

READBEAST

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Ted was certain Elizabeth was having an affair behind his back, but he couldn't prove it. To all outward appearances everything seemed perfectly normal. His young and beautiful wife hadn't given him any obvious reasons to be suspicious, but there were a number of little things that just didn't want to add up.

A successful investment banker, Ted had married Elizabeth largely because she looked good on his arm. A statuesque blonde with blue eyes and a wonderfully formed body, the former model did indeed make the perfect trophy wife for a middle-aged businessman climbing the social ladder. He loved Liz, in his own fashion, and Ted's jealousy became acute when he noticed other men admiring his gorgeous wife and even going out of their way just to be near her.

Elizabeth too felt uncomfortable with the looks and the attention, flattering though it was. She'd cling to Ted like a devoted wife should and give him no reason to doubt her fidelity. That was the price of all this luxury, after all. But still, she was only 23 and fully a dozen years younger than her husband. Ted knew his sex drive wasn't anything to brag about and even Viagra wouldn't solve the problem; he could get it up, he just didn't want to. Ted was more than content with making love once or even twice in a good week, but he could just as easily go without it for a month too. Elizabeth was the one who always initiated their sex, and lately she'd been doing that less and less.

There were other things as well, like finding her panties on the floor one night, quite by accident, still damp with what had to be her juices. A different time he'd found a towel, also stained and pungent with the odor of his wife's sex and something else besides. Semen perhaps? Ted couldn't be sure. Add to that the afternoon he'd come home unexpectedly and caught his wife looking flushed and nervous, wrapping her bathrobe around her body and quickly disappearing into the shower. And now, more recently, Elizabeth had been acting strangely shy, unwilling to undress in front of her husband, as if hiding some blemish she didn't want him to see.

Ted suspected it was because she had hickeys or love bites, small reminders from her lover's lips. The man's mind worried over this constantly, imagining his wife - the woman who belonged to him - in the arms of another man. It made him feel impotent and humiliated. He'd resisted confronting Elizabeth, hoping some logical explanation would present itself. If he were to force the issue and create a scene, and then find out he'd been mistaken, that could be almost as embarrassing as finding out he was right. But what choice did he have?

Ted finished his third martini, having considered all this while his friends talked office politics, and then rose, dropping some money on the bar. He clapped one of the other executives on the shoulder, telling them he needed to go home. Ted wished he could have discussed these problems with someone, but the word would have gotten around the office like a wildfire. Ted had married a slut, a two-timing whore, they'd whisper and then the old man would have heard about it, the president of the bank, and that would have been the end of Ted's rising star. A man who couldn't control his own wife, well...What business did he have giving advice to people about their own families? Image and reputation were everything in the investment business.

Elizabeth was happily unaware of her husband's concerns, although she was just that moment thinking about him. The beautiful young woman glanced at the clock next to her bed and smiled. Ted wouldn't be home for at least two more hours, she thought. Thursday was always his night to be with the boys, drinking and relaxing in their little club downtown. She knew he'd have too many martinis and come home around 9:30 or so, a little drunk and complaining that he was too old for that, and then falling asleep on the couch.

She didn't mind though, Ted had been under a lot of stress. He worked hard and provided her with a good life. She just wished he could be a little busier in the sex department. It was as if the man had

no libido at all and it had driven her a little crazy at first, especially since she had absolutely no desire to cheat on her husband with another man. The prenuptial agreement she'd signed had been very clear about '...engaging in carnal union with other person(s) of the same or opposite sex to include oral sex, sodomy, intercourse, or any exchange of physical gratification...' Ted's lawyer had been very clever, Elizabeth thought, but he hadn't closed all the loopholes.

"Mmmm...Good boy...Yeah, take your time, Ajax...Take your time..." Elizabeth whispered, pulling at her breasts. Her hips lifted and rocked against the long, rough tongue digging between the excited folds of her sex. "Uh-huh...Oh yesss...Right there!" she hissed, feeling another little orgasm building.

The large dog between her legs, a handsome Doberman named Ajax, wagged his tail at hearing his Mistress' encouraging voice. He continued lapping eagerly at Elizabeth's sweet tasting juices while his erstwhile twin, Achilles, sat next to the bed watching and waiting patiently for his turn.

