple. I didn't move, and he sat down, and we looked at each other. He was sniffing again, and his eyes look straight at my thighs...no, he was looking at my pussy and sniffing.

I opened my legs a little further and he was really sniffing but I couldn't say anything. I just kept looking at him. I watched him raise up onto all fours then walked slowly over to me. He licked my face and I didn't scold him, he licked again and when I still didn't scold him he lower his face and licked first one nipple and then the other...I heard myself moan and my lips were dry, and I licked them. Still no scolding he dropped his snout down and I closed my eyes. Suddenly it wasn't a cold nose it was a long-wet tongue and it was licking my wet pussy.

I moaned even deeper in my throat. He stuck his nose into my pussy and sniffed and licked it again and again. My legs felt like jelly and I was shaking but I kept my eyes shut. The last long lick causes my mouth to open to say "Yes" when his tongue shot inside my mouth. My eye shot open, but I didn't pull away. Then he just looked at me and walked over to his food bowl and started eating leaving me dazed and confused why he left.

Then I smelled the bacon and I heard the water turn off. I shook my head and stared at King again then stood up and lucky enough caught the bacon before it burned. I buttered the toast and then cracked the eggs to make them his favorite way...over easy. I was busy thinking about finishing up Brad breakfast when I felt that cold wet nose push between my butt cheeks. I didn't jump, I didn't scold him I opened my legs and let him sniff and lick for a minute.

I was on the edge of having an orgasm when it stopped. I turned and looked, and he was busy eating his food. Just then Brad walked in and I handed him his plate and told him I would bring in coffee. I

fixed two cups and started out but not before I turned to King and whispered "Asshole". Now I know my dog can freaking grin because that is exactly what he did before he laid down and started licking his dick. My hands began to shake, and I turned and walked out into the dinning room and handed Brad his coffee as I sat down next to him.

Brad was playing it cool. He wasn't trying to bring up anything hoping that it wouldn't break the spell. When he finished, I started to pick up his dishes when he stopped me and gave me a long-wet kiss. Then smiling said "I really love this outfit the best on you." I smiled and wished him a good day at work, but I was thinking "You aren't the only one who does too." I went into the kitchen and King just lay on the rug looking at me. I said nothing until I heard the front door shut.

I went into the dinning room and pour me a brandy then I walked into Brad's den shut the door and turned on his computer. It wasn't locked and quickly found the files I was looking for. About an hour later I walked out and went to the kitchen where King was waiting for me. He was licking his cock again and now the nearly half his red cock was exposed. I licked my lips as I dropped to my knees.

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King was smart, he didn't know if it was from breeding or from environment or from how Brad and Patty...especially Patty treated him. Training King to follow commands was easy, because King wanted to please his new pack leaders. He picked up on verbal commands in no time and at times even seem to know what the next command would be. Friends would laugh and say that it was almost like King was like people. This made his Patty proud and he loved that.

King didn't feel as if he was better than other dogs, but I understood that his pack was different than others. His pack included the Alpha male which he knew as Daddy or also as Brad which others called him. He knew the Alpha female was known as Mommy, or Patty which Daddy called her and others. He was also aware that when his Mommy and Daddy called King, they meant him, so he was King and a lot of times he was also called "Good Boy" or "Bad Boy". He didn't like being called "bad boy" because he knew he disappointed his pack leaders.

When the Alpha female, Patty loved on him, he enjoyed her calling herself his Mommy. It brought him pleasure because it reminded him of his own Alpha female that gave him birth. She nursed him, she kept him and his brothers and sisters warm and safe. She played with them and she taught them what was right and wrong for their pack. But what King loved most was hearing the Alpha male, Brad call her Patty. He liked the sound of the name...Patty.

Patty had taken over for his mother. She fed him, she kept him warm and protected and she played with him. She loved on him from the first day he met her. He also understood that Patty was Brad's bitch. He would sneak up to their bedroom door and watch and listen. At first, he thought Brad was hurting his new mommy, but then realized it was mutual enjoyment. He knew nothing of mating but didn't understand why they did such funny things, but they certainly did like doing them. Soon he came to realize that it was fun for them and not just for making puppies. Dog's don't mate for fun but for making more puppies.

Last year, Patty and Brad had taken him to a place away from the city. He found himself quickly becoming excited when he heard barking and smells, yes, he could smell all sorts of strange odors that brought out strange new feelings inside of him. He didn't know why Patty and Brad left him there and it confused him. Over several weeks, King was introduced to several new females who smelled interesting. The smell excited him and brought out basic animalist instincts in him, but it wasn't quite right. It was not enough for him to actually get excited enough to mate. Some of the females even got aggressive towards him when he failed to mate with them.

When Patty and Brad came back, he was so happy, he broke free of his leash and ran to Patty stopping just inches in front of her and sitting down. It took all of his control not to jump on her, but he knew it was not allowed. Patty dropped to her knees and loved on King and he felt like he was once again in heaven. There was that smell he missed again, a smell he knew was Patty. King nose push against the crotch of Patty's jeans and he sniffed. Patty giggled and push him away and said, "Now King, be good" King knew right then, that was the right smell, the right odor. It excited him, but nobody was watching him because they started talking to the man.

King heard the man telling Patty and Brad that he was just too young to mate this time. Maybe in a year or two bring him back and they will try again for puppies. Patty sounded disappointed, but she went out of her way to love on him on the trip back home. She cooed at King and said he was just picky and didn't meet the right bitch for him, yet. King didn't understand everything that she said, but he knew, he already knew who the right bitch was for him.

But at this moment, King was determined to make his Patty squirm. He knew from watching them in the bedroom that Patty like to squirm. That was a strange word to learn...squirm, but it made sense to him. She would squirm, and giggle and he would smell her going into heat. That combination of movement, sounds, and smell made him excited.

King licked insatiable at Patty's nipples, and she squirmed but not once did she make a move to stop his oral attack or to tell him no. The pleasure he was giving her drove her reason past endurance, past her ability to rationalize, and pushing it past all human instincts into the realm of animalist lust, the need to breed.

King was dealing with his own instincts and thinking. Dogs don't usually lick at tits once they are weaned. It is a puppy instinct that they grow out of, but King found great pleasure in it because it did remind him of being a puppy again. Nursing at his bitch's titty, yes that is what he wanted to do. So, for the first time since he was a puppy, he put Patty's nipple into his maw and closed it.

King heard Patty whimper and quickly backed off the pressure. He did it again, more gently now and this time instead of a whimper he heard moan in her throat and he liked that. King found that he could use his lips to apply pressure as if nursing and he was rewarded not by milk but by another smell, a stronger more desirable smell and it was coming from between her legs.

King wondered if he did the same to the other nipple if she would produce more of this intoxicating odor he enjoyed. An odor that made his cock come further out of it sheath. He felt Patty's body responding to him. He felt her nipples get harder, he felt her pushing her tits to is mouth. He looked into her eyes and saw them glazing over. He could see her surrendering to him like those bitches at that strange place tried to do. He didn't want them, this is who he wanted. He wanted to make Patty his bitch. He would of course share with brad, he sensed that this bitch could keep them both happy.

King went from one tit to the other lavishing licks, and love bites to each one and the smell that Patty was making was driving him crazy. She was whimpering more, mewing what sounded like "please King, Please". He wanted to taste her now...would she let him. She always pushed him away, but now, he wasn't sure. She had not stopped him from doing anything he wanted.

King stood and looked Patty in the eyes and just as Patty was going to speak, King's tongue pushed into her parted lips and he licked insistently at her mouth then her face. Patty didn't stop him, and when he brought his cold wet nose down her body to both of her tits then he dropped further down and licked at her exposed crotch Patty gasped, and her body gave a slightly uncontrollable jerk while she stared at King. His cold wet nose touched her clit and she gasped again and jerked again only this time her legs spread wider on their own accord. As she spread her knees wider and she leaned

backwards pushing her hips forward into his lashing tongue. He heard her hiss "Fuck yessss King. Make me your bitch."

