

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part One

The first time I saw the stray was as I left home for work. He was curled up against the privet hedge, sleeping just inside my front garden. He looked up as the garden gate squeaked, but showed little interest in me. He passed from mildly interesting to completely forgotten in the time it took to reach my car.

The next time I saw the stray, he was laying full stretch in front of the fire in my living room. Jill had obviously met him and, Jill being Jill, had brought him in, probably fed him, mothered him and become his best friend, all in a day.

The dog looked up, mildly curious at who was entering the room, but returned his nose to his paws and contented sleep.

"I see you have met Fido." Jill said as she closed the door behind her. "He's a darling isn't he?"

I leant forward and kissed her by way of hello.

"Fido?" I asked. "That the name you gave him, or is it on his collar?"

"Fido doesn't have a collar. Fido doesn't have any marks. The vet checked him over, he's healthy and doesn't have a chip or anything so, Fido is ours and he seems to like the name."

"You've been to a vet already?" How long has he been ensconced I wondered.

"Yep, we went this morning, I found him outside looking all lost and bedraggled so we became friends." It wasn't the scene I remembered from this morning, he didn't look too bedraggled or forlorn when I saw him.

"So, we are keeping him then I take it?"

"Oh yes please, he is such a darling and house trained already. He scratches at the back door when he needs to go out; isn't that cute?" Jill looked with softening eyes at her new charge. "He likes mincemeat."

"I'm sure he does. So, was that dinner in the dog then?" She laughed a giggle of delight, like a young girl who has won over her dad over a dispute.

Dinner will be in a little while, want a glass of wine?" Jill left Fido and me to get acquainted while she attended to pouring wine and checking on dinner.

I sat in my armchair and studied the dog. He had been aware of being the subject of conversation, but like a prisoner waiting for their sentence, had decided to keep a low profile, just using his eyes to follow the flow between us. He kept his head down, but silently regarded me with dark brown eyes, waiting for what ever happens next. He certainly filled the rug he was laying on. His whole body length sprawled with back legs sticking straight out backwards, something slightly unusual as a pose. His brindle coat shone, I guessed Jill had bathed him.

"So, you're Fido then eh?" I asked the dog whose eyes followed, but no other movement as if he was afraid of antagonising me or appearing threatening. "I can see why Jill likes you, the strong silent type eh?"

His tail thumped on the floor once, by way of answer. His tan coloured eyebrows lifted in a comical expression. It was like the brows had been painted on his face. Everything else was a riot of mixed colours, except these eye brows, a bit like a Rottweiler has light coloured brows surrounded by black.

And so, Fido insinuated himself into the family, taking up the omission of children in our lives. We didn't seem to be able to produce kids, but neither one of us really wanted to know badly enough, which of us was deficient. Besides, we were having too much fun.

Over the course of a week, Fido and I developed a quiet regard for each other. We would acknowledge each other, a pat on the head, a tail wag, but it was obvious from the start, he was devoted to Jill and followed her around the house as if connected by an invisible chord unless he was in his favourite position, in front of the fire, on the rug. When he was in this position, not very much would move him.

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It was Friday night; we had a dinner date with friends of ours who wanted to show us their photos and video of their holiday in Viet Nam. Dave and Anne were always good hosts and dinner was usually spectacular.

Jill was supposed to be getting ready, but had been a long time, even for her and the time was marching on. I had to go and chivy her along, otherwise we would be late. I'd been dressed for ages and becoming impatient.

Opening the bedroom door was something of a shock. Jill was flat on her back on the bed with Fido lapping dementedly at her hairless crotch. Her head was thrashing from side to side while a free fist was stuffed into her mouth, stifling her excited moans of pleasure. Her other hand was gripping the bed cover in a talon like claw, scrunching them up.

"Um, should I call Dave and cancel?" It was lame, but I really didn't know what else to say. It isn't like you would expect to see such a sight and kind of confuses the brain a little.

To her credit, Jill jumped up and pushed Fido away in one movement. She blushed instantly and began to stammer; something she reverts to when she is nervous, a hang over from her childhood.

"I don't know what happened." She managed to blurt out. "One minute I was sitting on the bed putting on my make up, then suddenly, Fido was giving me the most fantastic blow job and... well you saw. Christ on a stick Rob, that dog gives great head. It hasn't happened before, up to now, Fido has been a perfect gentleman. I don't know how it happened"

"Perhaps Fido should have been called dynamite." I answered dryly.

"More like fucking Nitro." Jill was getting under control, Nitro, nee Fido, had slunk out of the room and was nowhere to be seen.

"Nitro it is then. Now, are you going to get dressed? We should be able to make the sweet."

It appeared that I was nonplussed by my wife cheating on me with a dog, but the feelings and emotions had to be thought through at a time when I was not quite so shocked. Of course I knew what the true meaning of a Lap dog was, but you really don't expect it in your wife, the person you thought you knew so well, but really can surprise you, even shock you. With the twisted logic of a man, I kind of liked what I had seen too. It appealed to my sense of erotic and seeing Jill so turned

on is always a pleasure.

We didn't talk about it that evening, but the next morning was a different story. Both of us had had the time to think and brood on it. Breakfast coffee was a tense affair. Nitro had been let out and was running around the back yard, sniffing the hedges.

Jill was defensive at first, explaining that she had come out of the shower, sat naked on the bed while she applied her make up and then, before she knew it, Nitro had shoved his nose between her legs and begun to give her the best licking of her life.

"Honest to goodness, he hit my clit straight off and you know how that turns me on."

"But a dog Jill? I mean, come on, it ain't natural."

"Well I didn't ask him to do it. He just started and I lost control. Fucking hell Rob, it isn't like I'm fucking some bloke." Her defensiveness belied the credence of her answers.

"And it hasn't happened before?" I asked and took a sip of coffee while I looked at her over the rim of the cup.

"Well no...not really."

"What does not really mean?"

