

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



We recently moved into a new neighborhood. As I was rummaging around in the attic, I discovered a diary. Most of it was pretty tame stuff, but the last few entries got pretty juicy. Here's what I found:

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### **December 5th - Morning**

As had become routine, my husband Frank flopped down at our kitchen table for a quick breakfast. His fingers worked furiously on the screen of his ever-present phone, checking emails, texts, and the latest stock statistics. Aside from wondering when his toast and coffee might magically appear, I doubt he would even have noticed if I wasn't there. Like many a young 'trophy wife', my illusions of a fantasy marriage to a rich older guy had quickly evaporated in the first few months of our union. I sighed, realizing that I had become relegated to simply another one of the many expensive furnishings that comprised 'Frank's Big Collection of Toys'.

"I'm thinking about joining a gym," I offered, trying to break the awkward silence over the morning meal. Frank responded by holding up a dismissive hand as an incoming phone call summoned his attention. I seethed quietly to myself, poking at my toast halfheartedly as Frank laughed uproariously at something in his phone conversation. I looked up expectantly, hoping he might share the humor, but he turned away in his chair, checking the clock on the wall and chuckling again.

Suddenly I flinched as I felt a cold wet nose prod at my knee. I heard a quiet whine from below the kitchen table. I reached down and petted Shindo, our purebred Akita. As with everything else we owned, the big dog had set Frank back a small fortune. Yet Shindo was pretty much my dog since I was the only one who gave him any attention. The boatload of money Shindo had cost had done nothing to assure a well-behaved animal. He was overly energetic, with a penchant for getting into anything and everything. One of his most annoying traits was that he would make a bee-line for any unprotected groin, sniffing and prodding with his cold wet nose into the most intimate of places. We had to be on constant guard against his embarrassing antics if we had guests in the house.

But as I sat there at the kitchen table, marveling at the luxury train wreck my life had become, I was suddenly struck with a very naughty and rebellious notion. I smiled pleasantly at Frank as I meticulously buttered a slice of my toast. Under the table, I allowed my legs to part. Shindo was quick to seize upon the opportunity and I felt him wriggle his way between my legs. Still dressed in a bathrobe, I closed my naked thighs down in a welcoming embrace around the eager Akita, stifling a playful squeal as I felt his snout prod up against my panty clad crotch.

I squirmed in my seat, unsure of what would happen next. Whenever Shindo was in one of his crotch-diving moods we always chastised him or banished him from the room. Never had the canine been given free rein, so this was uncharted territory for us both. His warm breath washed across my tight little white panties. I choked back a giggle as his cold wet nose pressed into my loins, sniffing enthusiastically at the alluring scent he discovered there.

My heart was beating with a combination of fear and lustful excitement. What if Frank noticed something amiss and discovered the naughty doggy between my legs? I couldn't even imagine the embarrassment as I would have to try to explain myself. I felt a red flush of shame creep its way up my face. I should put a stop to this immediately, I realized. I chewed nervously at my lower lip, and then did the only reasonable thing. I slowly scooted forward to the edge of my chair, spreading my legs wide and allowing the curious Akita unrestricted access.

Immediately his wet canine tongue caressed my panty-covered vaginal mound. I clenched my teeth,

holding in a lustful moan of passion. This was already more intimate attention than I had received from Frank in months. I felt my panties quickly begin to moisten, absorbing both saliva from Shindo's energetic tongue and the steamy dampness oozing from my humid vaginal slit. My tight slippery pussy — neglected for far too long — eagerly unfurled its fleshy pink lips. The Akita dug deeper, lured by the irresistible flavor. Pressing his snout harder into my lustful cleft, Shindo worked his rough tongue against the thin cotton barrier, pushing the crotch of my panties up into my snug little cunt. I gripped the edge of the table with both hands, fighting the need to thrash my legs in response to simmering sexual urges that were quickly coming to a boil.

The Akita nipped gently at my panty-covered pussy lips and I shuddered, giving in to the inevitable orgasm. My breathing became ragged and desperate, and suddenly my hips bucked of their own accord. The joints of the chair creaked alarmingly, but Frank didn't seem to notice. The muscles in my thighs clenched and trembled as a convulsive spasm gripped my twat. Barely in control of my body, I ground my hips in a slow, sensual motion in the kitchen chair as Shindo eagerly consumed the syrupy wetness that flooded through the cotton crotch of my panties. I closed my legs tightly around the Akita's furry head, wrapping him in a loving embrace as orgasmic ripples vibrated through the depths of my fuck slot. Then, in a final spasm, I rocked my head back and pressed my loins eagerly forward against the canine's talented snout. My hair whipped in a cascade of blonde and I dared to let my hands slip from the table and caress my naked upper thighs. Dragging my fingers up over my tummy, I sensuously squeezed my breasts, pinching my aching nipples through the soft covering of my robe.

Then — finally — I felt the wonderful sensations in my twat begin to falter. Small post-orgasmic tremors continued to register as Shindo maintained a steady rhythm with his talented cunt-licking tongue. Despite his energetic efforts, the flood of syrupy fluids poured through my panties faster than he could lap them up. I felt a warm, sticky puddle begin to form on the seat of the chair, soaking my panties from below. The scent of wet cunt butter hung heavily in the air, overwhelming the mundane breakfast smells of coffee and toast.

"Well, time to go," Frank announced, ending his conversation and rising from the table. I jerked in shock and then looked at him, slack-jawed and with glazed eyes, trying to recover from my sexually-induced stupor. He took no notice of my tussled hair, red-faced expression, or panting breath as he gathered his keys and briefcase and headed out to his car. I heard the garage door cycle and the engine of his Mercedes growl to life. The sound of the car receded as the automatic garage door rattled shut. I sat there at the kitchen table in my cum-soaked panties as Shindo continued to diligently work his tongue in my panty crotch. A singled tear rolled down my cheek as I stared ahead into nothingness.

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### **December 6th - Morning**

Frank arrived at breakfast, his phone once again his steadfast companion as I faded into the background of his world. I however felt a renewed sense of excitement. "I still thinking about joining that gym," I blurted, looking to Frank for some sort of acknowledgment. It was a banner day as he granted me a barely perceptible nod as he pecked out an email. "It's one of those all-lady gyms, just in case you're worried about that," I continued. Frank's total lack of response suggested that he wasn't overly concerned.

"Well, let's see what sort of treats we have for breakfast today," I remarked mostly to amuse myself. I suppressed a grin, given that the spread on the table was the same fare as every day — coffee and toast. However, the spread under the table today was slightly different. Shindo was

uncharacteristically well behaved, sitting patiently under the table. It was almost as if he and I were co-conspirators in our naughty little secret. But as I spread my legs he quietly rose to his feet and worked his way between my soft, creamy thighs. Today he found no panty barrier separating him from my girlish charms. Instead he found me moist and expectant, my naked, ruffled pussy lips already unfurled with arousal. Perched on the edge of the chair, I spread my legs, causing my slit to gape open for him. Looking down I saw a trickle of my buttery sauce ooze out, trailing down to the floor on a shimmering drool of vaginal fluid. The big dog intercepted the slowly descending streamer on his tongue, licking his chops in anticipation.