Patty was shocked at what she just said, she was asking her dog to be the first to cuckold her husband. She had thought that cuckolding her husband would be her way of vengeance for his obscene pornography collection. She had planned to have his coworkers do it to humiliate him as she felt he humiliated her. But what was happening now, wasn't vengeance. There was no anger, no hatred for her husband. What burned into Patty mind was that this was love for her dog that she wanted to do this. She loved King and wanted to be his as much as he was hers. And yes, it was also, pure raw animalist lust for King.

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It didn't take long for King to have Patty writhing around even more. His tongue lashed away between her wide spread legs and pushing his snout as far as he could, so he could lick her juices which were freely flowing. King found pleasure in making Patty squirm and giggle and gasp. Patty felt slicker and wetter than she had ever been in her life. Her thighs were all slick with her pussy juice as well as Kings drool.

King moved to the side of her and she thought he was just going to come at her from a different position. She looked down curiously, not quite believing her to be as wet as she felt. Down between her legs and saw a small stream of clear liquid dripping from her pussy lips down into a small puddle between her legs. It reminded her a cross between spit and honey the way it slowly flowed. She took a deep breath and thought "Damn, I smell like a cat in heat. She glanced at King who did come at her from a different position and delved between her legs to lick up the puddle and when he pulled away, his nose and muzzle were coated with Patty's juices which made her giggle. He licked his lips apparently, and Patty cooed "Do you like the way Mommy smells and taste? You made her this way, you know. My good boy"

Patty closed her eyes when he went back to licking her pussy. No longer sitting on her butt she was fully on her knees and leaning back against the cabinets with her pelvis push forward as far as it could go. She was giving King full access to her heated body. Patty was almost in a trance when she realized that King's tongue had stopped licking. She felt his cold, wet nose grazing the side of her body as it made it way towards her butt. She thought nothing of it because dogs loved to sniff everything.

Sudden Patty Yelp! Her whole body went straight up, and she rubbed her butt cheek as she looked at King and said, "YOU BIT ME!" King looked up at her and barked. Patty's eye opened wide as she said, "Don't lie to me, mister! I got the bit mark to prove it! YOU BIT ME ON THE BUTT!" King barked again, and Patty's eyes got wider and she said in an angry tone "YOU DID TOO, YOU LIAR! RIGHT HERE!" and she pointed to the fleshy rounded bottom of her butt. King looked confused but followed her finger as it pointed to the tend place.

Suddenly King struck again and nipped her right where she pointed, and Patty yelped even louder as she tried so scout forward on her knees while rubbing her butt even more, she screamed "YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU BIT MY BUTT AND I SAW YOU THIS TIME!" King barked louder and went to nip her again. Patty quickly scouted forward even more in confusion, holding her butt to try and protect it. She turned her head towards King and said with a hint of concern "King, what is wrong with you? Baby, why did you bite me?"

King lunged forward and pushed his snout into Patty butt which made her scout even more into the middle of the kitchen. She was about to try and stand up, but King grabbed her ankle and pulled



back on it causing her to be off balance. Patty fell forward onto the palms of her hands and looked back at King with some fear in her voice she yelled "What are you doing? What do you want, you crazy, dog?"

Patty tried to kick at King, but he still had her ankle in his jaws and wouldn't let go. She tried to get up again only King let go of her ankle and jumped onto her back and wrapped his legs around her waist and held her down. Patty tried to squirm, and King quickly grabbed the back of her neck in his mouth and made a deep growling sound in the back of his throat. Patty froze in growing fear. She was confused, angry, hurt (mentally) and didn't understand why all of a sudden, her dog went from lover to attacker.

Strangely enough Patty's fear and panic quickly left her. She didn't know whether it was her brain or her heart speaking to her, but what she did know without question that King was her dog and she knew deep in her soul that he could never really hurt her. Except for the nips to her ass, which she had to admit didn't break skin, and all the rest of what he had done was.... was...just for show?

Suddenly she started to realize that King was trying to tell her something. King wanted something from her and had no other way to tell her. Then it hit her right between the eyes. King was trying to mate with her. She stopped squirming and stayed still. King released her neck and licked the back of her neck affectionately and she couldn't help to giggle but didn't understand why she did.

Patty wanted to smack herself on the head for not realizing it quicker. This is what she can come back to the kitchen for whether or not she wanted to openly admit it. It wasn't so King could do all the work and pleasure her...she wanted to become his.... his...bitch! That would be exactly what she would be if he fucked her. She would be King's bitch and nothing on earth could change that.

She thought she knew, she watched those porno movies her husband had with dogs fucking women. She had seen how the other dogs didn't care what the bitches wanted they got what the stud males gave them and liked it. What she didn't figure on was how King was acting. He wasn't acting like just an animal, he was acting...almost human. This wasn't instinct, it was planning, it was plotting, he was thinking. He had excited her and made her want him more then seeing she wasn't doing like she did for Brad...he took matters in his own paws.

Now she realized how everything King did was to get her into a perfect position that he wanted her in. He wasn't risking something being wrong. What he did was because he couldn't tell her, so he had to show her, to force her into what he wanted. Whenever he used force he followed up with affection as long as she did what she was directed to do. Another light bulb went off in Patty's brain that blinded her...King was training her just like she had done to get him to do what she wanted him to do. She didn't know whether to be insulted, humiliated, or to be excited by that thought. Without knowing what to do, she giggled.

The idea that Patty didn't know how to feel, intrigued her so she tried to figure it out. Insulted, embarrassed, humiliated, excited??? Why could she not put her finger on it. I wasn't a simple problem, it was complexed but at least she understood what he was doing. When his snout pushed between her legs, she spread her knees further apart without question. When he laid his upper body across her back, she arched it more realizing it cause her pelvic to push up higher. When he grabbed her elbow or wrist, she spread both wider even though it brought her face closer to the ground.

Soon King came around to her head and began to lick her face and she smirked and thought "I guess he trying to tell me that I'm a good girl" Then he sat down right in front of her. All she could see was his paws....and his cock and it was still a little more than half way out and she just stared at it in awe as it kept slowly expanding. She felt King push up and his front paws landed on her shoulders. His

cock went up too and before Patty could think about it, his cock was pushing at her lips which she quickly shut tight.

She felt King push up once, twice, three times then growled in frustration. He sat back down, and his cock pulled away from her lips. Patty growled this time and said angerly "I didn't say anything about sucking that ugly red cock of yours, you son of a bitch" King made sound that Patty never heard before and suddenly King got up and went over to his rug and curled up facing away from Patty.

Patty waited a minute then slowly looked up. King didn't move. Patty anger quickly melted away to confusion. She said "Don't tell me that I hurt your feelings when I said you had an ugly red cock! You're kidding me, right? Talk to me, damn you!" but King said nothing.

Now King didn't understand what Patty had said, but he knew the tone of voice and the meanness of it. He knew what it felt like for Patty to be disappointed in him but never had she been mean and he didn't like it. It did hurt him, but he didn't know how else to communicate it to her. He heard her finally say "I'm sorry" but he didn't respond to her.

Patty got angry again because King didn't just accept her saying she was sorry. How dare he do that, he was just a fucking dog. Patty said "Fine, be that way. I give up!" She cautiously got up, but King never moved. She grabbed her glass from the sink and walked into the dinning room and pour another brandy and down it. She chided herself for ever thinking that she would let a dog fuck her. She pours another glass and took a big gulp.

In her mind thoughts were getting all tangled up and confused. She heard a voice saying "You know you aren't really angry at King, you're angry at yourself. Here was King offering you his most prized possession and you turned him down...no, you insulted him. He was offering you is puppy seeds, that which new life come from. No wonder he won't talk to you know. You hurt his ego, and his pride" Patty told herself to shut up, but she knew it was the truth. King wasn't being bad, she was. She put her glass down and walked back into the kitchen.

King still hadn't moved and didn't ever turn to look at her when she came back into the kitchen. Patty took a deep breath, then went back to her spot and got down on the floor and resumed the exact position King put her in. She looked up and said quietly "King, I'm really am sorry. Your cock isn't ugly, it's looks different than Brad's. I'm not use to the way it looks, but it isn't ugly. I think I can get used to it." King slowly lifted his head and glanced back at Patty then went back to staring at the door.