"Well he has shoved his nose into my fanny before once or twice, but I thought he was just being friendly and pushed him away. Last night was the first time I have been naked in front of him." She too sipped her coffee and stared back at me, her eyes steady adding truth to her statement. "Oh, he likes my panties as well. Keeps chewing them to bits, I've got to buy some more."

"So what we going to do about this Jill? Being cuckolded by the family pet is a little disconcerting to say the least."

"I will have to stop him doing it. Perhaps if I smack his nose, he will understand that it isn't allowed."

"I might want to see that again. It was fantastic seeing you in such a state. Nitro seems to know his way around". I had been thinking during the night and the memory of Jill with her fist in her mouth gave me the hardest woody even.

"It wasn't planned Rob, he just snuck up on me, but you're right, he does seem to know what buttons to lick. His tongue is incredible and had me coming quicker than anything." She began to blush again, always a pretty sight and, judging by the hardened nubs of her nipples pushing against the terry cloth of her dressing gown, the memory was not unpleasant at all.

"Better than mine?" The question slipped out unbidden and I regretted it immediately.

"Different, Rob. Just fucking different, okay?" I knew I had crossed a boundary and shown a jealousy never before realised.

Suitably mollified, but blundering blithely on with all the sensitivity of a house brick I asked.

"So will you get it on with Nitro do you think?" Why didn't I just light a short fuse and see where it led?

“Well that really depends on Nitro doesn’t it? But, if you carry on acting like an asshole, you won’t know will you?” She was pissed at me for being so pushy and jealous.

It took a day or so before she settled down enough to broach the subject again.

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## **Part Two**

I learned some time back, not to push things with Jill. If I planted a seed and allowed it to germinate, then it became her idea and both our egos were stroked. I didn’t mention the possibility of her and Nitro getting it on, thinking that, if I left the subject alone, it might just happen naturally, or in its own time. Either way, I got my erotic wish and Jill got the tonguing of her life.

It took longer than I thought it might. Something like two weeks passed without a sniff of them providing a repeat performance. During that time, Nitro insinuated himself into our daily lives, the rhythm of which changed to include the needs of the dog.

Our regular Thursday night meal out, became a take away or home delivery. We just couldn’t leave the dog while we went out and enjoyed ourselves. The fact that the dog spent large lumps of time, home alone was neither here or there, but that was work, so it didn’t count.

I didn’t bring up the fact that we had booked a holiday in Cyprus later in the year. If Jill started to think about that, it would quickly become a problem and a worry.

Jill and I had been watching some girly film, the title of which, completely escapes me, but Jill loves these weepies and quite often, if I made the right noises, her emotions would be sufficiently stuffed up, that sex would follow as a re-affirmation of our partnership. Usually, these sessions would be frantic, a basic need to be fulfilled.

Tip for the male reader; it is often well worth sitting through an hour and a half of tedium and be in touch with your feminine side if you want regular wild sex from your partner. Just so long as the feminine is an occasional thing. Well it works for me.

Tonight was one of those nights, when Jill had basically bawled her way through the film and I had been the shoulder on which she sobbed. This is enjoying a film? Anyway, because I had shown the right amount of support and made the right noises, sex was assured for the evening. The wine helped too.

Jill showered first, I followed her in after a few minutes, soaping her back and massaging her breasts from behind, my arms wrapped around her and my semi-hard cock in the cleft of her cheeks. Jill loves to relax in a [SPAM] of hot water and my arms encircling her body.

Another tip; find what relaxes her and eases her into the mood. Again, works for me.

Jill turned and kissed me as she stepped out of the shower, leaving me to wash and clean the shower tray of soap suds. It took a few minutes to tidy up, put the damp towels in the linen basket and clear away the soaps.

I found Jill sitting on the edge of the bed; her legs spread wide, a blissful look in her half closed eyes while Nitro lapped with some determination at her labia. Not wanting to break the spell, I stood in the doorway and watched as the dog performed magic, his tongue bringing Jill to a crashing climax. She shuddered as it ripped through her and a sigh was quickly followed by a sharp intake of breath

between her clenched teeth.

She pushed the dog's nose away and closed her legs to prevent him getting at her quim. Jill looked up and smiled a beautiful grin that was both wicked and conspiratorial at the same time.

"Jesus Rob, this dog really does know how to lick."

"So I see." The effect on me was instantly evident, my cock was pointing straight at her as if pointing in accusation. "You seem to enjoy it as well. Jill, it looks totally fucking hot, I don't mind telling you, better than watching a stranger fuck you."

"I meant to angle the mirror so I could see for myself." Her blush from her climax spread to her cheeks, an indicator if ever there was one, that she had really enjoyed herself.

"Funny he only does it when you've showered isn't it?" It was an observation I made. "But he likes your panties you say?"

"Hmm. You coming to bed or are you just going to point at me with that thing?" She looked down at my still hard dick and smiled coyly.

Needing no other invitation, I climbed on the bed, behind her and began to stroke her back. Jill loves her skin to be treated to a finger tip massage; it excites her nerve endings and heightens her receptiveness.

Jill began to relax back into me as my strokes covered her shoulders and then found her hardening nipples.

"Jill, spread your legs, I think Nitro wants to see how you taste after coming."

She hesitated for a second or so, but then slowly parted her legs to allow the dog access to her wet sex. He had sat at her feet, watching our prelude to sex with his head cocked to one side.

Nitro's interest in Jill came suddenly to the fore. He seemed to like her honey pot and, as her legs parted, his nose pushed further between her thighs until his tongue flicked out and covered her slit in one long lick that finished over her clit. His muscular tongue, was parting her lips, allowing him to get a little penetration into her hole before slipping over her exposed clit.

The effect on Jill was devastating. She shuddered as his tongue travelled between her labia and then physically jumped as he hit her clit. His pace was fairly slow, almost deliberate in this tasting over her.

She lent back against me, my chin against her neck as I watched Nitro give her the oral session to end all sessions. She shivered and convulsed, gasping as his tongue slicked her sex and lapped at her without pause. I kissed then nibbled her neck, a place that can do wonderful things to her. I guess the extra sensation did the trick, she squealed as an orgasm rippled through her ending in a quivering of her legs as she came hard.

