

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I Love my wife more than anything on this earth. Let me tell you about her. She is quite clever, witty and cunning at times. Cathy is a joy to spend time with, attentive, loyal and loving. Other times she can be self-centered and selfish....I guess that sums up most women. With her dark golden blonde hair, straight but with a hint of curl at times, the picture becomes more complete when viewed together with her full, tear drop 36D breasts. Milky white, with edible nipples, au natural and wonderfully set off with any top she wears. Knowing her best asset well, she has over the years become a master at exploiting them. She is 6' 1" tall and the love of my life. Together with her long legs that seem to go forever until they reach her well groomed mound she turns heads wherever she goes. There are things about a natural blonde that can only fully be appreciated by those in the know. Her lips are full, pouting, her nose slightly angular with a hint of a chiseled feel and dark eyebrows giving her a distinct German look, which she is mostly. The voice that accompanies her personality is musical, firm, yet at times child like whenever she lets the princess within escape. It is this woman that I wish to see impaled on the end of a rather large, throbbing dog cock owned by George and Sarah called Max.

Her attention to our fantasy life while making love is what gave root to my fantasy. The way she plays with dogs, throwing the saliva covered ball away from him so he runs after it like the obedient lad that he is. Her constant rubbing of his neck, ears and stomach, feeling the silky fur glide through her fingertips, followed by her ever so silent gasp as the result of her administrations are made apparent.

I had to giggle when she first was aware of the growing weapon between his legs, the look on her face when she noticed the pinkness of his cock start to peek out from between his sheath. The look of concern as it started to get bigger. Yet did she stop rubbing his stomach? Not a chance. It was only when his cock started to nearly touch her arm that she pulled away with an awkward laugh, followed by an unconvincing reprimand. Sometime later when I brought up the topic of her "adventure", she was quick to dismiss it. I ventured so far as to suggest it turned me on, and a part of me had wanted her to touch that big dick. She gave me a confused look, like she hadn't heard me correctly. I strengthened my position by announcing that there were a thousand web sites that catered for that kind of thing. It was the twinkle in her eye that gave me hope.

Sometime later I got the courage to purchase online an addition to our dildo collection. I bought a dog shaped penis, saying quite innocently that it looked weird and it might give her a different feeling. She was none the wiser and readily accepted our new toy into our love sessions. I still vividly remember the first time I brought it out, and had her seductively spread her legs while on all fours. She loves to be fucked this way, and often I fantasize that a dog is doing it rather than me. With the rubber dog cock, the picture became even more vivid, especially as she was thrusting back on it, taking it fully, she whispered that she knew what it was, a dog penis shaped dildo, and if I was thinking about it being Max's cock instead. I couldn't lie, and said that I was pretending it was Sarah's dog thrusting into her. It was then that she orgasmed hard, one of those gut wrenching long drawn out ones that keep her rigid in position until the waves of pleasure subside enough for her to comfortably move.

Christmas Day came and went. And George and Sarah asked us to watch Max for them a few days while they went down south on business. Cathy did her duties taking care of Max without incident. It wasn't until the end of the next day, lying in bed together having finally escorted our last guests to their cars that we starting chatting about the days events. What presents we liked, the amount of food eaten, who drank what and how much....the sort of things a couple normally do. I was rather tired and didn't make any move towards sex, thinking Cathy would be in the same frame of mind and was just happy lazily surfing the internet. While flicking through the channels, stopping occasionally on one to peruse the contents, I stumbled across the animal planet channel. It was showing two

animals copulating, a couple of horses at which I just started watching. Cathy commented on how hard it must be for the filly to take the weight of such a big stallion to which I agreed.

The next scene was showing two dogs going at it....well, didn't everything go silent at that. I was peeking out of the corner of my eye trying to see Cathy's reaction without me making it obvious I was. She was staring intently at the rapid sexual frenzy at which the male dog was pounding the bitch, and then how he suddenly stopped as they knotted together. Without looking at me, still intent on the action on the TV, she said she knew that I was watching her. I had always wondered what she felt and what she thought whenever Sugar was in heat and she would watch Wolf pound her senseless. Did she enjoy it? Did it make her Horny? I don't know and I had never thought to ask her. Although, I can say beyond a shadow of a doubt those few times that we could include Wolf in our sex by having him lick Cathy I would count as the greatest sex I have ever had.

And nothing I have ever experienced before or since would even come close. "Is this what you want me to do?" she asked not taking her eyes off the screen. "Yes", I replied in an almost whisper. "You want a dog doing that to me?" she continued. "Yes", I said with more confidence this time. "Why?" she asked. "It turns me on", I answered back, it's just something very primitive, I want to see you getting fucked, and have often thought about a threesome with another guy....but emotionally I don't think, I would be able to handle it, the jealousy attached with such an event. This is just a way of fulfilling my desire to see you getting pounded by someone, or, something other than myself. It is just so, so very erotic. I don't expect you to understand, in fact, I don't understand it myself at times. It is pure sexual emotion." I retorted.

One thing I do know and I am sure of is that I Love You and I always have, even when I didn't think that I did and tried not too I still did. Ever since I was unfaithful to you I have been eaten up by guilt and not a day goes by that I don't wish that I could take it back or do something to make up for it. I have always thought that you should have sex with another man and that would pay me back and release me from the debt I owe you. As I said I don't know if I could handle that emotionally but it is what I deserve and what I think I need.

This might be a good substitute that wouldn't hurt either of us. She didn't say anything for the longest time. The documentary had moved on to other topics and neither of us was really watching anymore. The ball was definitely in her court. "I still can't see how women can do something like that" she said. "I am sure there are many women out there who do it for similar reasons to mine, or just another angle of what I have said" I started to say.