They'd been a gift from Ted, a pair of beautiful dogs to keep his new bride company, though little did the man know just how good their company was. They were also very capable when it came to protecting Elizabeth, having been trained specifically to that task by a man who'd spent the better part of a year doing it. It had been expensive, but in this day and age one couldn't be too careful. And besides, having the dogs gave Ted a real break on his homeowner's insurance. They'd pay for themselves in a couple years. If there was a drawback, it was that the dogs didn't seem to like Ted very much, but he wasn't what you would call a dog person anyway. As long as they did their job and stayed out of his way, he was happy.

Elizabeth could see Achilles smiling at her, the tip of his long pink cock peeking from its sheath. They were quite a team and it had been surprisingly easy giving into their amorous advances. That was how Liz thought of it; she'd never dreamt of bestiality in her life until one day when Achilles had nosed her bare pussy. She'd been sunbathing nude in the privacy of their deck, lounging near the pool as she liked to do during the lazy days of a hot summer. The woman had been shocked at first and slightly embarrassed, but the dog was persistent and it felt so good! That had been just the beginning and before long she'd tried and done everything with the animals, seemingly incapable of controlling her perverse desires. Or theirs, for that matter.

She licked her lips and patted the bed. "Achilles! Up boy!" she commanded and the dog eagerly leapt onto the bed Elizabeth shared with her dedicated husband. If he only knew, Liz thought with a grin, feeling terribly wicked as the dog straddled her face, letting his swollen and now dripping cock slip from its sheath to touch her hungry lips. The horny young wife made a tight little 'O' with her mouth and felt the animal stabbing his tapering cock into the now very familiar wet warmth between Elizabeth's lips. He gave a soft growl of approval as he stood there, moving hardly at all and letting his human bitch do all the work.

Elizabeth was in heaven as she teased the large dog penis in her mouth, washing it with her tongue and swallowing the precum that spilled from the tip like water from a tap. She had her hands on the dog's sides, stroking him and using his strength to help move her head up and down, pulling at him and lifting her shoulders as she felt his cockhead tickle the entrance to her throat.

The dogs were equally well endowed with good 6" pricks that were thickest in the middle, as big around as her husband's penis easily, and just as long to boot. Only the base and the tip were different, more narrow than a man's, and the head was sloped, pointed even, but Elizabeth loved the shape and especially the taste. She'd given head to her boyfriends when she'd been younger and still dating, but had never enjoyed it, finding the idea of kissing a man's penis vaguely repulsive. But sucking off her dogs? Her curiosity had proven irresistible and totally obscene; loving a canine cock with her mouth held a particular joy and she wished her old boyfriends could see her now. How

many times had they begged Elizabeth to give them the pleasure she eagerly offered her dogs? Too many, she might have answered if she wasn't so busy milking the animal's hot cock with her lush red lips and teasing tongue.

Elizabeth came again as the thoughts passed through her mind. She shuddered and moaned, sucking hard and reaching down blindly to stroke Ajax's head as he continued to lap at her slit, drinking the fresh flood of juices leaking from her pussy. Elizabeth needed a good hard fucking now, she felt primed and her wanton sex trembled with the need to be filled. She moved around, getting on her hands and knees on the floor, with her elbows and firm breasts resting on the bed. This was a good way to do them both, she'd learned, it was comfortable and didn't require a whole lot of effort. Elizabeth had Achilles lay down on the bed, on his back with his extended cock grown red and dripping with excitement.

The lust filled socialite smiled over her shoulder at Ajax, who had jumped off the bed and now looked at her, panting happily and waiting. Elizabeth got into the best position, arching her back and pushing her tight round ass out. She slapped her hip, "Ajax! Mount boy!" and the dog lost no time, hopping up so his front paws rested on Elizabeth's shoulders and his hips began thrusting rapidly, trying to find her hole with his anxious prick. At first she'd used a blanket or towel to avoid being scratched, but the idea of being marked, leaving some physical evidence of her infidelity, was a secret thrill. And truthfully, the woman enjoyed the small pain such treatment brought, finding that it heightened the pleasure intensely.

Elizabeth kept one hand on Achilles, stroking his soft furred belly to keep him from moving while she reached down to grab his twin's slippery hot prick, letting the dog fuck her fist while she guided the tip to her waiting vagina. She gave a sharp, loud gasp as she felt the dog's cock suddenly find purchase and he slammed it inside her as far as he could, mating with his bitch.

"Ohhh...Yesss...Ajax! Good doggy!" Elizabeth groaned for a second, enjoying the way the dog stretched her tender pussy with his rapid thrusts. She then bent her mouth down to find Achilles' somewhat shrunken penis, licking and rubbing at it until once again it became stiff and ready to fill her hot mouth.