Nitro, for his part, rewarded with her amber nectar, began to lick harder as if to make sure he got all of her essences.

"Rob.... Stop him please.....I can't take anymore." Jill managed to gasp out between ragged breaths.

I pilled her back from the edge of the bed and laid her across the top sheet while she calmed down

from a high I had rarely seen her reach. She was almost unable to move under her own volition and I love the state Nitro had caused her.

"Scoot." I told the dog, pointing at the door, but he did what he normally does when I tell him anything. He ignored me, but did stop questing after her sex and sat at the side of the bed on the floor.

I touched her lips, slipping a finger into her wet cunt, then lightly slipping over her clit, expecting great things, but Jill gasped that she needed a break for a minute. She did turn enough though, to grasp my cock and slip it between her teeth and bury my length in her mouth.

Trapping my flared head between her lips in a tight O, she started to rub my cock, wanking it into her mouth.

"Jill, stop or it will be too late." I love filling her mouth with my come, even watching as she plays with the sticky goo, pushing it out between her lips, only to suck it back in before swallowing my load. But we had only just started tonight and a quickie wasn't what I had in mind.

Jill had other plans though and ignored my warning, or at least, doing the opposite and sucking my cock deeply until her nose was pushing against my pubic hair. I couldn't last, in just a few seconds, my cock was exploding in her mouth, three, four and five strong spurts that seemed to force their way up my shaft and flood her mouth. Jill didn't even try to gargle or play with my come, she just swallowed the load and said thank you.

That was it for the night. Jill curled up into a foetal position and was asleep within a few seconds. I managed to cover her with the duvet and fell asleep beside her, uncovered, but quite happy.

"Good morning Baby." Jill's eyes were open, but it was a second or so until her brain caught up. "That was incredible wasn't it.

"Sorry Rob, after Nitro did what he did, I was so fucked, I was totally done for. I hope it didn't spoil it for you." A worried crease appeared at the corner of her eyes.

"Don't worry Baby, coming in your mouth is never a disappointment. Perhaps you will learn to control it over time." I hoped so. Although I love being sucked to completion, I also like to fuck Jill and I also wanted her clit on my tongue, but I had learned a lesson, not to compare or compete with the dog, she might see it as jealousy.

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### **Part Three**

Of course, we talked about it the next day.

"Jill, it was really wonderful to see you so blasted. Nitro's tongue really does do the trick and, honestly, I so enjoyed what we did last night. So don't worry about me not getting my turn." Jill had been stressing a little, knowing that she had lost control so far, nobody else but her, got completely off. It wasn't an issue with me, but I would have a problem if this turn of events became the norm rather than the exception.

"Thanks Rob, but I know you didn't get any satisfaction. Nitro is just pleasing me, he isn't getting anything out of it either. I feel so selfish, but I truly was completely done for. Perhaps it was because it was the first time, who knows." She bit the corner of her lip, a sure indicator that she didn't feel

comfortable at all.

"Look, we can call it a day with Nitro if you want. I can see you are worried and it isn't supposed to be something to worry about. Jill it's meant to be a bit of fun, let's not make a big thing out of it eh?"

"You must be kidding! I want more of Nitro and, if he is up for it, would love to finish him off in my mouth while you fuck me."

"Fuck me Jill! Have you seen the size of a dog's cock?" I doubted she had. "They ain't like a man; their cocks have a bone in them and then a fucking great big ball called a knot. Get it wrong and all kinds of things can go tits up." But, the picture was cast in my mind of Nitro's cock, all purple and veined with Jill's lips wrapped around it. And then, the picture changed again, in a natural progression, Jill was gripped in a tight embrace around her waist, while Nitro fucked into her.

"You know, I had a thought, why not try to get Nitro to fuck you; probably safer than you trying to swallow his cock." The idea gelled in my mind's eye. "Oh Jill, wouldn't it be great?" I didn't want to pressure her, but once the idea had propagated, it was hard to stop it. "But, only if you're up for it, of course."

She must have replayed the conversation back.

"You seem to know a lot about the anatomy of a dog. Where did you get to know about a dog having a bone in its dick?" She looked at me from the corner of her eye as if to seem uninterested, but I knew she was hanging on my reaction and answer to her question.

"Just type K9 into a search engine, you would be amazed at the amount of crap that comes up, but a few sites carry a 'how to' section, very informative." She visibly relaxes; her suspicion that her husband had some secret life was allayed. "It really is more common than you might think; millions of people are into sex with animals in a big way."

"Well anyway, we'll see how things go eh?" Jill was noncommittal, just as I expected her to be. I knew she would think about it for a day or two, but again, the seed was planted, watching it germinate was going to be an exquisite, but expectant wait.

Over the next few days and by not making it obvious, I watched Jill sizing up Nitro. I saw her glances that stared at his sheathed cock, estimating the size to which it might grow. Looking through the history of visited sites on the computer told me she had been doing her own research. I was a little amused at her reaction when he sat in front of her while she was watching the television. The tip of his cock, very pink and sharply pointed was poking out of its sheath, it mesmerised Jill, then, she licked her lips and I knew for certain, she almost tasted him. Her imagination was trying out the scenario; her reaction told me that the scene was quite pleasant. I'm no amateur Psychologist, but some reactions are all too obvious to be missed. The seed was growing and the time before it all happened was getting shorter.

Friday night in fact; D day as it were.

Jill and I had shared a bottle of Australian Shiraz and, with a pleasant buzz, decided to go to bed. She ran the shower and stepped in, soaping her self, raising mounds of white frothy bubbles and humming softly to her self. Picking up on the signs, I quickly followed her in, washed her back and held her as a prelude to sex.

We dried and went to bed naked, warm and relaxed. We lay on top of the quilt and cuddled, running finger tips over each others backs, causing goose bumps to rise that had nothing at all to do with a



chill. We got over the frantic lead up to copulation years ago, preferring to bring each other to a readiness slowly, savouring each other in a sensuous crescendo that involved tongue, finger, lips and caresses that gradually brought climax. Screwing was the end result of a longer event that almost always resulted in a mutual orgasm.