"No, physically I mean. How can a woman have sex with a dog?" she corrected me. "Those websites, do they show how you can actually do it, or is it just porn?" she said. "Well, most of them are just pictures and movies. Just jerking material, but you may be able to garnish something from them. I have actually seen instructions on how to have sex with a dog and they were pretty detailed and made sense to me". "Oh, you've got it all planned eh?" was her sharp reply. "Not really, just stumbled along it while surfing looking at the pictures. Why? Are you interested in "doing" something?" I asked. "I really don't know to be honest. It disgusts me completely on one side, and yet, there is something that intrigues me greatly. It is so rather dirty isn't it? Do you think I could look at that website?" she said.

"Sure, I'll go and get the laptop and bring it in here" I said. It took me all of 30 seconds to race to get the laptop. Things were spinning well out of orbit now, but there was nothing for it. In for a penny..... I switched the Sony on, cursing Windows for being so slow. Finally, I got my web browser open, and a few clicks later, arrived at the [SPAM] website. I went straight to the "lessons" and started to go through them with Cathy. She at first didn't say anything, just looking, nodding with the occasional "oh my" thrown in.

As they started to get more graphic, I could tell that she was getting more excited. Casually, I started to stroke her back, gently running my fingers along her spine until I reached the base of her

nightshirt. Her nipples were getting hard from my attention to them as I know how she likes them rubbed and not pinched.

She likes this sort of attention, and was obviously getting rather turned on with what she was looking at. Her nipples started to protrude sharply from her top, straining at the material in a definite sign of arousal. She often made comments to various pictures or bits of video, saying how she couldn't believe it was true. One thing she did mention which stuck was the fact that none of the women looked like they were not enjoying it. It was when we got to the actual copulation section that she really started to get edgy. I whispered in her ear how good that dog cock would look going into her wet pussy. She moaned loudly, grabbed my arm and asked me to get Maximus' dildo for her. I quickly got it from its hiding place, and gave it to her to play with. She knew how I loved to watch her pleasure herself, and I was very excited with the turn of events.

Web browsing to a beastiality site while pleasuring herself with a dog shaped dildo was certainly a turn on for the books. As she was getting more and more into it, she asked me to tell her what I wanted Maximus to do to her. I started with things such as watching him lick her pussy and ass and such things. As I was saying these things, she had inserted the dildo into her wet snatch, her big outer lips wrapping themselves tightly around the curious canine shaped shaft. An audible growl escaped her lips, one of sheer pleasure, mixed with a hint of something more. I grew bold, saying suddenly to her..."wouldn't you prefer to have the real thing?" She stopped, dildo half way up her snatch, and looked me straight in the eyes. Her expression was serious, firm, yet pleading. "Is this what you really want?" she whispered. "Yes" I answered back. Oh so very much yes. I could hear the suction noise as she withdrew the substitute dog cock from her cunt.

The audible "plop" as her pussy lips reluctantly released their hold on the pleasure pole. Silently we looked at each other, the thread of understanding between us. One of the wonderful things about being married to this wonderfully fantastic, beautiful woman for these years is the fact of how well we communicate with each other without saying a single word sometimes. Her eyes and her lips said that she was unsure, but her body said something entirely different to me and I think to her. Here was Cathy, naked, her chest rising with her steady breathing, golden locks slightly damp from the sweat of her release, the hardened rose colored nipples abused from her attention to them, the glistening evidence of her lust displayed along the inside of her thighs, the matted hair of her pubes, the swollen lips of her womanhood, the beast in my pants was starting to take over my thought pattern again!

In all of the various sexual fantasizing that we had done in our years together I had always wondered why sometimes Cathy had given in to me dreams of including a dog in our lust and other times she would not consent. I remember one very memorable occasion that we made love; it was on my birthday, I am not sure what year it was. We were fantasizing about including a dog in our activities and I was able to talk her into actually going through with it. WOW!!!! It was so incredibly exciting for me and for her. I don't think that I ever saw her have a longer or stronger orgasm than that. I know she did that just for me and that is what made it even more special to me, what a special, special day it was. After the longest time, I broke my trance with her and glanced over to George's dog who was sitting happily looking at us expectantly.

Was I happy for it to be him, for him to take possession of my Cathy, the love of my life of so many years, to be her first lover other than me after the consummation of our marriage so long ago? Yes, Yes, Yes, I thought. He looked a fine beast, his fur shiny, glistening in the subdued light of our bed room. Max's strong muscles rippled underneath all that hair displaying to the world the latent power within. He was casually licking his sheath, a tiny red point protruding when his tongue flicked away. He suddenly stopped, looked at us both with his jaw slightly ajar. He rolled over playfully, legs splayed in the air, rubbing his back against the carpet, like a prize athlete stretching before his game.

Watching this made me think back to another time when we were fantasizing about a dog during our sexual adventure. Cathy told me during this fantastic experience that when she was young and just exploring her sexuality she had her family pet Shui Ton lick her pussy while she used the handle of a hair brush to pleasure herself. I should have asked her at that time how old she was and how the experience made her feel but I missed the opportunity and had not thought about it again. I looked back at Cathy. She was looking at Max, watching him intently. Her right hand moved towards her pussy, her index and middle finger gently pulling at the love juice soaked hairs of her sex. She looked back at me, a more resolute look on her face, like she had made a decision. She got up from where she was sitting on the couch and moved to the end of the bed. Calling Max to her she began to pet his head and rub his ears in a playful fashion. Max began to sigh in enjoyment of this attention and cock his head to the side while staring into her eyes. I was waiting with great anticipation for what ever would come next, practically holding my breath.