Patty had another idea, sort of a last-ditch idea. "King, baby! Maybe if you show your cock to mom....to me more often, I would learn to love the way it looks. I know I would love to feel it inside me." silence engulfed the room Patty didn't understand why this was becoming so important to her, but it was. She was actually hurting the more her dog ignored her. Then she added quietly "in any hole, your choice...Please King...I love you."

Patty felt her eyes getting watery and was shocked by it. She realized she didn't like her dog ignoring her. She knew she was hurting so much by that and didn't like it either. Then she thought that she must have hurt him as much and she felt guilty. She started to sob.

By now Patty felt she had nothing to lose. What was her pride worth when she felt this miserable? What was her dignity worth when the pain was so raw? Maybe the alcohol fueled these thoughts but the feeling were always there under the surface just waiting to show themselves and she knew it.

This time Patty put a bit of a whine in her voice as she said "Please King forgive me. Can I see your

cock again?" This time King understood the emotion in Patty's voice and he looked up and then back at her. Patty was exactly as he put her and now, she was looking down at the floor. Patty waited for what seemed to be forever. Tears now leaked down her cheek, but she didn't wipe them she just let them drip onto the floor. A pair of paws came into her view, but King's cock was almost back into its sheath, just the tip was still visible through her tears.

Patty sniffled and then as she stared at his cock, she licked her dry lips and she realized she had started to drool a little. Slowly she lowered her head until the tip of his cock was just inches away from her lips. Then her tongue slowly came out between her lips and she shyly licked the tip. She was taken back with more surprise than shock when she failed to find the taste offensive. She licked the tip again and she felt his cock shiver and start to grow again. She found her head going lower so that her lips could encircling the tip taking King's cock into her mouth she gently sucked and licked.

She felt King's cock start to expanding quickly in her mouth and strangely enough it made her happy. When more than half his cock was exposed, she felt him rise up on his hind paw and put his front paws onto her back. She raised her head as his body raised up and her lips tighten their hold of him and felt his cock expanding more and more filling her mouth with hot pulsing dog meat and she felt his hips jerk alive and he was pumping faster and faster into her mouth.

Patty knew this was no blow job, this was her getting her mouth fucked by a dog...her dog and once again, it excited her. She felt herself leaking pussy juice down her thighs and onto the floor and she didn't care. As King's cock expanded, she adjusted not only her face but her whole head so that her throat wasn't bent. She instinctively knew King had a straight shot into her throat or his cock could hurt her. She fought back panic and remember what some of the porn movies showed. She keeps the suction up and started to hum and King apparently loved what she was doing. She was not going to let go of his cock until he wanted her to. She was ready to take all the puppy seeds he wanted to give her...anywhere he wanted to give them to her.

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Patty found out that as long as she kept her throat aligned with her mouth, a straight shot if you want to think of it that way, all she had to do was remember to keep her lips tightly wrapped around his expanding cock and keep a strong suction going. She heard King growl deep in his throat and smiled to herself knowing that it was a growl of conquest for him.

It didn't take much concentration to keep King happy, so she let her mind wander back to her time in front of Brad's computer before looking for King. She watched several movies, read several porn stories and then she found something more interesting. She came across a sort of guide to having sex with your dog. It was written by a woman who said she was a doctor that became interested in interspecies sex.

The guide covers too many topics, but Patty did read the basics and especially about intercourse with dogs. She also saw the topic on oral sex with dogs and thought "How gross" but she found herself reading about too.

She was shocked to find out that much of what she seen in movies wasn't what the female doctor wrote about and the doctor even said that porno movies were made for masturbation fodder and not sexually actuate. The doctor pointed out the difference between human cocks and dog cocks. She pointed out the different places that were sensitive for both species. Then she went into explaining the difference of oral sex.

She said with humans there were two basic types of oral sex. The blow job and the throat fuck...they were NOT the same thing. The blowjob was a lot of tongue and lip action and mixing the technics to excite the man, but the finish was the same...don't stop contact or try to change up styles just as a man was about to release because this could result in a "ruin orgasm" that allows a male to achieve physically orgasm without the full emotional release that is needed for his full satisfaction.

She suggested keep your lips tight, keep up the suction, and pumping action. She said after the man cums in your mouth, you can decide whether or not to spit or swallow or you could simply suck him until he is about to orgasm then jack him off to completion.

The doctor then said that the Throat Fuck was the closes to how dogs prefer oral sex. She simply said "Your mouth and throat are just a sleeve for a hard cock. She said that tongue action is not always as important, but for a talented and accomplish cocksucker it can be done. There is something a female can do to increase the pleasure for a man who has his cock in her throat...she can milk it with her throat muscles. A sort of swallowing action which for a man feels like she is milking his cock.

Patty smirked at that but wasn't sure why. Maybe because she knew that tits could be milked and now, she finds out her throat can serve as a sort of milking machine. Patty was amazed at the wonders of the human body, especially her female body with seems to be made for having sex as well as adapting to having sex with other species.

Then the doctor explained oral sex with dogs. She said to keep the best control over the dog's movements have him on his side or back and administer the blowjob minus the extra tongue action. Basically, tight lips and suction and fast bobbing of your head and hold tightly behind the knot for the dog to "enjoy" the blowjob and for him to orgasm. It is the pressure behind the knot that gives the greatest sensations.

She also said you can allow your dog to "fuck" your mouth, but you must be very careful of the penis bone or "baculum" because it is sort of pointy. The doctor said it is imperative you keep a straight shot between your lips and down your throat so that the dog cock can penetrate but not damage the tender lining of your throat. But again, it is the tightness of your lips and the suction of my mouth that is the important things. She also said that you should not attempt to do this for prolong periods of time because it can become uncomfortable for the dog without the pressure behind the knot.

Now the doctor also said that having intercourse with a dog is pretty straight forward. Either you help your dog find which ever hole you want him to take or he will eventually find it himself. Once he is inside you, he should "go to town like a jack hammer" She warned that sex with dogs is not always successful due to a number of things, like how comfortable the dog is having sex with you. The doctor said that many people have been bitten because people thought all dogs were sex machines. They have to be conditioned and trained to accept touching in person areas. Once a successful mounting has been accomplish, it is more like a fast sprint and less like a marathon run.

Then the doctor explained the knot and sizes and purpose. She said the main purpose of the dog's actions is to get the knot inside you so that it "sticks" and will not be easily pulled out and that is when he ejaculates. He will usually stand still, and you can feel him pumping his sperm inside you.

The doctor said that it can be anything from uncomfortable to very painful taking the knot at first, depending on the size of the knot and the size of the "hole". The larger the knot and the smaller/tighter the hole the longer the dog will stay tied with you. She also explains how dogs will, if allowed to turn around so that you are butt to butt. She explains this is why you should have someone with you until you become use to it. They can help keep things from getting out of hand and

to also calm the person being mounted.

The Doctor said that for many, the actual knotting provides much of the emotional satisfaction that people long for. You can be bonded with the animal for several minutes up to 15 minutes and sometimes longer. It is during that time when you feel the most vulnerable, because you cannot escape easily but also have the feeling of being part of the animal...or for some, you belong to that dog.

For a person who never experienced it, it can be scary, and you could hurt yourself and your dog by trying to disconnect. The best method is to simply wait until the knot shrinks down. When it does, and you disconnect...expect a mess on the floor between your legs.

She then talked about dog sperm being not as thick as human sperm and the taste, smell, and texture is different but not intolerable. Once you get use to the taste, you can even come to enjoy it much like with a human male sperm. It is an acquired taste and although some people insist, they are addicted to it, the addiction is more mental or emotional than physical.

Patty's brain decided to checked back with Patty to see how things were going. Patty realized that although it didn't take much concentration letting King fuck her mouth, she wasn't bored with it either. She was amazed with the power she could feel from King's cock as her lips held tightly onto her thick prize. She also realized that there was some humiliation to being reduced to just a cock hole for a dog, or what was that term she read...Oh yes, a cum dumpster. But for her there was a sense of joy in that she was doing something that he obviously was enjoying.