Our fore play was well under way, Jill's breathing had become a little ragged when my fingers had found and teased her clit while I sucked on her nipple or kissed her neck.

Suddenly, Jill got up from our embrace and opened the bedroom door, leaving it wide. I could read her mind. If Nitro wanted to come in and join us, he would be welcome, but she wouldn't invite him in with a command. It was up to the dog.

She came back to join me and a few seconds later, the click of his paws could be heard coming across the laminated flooring that led to our room.

Although we were very aware of the dog sitting at the side of the bed, we carried on with our embrace as if ignoring him.

I guess he was feeling left out, because pretty soon, Nitro jumped up on the bed, a place he had never been before. His cold nose quested at Jill box, pushing my fingers aside so that his tongue could lap at her cunt and clit.

She gasped and flung her legs wide, allowing him easy access. His broad tongue went to work, lapping at her, exciting her labia into suffusion and heat. Her wetness evident on his nose as it appeared above her mound.

I thought I would let it go on for a short while. I didn't want Jill to come so hard that she would be useless for anything else. She shuddered in my arms, a sigh escaped her lips and then, perhaps knowing that the last time had been so devastating, she closed her legs so that he couldn't get to her sex. He tried though, and kept on licking at her neatly trimmed bush.

Jill patted the bed, inviting him to come up the bed. I watched, waiting to see what she had in mind. Nitro got the hint and started to lick at her nipple and then, he licked her cheek, then her mouth. Jill's lips parted and she got his tongue between her teeth in a French kiss. What I was seeing was so hot. Right in front of me, this dog was frenching my wife and she was obviously having a ball.

I thought I would take care of business at the other end and scooted down so I could get to work on her clit. From my new vantage, I had this sudden view of Jill's hand wrapped around Nitro's cock. She had pulled back his sheath and was stroking his darkly veined cock in a gentle grip. Nitro seemed to be quite comfortable with what she was doing because he stood quite still, allowing her hand to perform its magic.

With a raging hard on, I thought I would do the same for her. I began to finger fuck her slowly while my eyes were riveted to what she was doing to Nitro's growing cock.

Jill was soaked. Her juices were flowing freely, slicking her lips and my fingers as they slid into her gash and teased her already engorged clit. She was moaning in that guttural way she has when words or anything else, are beyond her.

Nitro was still reaming her tonsils, lapping at her mouth while his cock had grown to a length that surpassed mine by a few inches. His haunches were beginning to hump, his back arching so that his genitalia was pushed forward. Each flick of my finger tip over Jill's clit was making her shudder. She was coming in a constant production of her natural lubricant, her aroma invading my sinuses, telling

me, at a subliminal level, that she was more than ready to mate.

Suddenly, she scooted down, disregarding the ministrations of my fingers and Nitro's tongue. She turned on her side, pulling the dog down until his sharp cock was nudging her lips.

"Rob, you had better fuck me now or I swear to god, I will kill you." She opened her mouth and stuffed as much of Nitro's dick between her teeth as she could manage while she grasped the remaining length in her fist.

I didn't need any encouragement. Slipping down over the sheets and with my feet hanging off the end of the bed, I pushed my cock between her ass cheeks and, with the help of my fingers reaching around her thigh, managed to shove my cock into her willing and wanting cunt. She was so wet; there was no resistance at all. All of my cock slid into her and I fucked her as hard as I could. By supporting my head on a crooked arm, I could watch her sucking Nitro. His cock had reached a proportion that I couldn't imagine a dog of his medium size would hide. It must have been all of nine inches and God knows what in circumference. Then, right at the base of this massive weapon was an expanded ball, covered in purple veins that looked about the size of a tennis ball.

Without forethought, and knowing what it is that triggers a dog's ejaculation, I reached over and formed an 'O' behind his knot and squeezed in gentle pulses. It was the necessary signal his instinctive brain was waiting for. It had been tricked into thinking he was tied. His humps became sporadic and less pronounced as a steady stream of hot come shot from him and into Jill's mouth. There was far more than she could handle, it hit the back of her throat and was pushed out by her tongue that was working hard to eject as much as possible, but I could see her throat muscles swallowing what didn't pulse out between her lips.

I defy any man to hold on in a situation like that. Although I had stopped fucking into Jill a little while back, my cock had stayed deep inside her. It twitched and suddenly, my own load was emptying into Jill. The ejaculation was almost painful in the need to fill her womb.

That was it for the night. The hottest session we had enjoyed together and the most fulfilling and satisfying. Nitro licked Jill's cheeks clean of his come before jumping down off the bed to clean himself.

I admit to doing absolutely nothing apart from throwing an arm over Jill and dropping off into a sleep that resembled the dead.

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## **Part Four**

"Oh! My God Rob! That was abso-fucking-lutely fantastic." Jill had risen at last and had a pink glow about her I hadn't seen before.

"He tastes so much differently from you and I though he would scold my throat. His come is so hot." She was getting pinker, almost a full blush as the memories of the previous night went through her mind's eye.

"A dog's temperature is several degrees higher than ours." I informed her, quite unnecessarily, but I had to say something and useless facts are always a good fall back.

"I wish we had a video camera." This was a new turn of events. Jill had never even wanted to pose for me if a camera was anywhere to be seen. Even on holiday, she would cover her topless tits up if

the lens as so much swung her way.

"Really?" As a conversationalist, I wasn't really doing my part. "You really want to make a film?"  
"No you silly sod, but that would have made a fantastic sight, Nitro's cock in my gob and you stuck in my fanny. What girl wouldn't want to see herself so well used?" She brushed passed me and reached for the coffee pot. Her house robe opened to show her nakedness under the terry cloth.

Typically for a randy bloke, my hand reached inside and cupped a breast. She slapped my hand away, but giggled, the attention wasn't entirely unwelcome, but this wasn't the right time.

"Where's Nitro?" She asked as she sat at the opposite end of the dinning table, not bothering to close her robe.