Then Shindo dove into the main course. His rough wet tongue embraced the lips of my twat, savoring the tasty discharge glistening on my pink flesh. Licking me clean, he pulled back, his jowls working as he relished the lingering flavor. As a test, I attempted to distract him with a small corner of toast. Normally he was up for any little morsel, but the large canine completely ignored it. He had obviously acquired a preference for the taste of buttery pussy muffin instead. I popped the piece of toast in my mouth and chewed as the Akita pushed his snout back against my twat. I squirmed as his cold nose made contact with my clit. His tongue teased my fleshy little nub of delight and I gave a subdued gasp in response. Then his oral appendage slipped lower, working its way into the clutching tunnel of my cunt. Elbows on the table, I interlaced my fingers and rested my chin on my hands, trying to maintain a bored expression as several inches of wet dog tongue wriggled up into my tight little snatch.

The Akita attempted to explore every hidden nook and cranny of my clutching pink vaginal folds, turning his furry head this way and that to exploit every angle. I had never imagined that a doggy tongue was so incredibly long — or maneuverable. But it was a discovery that I enjoyed with lustful delight. And then, just as I thought that the canine had finally achieved the ultimate limits of his oral reach, I felt his furry snout begin to pry its way into my pussy. I gulped in horror, realizing that the animal seemed intent on fucking me with his face. I groaned at the sensation but then started to lower my hands to pull his snout back out of my twat. But then I flinched, quickly resuming my chin-on-hands pose as Frank looked up and favored me with a rare but disinterested glance. I reached down with trembling hands and retrieved my cup of coffee, desperately attempting to maintain a normal expression as a fair portion of the Akita's snout tunneled its way into my quivering twat.

I set the cup down in its saucer, a rattling noise filling the kitchen as the two pieces of china clattered together under my shaking fingers. I squirmed in my chair, trying to accommodate the incredible stretching sensation in my pussy. Then Shindo's tongue lashed out once again, digging its way into previously unexplored regions of my lustful fuck sleeve. I could feel the wet tip of his tongue deeply embedded, devouring the sticky discharge that oozed in an unstoppable flow from my fleshy vaginal embrace. It felt as if the voracious beast was only a few inches short of slipping his eager tongue into the opening of my womb. Accepting that mental image as a challenge I spread my limber thighs even wider and gently pressed my hips forward onto his snout. The Akita seemed to sense my wanton need, responding with a forceful push of his own.

A glistening sheen of perspiration broke out on my forehead, betraying the effort of our obscene interaction. The collaborative exercise paid off, and another two inches of furry canine snout were press-fit into my greedy little cunt. But then, just as I was expecting his tongue to resume its lecherous explorations, the Akita pulled back, withdrawing his snout from my twat and leaving me gaping and in a desperate state of frustration. Then I heard Shindo gasp a desperate breath and I realized the reason for his actions. The poor doggy was unable to breath with his snout deeply buried in the depths of my tight wet twat. The Akita's sides heaved as he replenished his oxygen supply.

I gazed down at the canine with concern but he appeared to be recovering. Then with renewed vigor

he licked the thick froth of cunt cream from his jowls and burrowed his way back into my creamy tunnel of lust. I bit my lower lip as he stretched me to new limits. A strangled moan of passion almost escaped my lips. His gazed up at me with an unquestioning mixture of canine love and lust. His snout was buried so deep that his dark soulful eyes stopped just short of my widely stretched glistening twat lips. Deep in the depths of my pussy I felt his tongue surge forth, wriggling and twisting as it burrowed its way into the far reaches of my grasping wet embrace.

Suddenly I trembled, feeling the tip of his wriggling tongue breach the entryway to a new region of my body. The onset of my orgasm was mental, overwhelmed by the realization that I had the tip of a naughty doggy tongue tickling the entrance to my womb. I barely managed to choke back a delirious scream of ecstasy, throttling it back to a barely audible growl of animalist passion. Then my pussy contracted in a powerful spasm and my hips bucked in rapid succession, burying even more of Shindo's large snout in my alarmingly over-stretched twat. I fought a desperate battle to maintain control of my body, lest I fall to the floor flopping like a fish in the grip of my orgasmic contractions. My knuckles turned white as I gripped the edge of the table and hung on in desperation. I bit my lower lip as my prolonged orgasm caused my pussy to clench down over and over, grasping at the Akita's deeply embedded snout and tongue. Shindo rode me like an expert, moving with my every buck and twist, unrelenting in his oral attention. My thighs quivered in a muscular cramp as I closed them tightly around the head of my furry friend. Finally, with a quiet gasp, I suddenly relaxed as the last of my orgasm was wrung from the flexing tissues of my twat.

Shindo withdrew, panting and desperate for a renewed influx of air. My pussy gaped shamelessly and a seeming river of melted cunt butter poured from my open fuck slot. The milky discharge dripped freely and clung to both of my inner thighs in a shimmering coating. I blinked, trying to focus on Frank as he sat in his chair, still intent on his all-important text message. A growing puddle of simmering pussy cream grew on the floor between my feet, but Shindo was quick and eager to lap up all the incriminating evidence.

Frank rose and headed off to work, oblivious as usual.

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## **December 6th - Afternoon**

After a long shower and a quick lunch I gathered up my courage and made my way down to Bumper's, the ladies-only gym and spa I had found. I went up to the counter and told the girl I was thinking about getting a membership. She introduced herself as Lydia, and told me she was the owner. I was impressed since she seemed to be only a few years older than my age of twenty. Lydia gave me an in-depth tour. We talked about the various exercise classes that were offered and she showed me how to use a lot of the weight machines, stationary bikes, and treadmills. I liked what I saw, and signed up for a six month membership on the spot.

I had brought some workout clothes with me, so I went into the locker room and changed. I felt a little embarrassed, wearing my old "Hello Kitty" sports bra from high school. But I figured I could buy some new gear once I got a sense of what was considered fashionable around here. Stepping back out of the locker room, I surveyed the vast array of gym equipment, not sure where to start. There was a Jazzercise class in session, so I went over to watch, just trying to get a feel for everything.

As I was standing there, I suddenly felt a presence next to me. Standing to my right was a beautiful redhead, dressed in very short shorts and a frayed-out cut-off Rolling Stones tee shirt. She was in her late twenties and stood a couple inches taller than my five foot five height. "I feel like a kid in a

candy store," she remarked, gazing out on the collection of prancing girls in an array of sweats, shorts and tight yoga pants. I felt a bit self-conscious. I was a trim one hundred and fifteen pounds, but was feeling a bit soft and wiggly compared to the hard, lean bodies on display in the class.