In another part of her brain she was wallowing in the thought that she was about to cuckold Brad...with their own dog. The strange thing was, she was no longer as upset and angry by Brad's secret stash of porn. It provided her with a treasure trove of information and ideas that she wanted to explore. If Brad wanted a fuck slut for a wife, she would be that fuck slut, even if it ended their marriage.

She still wanted to get even for him not telling her about it and the thought of all the times he said he wasn't in the mood...could he been wasting his orgasms in a wad of Kleenex? That upset her the most, wasting his cum that she would have happily taken any time he wanted. She decided she wasn't going to forgive him until she collected enough cum from other sources to make up for all that lost cum, starting with their own dog.

Patty knew she would go to his party and she would find someone he worked with to secretly fuck her and with a wry grin she thought, maybe more than one. She remembered that Brad had plenty of porn with woman having multiple partners and even gang-bangs. Now that she knew she love sucking cock and swallowing guy cum (so far) she had at least two holes that could be used at one time. Hell, she thought, maybe I will enjoy being fucked in the ass too.

Patty was wondering what it would feel like to have a cock in each of her holes and three strangers trying to empty all the cum in their balls into her married body it made her shiver. It was then that she realized that King had pulled out of her mouth and his cock was bobbing in front of her face. Instantly she tried to capture it again in her mouth. Patty didn't understand why she missed this huge angry red thing being in her mouth, but she did. She was beginning to think of it as part of herself. Wow she thought, I must be going crazy.

King jumped off and stared Patty in the eyes. She stared back into his dark brown eyes as they seem to bore into her soul. She asked "Why did you pull out? I would have taken you...I want to take all of you. I wanted to taste your cum." The realization of what she just said made her surprised at her

honesty. King cocked his head and licked her face which made her giggle. King barked at her, not in a threatening way but King licked her again and she knew he was trying to tell her something...but what?

Then Patty's eyes got wide and she said in a tiny voice "Oh! It's time?" King instantly barked back enthusiastically as if to say "Duh! Are you ready to become my bitch?" Patty only hesitated for a second before she lunged forward and licking King's muzzle then looking into his eyes said, "I'm ready to be your bitch, if you will have me." and he licked her face and barked.

Suddenly Patty had an idea, a wonderful idea, a wicked idea. It flooded her mind with a strange pleasure. She raised up on her knees which made King bark disapprovingly, but she giggled and stroked his muzzle and said "Please" King watch her. She reached out and unbuckled his collar and then with trembling hands put it on herself.

The leather collar hugs loosely around her neck as she buckled it, but Patty was filled with a strange sense of pride of ownership. King didn't belong to her anymore...she belonged to him. King sniffed at his collar now on Patty's pretty neck and barked his approval. Patty returned to the bitch position and made sure she was exactly like King wanted her to be.

She could swear he had a cocky look in expression. He took his time going around her as he headed for her pussy. He stopped and licked at her tit hanging beneath her which made Patty shudder with pleasure. In her mind she could imagine King saying "Yep, she's my bitch alright as he walked. When he got alongside her butt cheeks, he gently scraped his teeth where he nipped her earlier. Patty quickly looked back and saw King looking at her. She realized he was teasing her, and she relaxed but continued to look at him.

Then he was there, behind her. He studied her for a second, she was ready to receive his cock and his cum. She was in a perfect position with her pelvis tilted up just right. Her back dipped, she was now resting on her elbows with her face close to the ground, but she was still looking at him. He saw it in her eyes she wanted him.

King started licking at her pussy, which caused her to moan deep in her throat. His cold wet nose touches the bud of her ass which made her jerk with surprise, then he licked it which caused Patty eyes to fly open with surprise and discovery that she liked being licked there. He pressed his tongue in deeper causing her to moan deep in her throat. She spread her knees a little wider as she prepared for him. For a moment she thought "I wish Brad would lick me there, I really like it" but was she ready to return the favor?

Patty looked down and waited and soon felt King mount her and felt him jab his cock into her trying to find her hole. Patty reached back and help guide him into his target. Once he felt himself go in, he wrapped his paws around her waist and started fucking his bitch. King knew when his knot was in place Patty would be his bitch as well as Brad's.

They say that dogs live in the moment and never think of the future...bull shit. Right now, King was thinking of all the knotting's he was going to have with Patty. If Brad didn't give her puppies, he would certainly try to give her many litters.

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Well the first thing Patty realized was that the guide was certainly closer to the truth about having sex with dogs than any of the movies or stories. The second thing she quickly realized was with Brad she could ask him to slow down and give her time to adjust if something wasn't quite right but with King, or dogs in general that doesn't happen.

With King, as soon as he scored a direct hit into her pussy, he was off to the races and gave her body no time to adjust to anything and Patty had to fight down panic. She was able to overcome that panic quickly enough and she was amazed at the absolute power and control over her and her body quickly willingly submitted to this control...that was until she felt him trying to pound his knot into her.

Patty's eye widens, and she swore she saw fireworks when something the size of a softball tried to be forced into her pussy. She started to try and look back at King to scream for him to stop but before she could King instantly grabbed her neck with his paw and she stopped herself. She couldn't see King, so she had no idea what he was thinking. Again, and again King jack hammered his knot against her pussy lips to force it into her canal.

The pain was indescribable but not unbearable. She tried to cry back at King to tell him it wasn't working; his knot wasn't going in and hopefully he would give up. King let go of her neck and licked it and Patty thought "He understands" but King shifted tactics. King remembered something that Brad did and the response he got from Patty. King began to lick Patty's ear.

Now Patty knew she had weakness, parts of her body that would turn her on faster than anything else. No matter how angry she got at Brad if he could get to one of these weak points, he could have her soaking wet and panting for sex. These points seem to have a direct link to her clit and pussy. Behind her knees, the nape of her neck, her throat, her ears, and her lips were major areas not directly assigned to sexual parts of body.

The use to lips, tongue, and fingers in any of these areas would drive her mad with lust. She was even miffed that Brad discovered them so quickly and would use them against her to unfairly win an argument or turn her anger into make-up sex.

But now King was licking her ears, the nape of her neck and when she tried to turn to look at him, he licked at her throat. It took her breath away and Patty's body was responding to him, she felt herself getting wetter, she felt her body relaxing, and she felt his knot beginning to push inside her and she didn't fight it. Suddenly a flash of pain and the knot was inside her. Never in all her life did she think something the size of a softball would fit into her tight pussy and to her surprise the muscles in her pussy were tighten around the knot to hold it firmly in place.

Patty was sure that even farm tractors couldn't pull them apart and now that he was fully inside her, her body wasn't going to let go willingly. King started pumping again but it didn't take long after trying for him to suddenly stop, frozen like a statue. That is when Patty felt something hot pulsating inside her. Over and over again, much more than Brad released she knew King was flooding her with his puppy seeds and she felt happy.

Patty whispered tenderly "Thank you King. You have made me your bitch" and she shivered with satisfaction. She laid her head on her hands and relaxed just enjoying the total feeling of surrender. She thought she didn't even care if Brad walked in and saw them, she was happy and joined with her furry lover. She wasn't going anywhere until he softens and shrinks.

What was going on in King's mind, I'm not sure but if I were to guess, he was hoping he would be ready to go again before his knot shrank and popped out of her. His cock felt good inside his Patty and he wanted to spend a lot of time with his cock buried inside her. He wanted to feel her mouth again, it was strange but felt good and he was also interested in that other hole with the stronger scent. He was sure she knew that his cock belonged inside her, just like his cum did.

Patty was skirting sleep when she felt King begin to pump inside her again... It brought her instantly



awake. She knew without any doubt that his knot was still inside her and words "Oh fuck yes King, fuck this bitch again" escaped her lips. Before long she felt his hot cum pumping into her, filling her even more.