"I let him out a while ago, last I saw, he was hunting the hedges, probably smelling out the foxes." Even with the familiarity of her body, accrued over the years, the glimpses of her tits were mesmerising and of course, had the desired effect on my cock, which was getting uncomfortable in the confines of my jeans.

Gill got up from her chair and opened the back door, calling the dog. A few minutes later, he padded over the threshold, his tail wagging like it was going to fall off. He glanced at me as he went straight to Jill who had returned to her seat.

"What have you been up to then?" She asked the dog, whose tail was thumping the table leg. He laid his head on her lap while she scrunched his ears and head. "You been looking for them foxes have you?" The change in her tone of voice was amusing to listen to. She spoke to him as if he were a delinquent child that had performed a mildly naughty act which, although worthy of a slight rebuke, had not displeased very much at all.

Obviously pleased with the attention, Nitro's tail was banging against the table leg even harder and then I noticed his back legs starting to do a little dance. I had been looking at his rear end and missed that her robe was completely open now and his nose was aiming straight at her sex. The rosy glow was turning into a deeper colour, her legs slightly parted and her breath becoming shorter. Then I realised the back door was wide open, not that Jill was aware or even cared, so I got up and quietly closed it.

I turned back to see Jill's legs wide apart and Nitro's head buried between her thighs. She had sucked in her bottom lip and was breathing hard as his tongue found what was becoming a familiar place and reaction.

Well, this is a great way to start the weekend I thought. It was as if Jill was completely held in thrall, a slave to this new experience of canine sex. Nitro had only to nuzzle her fanny and she would be instantly accommodating and ready for his whim.

Thinking that the kitchen, with its patio window that opened out on to the lawn and provided very little by way of privacy, was probably not the best place to get into a session, I suggested we all go into the living room. I may as well have talked to the coffee pot for all the recognition I got. By now, Jill's legs were as wide as was possible to be and Nitro's brindle head was burying into her as if trying to eat her from the inside out. She moaned in time with his tongue, totally oblivious of me or her surroundings. I had to do something.

I grabbed Nitro by the scruff of his neck and pulled him away from Jill. I could see her pussy lips, red and swollen, slick with her juices and the dog's saliva. Her skin was positively radiating colour and heat with a blush that was impossible not to notice. Slowly, her focus returned once the connection

of dog and woman was broken.

"Fuck me Jill; you have got to be a bit more careful. Anyone passing would have had a great view of you getting the shit sucked out of you by Nitro." I was wondering what kind of monster had been unleashed. Jill, although an extremely sexy woman, had always been private where love making was concerned. But this woman was becoming completely wanton with a disregard for her own normal values. It seemed the introduction of the dog as a sexual partner, had hit a new place in her that threw all of her previous inhibitions away, with abandon.

"Ya, I guess." Distractedly, Jill stood, pulled her robe together and left the kitchen. Nitro struggled in my grasp, got free and followed her into the living room. I followed after them a few seconds later.

She was kneeling on the rug in front of the cold fire, her ass in the air, legs spread and her head on her arms, folded in front of her. The robe was thrown in a heap, a little distance away.

"If one of you doesn't fuck me right now, I think I will explode." She mumbled, her voice muffled by the pile of the rug.

Before I had time to react, Nitro had shot across the room and shoved his nose straight into her waiting twat. His tongue rasped out and covered her sex with a broad stroke that resulted in a yelp from Jill.

Nitro pressed home his advantage of position, his tongue was reaching into Jill as deeply as he could possibly push it, his nose was wrinkled up, over his teeth and squeezed between her ass cheeks. It didn't look too comfortable for him, but he didn't seem to mind in his eagerness to get Jill's cream. His back legs had taken up that funny little dance again as his excitement rose, his receptors telling him that pretty soon; he would be performing another function entirely.

I was dumbstruck. The change in Jill's demeanour had knocked me for six. I had never, in all the years we had been together, seen her so frantic to be screwed. Her mewling was a new thing and I didn't know quite what to make of it. Of course it was fantastically erotic and my cock ached to escape and get in on the action, but somehow, she had become someone I didn't recognise, she was animalistic in her need to mate. Like a statue with a marble stiff cock, I stood and watched as things unfolded.

And then, at some unmarked signal between them, Nitro jumped onto Jill's back, mounting her and frantically trying to connect his dick with her cunt. He humped and danced on his hind legs, trying to find the optimum angle so that he could enter her. Repeatedly, his efforts were misdirected. His cock either missed the mark and slid between her ass cheeks or banged against her clit to hang down between them. In frustration, he jumped down again, tried to mount her from the side only to give up and try again from a different angle, licking her sex as he changed direction.

"For God's sake, help him will you?" Jill shouted at me, her own desperation evident as her words hissed between clenched teeth.

Slowly, as if in some kind of dream, I walked forward and knelt so that I could help the hapless dog find the object of his desire. I gripped his red hot cock, marvelling at the size and hoping momentarily, that he would actually fit inside her without doing damage. The damned thing was probably nine or ten inches of raging purple weapon, sharply pointed and felt dry to the touch, but looked as if it should have been soaking wet in its shininess.

I aimed him, pushing the tip between her lips, and then, I was no longer needed, Nitro shoved the massive thing into her body and began to hump in staccato thrusts. There was nothing gentle about

the act. He was trying to get as much inside her as quickly as possible and wasn't too careful in how he managed it. His fore paws wrapped around Jill's waist, scratching her skin with his dew claws as he pulled her into his body, driving his cock deeper.

"Yes! Oh yes! Fuck me you bastard." Jill yelled all control abandoned and forgotten. "Come on, fuck me harder." Her desperation added an edge to this woman's voice that I didn't recognise, so changed in her desperate need to mate. A sheen of sweat covered her skin and one of her hands had snaked down to her clit which she was rubbing frantically.

Oh God! Oh my God!" She yelled. "I'm coming, I'm coming." Her words were fractured by the force of Nitro's thrusts so that they sounded like a profound stammer.