"I'm Maggie, by the way," the redhead introduced herself. "You look like you're new here."

"Yeah, hi, I'm Suzy," I replied, extending my hand. "And yeah, first day. I'm like a total gym virgin, so be gentle," I joked.

"Oh? Really?" Maggie replied, looking me up and down. "Well... how intriguing." I gave her a friendly smile in return, excited to already be making friends. "So..." Maggie continued, bobbing her head slightly towards the other side of the gym. "You wanna?"

I looked in the direction she had gestured, completely baffled as to what she was suggesting. "I'm sorry, do I wanna what?" I replied with a smile.

Maggie drifted her attention back to the exercise class for a moment, and then turned back to me. "Tease," she replied. "Do you want to come eat my pussy?"

My lower jaw dropped, thinking I must not have heard her correctly. She saw my look of shock and a red flush of embarrassment began to creep up her face. "Oh my god," she stammered. "I'm so sorry! You're not one of Lydia's girls, are you? It's just that... Oh, dammit, it's just that you're wearing that 'Hello Kitty' sports bra... All of Lydia's girls always wear a pink 'Hello Kitty'. It's kind of like the secret handshake around here... So I just thought... Dammit! Please, I am so sorry," Maggie stammered in nervous apology.

"Wait..." I replied in a whisper, slowly piecing it together as I glanced around nervously. "You mean that there are... prostitutes here at the gym, working for Lydia? Lesbian prostitutes?" Oddly, I didn't find myself so much offended as intrigued by the scandalous notion.

Maggie bit her lower lip, looking down at the floor like a naughty schoolgirl, nodding. "Please," she begged, "I didn't mean anything by it. It was just a mistake, that's all... Like I said, all of Lydia's girls always wear that 'Hello Kitty' logo like you have on, and you're so cute, so I just thought you..." She looked like she was going to cry.

I felt a strange feeling wash over me, similar to that sense of rebellion I had felt when I first let my doggie Shindo lick my panties at the breakfast table. I felt butterflies in my stomach as I wrestled with the conflicting thoughts awash in my mind. Taking Maggie's hands in mine, I leaned in close. "Shhh... It's ok." I whispered. A grateful expression washed over her.

I paused, fearing that this was one of those potentially magic moments, and it was balanced on the edge of slipping away forever. I swallowed, trying to gather my courage. "I...ah... I'm not one of Lydia's... you know... girls," I stammered nervously. "But do you think that... maybe... you could teach me?" I swallowed again, feeling a flush of embarrassment rise up my face. Had I just done that? Had I just propositioned a lesbian at the gym? Well, I guess that was one way to make an interesting impression right off the bat. I felt my heart beating in my chest as I looked deep into her eyes, visually pleading for her to not reject me. "Please..." I urged her in a pleading whisper. "Teach me how to... to eat out your pretty little pussy."

A wide smile crossed Maggie's face and she nodded eagerly, taking my hand in tow and leading me across the gym. After my dog Shindo's amazing oral treatment of my pussy this morning, I certainly had a few ideas in my head, but resolved myself to letting Maggie teach me the proverbial ropes.

Reaching the front desk, Maggie asked Lydia in an excited whisper, "Can we get a key to a massage room?" Lydia looked at us in confusion. "A case of mistaken identity," Maggie explained, gently tracing her finger across the 'Hello Kitty' image printed across the left breast of my sports bra. "But we got it sorted out, so now Suzy here is officially 'in training'. You two can talk later and work out the details." Lydia scowled, shooting Maggie a disapproving look. Then she reluctantly handed over a key, saying nothing. I could tell she was not thrilled about Maggie's unsolicited recruiting efforts.

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### **December 6th - Later that Afternoon**

"First time with Maggie?" Lydia inquired with a knowing smirk as I approached the front counter at the gym about an hour later to return her key. A flush of shame rushed up my face.

"First time — with any girl," I whispered, running my fingers through my wet and matted hair. Lydia gave me a knowing smile, having apparently gotten over her earlier irritation. "That girl is a bit of a squirter," she acknowledged with a mischievous grin. I let the understatement stand without further comment, looking down at the wide, wet splatter of female ejaculation that stained most of the front of my sports bra with Maggie's signature scent.

"So Maggie explained the arrangement to you?" Lydia asked, carrying on a casual conversation as if I weren't standing there soaked in vaginal juices.

"I think so," I acknowledged quietly, trying to ignore my subconscious mind as it offered up words like 'lesbian, prostitute, and whore'. Checking around to see if anyone else was within listening distance, I continued. "Maggie paid me sixty dollars. Your cut for anything that happens at the gym is one-third. Anything outside the gym is my own business. If I'm wearing anything with 'Hello Kitty', it means I'm 'working' that day. If anyone starts asking nosy questions, I'm out, and you don't know nothing. Oh, and the customer is always right."

Lydia gave a slight nod of her head as I recited each point from memory. "Clever girl," she praised, gesturing towards my handful of bills with a flick of her fingers. I peeled off the least sticky twenty dollar bill for her and tucked the rest into my pocket. "Welcome to the gym," Lydia offered

Just then Maggie strolled by, a spring in her step and looking immensely satisfied. He gave my ass a playful slap as she passed. She paused, leaning over counter with a whisper to my new 'boss'. "That's a prize little cunt, there Lydia. You put that girl and her magic tongue to work for you!"

I blushed fiercely at the compliment and gave her departing figure a wave as the front door banged shut. I turned and headed for the showers, realizing that I was going to need to invest in a whole lot more 'Hello Kitty' workout clothes if I planned on presenting a fresh appearance for each new customer during the day. But for today there was nothing to be done but simply muddle through. I went back over to the exercise room, seeing what new attention I might attract in the crowd of girls...

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### **December 9th - Morning**

Frank left early this morning, not having bothered to tell me in advance about a week-long business trip he had scheduled. I couldn't find the motivation to get up for breakfast, thinking I would just sleep in. But I was awakened with a soft canine whine. I turned on the nightstand light and there was Shindo, his eyes just visible over the edge of the bed, looking at me with an expectant wag of his

tail. The big Akita had definitely become a fan of our new morning routine and after an inexplicable delay he had come up to see when his morning breakfast “treats” would be delivered. I groaned and rolled over, reaching out to give him a lazy scratch on the neck.

The Akita was not appeased with my efforts. With an effortless bound, the huge dog leapt up onto the bed, causing the frame to squeak under the impact. “Shindo! Naughty Doggy!” I chastised, half-heartedly trying to shoo him back off onto the floor. He resisted and I giggled at the game. “Well, at least you came to wish me a happy birthday,” I sighed sadly. I had hoped in vain that Frank might have left a card, flowers, or a present for my 21st, but found no evidence of any such efforts.