Slowly, oh so very slowly Cathy opened those lovely thighs that I had parted myself so many times before. I could see beads of her passion sparkling in the natural light of the room. Slowly she pulled Max's nose to her waiting pussy and allowed him to get the scent of her sex. Watching all of this and thinking about Cathy's first experience in bestiality made me think back to my own first experience with wonder and amazement all those years ago. I can remember the experience like it was yesterday but I can not remember exactly what precipitated the events of that memorable day. The year was 1982 but I struggle to remember the specific month, although I absolutely remember that it was in the summer of my 19th year. I know this because it was one of those incredibly hot Ohio summer days, you know the kind. Temperatures in the mid ninety's, with a hundred percent humidity, and not a breath of air stirring to give any relief from the day. A typical Ohio day in other words.

I was in the middle of the insanity that was Amy Fisher and was therefore frustrated with life and girls in general with no prospects of having sex any time soon. I am not sure why I was off on this hot, humid Saturday afternoon and no one else was at home at the time or why I even thought to take advantage of the situation in the way that I did but it happened just this way. We had had our pair of Boxer dogs, Duke and Duchess for about two years at this point and I love them and remember them well even after all these years that they have gone to doggy heaven. They were fairly similar in there personalities which is an amazing thing for two dogs from different families, but I think that is what made them special and such a part of our family.

Duchess, as is common for a female Boxer was very affectionate and loved to lick people, if your hand got anywhere within her lick radius you could count on her big rough tongue to attack with gusto. As I stated before I have no idea what gave me the idea to have sex with Dutch in the first place except other than my extreme frustration with girls I guess. Nothing I had ever read, seen, or heard set this event in motion and it still mystifies me today as to why it happened. I think maybe it could have happened as a result of my childhood and the fact that after being molested I did not have the boundaries in my thinking that most other people have. But on this day the idea just simply popped into my head and like so many ideas you think back on it and say to yourself, 'Well it seemed like a good idea at the time'.

But I do remember this. I went into the barn because on a hot day like this day it was the coolest place to be. There always seemed to be a good breeze blowing through, even on the hottest day. While I was setting on a recliner my thoughts turned to that saucy little blonde cock tease of a bitch Amy Fisher and I just could not turn them off. You know how it is when your mind turns down a one way street and you just can't turn on a turn signal and turn off of it?

That is exactly the way it was for me on that day. One thought led to another and all these thoughts combined led to my dick in my hand and rubbing it furiously. You have to remember at this time I

was still a virgin with women but needless to say because of my childhood I was not a virgin virgin, and I had plenty of experience with my hand if with nothing else. As I was sitting there wishing it had Amy to fuck, and make no mistake that is what I wanted to do with her, fuck, the thought just popped into my head. Hey, you do have something her and available to fuck, but it just doesn't happen to be a human female.

I was not repulsed by this idea in the least and the more I pondered it the better it seemed to me. 'Why not' I thought. Dutch is a sweet and loving dog as evidenced by getting a good thorough licking every time anyone gets within the lick zone. Thinking about it and thinking about the size difference in the two species about to embark on this sexual adventure I wondered if I would fit or if I would hurt her. But then I thought, 'gee you flatter yourself too much; you are much smaller than Duke is and she doesn't have any trouble with him'. But just in case I thought I should be prepared for that problem. With no further thinking, as if I were on auto pilot I went into the house to get a bottle of baby oil for my new lover. I called Dutch to me from her place under the shade tree where her dog house was and she obediently followed me into the barn.

I didn't think it was fair, there she was naked and seemingly cool so I decided that I would shed my own clothes to compensate for my own discomfort at the heat. Needless to say by this time and since I had been rubbing myself while thinking about Amy I had a raging hardon that ached because I was so engorged. Being the licker she was this all presented a bit of a problem because every time I smeared baby oil onto us she wanted to lick it off but she finally got the idea of what I was after soon enough. I pulled her to me just as I had seen her mate Duke do, on so many occasions and used my hand to spread her lips apart. I touched the head of my dick to her pussy and with no hesitation or second thought started to enter her. The sensation was unbelievable and almost indescribable; I had never experienced such heat or such lust in my dreaming masturbations.

After entering her all the way I began to stroke slowly in and out, and to my amazement Dutch actually began to push backward against me in acknowledgment of her pleasure. I would like to say that I was a stallion that day, but I wasn't as it was over far too soon, but it surely was a wonderful experience and one I will never forget.

Max snuffled noisily as if to show that he really enjoyed what he was smelling and I could agree with him having smelled the same musky scent myself so many times in the past. One of the things that I have always enjoyed about Cathy is the fact that she is very natural in the way her pussy smells. It had always been a bit of a turn off in my very limited experience to smell a woman who douched all the time. I think Max now appreciated this fact just as much as I do. Tentatively, as if expecting that he would be yelled at Max stuck out his tongue and touched it to my fantastically beautiful pussy. When that big pink tongue touched Cathy's pussy I heard a very audible and sharp intake of breath.

It looked to me that her intake of breath was so sharp and sudden that I actually saw her breasts rise, or maybe it was just the fact that she arched her back and her head so far that it caused her hair to spill half way down her back. I had the perfect position to witness this mind blowing event as I was standing against the clothes wardrobe, with a full on view of Cathy's beautiful pussy. Not hearing the expected shout that he expected Max began to lick her pussy in earnest and happily. I can not believe how excited Cathy was at this point as it took about ten seconds for Cathy to have her first orgasm. The force of her orgasm was so intense that she fell back against the bed.