Now finishing up in the kitchen, Rosita remained downstairs when Elizabeth entertained her canine lovers upstairs. The maid knew, as did all the members of the household staff, what was going on in the master bedroom. Elizabeth's perversity was an open secret, never discussed, but always shared. The gardener, an old Cuban named Jorge, had thought such behavior typical of the bourgeois and invited only bad luck. Rosita had laughed at that, having been the wife of a convicted felon for many years and finally a widow when he'd died in prison. She knew well the pleasures a woman needed, even if men like Elizabeth's husband did not. Her own distractions had not been so different, once upon a time.

But now, as Ted parked his Mercedes in the drive and walked up the marble steps, entering the foyer and calling out his wife's name...Rosita thought that perhaps Jorge had been right. She moved quickly to intercept her employer, wringing her hands on a dish towel and smiling nervously.

"Senor Ted, your wife...She is...not feeling well." Rosita sincerely hoped that Elizabeth had heard her husband's entry.

"What?" He frowned at the old woman. "What are you babbling about? Where is Elizabeth?"

"She is out by the pool, I think, Senor. She is resting." Rosita stepped in front of Ted, delaying him further. "May I bring you a drink, Senor? Or something to eat?"

"No, no. Get out of my way. By the pool, eh? Is she alone?" Ted didn't wait for a reply, moving through his large expensive house deliberately, looking this way and that. He knew Rosita liked his wife, everyone loved Elizabeth and that was the problem, Ted thought with a cold smile. Well, tonight he'd come home early and he'd find out who the son of a bitch was that thought he could get away with fucking his wife!

Elizabeth wasn't by the pool, nor was she in the pool house, Ted had checked thoroughly. He briefly wondered if Rosita had steered him wrong so that whoever was with his wife would have time to make an escape. The businessman dismissed that idea quickly though, Rosita wouldn't dare. She knew who paid the rent. No, his lovely bride of just two short years must have been playing the help just like she'd been playing him. It was the only explanation his ego would allow.

"She wasn't there, Rosita." He looked around the downstairs suspiciously, half expecting to see some pool boy's bare ass crawling out a window.

"But Senor..."

Ted ignored the woman, heading for the wide curving staircase.

"Ohhh...God! Oh God! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Elizabeth whimpered as Ajax worked his cock inside her with quick, short strokes. It was the best the Doberman could do with his knot firmly planted inside his bitch's quivering cunt. Any second the dog was going to let loose a torrent of his hot sperm and the thick muscle that locked them together would keep his load exactly where it belonged.

At the other end, Elizabeth had her hand around the other animal's penis. It was hard and red and dripping, his precum mixed with the woman's saliva and ran down the shaft, over her fingers and into the dog's short fur. Achilles whimpered as well, making soft deep throated growls as he waited for his turn to mate with his Mistress. He lifted his head, watching with bright amber eyes as Elizabeth lowered her mouth once again, enveloping his hard prick in her warm sucking mouth. His left leg twitched, as if scratching at empty air, and Elizabeth moaned around him. She knew that meant Achilles was really enjoying it.

"What the...?"

Ted had pushed open the door to the master bedroom suite and now stood frozen with shock, transfixed by the unexpected scene before him.

"Fuck me!" he finally shouted and moved quickly into the room. His wife was being raped by a dog!

His first thought was to save her, but...Ted stared as the other animal came into view, the beast's unsheathed penis straining lewdly between his wife's taut lips. The lips he kissed every morning before leaving for work and every night before going to bed. The lips he'd kissed in front of 500 wedding guests and his own proud parents.

"You...Bitch!!" Ted screamed as he realized he was witnessing something far, far worse than rape.

All of that had happened in much less time than it just took to tell you about it. Elizabeth, dazed in the throes of her 4th wonderful orgasm, was slow to react to her husband's rather unexpected arrival. Ajax, who was also cumming finally, was quite locked to his bitch. The knot had swollen nicely, growing to the size of a large orange inside Elizabeth's vagina and effectively keeping any of his puppy making sperm from leaking out of her womb. It also meant they wouldn't be able to separate for some 15 or 20 minutes at the earliest. He did the next best thing, pushing off the woman's back, his cock swinging as though it were hinged, so they were butt to butt. He growled at

Ted warily.