This time Patty did fall asleep while she waited for his knot to shrink. She was barely aware when he pulled it from her with a pop. It took awhile for her to come fully awake and looking over to King's rug he was sleeping peacefully, and she giggled. Brad slept that soundly when she wore him out too.

When she got up, she realized she was a mess. Between her juices and King's cum it was all over the floor. She had it on her legs, thighs and pussy. Patty chuckled then grabbed some paper towels and knelt down to wipe the cum up. Just before she did, she got this funny feeling in her gut. She glanced at King and he was still asleep. She looked around and saw nobody and she lowered her mouth to the largest pool of cum.

Her tongue shot out in an exploratory movement. She licked a tiny bit of it and let her tongue swab the inside of her mouth. She licked again, then again and soon she lower her head and was sucking cum through her lips and licking the last of it up. She sat back letting her butt rest on her heels. She felt shocked at what she just did but excited too. She just licked her dog's cum from the kitchen floor and she enjoyed doing it, it felt right doing it.

Patty notice while she was thinking this, more cum leaked from her pussy and it made her giggle. She took the paper towel and shoved it into her pussy to keep it from leaking more. She bent down again and licked up what had leaked out. She didn't notice King opening his eye and looking at her without moving. If he could smirk, he would have. Patty then got up and went to take a shower. She had to clean the house and start dinner for Brad. She did end up using a pad because even after a shower she was still leaking dog cum.

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Patty went around doing her normal house work chores absentmindedly. Cleaning didn't take a lot of concentration, so it gave her time to contemplate what she had done that morning. She felt that she should be shocked or at least ashamed of what she had done, but she wasn't. What was even more strange was the fact that after her shower, she put King's collar back on. She knew she couldn't keep it on in front of Brad, but when he wasn't home...it just felt right. Sort of like her wedding ring did when she was with Brad.

She had gone into the kitchen several times, but King always looked like he was sound asleep. She grinned and thought "Your bitch tuckered you out, huh, my handsome stud." Patty noticed that most of King's cock had receded back into his sheath, although the tips seem to refuse to disappear as well. She hopes that she didn't do anything to hurt him.

What Patty didn't know was that every time she came into the kitchen King would pretend to be sleeping but would sneak peeks ever chance, he could. But most of all, yes Patty was at fault for his cock not to completely disappear, because every time she came in, King could smell her and got excited again especially since Patty decided to just put on panties, so she could easily change her pads. He some how knew she would be leaking his cum for awhile since he gave her a double load.

Patty's mind tried to make sense of everything that happened and why she had gotten so excited. The actual sex act between King and her didn't really take that much time, not once he got the knot inside her. She loved the jack hammer fucking he gave her, but she didn't cum until after he started pumping his cum into her.

Her second orgasm hit her when she woke up to find that they were still knotted, and he was going

at her again. That orgasm was powerful enough to send her mind into never-never land when she felt him adding more of his cum to his first load. This time, while she waited for his knot to shrink...or was she hoping it would never shrink, she wasn't sure she fell into a deep peaceful sleep. Patty even had some silly dreams of moving into a dog house with King. The one thing about those dreams she kept seeing herself still wearing his collar.

So, what was it about having sex with King that was so powerful and so addicting? Yes, she knew this was not going to be her last time having sex with King, after all she was now his bitch. She even giggled when somewhere in the back of her mind a tiny voice said, "it's your honeymoon, why not be happy?". Patty shook her head and said to herself "If I keep this up, I might need to get my marbles counted, because I have to be going crazy." But that tiny voice answered back instantly "You are not crazy, you are a bitch in heat" That made Patty smirk.

After Patty finished up with her house work, she showered again and put on a pair of thread worn, two sizes too large, cut off jean shorts and a halter top that made it look like her tits would explode from it at any minute. Brad just loved the way they looked on her. on her and had even tried to talk her into wearing them out if public. Patty insisted that she would be locked up for indecent exposure if she did, especially since she never wore panties or bra with them.

She had brushed her hair and put it up in a pony tail, because it made her look much younger. Not that Patty was old, she was only in her twenties but her hair up like this made her look like she was still in school. She knew Brad loved the look. While looking in the mirror she noticed that she had several marks on her sides and realized that King had made them. Thinking quickly, she decided to tell Brad that they were on the floor play wrestling around. Then she applied finishing touches to her makeup and lip stick. She wanted to make sure that Brad didn't suspect anything was different.

Patty went into the kitchen to finish up dinner now. Everything for dinner was perfect. Patty turned from the counter to get dishes to set the table when she looked down at King. He was awake, on his back legs wide open and Patty swore he was smiling. The red tip of his cock was out again. King stared her in her eyes and then bent his head and licked his cock. Patty froze, staring at him and licking her lips. Then shaking her head to clear it she said "Oh no mister! Brad will be home any minute and I'm not going to be caught playing with you!"

King just looked and licked himself again. Patty said "I'm NOT going to suck your dick either! Brad is going to pull up any minute. Now behave yourself, or I'll...I'll put you outside!" King barked and to Patty it sounded like he was laughing. She fired back at him "I will too!" King went back to licking his balls and Patty got this feeling...this aching and she quickly looked at the clock. She knew she could set her watch by Brad. He seemed to have an internal clock that was never wrong. He would pull up into the drive at exactly 6pm and it was 5:45pm right now.

Patty gulped then said firmly "Okay smarty, you got 15 minutes, but if you don't cum in 15 minutes you will have to wait until after Brad falls asleep...do you understand?" King barked and quickly got up and went over and laid down on his back in front of Patty. She mumbled to herself "I don't believe I'm doing this" but dropped to her knees and lower her face first to King's face where they exchanged licks and then she moved down to his cock.

She looked lovingly at his cock then grinned and lower her mouth to his balls. She licked and kissed each sack with tenderness and growing lust. She sucked both of his balls into her mouth where she bathed them with her saliva and tongue. She glanced at his cock and it was growing. Then she glanced at the clock 5:50pm, damn she had to work faster. She moved her mouth over to his cock and she coaxed his cock out of it's sheave so that she could wrap her lips around it and began to suck and bob her head. King barked his approval, but Patty didn't have time to carry on a

conversation with him.

It was now 5:55pm pulling out all the stops she was able to grab being his now growing knot and began to simulate his jack hammer motion with her head. Now 5:57pm she could feel him getting closer. Patty abandon all reserves she had and went to town on his cock. Now 5:59pm was that Brads car engine she heard? She felt King front paw wrap around her head...Aww fuck she thought. Faster more suction. 6pm and yes that was his car just pulling in. Patty's brain was screaming "Cum already baby! Give me you cum". 6:02 Brad was slamming his car door, was the door locked?

Suddenly King yelped, and Patty's mouth was being flooded with cum. Over and over waves of hot cum pumped into her mouth as she desperately tried to keep up swallowing everything King was giving her. Patty knew that she wasn't going to let go of his cock no matter what. She knew Brad was going to find her sucking him off. She didn't care at this moment. She felt the waves slow down and she started to suck every drop.

Then Patty realized that she heard the car door open again, Brad must have forgotten something. Patty released his cock and quickly licked it and his balls then kissed the head of his cock and looking him in his eyes, she said "Thank you King." King bark as if to say, "No problem, any time" Patty heard the car door slam again and she said "Quick King go outside until your cock shrinks down so Brad won't suspect. Hurry boy"

Patty had enough time to get up, grab a glass and pour some wine into it. She swishes it around her mouth and swallowed and then grinned and said "Humm who would have known, white, semi-sweet wine goes with dog cum" and she giggle as she heard the front door open and Brad saying "Honey, I'm home." She pours another glass for herself and one for Brad and brought them into the living room with her.

She had to stifle a giggle when Brad bent to kiss her on the lips and she felt her pussy getting wet as she thought "If you only knew, you were kissing the lips that just sucked our dog off.". Brad took the glass of wine then looked at Patty funny and she started to panic. Brad pointed to her neck and said, "Why do you have King's collar on?"