Because of my position I was able to witness something that I had never seen before, Cathy Cumming in quarts. Her orgasm was so forceful that her love juices splashed all over Max's face and the poor thing could not lick it up fast enough. After the first waves of her orgasm had passed and she was able to collect herself a bit she looked me in the eye and pulled her very swollen labia apart to give Max even better access to her womanhood. Max turned his head to the side a bit and the



force of his tongue pushed Cathy back onto the bed imperceptively and I could see the end of his tongue disappear into her. Cathy began to squeeze her breasts with extreme force and take her nipples into her mouth to bite on them and in no time at all she had her second orgasm of the evening, and this one was a real screamer!!

Cathy again collected herself and shoed Max away so that she could have some space to think about these very recent events. After two minutes that seemed like an eternity she looked up at me and said the most exciting and best thing anyone has ever said to me. "You want this dog to fuck me?" Cathy asked. I paused, hesitated and finally answered, "Yes". "It's not just my pleasure we are talking about is it?" I said. I have the strongest feeling that it is just not me alone that wants this to happen. Truthfully now, if you were going to do anything purely for me alone, we both know you wouldn't. You have to have some sort of feeling towards this otherwise it wouldn't have gone this far" I replied. "You are right in a way" Cathy started to say, "At first when you brought this newest of your kinks to me, I always thought that it would just be a passing thing, you know, humor him a little, play along with it and you will soon get bored with it like you mostly do.

But this is different; I can feel it as well. I.....it's just so hard to admit it.....I think I want to try it as well, just to see what it is like. "I will still and always love you" I reassured. You've seen my orgasm, and how hard I cum recently when we involve this fantasy into our lovemaking. Cathy was looking at me intently; she was still casually playing with her sweaty pubic hairs, her magnificent breasts rising with every breath she took when Max raised himself from his lethargy and strolled over to her. He parked himself next to her legs, close enough for her to reach out with her left hand and gently scratch him behind the ears. He almost immediately started to lick her fingers, and Cathy began to lick her own lust from her finger tips. "I want this to happen" I whispered. After the longest pause, Cathy answered, "So do I".

Cathy looked into in my eyes, looking for some sign that I loved and respected her. I could tell what she was wanting. After all our years together, all the tough times, it was our constant understanding of each others needs that was the adhesive in our relationship. I made a move towards Maximus, suddenly not knowing how to continue. Up until seconds ago, I was in control, or fairly in control of my own fantasy. Yes, there had been deviations, but on the whole, it was working out just fine.....until now. How would I go about the actual copulation? I knew it could never take on the form of one of those cheap mpegs I had viewed so many times on Beast forum. I wanted it to be fantastic, and I knew Cathy expected me as the architect of this whole event to come up with the goods. Still, my mind registered a blank. "I tell you what Hon, why don't you give him a bath. He is rather smelly, and there is no way I am going to do anything with him smelling like that" she said interrupting my thoughts.

I was surprised by her sudden candid approach to it all. Even now, at this heightened stage of arousal, her feminine hormones kicked fully in. I couldn't believe that she asking me to perform the canine version of brushing his teeth before sex! Women, they never cease to absolutely amaze me..... "Don't you want to help me? I said. "No Hon, I want to get ready for him" Cathy answered as she started to get up and move. "What do you mean....get ready for him? What did she need to do? Geez, just get on your hands and knees and let him mount you I thought....my balls were busting! "You'll just have to wait and see" Cathy said. "Oh, and don't rush, I'm going to be at least an hour, so you will have plenty of time to blow dry him. I don't want a wet dog for my first time" she laughed as she said this, my expression must have been truly divine.

Cathy walked naked to the kitchen, dragged a bottle of Old Poultney out, took a single whiskey glass out of the cupboard and with a mischievous grin on her face went to our bedroom. Two minutes later she emerged with several items in her hand and headed to the upstairs bathroom. I could hear the click of the lock being turned. I took Maximus into our bathroom. He seemed to know what was

going to happen, and didn't at all fight me as I had worried he might. Perhaps he knew the prize for his watery ordeal? At least it gave me time with him to go over some finer points on how to stimulate Cathy. I wanted to give him every chance at doing it right the first time. With his size, he was incredibly easy to get in the bathtub, just a gentle "come on boy" and he was in. I reached for the shampoo, not knowing and at the moment honestly not caring if it was good for him or not. I felt like one of those metro male hairdressers getting some guy ready for his big date.

Making sure the water was warm; I poured some shampoo onto Max's back. He just quietly stood still, looking straight ahead. I started to lather him up. First along his back, getting him nice and soapy. Up to his ears, careful to not get any into his eyes and then along his legs and tail. His stomach came last, and then his equipment. After washing my hands clean of soap I rubbed his balls thoroughly, knowing full well that my attention was going to get him aroused. I don't know about anybody else, but it would give me the biggest fucking hard on in my life if it was me!

He started to twitch. I could feel his sheath start to stretch within my grasp, the inevitable protrusion of his cock head starting to make its way forward. I was slightly amazed at how quickly he became hard in my hands, and also somewhat envious of his size. The thought came to me of Cathy. Was she going to be able to take all of this meat? I wonder if she had thought about it. Was she thinking about it now as she marinated in a wondrous bubble bath, slowly sipping a cold glass of Whisky? Oh, I had no doubt she had at some stage made comparisons between my potential size and Max's cocks we had both been looking at on the Beast forum website.