Nitro's knot had begun to form, but was no where near getting inside her tortured cunt. I did what I thought I should and gripped him, it was all he needed to shove harder than before, becoming quite still as his white hot seed pulsed deep into Jill.

"Argh!" She yelled, feeling his come splash against her womb. "He's fucking huge. I love it." I didn't know what to say so, remained quiet, still gripping his pulsing cock as his balls emptied into her.

After what seemed like forever, he dismounted her, uncovering the deep laceration to her skin his claws and done. Then he licked her clean, his come dribbled from between her lips to drip off of her clit hood and soak into the rug.

The whole act had taken no more than a few minutes, possibly ten, certainly no more than that. But it was long enough to satisfied Jill's need and Nitro's instinctive reaction to a willing womb.

My emotions were jumbled. I didn't quite know what to think. At a base level, the whole thing had excited me to the point of almost losing my load without any touch to my cock, but I was also somewhat troubled and perhaps even felt threatened. I guess I was somewhat jealous that a rival male had fucked Jill to a point I had never taken her. I knew it was silly, but the feeling persisted, I felt cuckolded and wasn't comfortable with it.

Jill got up and made her way to the shower unsteadily, her legs trembling visibly as she made her way. Nitro had disappeared to the kitchen where his water was in a bowl on the floor. They left me, sitting on my haunches in the middle of the room. I felt forgotten and confused.

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## **Part Five**

Jill returned to the living room half an hour later, still flushed, but I put that down to her shower. She had dressed and was positively buoyant, radiant even and the insidious worm of doubt wriggled a little further under my skin.

While she had been gone, Nitro and I had regarded each other silently. I couldn't guess at what his thoughts were, those almost black eyes with their funny brows, gave nothing away. But, it was obvious from his guarded gaze; he was very likely viewing me as a rival to the rights of Jill. I know my thoughts were along those same lines, even to the point of considering making him a stray again. I admit it, I was more than a little jealous, but why wouldn't I be? This animal was replacing me as the object of desire for my wife and it could never fit well, regardless of his species.

"We need to talk Jill." She breezed through, going on into the kitchen to put on some fresh coffee.

"I guess." Her answer couldn't have been more noncommittal if she tried.

"Jill, I'm serious, we have to talk." I hated the sound of desperation that wheedled into my voice.

"Well talk away Robby boy, talk away." This was maddening; I could feel anger welling under the thin veneer of my control.

"What the hell has got into you Jill, I have never seen you so... so..." I searched for the right word. "...wanton."

"Nitro got into me, in case you hadn't noticed." She laughed at her joke. "He fucks like nothing on earth and his tongue is a killer, and yeah, I fucking love it." Her gaze went passed me to land on Nitro who had followed me into the kitchen. "What's the matter Rob, jealous?"

"No of course I'm not jealous." I lied. "It isn't like it's another man is it?"

"I'm making coffee; we can talk about this later." She dismissed me by turning her back, as if I wasn't there.

"Jill, I need to know where I stand in this." The wheedling returned, replacing the anger with a feeling of desolation.

"Rob, don't let your own insecurities make more out of this than there really is, okay?" She had turned back to face me, reinforcing her words. There was no more to be said, or at least, no more she was going to allow to be said; the subject was closed until she deemed the time to be right.

Faced with her silence and resolute determination not to talk about it any further, I grabbed my coat and left them to the peace of the kitchen.

Why does it always rain when you want some thinking time in the park? I walked along side the canal, blaming myself for my inadequacies, perhaps I could have been a better lover, been more attentive and tried harder to give her kids. Yes a kid; that was the answer. If we had a kid, then this probably wouldn't have happened. It was the first time the lack of children had featured in my thinking. We didn't have any and up to now, that had been okay, or at least, I thought it was.

My thoughts tumbled and jumped from one place to another, no answers came that would make me feel any better, but in the depression I was forcing on myself, it was obviously my fault, my failing and really, why did she stay with me anyway?

My mood hadn't improved by the time the rain beat me into submission and I returned home, saturated to the skin.

Jill was watching the television with the sound down. Nitro was nowhere to be seen. She had the living room to herself.

"Look Rob..." She started as soon as the front door closed. "...I really like what Nitro does for me, I can't describe the intensity of orgasm he gives me and, having him fuck me earlier was just totally fucking awesome. But, and this is where you listen and you listen good. He does not replace you okay, for some God forsaken reason, I love you and no dog, man or beast will change that."

"Jill I..."

"I haven't finished yet." She cut across me. "I know I'm getting all the fun out of this so far, do you

think me that thick, that I didn't consider you? But, this is all brand spanking new Rob, so it will take a bit of sorting out. Now, if you can handle that, then we can go on like nothing has changed, apart from I have a new toy. If you can't, then the dog goes, simple as that." She took a breath. "Now go and take those wet things off and get a shower."

It really was all I needed to hear. Now I knew my place in this trio. Suitably mollified, I did what she had instructed and felt something of a fool for having doubted her. I still had some doubt though, was my entire problem really because she was having all the gratification and I wasn't? Apart from blowing my load in her mouth and getting as hard as a rod of iron, I hadn't had any release, or was it that Nitro was indeed a rival for her sexual favours? I felt fickle.

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I suppose it was accidental, that the pack order got sorted out eventually. The next day, Sunday is normally a chill out day, when we usually do very little, watch the television, spend some time emailing friends and family, and generally lounging around.

It is also a day when we fool around. Not necessarily sex, but a wind up of each other, touches in intimate parts, tweaks and little suggestions to what we would be doing that night. Sunday is romp night, when we really spent time making love, not the mid-week tumble as a stress relief, but a session when we concentrated on pleasure.

I goosed her and got the surprised reaction I had hoped for. Then rather more than I had hoped. Jill took my hand, pulled me up from the sofa and wordlessly, led me to the bedroom. We spent the whole afternoon playing and pleasing each other until the final act. I took Jill at last in the missionary position that allowed us to cling to each other as the last throes of sex escaped our bodies. It was then and only then, when we had had our fill of each other, that Nitro was allowed into the room.