Shindo barked and lunged at me teasingly and we tussled in the covers. I shrieked in surprise as I tumbled from the bed, dragging a tangle of covers, pillows, and a barking Akita with me as I fell. Laughing I squirmed to unwrap myself from the snare of the blankets wound around my legs. As I struggled to get onto my hands and knees I suddenly felt a heavy weight land on my back. Shindo wrapped his furry front paws around my naked torso. I felt something rigid and fleshy prod insistently at the cotton crotch of my panties as the large Akita jostled for position on my upturned hindquarters. I glanced over at the full length mirror on the closet door, seeing Shindo mounted on my back. His furry haunches ground against my firm little panty-clad rump.

He pulled back for a moment and I gasped at the reflected image. The Akita was sporting a huge erection! It was every bit of eight inches in length, and looked to be as thick as my wrist. A long, slimy drop of pre-cum dangled from the fleshy tip. Shindo turned and looked at me in the mirror, our eyes meeting and locking in a meaningful exchange. Now I suppose that any respectful girl will tell you that she would have immediately put a stop to this obscene development. Honestly, I’ll believe that when I see it. My hormones were raging from my lesbian encounters at the gym over the past several days. I had been too long ignored by a neglectful husband. There wasn’t even much of a moral quandary. One way or another, I was going to get my birthday fuck!

Straining against the Akita’s body weight I managed to rise to a kneeling position. Shindo kept his front paws tightly locked around my rib cage, hopping awkwardly on his hind legs as I shifted position. His furry paws clamped possessively around my torso, just underneath my small firm tits. My nipples were perked into rigid little fleshy brown nubs of lust. My fingers frantically reached for the waistband of my panties, dragging them down to my knees and exposing my rapidly moistening pussy. With a grunt I dropped back down onto my hands and knees as the huge dog’s weight once more settled down onto my back. Shido squirmed, maneuvering himself into place. I wriggled my hips in invitation. Carefully the Akita maneuvered the tip of his cock into alignment, finding the opening to my quivering twat and easing himself just inside.

With graceful motion, Shindo pressed himself forward. Nearly half his cock slid into my cunt with a delicious friction. I groaned with passion, clenching my vaginal muscles, causing him to slowly grind to a halt. He issued an excited bark, thrilled to discover that his human female friend had a wonderfully tight and fuckable twat. He withdrew, fighting against the greedy, grasping embrace of my humid fuck tunnel. Only the tip of his cock remained embedded as he steadied himself. Then with a forceful lunge he thrust up and into me. I met him with a sensual response of my own, urgently rolling my hips up and back. I grunted under the impact, my naked ass cheeks flattening as they pushed up tight against his furry haunches. With that vigorous thrust he was fully hilted, his full round ball sack pressed up tight against my vaginal lips.

He paused, jostling on my back as he adjusted his stance. Then, as if by mutual unspoken agreement, we both built up to a furious pace. He pounded me like a machine, his haunches a blur as he thrust and withdrew in a cycle of brutal, punishing fuck thrusts. I moaned like a whore, bucking my hips frantically as I clenched my vaginal muscles, milking the length of his massive cock.



Our sexual coupling was savage, animalistic, and exactly what I desperately needed. I felt him grip down harder around my rib cage, betraying the urgency of his motion. His jaws latched onto a patch of my long blonde hair, yanking my head backwards and causing me to curve my spine downward in response. My hips rolled upward, pressing my quivering pussy harder into his loins. My cunt lips rippled, clasping his pistoning cock in a tight, loving embrace. Vaginal fluids drained from the tight seal between my lips and his prick. A steady trickle oozed out and splattered down into the panties spanned between my knees. Soaking through the thin cottony material they began to spread a wet stain into the pricy Oriental rug beneath me.

Shindo lunged forward and held his position, every last throbbing inch of his massive cock socketed deep in my grateful little pussy. He issued a quiet whine and then I felt his cock knot begin to swell inside my twat. It was the critical moment. If I expelled him now I could free myself from this punishing sexual encounter. But I knew if I delayed, my fate would be sealed. Cunt and canine would be coupled together until he unloaded his balls into the depths of my womb. There was really only one choice in the matter. I lowered my face to the carpet in a submissive position, pressing my hip back against him hard. The bare cheeks of my firm rump flattened as I ground myself against him. I clenched down tightly with my pussy, making sure he had no chance to escape. My naked thighs trembled with expectant lust as I felt his knot continue to swell. My pussy strained with the massive stretching, the lips of my cunt bulging outward around his round, fleshy anchor. His knot swelled to its maximum size, throbbing ominously within the straining lips of my pussy. I was securely mounted and nothing could separate us now.

Shingo let go of my hair and raised his head towards the ceiling. A prolonged howl filled the room, accompanied by my eager squeal of passion. I felt his balls pull up tight against the widely splayed lips of my snatch, contracting in a powerful spasm. His cock swelled alarmingly within the confines of my tight little cunt as a thundering load of hot dog cum raced down the length of his shaft. I gasped, feeling him explode inside me. A geyser of doggy sperm rocketed into my vaginal tunnel, a tidal wave of frothing goo spraying and splattering every last nook and cranny of my quivering pussy. I shrieked, feeling my cunt convulse in a powerful orgasm. My rippling vaginal muscles clamped down tight on his invading shaft, milking him in a powerful grip as his cum cannon unloaded his second eruption into my core.

My orgasm raced through my body. I clenched my teeth as my vision blurred. My thighs and tummy shivered with lustful delight as my pussy lips seemed to writhe with a mind of their own. I even felt my tight little asshole pucker in and out in a rhythmic series of orgasmic contractions, gaping open and then clenching tightly shut as I shuddered and gasped for breath.

Shindo thrust again, raising my knees off the floor with the force of his lunge. A third fountain of dog cum was forcefully delivered into my pussy. I felt the delicate tissues begin to stretch, filled to the limit with an overstuffing of cock and cum. The Akita's cock swelled once more, quivering in the grip of my orgasmic vaginal embrace as his balls pumped furiously. With no space left within my pussy, his scalding gusher of cum boiled over into my womb, coating my innards with a soothing glaze of his sticky love potion. I was absolutely full to the brim. Shindo bucked his haunches again, seemingly tireless in his efforts to inject his gooey seed into every last crevice of my cunt. But I was finally overloaded. I felt my tummy swell as his cock pulsed, launching ever more long stringy ropes of churning cum into my cunt. The seal of my clutching pussy lips around his throbbing cock gave way and a cascade of frothing cum and vaginal juices gushed forth, splattering obscenely into my soaked panties and onto the now ruined imported rug.

