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She was a friend of a friend, and we found ourselves walking together in a wedding. After the wedding, at a smokey bar, we had a few drinks. We flirted, exchanged numbers and e-mails and began something of an online long-distance relationship.

I'm a reasonably proficient typist and she was faster than me. We e-mailed and instant messaged a lot. Somehow, at some point, I knew that she was going to be the one who finally fool around with my dog. I don't know how I knew, but I could just tell.

She lived a state away, and after a month of talking, she mentioned that she was moving back to Seattle, and was hoping to stay with friends while she looked for a place. It seemed like she was in a situation, and I had plenty of room at my place so I invited her to stay for a while.

Samantha was blond, blue eyes, was engaging to talk to. The first night she was over I said "you can sleep downstairs, on the couch, or with me." and laughed jokingly. "Seems pretty cold downstairs, the couch looks uncomfortable so, I'll sleep with you if you behave."

About ten minutes of being in bed together, we started kissing. She was hot in bed, and definitely the easiest-to-please woman I had ever been with.

I really wanted to bring up a certain taboo topic, but refrained; it was just a little too soon. Finally, about 6 months into the relationship, I decided I would try a little experiment.

Coming home from the bar, I would kiss her at stoplights, caressing the inside of her leg. Then I told her that I could hardly wait to get naked and that I didn't know why I was so horny. We finally got back home, and resumed kissing in the car. She seemed as hot as me, and we began stripping off our clothes. It was a hot summer night, after all.

Knowing that it wasn't going to be comfortable in the car, we continued making out against the passenger door. It was dark, and late, but if anyone was looking out their window, they would have seen a good show.

Sam was breathing heavily and soaking wet as we stumbled onto the deck. I sat down on the deck and we continued to make out in the moonlight. Max, my shepherd-rottie mix who somehow ended up being larger than either of his parents was watching, but resting in his house.

Pants off, shirts open, we continued to make out. I was so excited that I could barely stifle my orgasm. Sam, on the other hand, was having no such difficulty. As I sat on the edge of the deck, she gently guided herself onto my cock. She started making noises which finally peaked Max's interest. Listening to her breathing and her little moans, I could tell she was about to come.

Watching the dog watching us almost made me lose it, but I managed to keep from coming myself, and right as I felt her start to contract, I secretly motioned for the dog to come over.

So, there we are, almost completely naked, screwing around where anyone could see, and I motion for the dog. He's no dummy. Right as she begins her orgasm, he starts licking her. He has the most delicate mouth, and loves to lick, and there she was, ass out for him to give her a little lick. She sort of studded and appeared to be attempting to slow down, which only encouraged him more. "He...he...he's l-licking me." she quietly gasped, as if I didn't know. I continued to slide in and out of her, pretending not to notice, even though his huge tongue would lick my balls as he continued to lick her from behind. She kept on coming...moaning and it didn't take her long before she went from surprise to outright desire.

That basic scene happened several more times over the course of the summer. We started bringing him inside at night and letting him sleep in the bedroom. Sometimes we fooled around with him, sometimes not, but it was always hot to have him watching.

Finally, one night I couldn't take it anymore. I had to see if she'd go a little further. Just had to test the waters, so to speak. Laying on the bed, knees draped over the side, I told her: "I just want to see what this looks like." and called the dog over. Paws on the bed on either side of her, his cock was just brushing between her legs. I almost came at the sight of it. In my head, I was practically shouting; 'just slide forward an inch!' His cock was right there, the tip so close that I'm sure she could feel the heat of it.

It was too soon though. I was too shy, and didn't want to freak her out, so I just said "That's hot." and continued to fool around with her until we both passed out, exhausted.

That morning I decided that I was going to see how far she would go. I thought about it all day. Imagining that she might say no, or think I was a freak, but unable to stop myself from attempting to get her to go all the way.

We both drank more than we should have so, it didn't seem that unusual for me to suggest the floor rather than the hot waterbed. Max, as was not typical, was in the bedroom, laying on his own blanket.

Samantha was on top of me, kissing my face and neck, grinding her crotch onto my oh-so-hard cock while Max sprang to attention. She wasn't shy about it anymore, she pushed her soaking pussy right into his face. I don't think it took more than a minute before she was coming. Much more vocal than usual, I was pretty sure she was going to let him mount her. With as much dexterity as I could muster, I gently slid my foot along the length of his cock. Feeling it grow as he started thrusting into it I tried to get him to jump her. He just wasn't sure, but continued to lick.

Sam rolled over and pulled me on top of her, now my ass was to the dog, and he began licking me. His tongue was so hot and I gasped a quiet 'Oh!' as I slowly slipped back inside of her. "Hot, isn't it." she slurred. Suddenly, Max was on me. His huge paws and 165lb frame was grasping at my hips and thrusting towards me. "I think he wants You", she gently giggled. "I'd like you to do it."

I attempted to feign disinterest, but it was just so hot that I had to do what she said. He was huge, easily four inches longer than me, and his knot was almost the size of a baseball. Now on my knees in front of Sam, the dog entered me and began thrusting with considerable force. As he did so, she slid partially under me and began playing with my cock.

Several times he almost tied with me, but I knew I couldn't do that and managed to keep it out. Losing a bit of interest, he slipped out of me, his cock still regularly squirting as it jumped and swung back and forth, occasionally squirting on Samantha. "Is he peeing?" she asked incredulously. "No...that's pre-cum, more like water than anything." I told her.

We continued to make out, while Max cleaned himself. In no time Sam was back on top of me, and Max was eagerly licking her again. Waiting for her to climax again, I called the dog over. Without any encouragement, he was on her, legs firmly wrapped around her waist, pressing his claws into her thighs.

Her eyes got so big as he entered her. He wasn't nearly as tentative this time. He wasn't going to be stopped from tying with her. "Oh Oh Oh OH my" she stuttered as he humped away at her. His tongue hanging out to the side and with a face that showed pure joy, he began growling a little. "It's OK." I reassured her.

"He's so f'n huge!" she exclaimed. "Um, yeah...I think I know that!" I laughed. "OMG, he's stuck!" she practically shouted as I watched her face contort into yet another orgasm. I stood up and watched, masturbating. "Get back here!" she demanded. Knealing down in front of her she grabbed my cock and pulled it towards her mouth while Max continued to pump away at her furiously. "Oh my...I can feel him coming! It's totally throbbing inside me!" she said with some amazement. She went back to my cock, gently licking it, making me wait for my orgasm before she finally came yet again, and greedily sucked me until I came.

Laying there, dazed, tired and still drunk, I watched as he finally came and let out a big sigh as he tried to get away from her. He finally managed to get out of her with an audible 'pop'. I went back to kissing and caressing her as she collapsed on top of me. I could feel her dripping onto my crotch and was hard again, thinking about feeling how wet she would be. We managed to get one more orgasm out of ourselves as the dog cleaned us up in the process.

I couldn't speak for her, but I never slept better.