Patty's hands went immediately to the collar and her mind when blank. From the darkness of her mind that tiny voice whispered "King got into some bushes and got brambles in his coat. I took it off, so I could brush them out. Just for grins I put it on, so I wouldn't forget where I put it. I guess I forgot." Patty steadied her voice and repeated what the voice told her.

Brad looked at her for a moment then said "It looks sexy on you, I might have to buy you one for your own." Patty smirked and said "If you do, I might never take it off...you never know." The knot in her stomach unknotted and Patty relaxed.

King reappeared halfway through dinner and made a bee line to Brad who greeted him with a pat on the head as he said "Well boy, how was your day? Did Mommy play with you today?" Patty let out a giggle when King barked happily. Then he went over to Patty who took a big piece of meat from her plate and without Brad seeing it, slipped it to King who gulped it down and licked her fingers clean. Patty felt the familiar tingle in her pussy, as that tiny voice in her head chuckled as it said, "Yep, a true bitch in heat".

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The way the dining room table was arranged the table ends faced either the kitchen door way or the dining room window. Brad never like sitting with his back to a window so he sat at the end of table with his back to the kitchen. Patty always loved feeling cozy so she sat on Brad's right side and could

see directly into the kitchen doorway.

King had taken his reward and settled in the kitchen doorway where he normally laid during Brad and Patty's meals so he could watch everything happening. This time he had ulterior motives...or at least that is how Patty interpreted it. Every time Patty looked up at Brad while he told her about his day, she would also see King. Although she had put his collar back on him, every time she looks at him, she would unconsciously touch her neck where it hung earlier. Brad noticed what she was doing but decided not to say anything.

Patty took a sip of wine just as she saw King start licking his cock and balls while looking at her and Patty started to choke and sputter. Brad jumped up and quickly patting her back asking if she was okay. Patty managed to say, "Went down wrong hole" but Brad followed her glances towards the kitchen. By then King was busy licking his paws innocently. In the back of his mind he thought something was going on with those two but quickly chided himself saying that was stupid.

Patty was more careful when she went to drink after that. But King continued the teasing as more and more of the red tip of his cock peeked out. Patty became so in tranced by what Kings was doing she started to lick her lips. It took Brad a few attempts to get her attention then he turned towards the kitchen and King looked like he was trying to sleep...this was getting strange.

After diner Brad told Patty he was going to do some work on his computer while she washed dishes. Patty quickly said, "That's a great idea baby, that way when I put on some music it won't bother you." Brad's computer was in his den just off the dining room. He had some sound proofing put in when they moved in but not a lot. He could hear Patty's muffled music playing after he shut the door. Strange he thought was that Patty yelling for him? He popped his head out and yelled back "Did you want me Patty?" Patty yelped and quickly said "No hun, I just tripped over King...that's all." Brand shrugged and shut the door and locked it.

As soon as Patty heard Brad's door shut, she looked down at King and tried to give him that evil eye look. King was laying down with his head between his paws looking up innocently at her. Patty scowled at him and said "Oh, don't you try to play that innocent doggy routine with me, mister! I saw what you were doing, are you trying to get me into trouble? I just gave you a blowjob before diner you can't be horny again so soon!"

King got up and stretched then walked over to his where Patty always put his food bowl and looked at her and barked. Patty put her hands on her hips and said, "Oh now Master wants his food!" King barked again and Patty was about to blow her top when she hears Brad yell "Did you want me Patty?" She quickly made up a story and she waited until she heard the door shut again. Patty looked daggers at King and said with tight lips "Oh you just wait until we are alone...." King just yawned then bark.

Patty grabbed the can of dog food and grumbled while opening it saying "Smart ass dog! I'll show him. Horny bastard, well he won't be getting any more for a long time" Without any fanfare she dropped the bowl down and started to turn away when King barked again. She turns and says "Now what? You want a flower to go with it?" King nudged his water bowl that was half filled. Patty snatched it up and said "Oh okay, your highness"

Patty filled the bowl with fresh water and put it down in a huff and marched into the living room after pouring herself another glass of wine. Pretty soon she realized that King was sitting in front of her looking at her. She said, "What do you want now...asshole?" Without warning King lifted up on his haunches and lunged at Patty pushing her back against the cushions with his paws on both sides of her shoulders and was staring her in the face.

Patty was surprised and a bit shocked...maybe she was being a bit too mean and maybe King didn't like it, but Patty calmed her nerves and said "King! Down!" King didn't get down and his mouth was only inches from Patty's face. Patty then said "Okay, I shouldn't have yelled, I'm sorry. You made me angry." King barked and it made her jump she started to say something but only succeeded in getting a mouth full of Kings tongue. Suddenly Patty found herself, her whole face being licked, and she started to giggle her anger melting away like ice on a hot side walk.

King licked her face, her neck, her ears, he licked her hair...just about anything he could lick, he did. Patty was now full on giggling and she grabbed King and was playing with him. They were wrestling on the couch like a couple of teenagers in heat. That is when she felt his cock which was now almost halfway exposed, and she moaned in lust. Then she heard a click and it sounded like a gun shot.

King was stronger than her, but she looked him in the eyes and said "We can't, not now.... later. I promise." King barked but glanced at the door too. Patty kissed King's nose while her hand gently wrapped around his cock and she said "I promise. I'll be your good little bitch just please, behave yourself right now." King sat down and looked at her. Patty pleaded "Please. Later, I promise. Now go to the kitchen and hide that...." She looked into his eyes then grinned "That amazing cock" King gave a sideways bark as he walked to the kitchen with his cock swaying under him.

Patty couldn't keep her eyes off of him as he walked away and she knew down deep, that she was no longer the one in charge and it made her feel funny but it also felt right. She was realizing that she didn't like having control, that it was more exciting to not have it, she smirked.

Patty picked up her wine glass and took a gulp and said "Fuck, I'm going to have a busy night. I'm going to have to exhaust Brad then I'm going to have to take care of King. This is getting complicated." But had she looked in a mirror she would have seen the great big ear to ear grin she had on her face.

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Patty thought that she might as well let Brad know she was open for sex tonight, this way she could tired him out early. She had washed his "sex robe" and was in the laundry basket to put away. The robe was deep brown and came down half way up from his knees. It was about 6 inches longer than his cock so standing he could be covered up but sitting down, especially with a hard-on...NO WAY and the thought made her giggle.

She walked to Brads den and knocked telling him that she hung his robe on the door knob if he wanted to get comfortable...again giggling. Brad shouted back "Okay, I shouldn't be in here so long, maybe 30 minutes. I must take care of some.... bills." Patty tried to chide herself, "bills my ass, you're in there looking at jacking off material" she muttered, but now, instead of being angry about it, she thought she wasn't going to let him waste his cum tonight. It was going where nature meant it to go.

Patty then went upstairs to their bedroom and looked through her 2nd drawer where she kept her night things. She found exactly what she was looking for without having to search for it. It was a very sheer, deep purple baby doll nightie. Brad told her it was his favorite. The bottom of the nightie barely covered her butt but it didn't really matter because it did nothing to hide her body. There was nothing left to the imagination and her hard nipples and moist pussy were very visible. There was a lacy embroidery around the bodice which accented her 36D boobs and drew in guys eyes and held them. She might as well hold up a sign saying, "Look at my boobs".

She says the matching pair of panties that went with the nightie then grinned and said, "I definitely

don't want those tonight". She picks Brad's favorite perfume and dabs some on both ears, her throat, the insides of her elbows, the insides of her wrist, her belly button, and her ankles. She put someone her finger tips and ran it through her hair. After that she washed her hands so if Brad tried to kiss or suck on her fingers, he wouldn't get a mouth full of perfume.

Patty looked in their bathroom mirror and mumbled to herself "Girl you look and smell hot!" then she giggled with an idea and added "You look like a bitch in heat...well, I guess...I can officially say I am". She looked down at her feet and thought "high heels slippers or bare feet? Humm" Then she grinned and said, "Fuck it, I don't want to wear anything else, I don't even plan on having these on too long" Now finished with getting ready, she headed back down stairs.