Shindo gave one final exhausted thrust and more rivulets of our mixed cream drained from my exhausted pussy. Then he collapsed on my back, both of our sides heaving as we desperately fought to regain our breath. As his breathing finally resumed normal he gave the back of my neck a series

of loving licks. Then he attempted to dismount. I held him firm, clutching down tightly with the warm embrace of my snug pussy, not wanting to lose that wonderful sensation of fulfillment. He conceded to my desires, resting heavily on my back as his cock knot slowly subsided in the grip of my vaginal embrace. I felt his powerful heart beating and my own acquired his rhythm, throbbing as a single coupled beast. After what must have been nearly half an hour his knot had finally deflated down to normal size. There was nothing I could do to stop the retreat of his softening cock as it slithered from my tender pussy. A cascade of sticky fluid poured from my gaping fuck hole as he withdrew, adding to the hopeless stain on the rug beneath me. Streams of our mingled discharge oozed down my naked thighs as I basked in the fading afterglow.

Finally I rose, muscles aching from the awkward position. I dragged the cum-drenched panties the remainder of the way off my legs and took a long soothing shower. I toweled off, feeling my pussy continue to drain. I glanced at my discarded panties on the floor, soiled wet with dog cum and vaginal goo. With a perverse sense of honor I tugged the used panties back on, wriggling my hips to firmly seat them. The sticky wet crotch paste itself securely to my still tender vaginal mound. I inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of spent sex as it enveloped me in a heady cloud. And then, throwing on a pair of sweats and an old tee shirt, I went out to the mall, looking to further expand my inventory of 'Hello Kitty' workout wear with some well-deserved birthday shopping.

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### **December 9th - Afternoon**

After an early lunch and a shower I finally made it to the gym. Numerous calls of "Hey Suzy!" began to ring out before I even made it to the building. I grinned and waved to them all. I had only been here a week, but I had never felt so welcome and at home anywhere in my life.

Inside, Lydia greeted me at the front desk. I settled up my account with her from the previous day, realizing that I had managed to pocket over six hundred dollars yesterday, even after paying out her percentage. It certainly didn't seem like 'work', I thought with a grin. The notion briefly crossed my mind that I was no longer entirely dependent on Frank's money for my existence.

After we finished our monetary exchange, Lydia motioned me into her office, closing the door behind us. She obviously wanted to say something, but seemed unsure of how to begin. "How do you feel about ass?" she finally inquired. I looked at her for a stunned moment and then realized she must be leading up to some sort of a joke.

"Well, I did marry one," I offered in an uncertain tone. Lydia laughed heartily in response.

But then her expression turned back to the serious. She licked her lips, pausing in an awkward silence, trying to choose her words. "I've had some... 'special requests' from some of the ladies at the gym..." she began, trailing off at the end. I cocked an eyebrow, curious as to what she was tap-dancing around. Taking a deep breath, she forged ahead. "We used to have a girl here who had a particular talent that our premium clients really miss. She was... well, she had a bit of... of an anal fetish. So they were wondering if you... I mean, no pressure, if that's not your thing, but I just thought I would throw it out there..." She stopped there, looking at me expectantly.

I looked back at her, trying to process the scattered information. "Do you mean..." I glanced around nervously even though we were safely in her closed off office. "You mean like... licking girls'... assholes?" I inquired in a whisper. My eyes were wide. Why was my heart hammering double-time? I felt a flush of red wash over my face. Lydia nodded slightly, waiting for me to respond.

"Girls do that?" I replied in stunned amazement, trying to imagine such a thing. "Gosh, ah, Lydia, I

don't know... I mean, I've never actually... you know... done that." I replied still in a nervous whisper.

"Had you ever eaten pussy before starting here?" Lydia inquired with a wink. I shook my head, grinning. My life had been painfully boring and normal until just a few days ago. "Well, you're one of those rare natural talents when it comes to lapping up cunt. I'll bet that hot little tongue of yours could work its special magic rimming out a tight little butthole too."

I pondered that, unable to find any flaw in her logic. "Rimming" I asked in a curious hush, never having heard the term.

Lydia frowned, trying to figure out how to best explain it. Suddenly her expression brightened. "Here, I'll show you," she replied. Stepping to her computer she pulled up the internet and typed in a search for lesbian rimming. A cascade of links for pictures and videos filled the screen. I gasped at the sights, holding my hand over my mouth in shock. "Pull up that one!" I urged breathlessly as a particularly pretty pair of girls caught my attention. After an in-depth investigation of several videos and numerous photos, Lydia closed the screen, much to my disappointment.

"Well, what should I tell them?" she inquired. "It usually pays about double what you're getting now."

I pondered my answer. The money sure was tempting. And I found myself more than a little intrigued by the idea. But could I bring myself to do it in actuality? I didn't want to make promises to Lydia and then find my skills were not up to the task. "I'm just not sure I would be good at it," I confessed. "I mean, maybe if one of the girls were willing to let me try to learn..."

Lydia considered this, her mind working as to who might serve as a willing tutor. As her mental wheels turned, I found my gaze drawn down to the rounded swell of her hips. She was wearing a tight, white mini skirt that hugged itself to the curves of her shapely rump. I subconsciously licked my lips, wondering what marvelous treasure might lay buried deep in the crack of her luscious ass. I could feel my panties begin to moisten at the thought. She turned to look at me, not missing the direction of my unabashed stare. Without a word she reached behind her and tugged down the zipper of her skirt. The silky garment seemed to pour down her shapely legs, leaving her firm creamy rear end clad only in a narrow thong panty that was wedged tightly into the crack of her ass.

She bent over the desk. I approached her from behind, my heart pounding in my chest. I knelt down behind her, thinking to myself that 'kissing your bosses ass' was rarely performed so literally. With trembling hands I reached up and found the narrow waistband of her thong panties. I tugged them downward, dredging the thin band out of the crack of her ass. The small triangular crotch of the panties peeled slowly off her vaginal mound, trailing shimmering streamers of pussy lube that soaked the cottony crotch. She stepped with one foot and then the other as I worked the panties off her feet. Her high heels gave a wonderful lift to her shapely ass as she leaned over the desk. Freed from her panties, Lydia widened her stance, spreading her firm, tanned legs. Her ass crack gaped open before me, exposing her naked pussy. And there, just a scant inch higher, I found the object of my lustful desire.

I had never seen an anus close up before. It was a marvelously cute little feature, framed so perfectly between her creamy white rump cheeks. The puckered, wrinkled flesh was a pinkish brown. The wrinkles radiated outward from the tightly clutched center, forming a perfect little star-shaped orifice. I knew from the moment I saw it that I was in love and lust.

I leaned in, working my face into the deep cleft of her ass crack. I used my hands to spread her

cheeks, allowing me to delve deeper. Without a hint of reluctance I pressed my lips to Lydia's puckered little pooper. I heard her gasp with pleasure as I nuzzled her in an obscene kiss. I let my tongue flicker out, teasing and gently probing the incredibly tight resistance of her rectal portal. Applying more pressure, the battle between my eager tongue and Lydia's fiercely clenched little shit socket began...