Max suddenly started to make small forward motions with his hips. My god, he was starting to hump my hand. I was unconsciously jerking him off while busy with my own thoughts. Bloody hell, Max was huge, and the knot had not even made it out yet. "Enjoy the whiskey honey", I smiled to myself somewhat wickedly. In another half hour I had Max toweled, dried and looking show material, whatever that was. He smelt like a dog still, and I sprayed him with some of my body spray to make him more appealing to Cathy.

"Well boy, I guess this is it" I said to him. He just looked up at me, cocked his head slightly as if to say, "Are you going to go upstairs or just stand there looking at it stupid all day?" I know when to take a hint. We walked upstairs and I reached out to turn the door handle, I noticed it was still locked. I knocked on the door. I could hear Cathy moving around inside the room. "Wait a minute Hon; I'm still not ready yet. I did say an hour" she chided me through the closed door.

"Well boy, what do you say to a little walk?" I asked Max. He just raised his head up at me again with that look of "I don't care what we do, as long as it doesn't involve standing in front of a closed door all night". I laughed and made our way back downstairs, grabbed his leash out we went out for a look at the sheep. Minutes passed, and my mind was racing. What was Cathy doing in there so long? A shower would not have taken her an hour. My curiosity was starting to really get the better of me. After about fifteen minutes we turned around and headed back to the house. Walking back into the house I noticed that our bedroom door was closed and music was playing on the stereo, mood music as it were.

I went into the kitchen to scrounge around for something to drink, a good hard shot of whiskey when I heard Cathy. "I'm ready Hon" she called from our bedroom, "for the both of you". I got up and made my way to our bedroom door. Max was lying on the floor, cautiously watching my moves. "Come on boy, its time" I encouraged him. He bounded up, his muscular legs easily raising him to a standing position and meandered to where I was standing. I patted him on the head, almost lovingly before reaching out to turn the handle of my bedroom door.

Turning it slowly until it could turn no more, I gently pushed open this obstacle to my wildest dreams. As the door opened slightly, Max pressed forward and made his way inside. Inside it was



dimly lit; the immediate smell of burning candles hit my nostrils. As my eyes adjusted, I saw Cathy, but not as I had seen her for a long while. She was sitting on the bed, rubbing the head of her new friend whispering indiscernible things to him. I was dumbfounded, my feet suddenly become lead. It took me a moment to take it all in. Cathy gestured for me to come inside. She was dressed in a fantastic outfit, a lovely dress with a halter top flowing down finishing just above the knees she had only worn a couple of times to special occasions. It made her breasts very pronounced and she has stopped wearing it because she didn't think it was appropriate to wear out in public.

I knew immediately that underneath the silky material would be a wondrous matching bra and panties, black, with a garter and stockings to match. As I moved closer, I was rewarded by sighting those black stockings flowing down the length of her legs finishing in the confines of a high set pair of stilettos. Her hair was done wonderfully, she had obviously straightened it and I watched mesmerized as it flowed like a river down her slender neck to drop further down her back like some waterfall made of gold. Her face was beautiful. Tonight she had applied herself, the thick red violently splashed on her pouting lips, the eyeliner thicker than I had previously seen it. She looked wonderful, no; sexy was the more accurate description. She looked a little bit slutty, but in a high class way. She played the role magnificently and knew what I was thinking, looking straight into my eyes.

"You look fantastic" was all I could get out. "Do you think so?" Cathy said as she stood up and did a slow twirl in front of me. Her dress flowed up enough for me to see she was wearing a garter. "Oh yes" I confirmed. "I feel a little tipsy, sorry; I had forgotten how much that Old Poultney goes straight to my head. "Yes I do, I feel like that as well. I feel it is so nasty, but so good. I need to see how this ends" I replied. "Well, before it ends, it has to start" she giggled. "Yes it does" I said, looking down at Max. She followed my gaze, her eyes appreciating the muscular form standing in between us, panting softly, waiting patiently. Cathy lifted her head and said to me, "I want this to happen". I nodded my head.

We both stood with Max between us for what seemed like an eternity. Both of us knew roughly where we were headed, but neither of us knew how to get there. Max patiently stood between us, and then it was as if he took control. Without realizing it he broke the spell we found ourselves in. He moved to me, sniffing my hand that was dangling limply at my side. He pushed his snout into it, forcing me to put pressure on his wet nose. I stroked gently up past his eyes pushing his ears flat and watched as they bounced upright again.

His tongue was casually hanging from his slightly open mouth, the pinkness contrasting with his off white colored teeth, his head now raised up looking up at me. I knelt down, whispering into his ear while looking at the woman of my desires, the center of my fantasy. Cathy was still standing, watching us both intently. Her eyes sparkled, but the slight frown gave away her nervousness.

"Take her" I whispered into Max's ear. "Go..... Go to her" I said as I indicated waving my arm toward Cathy's direction. I could hear a sharp intake of breath from the other side of the room as he started to meander towards her, his powerful muscles rippling taught underneath his slick black fur. I stood from my kneeling position and focused fully on what was about to transpire. My heart stopped beating; the air in my lungs became stagnant as I watched her reach out first one hand and then the other to stroke his head. She knelt down in front Max, both hands stroking along the side of his face, scratching gently once they reached the back of his ears. My eyes were drilling holes through them both so intent was my stare. I didn't want to miss any small detail. The sudden pressure I felt from between my legs acknowledgment of the sexual intensity engulfing the room.

Cathy had progressed her stroking now along Max's back. She still had one hand rubbing underneath his chin, while the other started to wander into uncharted territory. She started to whisper to him, I didn't know what, but finished whatever she said with a kiss to snout. He

responded by giving her a big lick with his tongue. Normally, a wet dog tongue on Cathy's face would have sent her into a scolding [SPAM], but now she welcomed it.