But it was Achilles who reacted the fastest. He leapt off the bed in a blink of an eye, his paws skittering somewhat on the carpeting. He ran the dozen or so short feet it took to reach Ted and stopped, dropping his front shoulders with his powerful rear haunches tensed and ready to propel the 85lb Doberman like a guided missile at Ted's body if he took even one more step. He bared his teeth, growling quietly, and that was perhaps the worst for Ted – these dogs didn't bark. They hadn't been trained to warn people, only to hurt them.

"Achilles! Hold!" Elizabeth yelled. "Hold!" She stared over her shoulder in fear. Not for herself, but for her husband. She well remembered what her dogs had done to the padded suits and dummies the trainer had used. "Ted," she told him in a quiet, calm voice, despite the adrenaline rushing through her blood, "Don't move. Just stand right there."

Ted nodded and swallowed hard. He knew that Liz had just told the animal not to move, not to attack, but...He wiped a bead of sweat off his brow and the dog took another half step, growling softly and drooling as if ripping Ted's throat out was the only thing he dreamed about.

"Achilles! Hold!" Elizabeth told the dog again. "I told you not to move, Ted." She shook her head with a wry smile and caught her breath. The knot lodged just past the mouth of her sex felt amazingly good and multiple orgasms rocked the woman despite the presence of her husband, or perhaps because of it. Elizabeth honestly couldn't tell.

They stayed like that for a long while, a very long while by Ted's reckoning, until Ajax was finally able to free his cock from Ted's wife with a wet spongy plopping sound. A thin wash of dog and human cum spilled from her gaping pussy, washing down Elizabeth's thighs and staining the carpet. Her dark labia were pulled outward and Ted had a good view. He blinked at the woman's vagina, normally so small and pristine, pink and innocent on those rare occasions when they made love. Elizabeth sighed as she felt suddenly very empty down there, but it felt good too, because she needed to stretch. She'd been on her knees, hunched over the bed for well over thirty minutes.

"Ajax! Heel!" she said a moment later when Elizabeth realized that now free, the dog was making a beeline for Ted. He paused, turning his head only slightly, unwilling to take his eyes off of Ted. But he'd been trained well and he walked slowly back to where his Mistress stood and sat next to her legs. "Good boy. Down!" she told the dog and Ajax immediately dropped his belly to the floor, laying down although his head remained upright and alert.

"Can I move yet?" Ted asked softly. He hadn't twitched a finger in fifteen minutes and he was afraid he might collapse where he stood.

Elizabeth walked over, reaching down to calm Achilles, and touched him lightly on the head while she spoke. "Good boy, Achilles. Down!" The dog dropped, assuming an identical position to his brother's, staring at Ted.

"Yes, Ted," she sighed. "You can move now."

He backed away towards the door slowly, his body sagging and releasing tension. "Those dogs...They could have..."

"Killed you, yeah," Elizabeth sounded disinterested, twisting to examine fresh scratches along her ribs and clucking her tongue. "You should have knocked."

"Knocked?!" Ted yelled, then lowered his voice as Achilles growled at him. "Knocked? This is my

house, my bedroom! You're my wife, Liz! What the hell is going on here?"

"Shhh..." She rolled her eyes. "I was just playing with the dogs, Ted. You startled them." She reached down and scratched Achilles behind the ear. "And me too."

"Well, excuse me!" he said, turning around and leaving the room.

"Where are you going?" Elizabeth called after her husband.

"To call you a cab. Dress warm, bitch."

"A cab?" She hurried after him. "Dress warm? What do you mean?"

"I mean, by the time my lawyer is done with you, you'll be sleeping on a fucking park bench!" Ted chuckled at the thought.

"That's what you think!" Elizabeth said under her breath.

He'd gotten halfway down the stairs when Ted heard the bedroom door slam shut. She wanted to play it tough, huh? He figured as much, it hadn't been much of a threat anyway. He couldn't kick her out, not yet. They were married, after all, and calling the cops was a surefire way to make the papers. He'd talk to his lawyer, the only person in the world he could talk to about this bizarre situation, and get a restraining order first of all. That would get Elizabeth out of the house anyway. He'd call Animal Control to get rid of those dogs too. And then get a clean quiet divorce. He might have to give the bitch a little something, but not much. Maybe a bus ticket to California. She wouldn't want the world to know she'd been fucking her dogs any more than he did, Ted was certain of that.