His nose drove straight for her sex as she lay on top of the bed. My claim as alpha was already made. It was my seed that coated her, my smell that covered her and my presence before him, which Nitro was going to have to work through. I had staked my claim and he was only going to be second.

To his credit, he went at her cunt with his tongue, licking my come from her as it leaked out. He crouched down to get a better vantage and fairly soon, his tongue was cleaning her from the inside, his lip curled back, showing his canine teeth in order to get closer and deeper into her. I could see his top gum was mashing against her clit and her own juices were liberally spilling out and into his mouth.

Jill's knees came up, parting her legs so that he could really get as deep as his tongue would allow and her fist was jammed into her mouth to stifle the screams she was rapidly heading towards.

Then the attention became too much for her to take.

"Get him off me." She gasped and closed her legs. "Oh my God!" Jill was shuddering and twitching from head to toe. Nitro had brought her to an orgasm that had her completely out of control and I could enjoy the sight, even be sympathetic to her plight because I was the dominant male in this partnership.

"Turn over Jill." Perhaps I was pushing the dominance, but while the iron is hot...

Eventually Jill managed to turn over and get into a kneeling position with her head down on the rumpled bed clothes, her ass in the air, waiting for Nitro to mount her. His first attempt missed by

some margin, sliding off the side of her cheek. In his eagerness to get inside her, he was being impatient and not too careful about aim. I took the opportunity to grab a pair of socks from under the pillow where I had put them earlier. I don't think he even noticed when I put the socks on his front feet where he was so intent on completing his mount.

Jill reached down to help him find the target. Her hand closed around his shaft, but between them, they somehow got it wrong. Suddenly, Jill gasped and made a guttural noise in the back of her throat as Nitro's cock slide straight into her ass with a force that brooked no resistance.

"Gargh."

Before either of us could do anything about it, Nitro, who as far as he was concerned, was inside his bitch, went into a rapid humping, and shoving his whole length into her in thrusts that only went one way, deeper. It really was little more than a blur of motion and sound. Jill was yelling no and yes and no as she succumbed to her anal fucking, Nitro, with his tongue hanging out to one side and a line of drool dripping onto her back, was fucking her with all he could muster.

"Jill you okay?" I asked, not sure how she would cope with the violation.

"Yes... Oh fuck yes." She managed to hiss.

I knelt back up and then noticed she was nipping at her clit as Nitro's balls slapped against her hand. His knot had formed, but was actually acting as a back stop, banging against her sphincter and preventing him from ramming it inside. I could have done as I had before and tricked him into thinking he was tied, but I didn't, preferring to watch her get the ass fucking of all time, watching, as her come was driven from her body to drip onto the bed and seeing Nitro's cock mashing into her, taking her to a place she had never been before.

"Rob quick, make him come please, I can't take any more."

An 'O' of fingers behind his knot, brought him to a standstill as his seed spurted into her in blast after blast of hot sperm. I held him there for a few minutes to allow him to complete his ejaculation. Once done, he was desperate in getting away from Jill's ass. I released him so he could jump back.

Jill's anus was wide open, her muscles had relaxed to allow the intrusion and slowly, his come leaked out, dribbling over her lips and onto the bed covers to join her juices soaking in. I didn't even give it a thought, in a second or so, my cock had replaced Nitro's in her ass and in a few short thrusts, was pumping my own seed into her. Coming twice in a night was a rarity for me, but seeing Jill so totally and well fucked had the desired effect.

She would have just collapsed and slept in the wetness, but I helped her to the shower, cleaned her off and yanked the bed clothes off while she stood under the hot stream of water, supporting herself on the soap dish and a hand hooked over the screen door.

Jill slept for three hours straight off while I got dinner prepared, in a much better frame of mind than I had been earlier in the day. I suppose there was an element of triumph over Nitro, he had only got seconds, after me. Silly really, but it was how I felt.

I fed him and then we sat on the back porch in companionable silence, side by side. While the dinner roasted and our queen slept.

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## Part Six

Jill was out of action for a couple of days. The pounding her ass had taken left her quite sore. Somehow, she managed to go to work, but stood most of the day; sitting was just not an option.

"Next time Nitro fucks my ass," She said during Monday night. "We'll have to the Vaseline out. I'm sure I won't take a shit for a week." I laughed.

"I don't know what you're laughing at, it wasn't you getting butt fucked by the demon dog from Hades was it?"

"The demon dog from Hades?" I repeated, laughing harder now. "Next you'll call him Cerberus."

"He might not have three heads, but it felt like he had three cocks inside me. Did I get his knot in? Jill wasn't smiling, but she wasn't scowling either.

"Um, well no, you didn't, I had to do the O trick to get him off. But, you did have... oh! I don't know; nine or ten inches I guess. I think though, it was the way he fucked you, sort of rough, well bloody hard actually."

"Well, we will have to be a bit more careful next time, having him in my ass is a bit too much."

"You didn't complain at the time." I reminded her. "And it was you who was guiding him, if I remember rightly."

"Yeah, I don't know what happened, I meant to get him in my twat, but something went wrong. Perhaps it would be best if you guide him in future. I'm going to find him some mittens or something as well, this scratch is a real bugger, right where the elastic of my panties sits, it keeps rubbing. The other thing is, we are going to have to ration Nitro, the sex is fantastic, but it leaves me completely drained afterwards. The orgasms are so intense and it takes too long to get over it. Perhaps once a week, what do you think?"

I agree of course. So the ground rules are set. Nitro gets his end away once a week, I get it on demand, well perhaps not quite on demand, but rather more often than he will. Another order has been decided, I am above him in the pecking order, alpha male. A side effect of which is that Nitro defers to me, even pays attention and tries to please me so that his position in the pack is assured.

The working week dragged on as it usually does. Anyone who thinks being an investigative reporter for the local press is an exciting career move should think again. Tedium is only followed by more tedium. Births, deaths and marriages, obits and property sales are only marginally worse than digging into the sudden disappearance of neighbourhood cats and listening to the endless drivel of the Misses Jones of this world, whose cat is in possession of some remarkable attributes and is unique in the world of the feline, but has now done a runner, is no way for a grown man to make a living. It could be worse; I could be the Agony Aunt or worse still, the Suduko setter.