I watched as she let Max lick her face, his tongue negotiating the curves of her nose, the contours of her lips. She closed her eyes tilting her head back slightly, seemingly enjoying the attention of the beast while her golden locks strained to reach the floor. I watched as she pulled away and rubbed her head against his, again whispering to him. What was she saying? This minute detail was beginning to drive me insane.

I wanted to move closer so I could hear, but by doing so, my presence might dispel the magic that was brewing. I opted to remain as still as a stone. It was then I noticed that her right hand, the one stroking his back had moved to his stomach. My view was slightly obscured, so I ventured to move to a better position. I slowly walked closer, and sat on the bedroom couch which gave me a perfect side on view to the bed and Max. Cathy looked up at me and upon my sitting down smiled warmly at me. She had a dreamy look in her eyes, like she was floating on clouds. It was then that I looked to where her hand had moved to. "Oh my...." I watched as she moved her hand forward to his sheath, placing her four fingers on one side with her thumb on the other and started to rub it back and forth slowly.

Almost immediately she was rewarded with a swelling of his member. I sat transfixed as I watched his cock start to emerge from his sheath, start to swell and grow in her hands, Cathy's hands. Cathy must have also noticed how large his penis was growing with the attention of her lovely hands. "My god, he is huge Hon" she gasped. "I know....I had to wash him, remember?" I replied. I could see the look of hesitation in her eyes, a mixture of shock and lust. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" she asked me.

"It looks good wrapped in your hand" I whispered. "I bet your thinking what it is going to look like pushing between the lips of my cunt" Cathy said. I was aroused and also intrigued by how this was transpiring. "Yes, I was thinking something along that line" I replied.

"I'm so fucking hot, this is so wild" Cathy drawled. "All those things those women do with them, I never understood how they could.....are you sure you washed him good?" she asked. "Yes, I made sure" I said. But one thing was for sure, I was not about to stop anything. Max had started to spray spurts of pre cum from the end of his cock. Cathy's hair had been hit and a thick wet curl hung down into her face. I could see some moisture start to seep from between those seductive lips, dribbling down the side of her chin and dripping onto the floor.

I was in heaven. Cathy grinned at me. I could see Max's knot still trapped in his sheath, covered by fur trying to push its way out towards freedom. Cathy noticed it as well. This was wild, I mean really wild and beyond now anything I had ever imagined. The reality of seeing Cathy make actual love, and let's make no mistake for that is what she is doing, to Max was just out of this world. I was speechless, my mouth devoid of any moisture stopping me from congratulating her. I was now just a passenger along for the ride. Without warning, she stopped, mostly because of how unpredictable he was starting to hump

He had started to turn towards her, trying to climb on her head and start his instinctual ritual of sex. Cathy whispered to him again, still too quiet for me to hear, and stroked his head to calm him down. She raised herself into a standing position, with the Max making hectic turns around her and patted the bed. "Up boy.....up!" she encouraged.

He jumped up onto the bed. He was pacing on the bed then dropped down onto all fours watching Cathy with those canine eyes of concentration.

I was oblivious to both of them. Cathy started to remove her dress, reaching behind to undo the zipper. She posed for Max, facing him with her back to me. I watched as she lowered her zipper fully

down, then raising her arms to pull the halter neck over her head, her body coming into view slowly as she lowered her dress to fall into a pool of silk at her feet. I followed the path from her stocking clad ankles all the way to her upper legs, gazing with lust upon the black frilly suspenders that encapsulated her bare ass. It was then that I noticed she was not wearing any panties at all. She dressed prepared.

Cathy started to reach behind her to undo her bra, then stopped and said, "Honey, would you be as nice as to do it". Like a zombie I got up and started to unclip her bra, feeling the tension in the material as her heavy breasts were starting to be released from their confines. I slid the black straps from over both shoulders, feeling her arms move forward to allow it to fall forward and off. With her breasts free at last, she raised her arms above her head and pushed her chest out.....finishing by cupping each fleshy globe in her hands and leaning forward in a mock offering to her new lover. I could guess without seeing she was squeezing her nipples for him. Cathy really loves her nipples to be bit very hard! "You can sit down again" she said.

I returned to my voyeurism, taking the opportunity to take my own clothes off and return to the couch. Cathy started to get onto the bed, placing a few of our pillows and cushions together to create a platform for her head and back to sit upright on. I followed her every movement as did Max, both of us now under her spell. She lay back into her new cushioned seat, started to spread her legs and with one hand patted her mound sharply.

"Time to give me some more attention boy" she said as she fondled the hairs of her newly trimmed pussy. She had really gone to town. Max raised himself from his prone position and moved over to Cathy's open pussy. It was already red and swollen from anticipation, moisture glistening along the insides of her thighs. I watched in pure lust as she smiled at me, running her tongue along the top of her smeared red lips and then looking at the beast, his grotesquely swollen cock swinging from between his legs. Soon it would be buried where I yearned for it to go the most.

I watched with large round eyes as Max made his way across the bed towards Cathy. She had spread her legs widely, patting her mound with the flat of her hand in time with the beating of my heart. As he sniffed at her sex, I couldn't help but feel like I was watching from a distance, a voyeur watching two lovers from some secret vantage point. And I must admit right here and now that was something else that I had always dreamed about and wondered if there was ever a chance that it would happen. Cathy was about to give herself to another. The fact that it was of a different species was insignificant. It was still a male and he had a cock, a cock that was soon to pierce her sweet dripping pussy.