Elizabeth had her own thoughts on the subject, however, and a few minutes on the telephone put her mind at ease. She spent the rest of the night curled up happily between her two lovers, dreaming of the way things were going to be.

Ted had a 4pm meeting with his lawyer, which hadn't pleased him in the least. Short notice or not, for \$650 an hour the prick should have been able to see him before lunch. The idea of his dog fucking wife spending another night in his house was almost unbearable and Ted popped four antacids into his mouth, chewing them slowly.

His secretary buzzed him a minute later. Ted had a package by courier, marked urgent and personal. Did he want to see it? Ted shook his head wondering where these people came from.

"Ruth," he said quietly into the phone. "If it says urgent and personal I want to see it. If it says routine and bullshit, it's for you. Got it? Good!" He slammed his phone down and didn't bother looking up as his secretary placed the envelope gently on the corner of his big mahogany desk.

Ted waited until she'd left before he opened it, wondering what this could be. A dozen photographs, big glossy color ones, 8×10 inches each, fell onto Ted's lap. He looked at them dumbly before picking one up. It was a picture of his wife. A picture of Elizabeth on her hands and knees with one of her Dobermans behind her, obviously fucking the woman. She'd posed on the bed, their marital bed, and he could even see their framed wedding portrait on the nightstand behind her. Another photo showed her sucking a dog's penis. He stared at a picture of Elizabeth with dog cum all over her face, her hand blurred as she must have been pumping the animal's spurting organ. Another

with her smiling, looking at the camera between spread legs, her vulva bulging with the dog's cock and swollen knot in extreme close-up.

There were a dozen more, all of them showing her with one or both of the dogs. All of them clearly posed and taken by someone good with a camera. Ted felt his ulcer flare and wondered if he was going to have a heart attack. Who'd sent these? Who would blackmail him and how would they even know about his wife's perverse infidelity? And how...How did the blackmailer get the pictures? Ted looked inside the envelope and found a note. He recognized the handwriting immediately.

"Dearest Ted,

I thought you'd like to see my grounds for divorce. Adequate proof of 'Sexual Incompatibility' wouldn't you agree? I just thought you should know. Of course, if you think we have any chance at all to save our marriage, I'd love to talk about it. Otherwise, what do you think? New York Times? Or the Washington Post? I'm leaning towards the Times, they have such a nice Lifestyles section on the weekends.

Love, Liz

PS - A nice man from Animal Control came by this morning. We had coffee and a very pleasant conversation. He was quite impressed with Ajax and Achilles, I think. Too bad he couldn't find those rabid dogs you called about. Pick-up some milk bones on your way home, we're all out. -L."

Elizabeth? His own wife was blackmailing him? Didn't she have any idea what would happen to him if even a rumor of this should get out? And didn't she care about herself? What was wrong with her? Ted read and reread her note, trying to decipher some hidden meaning, some underlying sickness. That must be what it is, the man thought, she's insane. He briefly wondered if it would be enough to get her locked away in a padded room someplace. Real quietly. Ted almost smiled at the thought, but then he started wondering who had taken the pictures and where the negatives were. He couldn't relax yet, nor could he tell anyone anything now, not even his greedy lawyer.

Ted got home early and found his ravishing wife sunbathing nude on the deck. Her golden brown body glistened with cocoa-butter, and not even the hint of a tan line marred her perfection. Many of the men and even some of the women the couple knew socially would have given quite a lot to see Elizabeth like that, as Ted well knew. She lay on her stomach with her legs slightly spread, her well toned flesh stretched invitingly. He could see the swell of her luscious breasts pressing against her towel and the plump pink lips of her pussy were noticeably moist with oil and perspiration. The vision almost made Ted's penis swell with arousal, but he dismissed any such thoughts entirely; he was by nature not a lustful man.

He dropped the envelope with the pictures Elizabeth had sent on the end of her lounge, just in front of her pretty face. "What the hell is this?" Ted demanded impatiently, staring down at her as she looked up, shading her bright blue eyes from the sun.

"Oh! Hi, Ted. I didn't hear you come in," she said with a smile. "Achilles! Ajax!" Elizabeth called loudly and her two blond and black Doberman's trotted through the patio door, moving silently towards their Mistress.

Ted looked at them nervously, but held his ground. He'd been seriously hoping that those two dogs would have been taken away already.