... As I finished, Lydia collapsed across the desk with a final orgasmic spasm. My exhausted tongue finally pulled from its deeply embedded position in her rectum. Wiping my face and savoring the aftertaste, I watched with satisfaction as Lydia shuddered her way through a series of post-orgasmic twitches. "I... I think you just earned your first promotion," She offered in a breathless voice. I flashed a huge grin in response.

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### **December 10th - Evening**

After I left Lydia's office yesterday, she had enthusiastically spread the word that I was now available — and highly recommended — for 'exclusive services', to use her term. 'Ass licking' struck me as such a vulgar sounding way to put it, so I liked her sugar-coating term instead. But regardless of what we chose to call it, my schedule for today filled rapidly. I had to make an early start to get all the eager ladies worked in. By the end of a very long day, I had seen enough little pink lady rectums up close and personal to last me for a while. But I had well over one thousand dollars in my pocket for my efforts, even after paying Lydia her cut.

I drove home, distracted by the relentless quiver I felt in my ass. I kept thinking of all of those tight little puckers I had spent the day kissing and tonguing out. An expectant grin crossed my face as I pulled into the driveway. I hoped Shindo wasn't too angry with me. I hadn't had time to indulge in our morning romp with him today, so I thought he might be feeling a bit neglected. Well, maybe letting the Akita wriggle his eager tongue up my tight little twitching asshole was just the bonding experience we needed to patch things up.

But my lustful fantasies came crashing to a halt as the garage door rolled up and there was Frank's car. Apparently his business trip had ended early. I cursed my bad luck but put on my best fake smile and greeted him as I came in the door. He gave me a distracted wave and went back to the conversation on his phone. An empty container of Chinese take-out sat on the kitchen table. I noted he hadn't bothered to get one for me. Disgusted, I decided to simply head to bed early.

Shindo greeted me in the hallway with a friendly bark. But as I stormed past with my temper building, his tail drooped with uncertainty. He turned and cautiously followed me up to the bedroom. I tossed my purse onto the bed with an angry motion. The Akita gave a quiet whine of concern and settled down onto the carpet, his head between his front paws with a sad look, watching me.

Suddenly I realized that I wasn't going to let Frank spoil my evening. I had planned for a nice intimate time with my doggy, and darn it, that's what I was going to get. In fact, I found I couldn't care less that Frank was right down stairs. I reached under my mini skirt and peeled off my sticky-wet panties. I tossed the undies in the direction of the canine and he eagerly began to sniff and lick the drenched and slippery cotton crotch. I discarded skirt and sports bra and kicked off my tennis shoes, leaving me dressed in nothing but my pink ankle socks.

I sat on the bed and then lay down on my back, my legs draped over the edge. I patted my naked thigh and Shindo rose, tail wagging happily. I spread my legs, opening myself as he approached, wondering how I might entice Shindo to lick my ass instead of just my pussy. The big canine

however had another plan in mind. Reaching the bed he reared up with his front paws, straddling my prone form. I looked down, seeing his huge erection bobbing ominously below his furry belly. The meaty shaft was aligned directly with my loins. He thrust forward, his prick finding my wet cunt and sinking easily into its welcoming embrace. I groaned with passion as he began to stroke in and out.

But somehow it just wasn't enough. It wasn't enough with Frank right downstairs, not saying two words to me after returning from his trip. It wasn't enough after a day of unfulfilled sexual energy at the gym. My tender little butthole puckered back and forth, demanding attention. I tried to resist, but the lustful urge was too powerful. I squirmed backwards on the bed, moving away from the rapidly thrusting Akita. He pulled back to ready another punishing fuck-thrust, but his cock slipped from my pussy. Throbbing and glistening wet with my vaginal juices it tucked up tight under his furry tummy, dripping long strands of my syrupy sexual lubrication. He whined in protest, wondering why his pussy-ride had come to a premature end.

I squirmed back into position. Reaching down, I found and grasped his cock, feeling it quiver in my grip. I rolled my hips upward, blindly maneuvering the tip of his doggy prick between my legs. I sighed with lustful anticipation as the fleshy tip of his dick eased its way into the recessed dimple of my ass. Shindo paused in uncertainty. This didn't feel like girl pussy. He gave an experimental push. My tight little rectal gateway trembled, pulsing in and out as his slippery cock knob increased the pressure. I bit my lower lip, feeling myself begin to stretch. Then suddenly my anus blossomed open and the first few inches of doggy cock were forced into my straining asshole. The Akita looked at me with an amazed expression on his face. What a wonderful discovery to find that human girls apparently had two pussies he could fuck! And this second little fuck tunnel was so much tighter than the first! He withdrew, leaving just the tip of his cock inside me. Then he thrust again. He plowed deeper and I moaned, spreading my legs wider.

Instinctively I brought my legs up, wrapping them around his furry haunches and crossing my ankles over his lower back. This rolled my hips upward, perfectly aligning my quivering little rectal gateway with his thrusting cock. He stroked backwards, a mind-numbing friction burning within my clutching bowels as dog and girl flesh skimmed in passing. Then he pounded me with a powerful thrust as I urged him into me with a desperate clenching of my legs. Slowly he ground to a halt, the incredible tightness of my anal fuck sleeve rippling along his embedded length. His doggy balls throbbed against my ass and I knew he was fully sheathed inside me.

He stroked out and hammered back in. My thighs rippled with the jarring impact. As my nether opening stretched to accommodate him, the Akita began to pick up speed. I uncrossed my legs from his back, returning them to the bed and spreading myself wide underneath him in open invitation. He began to piston in and out at a frantic pace. I desperately tried to meet him thrust for thrust with my hips, but eventually he out-paced me. I simply lay back on the bed, my teeth jarring with every savage full-length insertion, moaning with mindless passion.

I felt his cock knot begin to swell, stretching my puckered little anus to new dimensions as he forced the enlarged organ into my rectal grasp. But then I groaned, stretched to my limits as he tugged his knot back out of my ass. The Akita was lost in a mindless frenzy of butt-fuck lust and all that mattered was the joy of each full-depth stroke in and out of my trembling anal embrace. He drove forward and I barely managed to choke back a shriek as his rapidly swelling cock knot once again bore down on my tight little bunghole. The Akita scrambled for traction, claws scratching for purchase on the hardwood floor. I felt myself stretched to obscene limits and then, with a wet 'pop', Shindo's knot was once more thrust into my rectum. He withdrew and I felt my anal gateway bulge outward. Tears watered in my eyes and then I grunted as the knot wrenched free of my lustful anal embrace.

Shindo thrust forward again, grinding his knot against the muscular ring of my rectum. My nether opening quivered with the strain as the Akita punched his haunches in repeated attempts to reinsert himself. I wrapped my ankles back around him, pulling tight and grinding my hips in a circular motion. But despite our combined efforts, the knot had swollen to impossibly huge proportions. The canine let out a frustrated whine, realizing the crucial error he had made. He frantically continued to thrust, but the swollen knot was now hopelessly too large and impossible to force back into my tight little asshole. We would have to make due without being tied.