She decided to pour another glass of wine when she felt eyes looking at her. She turned and saw King staring lustfully at her. He was drooling and her eyes got big when she saw his cock already out. Trying to whisper she said, "Now King...not now!" King took a step closer. Patty cried out "Oh shit, no King...please behave for Mommy" King took another step closer to her.

Patty had little choice, she didn't know how soon Brad would be out and she didn't dare do anything with King because she knew Brad would see them. Patty dropped to her knees and started to sniffle. She said "Please baby, be good. Let Mommy put Daddy to sleep and I'll come right down. I promise" King started at her with his head cocked. He knew she wanted him but why did she not submit and why did she smell funny again? He took another step.

Patty was staring to panic, and all logic seem to leave her...her she was trying to bargain with a dog for something she knew he could take if he wanted to. Patty said, "Please baby, but good and...and....and I'll spend as much time as you want after I put Daddy to sleep." King cocked his head again as if he was thinking about the deal. Patty quickly said, "If you like this, I'll wear it for you" King just looked at her. Patty then said, "If you don't like it, I'll come down stairs...naked." Kings head went up and he started to wag his tail.

King started to sniff the air and Patty giggled and said "It's my perfume. Do you like it?" Suddenly King sneezed then sneezed again. Patty made a face and said "everyone's a critic. Well Brad likes it." King took another step. Patty quickly said "I'll take a quick shower. No perfume, and naked. Is it a deal?" King sneezed again the walked up to her and licked her nose as if to say, "It's a deal, bitch". Patty smirked thinking to herself "I'm making deals with my dog...I must be going insane."

Then she hears the door unlock and Patty told King to get into the kitchen as she stood up. King had jus gotten in to the kitchen when Brad walked out in his robe and his hard cock sticking straight out in front of him. Brad sees her and starts grinning from ear to ear. Brad thought, "even a blind man would get a hard-on. Patty grabs another bottle of wine and tells Brad to grab their glasses as she heads up the stairs to the bed room and she could feel Brads eyes staring at her butt.

That night Patty pulled out all the stops. She had fucked him, then sucked him hard again and fucked she fucked him again. They took a short break and she sucked him hard and they fucked again. All in all, she took two loads cum in her pussy and even managed to swallow a load before Brad was snoring. She had kept him going for almost 2 hours. Looking at his smiling face she knew he wouldn't wake up until morning.

Quietly Patty went to the bathroom and ran the shower until it was up to temp but before getting in, she remembered something she read from the lady doctor. She wanted to wash off the perfume but keep Brad's cum inside her, she would have to figure a way to "cork" herself. She grinned wickedly with an weird idea, she rolled her nighty up as tight as she could and began pushing it into her pussy, She was curious whether the doctor was right or wrong.

She washed the perfume off and after drying and bushing out her hair, she pulled out her nighty out of her pussy. To her surprise it didn't get soaked. She was still leaking some cum and she grinned. She had read that dogs didn't like perfume, they like stronger, natural smells. Well she wasn't going to do a bunch of exercises and maybe wake up Brad, but she could walk into the kitchen smelling of another males cum. She guessed that would make King crazy to breed her like the bitch she was coming to love.

Patty had promised him she would be naked and damn if she wouldn't be exactly as she said she would be. She looked down the stairs, in the dim light coming from the kitchen, was King. He seems to be pacing back and forth until he heard her then he sat down and stared up at her.

Patty shivered, but not with being cold, and thought "Now that is a look of pure animal lust". Even in the dim light, Patty's amused grin started to change into an equally hungry look of lust as she walked down. She sucked in her breath when she saw his cock was already partly unsheathed.

When she got more than half way down, she saw him bent over and casually licked his cock head and it seems to grow a little bit more, then he looked back at her with what Patty assumed was a grin. Patty licked her own lips as she thought "fuck, I'm already drooling". She could see her dog's dark eyes now and they were staring right at her pussy. His snout went into the air and he started sniffing she was almost at the last step when she heard King growl.

King didn't wait for her to take that last step he lunged at her forcing his snout between her legs. Patty grabbed at the handrail for balance as she submissively but willingly spread her legs to let him in. She heard him growl again, then she felt his huge tongue swipe at her and plunged deep into her hole. The suddenness of it, took Patty's breath away and made her shiver again from pleasure and a hint of fear.

She submitted fully and let King lick and lick driving her almost to orgasm. She tried to stroke his head, but he quickly looked up at her and growled deep in his chest. Patty quickly withdrew her hand and let him finish cleaning her. Then he pulled away and sniffed again, this time more satisfied. He looked at her and made a surprisingly soft bark and backed away so she could move.

King sat giving Patty enough room to scout pass and head to the kitchen. She was giggling as she mumbled "Don't like the smell of another male's cum in your bitch, do you?" As passed him, King lunged at her and nipped her vulnerable butt check causing Patty to yelp and turn quickly to challenge him.

King was back to sitting and staring at her, no longer looking like he is grinning. Patty started to speak, and she heard that low rumbling growl and it stopped her, and she gulped. Then she lowered her eyes to the floor and said quietly "I guess you don't like other males cum in your bitch. Sorry, I just thought" King cut her off with another soft bark and tossed his head like he was pointing for her to go to the kitchen.

Patty turned back and started to take a step then quickly covered her butt with her hands as she glances back at King. King was standing now and had that grin. Patty eyes widen as she thought "He was going to nip me again!" and she saw King toss his head toward the kitchen again. Patty walked to the kitchen with her hands covering her butt looking back a few times just to make sure.

In the back of her mind, she was vaguely aware that she was becoming more and more submissive to King. That should have bothered her, but strangely it didn't. Patty often had erotic dreams where she was the captive of one group or another and they would do all sorts of wicked things to her but instead of hating doing them, she loved it. She often dreamed of wearing a slave collar of some

mystery Master. Those dreams would make her cream herself and she would wake up just in time to shove her pillow in her mouth to hide her orgasmic scream. She wondered why she was thinking about that now?

When they got to the kitchen, Patty turned to look at King. She figured that this might be a long night if she kept her promise to him...and possibly noisy. She looked at the basement door and grinned then said "King how about we go to the basement. We won't have to be so quiet then." King sat down and just looked at her.

Patty dropped to her knees and crawled to him and he let her kiss him on the snout and she pet him cooing as she did. She said, "Come on baby, let's go to the basement and we can play bury the bone in Mommy as often as you want." Still not moving, Patty looked down and saw his red cock still out. She smiled and slowly lower her head and licked his cock then gave it a sucking kiss before looking back at him and said "Please"

King got up and walked to the door and waited for Patty to scramble up and open it. It was obvious that King wanted her to go first. Patty went to cover her ass as she walked passed and started down. Then she turned to him and said "King, I am your bitch! I know I'm your bitch! If you want to nip me, I won't stop you anymore, but it hurts." Patty reach down and unbuckled King's collar and put it on her own neck and said "See? Mommy is your bitch" then a funny look came across her face and she said in earnest "Mommy is your bitch...slave!" Patty willed her hands in front of her and to hold on to the hand rail.

Half way down, Patty jumped and grabbed hard on the rail to keep from falling. King had goosed her with his cold nose. Patty looked back at him and he licked her butt cheek gently. Patty giggled and said, "Thank you..." then grinning from ear to ear said "Master". To Patty's surprise, the title didn't seem strange at all. In fact, she could feel herself getting wetter with the idea growing with each wicked thought.

Suddenly she pictured herself in a park, naked on all fours wearing just a collar...King's collar that now read "King's Bitch Slave" and a leash that King was holding proudly in his mouth. What surprised Patty more was in that mental picture they were not alone. It was crowded with people some pointing at her laughing, and other looking in shock, and still some looking jealously at her.

Patty felt King's snout push her and she shook her head and looked at King and said sorry...I was day dreaming. King just nodded to the rug near the dryer and Patty grinned and said "Yes, Master" this time no hesitation in her voice. King like this new title she gave him. Patty walked over to the rug and turned and knelt on all fours and grinned. Patty said in a clear hungry voice "Come here Master, your bitch slave is hungry for the taste of your cock!"