"Down boys," Elizabeth said as she sat up, petting her animals as they lay down next to her lounge chair. She picked up the envelope and pulled out the pictures, smiling as she flipped through them slowly. "I like this one a lot. Could we frame it, do you think?" She held up a photo of Ajax locked with her while she sucked a large red cock that could only belong to Achilles. "Sam took these, the

dog trainer...You remember him, don't you, Ted? He helped me train them to do so many things! He's a big dog lover, you know," Liz confided with a grin. "He understands that special relationship between a dog and his owner. He told me he gets quite a few special requests."

"What do you want, Elizabeth? Money? Is that it? I'll give you a divorce and what...A million? Just give me the pictures, take your dogs, and disappear." Ted had practiced his little speech and when his wife giggled he felt his face redden.

"I don't want a divorce." Elizabeth stood up, her breasts jiggling only slightly as she laughed. She moved close to her husband, putting her arms around his neck and hugging her perfect body to his three thousand dollar suit. "I still love you, Ted."

She started to kiss him lightly on the mouth and he shoved her away. Achilles and Ajax were on their feet immediately, one staying in front of the man while the other darted out of his peripheral vision, the way they'd been trained.

"You shouldn't do that, dear," Elizabeth sighed. She hadn't fallen, but she looked at her husband with hurt eyes. "They don't know when you're playing."

Ted turned his head to watch Ajax, but that meant he couldn't see Achilles. He felt fear rising in his throat, burning as his ulcer kicked in.

"Don't run, Ted," his wife warned him. "It makes it a lot harder to stop them." She called her dogs to heel, but it was only with slow reluctance that the two animals moved back to sit at Elizabeth's feet.

Ted sat down as well, taking a seat on the lounge and sweating profusely. It was just like he'd given his wife a loaded gun, he realized. The dogs didn't know him at all and every time he moved towards Elizabeth, or even raised his voice, they looked like they were ready to tear him apart.

"What do you want, Liz?"

"First of all, there are going to be some changes around here, Ted. You're going to move into one of the other bedrooms, I don't care which. If I want to sleep with you, I'll let you know. I suppose someday we'll have children or something..." she sounded a little distant as she said that. "Anyway. I'm sticking to our prenuptial agreement, to the letter. Just so you know, I've never cheated on you with another man. I don't want to. Ajax and Achilles give me everything I need, believe me!"

Ted stared at his wife as she reached down and stroked her dogs lovingly.

"We'll stay married," she said with a smile. "Happily. And no one will ever see these pictures. I have the negatives, they're in a very, very safe place. If anything should happen to me though, or to one of my..." she arched her eyebrows playfully, "...lovers. Well then, I'm sure your friends on Wall Street would appreciate a little peek at my charms." She frowned slightly. "I'm not sure about your clients though, Ted. They might be a little too conservative, I think."

"You wouldn't..." Ted breathed.

"I would, dear," Elizabeth promised. "But only if I have to, otherwise...We can be just as happy as you want to be." She softened and put her hand on Ted's thigh, rubbing him gently. "Don't be jealous, Ted. They're only dogs. They aren't doing me to get at you, they're just horny. Like I am."

Elizabeth giggled and Ted frowned.

"I'll be the perfect wife in every other way, you'll see. I just need something that you can't give me," she told him truthfully. "In fact, I want you to sit right there and watch how a real man, er...dog, fucks his bitch."

"What?" Ted looked at his wife sharply. "I'm not going to watch! No way, Liz. This might be some kind of sick game to you, but..."

"Achilles! Stand!" Elizabeth said, and not very loudly either. A second later the dog had gained his feet, seemingly mere inches from Ted's frightened face and growling with certain menace.

"Elizabeth...??" Ted whispered.

"He won't hurt you, darling," she said over her shoulder. "Just relax."

She'd moved a few feet and spread her towel on the deck, sitting on it and spreading her long, tanned legs as well. Elizabeth called Ajax over and the dog immediately began licking her sex while Ted stared at them. His wife made sure he had a good view of the animal's incredible tongue as it split her labia and entered her wanton pussy.

"Just remember, Ted...Don't move!" she sighed, forgetting all about her husband for a moment while Ajax tried his best to make her cum all over his wonderfully eager tongue.

Ted stayed very still, watching as his lovely trophy wife found satisfaction in the selfless attentions of her twin lovers. It was a scene that played itself out all that afternoon and for many, many more in the years that followed.

Elizabeth, Ajax, and Achilles lived happily ever after, and once he got used his new situation...so did Ted.

The End