The panting canine pounded into me with eager, lust-filled thrusts. His tongue lolled from his jowls and his sides heaved as the passion overwhelmed him. In a final desperate motion he pulled back hard on his cock, perhaps intent on delivering one final powerful lunge in an attempt to bury his knot in my ass. But as he withdrew, one rear paw slipped on the hardwood floor. Thrown off balance, his throbbing cock slipped free of my rectal cavity.

He regained his footing and plowed forward with his furry haunches. But released from the guiding channel of my anal fuck tunnel, his cock snapped upward as he attempted to drive home. I felt the length of his hot shaft slip through the parted lips of my pussy. His knot pressed into the hugging embrace of my vaginal folds but the end of his cock skimmed freely on through. I felt his swinging balls contract, pressed up tight against my gaping asshole. The large cock shaft swelled and then erupted with a churning fountain of dog cum. The sticky geyser rocketed from the tip of his exposed cock, arching upward as it sprayed between his furry front legs. The syrupy trail seemed to hang in the air and then laid itself down, splattering a heavy mess that drenched me from tits to face and lathered itself into my hair.

The Akita cycled his haunches and thrust forward a second time, his back curving as he committed every straining canine muscle into the effort. The first thick hose-down of cum was but a foreshadowing of his second effort. His legs trembling, the dog unleashed a massive torrent of sticky sperm as if blown from a cannon. The initial impact caught me full in the face, glazing my shocked expression with an oozing frosting that was layered on thick. As the beast followed through with his fuck-thrust his prick angled higher, launching the heavy streamer of cum above my head. It splattered against the headboard with a wet impact and draped itself in sticky, oozing tracks across the fine silk sheets and pillows at the head of the bed.

The third eruption fired lower, skimming over my naked belly and gushing like a raging river through the gap of cleavage. It arched upward at the end of his stroke, drenching another glistening splattering of delicious indignity across my face.

Seemingly appalled at the senseless waste of a massive load of cum, the Akita calmed his frantic pace, hoping to put at least some of his churning milky discharge on target. He paused just a fraction of second in his frantic cycle of fuck-thrusts, squatting lower on his haunches as he lunged forward for another attempt. His prick hammered forward, driven by an urgent uncoiling of his muscular haunches. Cum launched from his prick, splattering the tender flesh around my slowly constricting anal gateway, giving me a brief forewarning of his impending entry. The tip of his spewing cock shaft made contact, perfectly centered, and battered its way through any hints of fleshy anal resistance without remorse. I moaned, feeling the full length of his cock once again stretch my rectal passage. Cum frothed from his prick as he buried himself up to his knot, soothing the burning friction in my ass with a wonderful coating of his canine love juice.

My orgasm flared to life as his prick was press-fit into my asshole. I moaned, desperately resisting the urge to squeal with lustful passion. My rippling sphincter muscles clamped down tight on his invading shaft, gripping him in an urgent embrace and pulling him ever deeper. Shindo withdrew, fighting against the powerful milking action of my ass. My thighs and tummy shivered with spasms

of delight. Then he plunged into my steamy rectal depths once more, cock spewing relentlessly as he cored into me. Hot churning cum coated my insides and I felt as if my orgasmic pleasure was causing me to melt. Hot flashes erupted across my body, causing a glistening sheen of sweat to pour forth from my hyper-sensitive skin. He thrust once more and I bucked my hips, grinding my teeth with the effort and wanting — needing — ever bit of him inside me. His balls contracted against the crack of my ass as I rolled my hips upward to mirror his motion. Panting, the Akita's cock gushed a final time and I felt my bowels swell with a warm soothing sensation.

The canine trembled, panting desperately as he held his slowly softening cock in the rippling embrace of my shuddering anal fuck sleeve. Then, almost reluctantly, he withdrew. I quivered with post-orgasmic delight as the gentle friction arose with his departure. With a wet slurp his dog cock slipped from my gaping asshole. Dog cum poured from the open orifice as I sighed with satisfaction.

A shower would probably have been advisable, but I wanted nothing more than to savor the afterglow of these wonderful sensations. Shindo curled up on his blanket in the corner as I turned off the lights. Snuggling my way into the cum-splattered sheets I dropped quickly off to sleep. If Frank noticed anything amiss by the time he joined me in bed, he didn't bother to make mention of it.

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### **December 11th - Morning**

They say your life can change in a day. Today was apparently my day. The morning started off normally enough. Frank even remarked at breakfast that Shindo seemed so very well-behaved these days. Almost as if he was rid of his abundance of nervous energy. I smiled quietly to myself, having some theories on how that might have come about.

My first client of the day was Abby. She was a petite little brunette and some sort of hot-shot lawyer. She always hit the gym early to blow off a little steam before going in to work. I was more than happy to assist. Abby's thighs draped over my shoulders and clenched tightly around my head as she shuddered through a powerful orgasm. Her muscles strained as she shivered, her fists clenched as she writhed on her back on the massage table. Then she collapsed with a satisfied squeal of delight. Her hips twitched as I replaced my tongue with my fingers. I gently eased my middle finger into the depths of her hot little shitter while my thumb wormed its way into the depths of her slippery twat. Her hand closed gently over mine, urging me deeper. Slowly I twisted my wrist in a sensual, circular motion as she purred in response. She sat up, running her fingers through my hair and pulling my face to hers. We kissed, tongues wrestling as I shared the taste of her sweet little ass with her.

Then she released me, collapsing back down onto the table. She gave a heavy sigh. I wiped her juices from my face and asked her what was wrong.

"Oh, it's no big thing, I suppose," she explained. "It's just that we have this Great Dane, Spencer. He's normally a wonderful dog, but, wow, sometimes he just seems bent on causing trouble. You have no idea how much trouble a huge dog like that can be if he puts his mind to it.

I chuckled, regaling her with some of Shindo's more infamous exploits. She laughed, wondering out loud if there was any sort of solution.

"Your dog is either lonely or sexually frustrated," I suggested. "He either needs a friend, or — better yet — a fuck-buddy."

Abby looked thoughtful, asking me how I knew. Well, I don't really know how it happened, but one story led to another. Before I knew it, I was spilling my guts to her, telling her every sordid detail of

my horrid life with Frank, and even my intimate experiences with my Akita. I half expected her to react in shock. But then — only moments earlier — I had my tongue wriggling deep in the clutching confines of her rectum. So perhaps her expectations of my morals weren't all that high to begin with. Embarrassingly, I ended up with my head in Abby's lap, crying as my stories poured out of me while she lovingly stroked my hair.

Finally I rose, apologizing to her for making a scene as I looked down at the floor in shame. She put her finger under my chin, raising my gaze to meet hers. "I think I might just have a perfectly wonderful solution to ever last bit of this," she promised with a smile.