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I should have known that this went beyond sex, beyond what I first thought it was about. Here I am kneeling, no in reality I'm bowing, supported by my elbows with my lips wrapped tightly around King's cock in my mouth and gently sucking on it...cleaning it. I can't even do a proper blowjob because King is just sitting in front of me licking the top of my head as I lavish my tongue around his cock inside my mouth. This is about teaching me what my place in life is...I'm King's bitch. I'm wearing his collar and slavishly slurping away at his cock. If he would let me rise my head so I could pop his cock out of my mouth, I would probably start washing his balls too.

Am I humiliated, fuck yes! But then, the biggest part of me is loving the submission to him. It hasn't been but a few days since I first sucked off Brad and here, I am now orally slaving over my dog's

cock hoping he will fuck me if I do a good job. Licking me on my head like I would pat him on his head when he did something good. If he could talk, I bet he would be saying "That's a good little bitch make sure to get all of it and I might let you do all the licking from now on."

I let out a muffle giggle as I picture King barking and I come running and he would be on his back looking from me to his cock and balls and I would say "Oh you need your cock and balls lick? Yes, Master right away. Thank you." Then see Brad walk in asking "Is dinner ready yet.... Oh sorry, I'll wait until King is finished with you" What is going on with me. Why am I thinking this way?

Suddenly King barks a command and I release his cock with a pop and scoot back onto my hunches to see what he wants. I watch King as he lazily walked over and starts to nudge my butt. He doesn't nip but I feel his teeth gently scraping my tender ass cheek and I quickly get into my proper bitch position. I wait to look at the floor. If I had done what he wanted then he will lick me, if not he will certainly give me a hard nip to teach me. I feel his snout sniffing at my butt and when his cold wet nose touches my sensitive rose bud I jump, and he barks.

I know that bark, it means "Hold your position, bitch!" I freeze and wait. I feel his snout pushing between my legs and I automatically spread my knees wider and wider until he is satisfied. He licks my butt and relax. I can feel him walking around me and I feel his tongue licking at my nipples now making them harder than what they were. Fuck, I've noticed my nipples are always hard when I'm with King. The longer I'm with him the harder they get and the more sensitive and painful they get. My only relief is when he is licking them. I can feel them get hard and I can feel my body betraying me as I try to push my boob against his maw. When he walks away that is when I feel the pain of neglect.

He gets in front of me and barks again and I look up and he licks my face and my mouth shoots wide open allowing him full access to inside my mouth. The longer I'm with King the more I want my whole body to be open for him. I want him to invade me. If his snout could reach my cervix I would be in heaven, hell even if his tongue could reach that far I would be on cloud nine. I want all of him to reach inside me, to take me not just his cock. I know I am his.

King stopped licking and turns around. OMG, I don't like this part. He is sticking his ass right in front of me. He expects me to sniff him like he sniffs me. He wants me to remember his smell. He wants me to dream about his smell. I close my eyes then gulp. I'm about to sniff when I feel his tail go up and he steps back, and my eyes shoot open and I quickly sniff and pull back. I see King looking back at me and he has that damn grin on his muzzle he sometimes gets.

Before he teaches me another lesson I lean forward and sniff again. This time when I look at King he seems to be satisfied, at least for the moment. I don't think he will be truly happy until he turns me into a total bitch, and I can't feel my body or mind protesting that possibility.

Well with the show of domination over with, King gets behind me and mounts me. In short time I am once again knotted and completely tied. This is the part I love the most, our physical connection seems to make our emotional connection even more alive. It is at this moment feeling his puppy sperm hosing my inside down that I feel absolutely connected body and soul with my dog...my Master.

I must have dozed off with the feeling of bliss then woken up when I felt King finally dismount and turn. Still I didn't want to open my eyes. I didn't want to stop this incredible feeling inside me of. But finally, there was a pop and I not longer was with my Master, we were physically parted. I almost wanted to cry about it but didn't.

Then suddenly I was awake and, on my knees, as I look around to see where King had gone. He was only a few feet away, on his side with his tongue posed to lick his cock and balls clean...when he looked at me. I found myself telling him "Well of course I want to clean you. I'm your bitch and it's my job" He didn't move, and I found my body operating on its own as I quickly shuffled across to him. I was now kneeling his cock, licking my lips. Then my lips and tongue were doing their job well.

I licked every inch of his balls and his cock and the surrounding area with out protest. When I got the bottom of his ball sack, I put both into my mouth and gently sucked and washed them with my tongue. I glanced a short distance away and saw his butt hole then giggling around his balls I breathed in deeply several times and each time his smell hit me and sent my hormones into overdrive. I wanted him to fuck me again. I knew it was possible, if he was in the mood.

I had a feeling I knew what would put him in the mood, but I wasn't sure I was ready for that...not yet. I returned to licking and nibbling and sucking hoping to get his attention going again. The only thing that ate at the back of my mind was that after tiring out brad and now King, I might just fall asleep with him and Brad would find me laying naked next to my Master...our dog. Fuck it I wanted king to fuck me again. Hell, truth be told I wanted him to fuck me as much as he wanted, and I would take every pounding. My mouth moved further down.

I woke up staring at a furry dog sheave with just the tiniest bit of red cock sticking out. At the same time, I felt a hot furry muzzle and cold nose buried between my legs gently licking my pussy. Suddenly without warning I was in the middle of an orgasm. Not just any orgasm, but one that didn't want to seem to stop. King was now licking in worthwhile earnest. I couldn't stop cumming while he continued to lick, and I found myself begging him to stop.

I couldn't breathe, my heart was racing, and I thought it would burst. Finally, King stopped and pulled gently away. While I fought to catch my breath, King walked around and licked my face as to say, "Who's the best lay in town?" Looking deep into his eyes I gasped "you're the best" Then I heard Brad yelling my name "Patty! Patty where are you?" Oh shit, I was in trouble.

I quickly got up and luckily found my running shorts and top I use the other day to exercise. The smell like dirty gym clothes, well they were. I waisted no time in putting them on. A Pool of dog cum puddled about a foot from the rug. I thought about throwing some more dirty clothes in top of it, but for some reason I couldn't. I ran to the stairs and yelled up "I'm down here Brad. I am doing.... laundry." King let out a series of small barks like he was laughing. I ignored him.

Brad came to the door and said he that he tried to find me earlier but couldn't, so he got ready for work and was about to leave. I told him that I felt so good after last night with him I couldn't sleep. I came down to do laundry and must have dozed off. Brad chuckled and told me "You were amazing. My god, I never saw you that hot before" I giggled and said "I guess you just turned me on last night"

Brad said he had to go, he was late and blew me a kiss. I waited until I heard the front door shut and lock and walked back to the rug. I looked down the at the puddle of cum and then looked at King and said, "What am I supposed to do with this?" King got up and walked over, he looked at the puddle and then dipped his head and took a lick then looked up at me expectantly.

I put my hands on my hips and said "I am not going to lick your cum off the basement floor. I haven't swept or mopped down here in a week." King just dipped his head back down and licked then looked at me and barked louder, and I gulped. My Master was telling me what I had to do and fuck if I didn't feel myself getting excited again.

I sighed and then knelt and leaned over and shot back up with a yelp when I felt his teeth nip my ass. I turned quickly around and asked, "What was that for?" King walked up and snatched the end of my top and began to pull. I yelled "stop that you will stretch it out" King let go then grabbed the waistband of my shorts and pulled on that. I started to yell again and realized what he wanted.

I smirked then giggled and stood up. I pulled off my top and then pushed my shorts back down and stepped out of them. King looked satisfied and walked to the puddle of cum and licked at it then backed at me. I sighed again then got back down on my knees and lowered my face to the puddle and started to lick it. Without stopping my licking, I looked up at King who was standing over me like a supervisor.

I didn't stop until it was all licked up. I shot a look at King and said, "Are you satisfied now?" King barked then watched as I stuck out my tongue to pick dust bunnies of it while muttering "Yuck" King made that seal like barking as if laughing at me. I pouted.