Listening to the way Cathy was encouraging Max, telling him what a good lick he was, how wet she was for him only added to my excitement. My head was reeling from the chemical reactions of all the emotions swirling in my mind. Still, I watched them. I couldn't help but lean closer towards them as I witnessed Max go from sniffing to then lick greedily at her swollen lips. She must really be gushing I thought to myself as I watched Max lick her juices.

Her head was tilted back on the pillow, her hair splayed out like a golden fan. I could hear her little whimpers broken only by a guttural moan as he obviously penetrated deeply into her open beautiful pussy. Her eyes were closed tightly in deep concentration, her face twisted in a frown with her pleasure visible only through the convulsions of her body. She was biting at her bottom lip, trying to stop herself from moaning too loudly but to no avail, the lust that had been ignited within her was now too strong, to wild and raw.

Cathy raised her right hand to her breast, violently grabbing at her nipple, tugging it harshly until I could see it swell engorged with the blood of her veins rushing madly to it. Her left hand had moved

down to her pussy, her fingers clumsily trying to spread her outer lips to let Max have better access to her swollen clit. Raising her stocking covered knees back towards herself and spreading her legs wide apart in the air, she urged Max on. Max now had complete rein over Cathy's pussy, lapping at will, his tongue rasping and dragging at her spread lips.

"This is sooo fucking sexy and I am so horny" she moaned, "I'm running like an open faucet". Max continued to lick as Cathy started to push her hips into his snout. Her thrusting was getting stronger, causing his head to rock back and forth as he tried to keep his tongue in time with her. She was trying to fuck his tongue as she was building up to a major orgasm. In our past experiences it seemed that a dog licking her pussy had always driven her to her highest orgasms and it looked like this would be no exception.

I noticed how it shrunk and grew again nearly at will, almost disappearing at one point only to make a swift return in all its glory. "Isn't it beautiful" she whispered staring at the appendage between Max's legs. We both watched mesmerized as Max freely discharged his pre-cum over the bed sheets. Cathy had a far away look in her eyes, like she wasn't there at all.

"It's time to make your fantasy a reality honey" she continued "get me some of those hiking socks, the thick ones in the top drawer. I obediently did as she asked, taking the thickest pair of socks out of the drawer and returning them to her. "You do it, I want to keep my pussy simmering for him" she said as she feverishly played with her wet sex. When I attempted to raise Max's leg up to put the sock on I was surprised by how easy it was to get it on him. He lifted the second leg just as eagerly which caused me to comment "Honey I know I am right, this proves it to me. George and Sarah do have Max join them for a good fuck." Cathy just shook her head in agreement with me.

"I want Max to fuck me too. I want to feel what it is like to have his cock inside me, fucking me, filling me with his cum", Cathy said. "You've lit the flame, now we have to see it through" she finished. "You need me to do it as much as I want to do it now" she said in a more relaxed tone. Max looked somewhat comical walking around with those off white colored woolens all the way up his legs, contrasting with the black of his fur and the purplish red hue of his cock. While I was watching Max turn circles, Cathy had moved a couple of pillows onto the floor. She still had on her garter and the stockings were firmly enclosed by her black high heels.

Cathy looked erotic, sexy and slutty all in the one picture. She placed each knee onto a pillow and rested herself onto her elbows, her head inches from another cushion. Her rounded, sweet ass was pointing heavenward and spread in the customary doggy position. I had seen this view many times, the wisps of pubic hair wet with her passion, her heavy breasts swaying underneath her, but tonight, I was only going to be a bystander and not a participant. "You ready?" I asked. "Are you?" she replied with a nervous tone in her voice.

Seeing Cathy splayed out like that, her body waiting to receive the administrations of a sexual fantasy that weeks ago would have been ludicrous to have imagined as anything other than sheer fantasy was the closing deal in my inner battle. I wanted to see her impaled on the end of a swollen dog cock....no, like she said, I needed to see it. "Oh yes" I said. I called Max over to us. Max obediently walked awkwardly to us, the socks causing him to lose footing. His cock was out of its sheath, glistening with the pre cum of his earlier arousal. I knew that I would have to help Cathy and Max achieve their coupling and I could hardly wait. From the research that I have done I have learned that for a woman's first time with a dog things will go much easier if she has help being mounted.

I didn't want Cathy to get frustrated and perhaps stop so I was willing to do anything to make the coupling as easy as possible. "Up boy" I encouraged. I let him sniff her pussy and have a few quick

licks again. Cathy moaned in a frustrated pleasure. With a suggestive pull on his collar he jumped up onto Cathy forcing her forward causing her large breasts to be crushed under the weight of them both.

With his front legs dangling on each side of her stomach he immediately started to hump away, pre cum spraying her ass and legs. "It feels hot on my ass" she moaned. I pulled him by his collar to get him to move closer to Cathy's sex. She aided me by wriggling her legs further apart to get the height right. "How far away is his cock?" she asked in a breathless tone trying to look underneath herself. "Not far Honey, it's only inches from your ready and willing pussy" I replied. I could see that I would have to help him out, his wild humping missing the mark by a significant distance. I took a deep breath and grabbed hold of his thick shaft. It felt hot in my hand. His size again made an impact on me. I had no doubt that he would stretch Cathy to her fullest.

With the base of his cock firmly in my grasp, my fingers clenched between his knot and the fur of his sheath I guided him to the object of his frantic endeavors. As the large angled head started to make contact with Cathy's pussy lips, I felt her shudder, a deep moan escaping her lips. "Ohhh, put it in Hon, let him fuck me! Let him make me his bitch". I watched mesmerized as the canine penis separated the lips of Cathy's swollen pussy. Once he had a few inches in her he took over. I have never seen such a display of wanton sexual frenzy before. His hips were a blur as he savagely thrust into Cathy. Powerful thrusts into the silken folds of her womanhood with no recourse as to if it may be hurting her. Max was intent on fucking, making her his bitch, claiming her as his own. His mission was possession.....