I tried to get her to explain, but she asked me to simply trust her. She asked if I could do that. Blinking away the tears, I slowly nodded. We gathered our things and she led me to the parking lot. She triggered the remote on her keys and a white Bugatti blinked its lights and chirped in response.

"This is your car?" I asked, staring in amazement at the exotic machine.

She shrugged dismissively. "One of them," she replied. "My husband Dillon likes toys." I couldn't help but think that it sounded similar to my husband Frank. But the way Abby looked when she talked about Dillon made me suspect that their relationship was far more positive than my own. We rumbled through the streets, finding our way to an exclusive gated subdivision. Crossing through a second gate put us on what first seemed like another residential street. But I gasped in awe when the roadway ended in a circular drive in front of a vast mansion. Leaving the car in the driveway, Abby invited me inside. I was overwhelmed. I thought my husband Frank liked his displays of wealth, but we lived like paupers in comparison. Marble statues lined the huge entry hallway, and the walls of the living room were covered with what I presumed to be original works of classic art.

Abby and I sat down on the white leather couch. All of the furnishings were exquisite, but I couldn't help but notice a tattered corner on the matching recliner, its stuffing spilling out onto the floor. "Spencer," Abby explained, rolling her eyes. My eyes fell on a huge Great Dane, napping on the floor behind the chair. He gave a lazy thump of his huge tail in response and then rolled back on his side to continue his nap. Then she took my hands in hers, and explained her plan. My eyes went wide as she laid out the details...

... My heart was pounding as she finished. I bit my lip, pondering this huge change to my life. Slowly I nodded in agreement. Abby flashed an eager grin. "I'm so excited!" she announced. "Now, I will need to check with Dillon to make sure he's ok with this too," she explained. I waited pensively as she picked up her phone. "Dillon, honey, it's me. I'm sorry to bother you at work, but can you clear an hour from your schedule and come home? Yes, yes, it's very important. No, I really can't explain it over the phone. I'll just have to show you, but I think you'll be thrilled... OK, Sweets, I'll see you in half an hour. Bye!" She put away her phone. "He'll be here at 9:30," she explained. "In the mean time, why don't you see if you can't make friends with Spencer over there?" I rose and approached the monstrously powerful Great Dane. He surely weighed in at well over 200 pounds. But the big lug rolled onto his back as I approached, his tail wagging happily.

As promised, Dillon arrived home promptly at 9:30. His wife went to greet him in the entry, leaving me alone with Spencer. They were talking excitedly as they came into the living room. "...Anyway, she followed me home. Can we keep her? Pleeeeeeease?" Abby joked by way of first introduction, getting a laugh from her husband. But then she took on a more serious tone. "Dillon," she announced proudly, "This is Suzy. If you approve, she's going to be our new personal assistant. And as you can see, she already has some theories on how to help us with Spencer's discipline issues."

I was desperate to make a good first impression on Dillon. I meant to compliment him on what a



charming wife he had, and to gush about his fabulous home. Perhaps even say something witty. But alas, all I could manage was a series of stammering groans, "Ugh..ugh..umff." It wasn't exactly my most articulate moment, but in my defense, I did have twelve inches of Spencer's soda-can sized dog cock hammering balls deep into my anus like a jack hammer as I lay draped over the armrest of the recliner. Spencer chose that moment to thrust deep and hard with a powerful lunge, causing me to rise up on my toes. I issued a lustful squeal of delight as he embedded his cock knot and allowed the monstrous organ to swell to obscene proportions inside the clutching grasp of my rectal orifice.

"Well," Dillon pondered. "Spencer sure seems smitten with her. That's a good reference." The Great Dane howled and unloaded the first of seemingly endless eruptions of hot frothing dog cum into my quivering bowels as I flailed in the grips of yet another orgasm. As the profane scene played out, Dillon and Abby sorted out the details.

"She'll be live-in, of course, and will have assorted duties as both your personal assistant and mine," Abby explained. "I've offered her 80,000 dollars per year to start. I know, it seems high, but honey — my gosh — the girl has talents, that you'll come to appreciate. And as you can see, she's certainly an eager beaver when it comes to throwing herself into her work."

"Sounds good to me," Dillon agreed, apparently entirely unconcerned about the money aspect. "She can have her pick of any of the upstairs bedrooms."

"Silly!" Abby chastised with a playful slap on his arm. "She'll sleep with us in our bed, of course." Dillon chuckled in agreement.

And with that, the arrangements of my new employment and living arrangements were settled. Shaking hands to seal the deal had to wait of course, until Spencer finished unloading a bucket of churning dog cum up my ass, and then — finally — wrenching his faltering cock knot from the embracing grasp of my rectal cavity.

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## **December 11th - Afternoon**

Abby, as it turned out, was an extremely competent and high-dollar divorce lawyer. If you have a marriage that is circling the drain, she's the sort of shark you want in your corner. We discussed the details of how to get myself decoupled from my unhappy relationship with Frank. She explained how these things can drag on for years if the fight over money gets ugly. I replied that I didn't want a nickel of his assets, and just wanted this to be over as quickly as possible. That, she told me, would make things amazingly easy. Frank just needed to sign off, and we would be done.

"You don't know Frank," I responded, tears forming in my eyes. "The only thing he likes more than money is a good fight. And he never lets go of anything. There is no way he's letting me get away without a horrible battle."

Abby gave me a smile in response. "Trust me," she offered. "I know how to deal with the likes of him." She drove me to my house and we picked up Shindo. Other than the Akita and a few personal items, I left everything in the house, even tossing my car keys on the kitchen table since the vehicle was titled in Frank's name. Then I closed the door behind me and left for the very last time.

The bulk of the afternoon was spent in preparation. Abby put together a basic uncontested divorce agreement, and I attended to other matters per her directions. By late afternoon the contract was fired off to Frank in an email. We didn't have long to wait for a reply. I read his response and began to cry. "See, I told you he would be absolutely horrible!" I sobbed, sorting through his vicious and

profanity-laced response which promised a protracted legal war. Abby simply nodded, telling me not to worry, and she had expected no less. We put the second part of her plan into action.

Anonymous emails were sent to the “all-staff” address at Frank’s work. What text and email contacts I had for his friends and family were also included. Each contained just the subject line ‘Frank’s Wife’, and an attached video file.

The video file was a quality piece of work. Dillon had some excellent video recording gear, and Abby seemed a natural with the camera. She captured me from every angle, naked and enthusiastically enjoying a vigorous double-penetration from both Shindo and Spencer. Spencer lay on his back as I straddled him with my pussy. Shindo brought up the rear — as it were — pounding my upturned rump with every inch of his wonderful doggy cock. A frothy dual cream pie filling brought the video to a rousing climax. Needless to say, several hundred copies of the video served to take the steam out of Frank’s lust for a fight to keep me. I didn’t even care about the personal embarrassment. The signed divorce papers popped into Abby’s In-Box within the hour, and that, as they say, was that.