Cathy cried out sharply with his first deep thrust, her cries getting louder with each invasion of her pussy. She was incoherent, moaning and crying out at the same time. I watched as she forced herself back onto his cock, liquid starting to gush from her gaping cunt. "I can feel him Cumming in me.....; I can feel him spraying inside of my cunt. I can feel it all the way to my stomach and it feels so incredibly hot" Cathy cried. I looked at Cathy, her head down in the pillow, sweat streaking down her back and neck and seeming to run off of her in rivers. Max's tongue was dripping freely on her back; both front legs clamped either side of her. It was then after about five minutes I noticed he had slowed his thrusting making them shorter and with more intent. His knot which had been banging away at the entrance of Cathy's sex had finally pushed its way in. He was knotting with her. His possession was now complete.

Cathy screamed louder than I had ever heard as she orgasmed. By what I have read I new this new, more powerful orgasm was because Max's knot was rubbing and pressing on her G-spot and I was seeing the effect it was having on Cathy's body. She slumped forward, her head pushed into the pillow with her arms splayed out in front of her. Her back was arched, breasts splayed on either side of her, ass high in the air with Max covering her. He had stopped humping altogether, his face a broad grin, tongue dangling out one side of his mouth. Her moans a mixture of grunts and cries while her body violently thrashed about. I took the opportunity to change my viewing position and moved behind them both, lifting his tail so I had a great vantage of his possession of my woman. I could see his balls bouncing up and down with the force of his orgasm and I knew he must be filling Cathy completely.

The knot was fully inside her, liquid which I presumed was their cum leaking out of her very red and very swollen pussy and dripping to the floor. It was a magnificent site, one that I would always look back on as the most erotic of my life. "Like what you see?" Cathy moaned "Oh yes, you should see it from where I am...your pussy is completely stretched. It looks like you don't have any labia." I said. She just moaned again, a second orgasm ripping through her body. I watched lustily as Max took complete ownership of my incredibly sexy wife making her his. She reached back and held his hind legs, trying to stop Maximus from moving away.

“Grab him, stop him from moving, I don’t want him to quit” she pleaded with me. I put one hand on his back and with the other I grabbed his collar to keep him in place. She thrust back on him, trying to create a fucking motion with Maximus. “You horny bitch, your really, really are enjoying this. I said. “I would have never, ever imagined this, but the pleasure is 10 times better than I have ever experienced....oh fuck me” she wailed. Three! She was having her third orgasm in as many minutes. I had never seen Cathy have multiple orgasms in this great of a succession, but here she was now Cumming for the third time. I was impressed! “That’s three orgasms honey” I informed her.

“No, that’s four. I had one the moment his cock touched my cunt” she confessed. Max was starting to get restless and tried to move off her. They were still connected with his slab of meat inside her but his twisting proved better than my ability to keep him on her. In a moment they were both on the floor facing away from each other, his meat still firmly imbedded in her pussy.

I waited with eagerness for his release....I wanted to see how much cum was going to spill out. Sensing my intent, Cathy said “I feel like my stomach is full of his cum....he just keeps spraying into me.....I can feel everything....it feels so good and so hot”. Max started to move but I stopped him. I waited and watched patiently, like some child waiting on the stairs for Santa to come down the chimney, my stare not moving from their point of copulation lest I miss the moment of release. I was not disappointed. His cock started to slide from between Cathy’s lips. It slid out quickly with an audible plop followed by a moan from Cathy. I watched in disbelief at the amount of cum that gushed from her gaping hole. It was just flowing out freely pooling on the floor. I couldn’t help but put my hand to her swollen sex and caught some of it so that I could lick it off of my fingers.

Cathy was oblivious to my actions as she just stayed there on all fours panting exhaustedly. I so wanted to fuck her, to feel my cock mix with the fresh cum of Max. I moved to her abused lips. With a short thrust I entered her warm pussy not feeling the sides. It felt all wet, but the biggest sensation was the warmth of it all. I knew that it was partly due to the fresh deposit of Max’s cum. She moaned again as I entered her. I didn’t care if it caused her pain, I needed this, and I needed to add my cum to the already overflowing load that lay between Cathy’s legs. I grabbed her thighs, feeling the smoothness of the stockings, now ripped in places by the violent fucking of her first dog lover. I ripped at them as well, adding to her appearance by exposing her skin. My thrusts were violent, like I was competing with the previous occupant to establish that I was still the alpha male. Cathy didn’t even gasp or cry out, being too spent to feel me fucking her.

When I finally orgasmed, it caused blackness in front of my eyes making me nearly pass out. I slumped over her limp body, the both of us turning to fall onto the heap of cushions on the floor. I was satisfied as I watched my cum mixed with Max’s flow from her pussy. I was satisfied.....

She snuggled up to me, completely spent. I wrapped my arm around her, holding her to me and kissing her forehead. “Do you love me Honey?” she asked intently. I answered truthfully. “Yes my beautiful sweetheart, I love you”. “Who do you Love?” she said. “I Love Cathy Jo Whiting”, I replied. “Will you still love me if I tell you I want Max to fuck me again?” she said while looking at Max cleaning himself at the end of the bed. “Especially if you want that” I answered. “Good” she said, “because I think I might enjoy being a fucked by Max again”. Those words were music to my ears and I don’t think she could have made me any happier.