In normal circumstances, Jill and I might make out once or twice a week. A mid-week special, a release of the day's tensions and our way of saying, yep, I love you. Jill really wasn't up for it. She would have blown me, but I refused the offer, knowing it wasn't made for any other reason than that I hadn't emptied my sacs. I was quite happy to wait until she was ready and was rewarded with a kiss that showed just how pleased and relieved she was.

So it was Friday night. The wheels of love were greased liberally with a bottle of Shiraz, Jill managed three glasses to my one, but that was okay. A little tipsy, Jill could turn into a wild cat and lose any

inhibitions she had. From experience, when Jill is in the mood to have a drink and then bang like a tiger, it's best to restrict my own alcohol, that way, I get all of the enjoyment without senses being dulled.

She didn't even bother with the shower. Jill just stood from the sofa, stripped her clothes and lay on the rug in front of the fire.

"Okay lover, eat me!"

There was no point in finessing here, the woman was desperate and I was willing. Needing no other invitation or command, I knelt between her parted knees and dived straight in head first.

As soon as my tongue hit her clit, Jill's ass was lifting off the floor and her fingers grasped the back of my head in talon like claws, pulling me into her. Her lips parted, allowing me to tongue fuck her, my nose banging against her clit. I hardly got started before Jill's clutching fingers were pulling my hair in some desperate effort to get my tongue in further.

"Fuck me Rob, fuck me please." Jill yelled and I was more than ready, it had been almost a week after all.

My clothes must have come off in record time, before the last echo of please had sounded; my hard cock was nosing at her entrance. And, then I was pushing into her like my life depended on it. This wasn't the steady build up, wasn't gentle or anything to do with bringing her to a climax with stimulation, this was raw, animal sex, designed to get the desired response as quickly as possible.

That was when Nitro came in to see what all the screaming was about. He padded over, once he had decided that no one was getting killed and sat near Jill's head to watch.

His pink pointed cock slipped out, about an inch protruding from it's sheath. Like a beacon, it drew Jill's gaze. Suddenly, the fucking I was giving her lessened in her attention, but only for a moment as she reached and twisted a little so she could grasp him gently, to coax more of his cock out.

The pause in intensity had done me a favour, had Nitro not come in, we would probably have been cleaning up right now, but the lapse had allowed the pressure rolling in my balls, to abate somewhat, I had gained some control instead of blasting her insides with my come.

Jill's deft touch had got Nitro's whole cock out now and he had stood up so that it hung down in all of its purple glory. Ten inches was wrapped by her fingers and looked like an angry veined dildo.

"Fucking hell Rob, did I really get all of that in my ass?" Jill managed to ask, her words coming in jolts as I continued to fuck into her body, making her tits bounce.

"Yes..." I manage. "...all but his knot."

"Ungh, I want it again."

"In your ass?"

"No. I want him in my cunt. I want him fucking my fucking guts out until he fills me with come." I had stopped thrusting; getting nitro into Jill was just too good a next step to miss.

Jill knelt and slapped her ass as an invitation to Nitro. Too late, I forgot the mittens she had bought for his paws. His nose drove straight to her pouting lips; a long lick with his broad tongue, left a

slick trail from clit hood to anus in a single pass.

"Of my God..." Jill gasped. "...I love his tongue." Her head hung, hair draped in damp corkscrews, her ribs expanded visibly as she gasped in air.

"Help him Rob, not in my ass okay?"

Nitro's forepaws rested on Jill's back, his darkly mottled fur seemed even darker against her white skin. He was trying to connect with Jill, but at the angle he was at, had no chance. I grasped his cock and aimed it at her entrance, but while he was almost standing, using Jill to lean on, he wasn't going to get home. Somehow, I maintained his direction while knocking his front feet off of Jill's back so that his chest landed with a woof of air onto her back. His back legs began that funny little dance, I realised it was a combination of getting her butt into his groin and trying to gain the right height to be able to enter her to his balls if he could.

His forelegs gripped her waist, this time without gouging a lump out of her smooth skin and suddenly, smoothly, his gigantic cock sunk into her depths, stretching her walls and filling her completely.

Unlike before, Nitro began reasonably slowly in comparison, still an impossible pace for me to ever match, but much slower than before, allowing his cock to work in and out to a degree. I left him to it, I wanted Jill's mouth around my cock. I had always dreamed of her being double teamed, with me and a mate, but this was even better. Knowing she was getting stuffed deeper than any man could fuck her and with me in her throat. What could possibly be better?

Jill leant on my stomach when I had wriggled around and obliged, her reddened lips hungrily sucked my cock head in and then, gripping my shaft tightly, forcing blood to infuse and swell my dick. She sunk as much as she could beyond her lips and over her hot tongue. I managed to relax, so coming wasn't going to be too soon.

And then...

"Oh. Fuck me..." Jill had taken my cock out of her mouth to gasp the expletives. "...What the fuck?"

Nitro had stopped his desperate thrusts and held steady, a look of blissful release, even a grin was on his face, lips curled, showing his teeth and a curious snuffling came from his mouth.

I wriggled out from under Jill to see what was going on at the business end of their joining.

His knot had passed beyond her outer muscle wall to lodge in her body. They had successfully tied without my help. Nitro's haunches were mini-thrusting as his hot come spurted, unseen, into Jill's womb.

"It feels so hot Rob, he is in my womb you know and right now, his red hot come is filling my guts." I loved the dirty talk. I loved her describing what she was feeling. "I got his knot in didn't I? It feels fucking huge."

"God Jill, this is so fucking hot." I felt like a lame thing to say, but was all I could think of.

"It feels wonderful. I can feel his come inside me."

Nitro completed his ejaculation and was trying to back out, but Jill's muscles had him locked in. He whined a little and tried harder to dismount. His forelegs slipped off of her back so that he was

diagonally standing next to Jill on three legs, with the other hooked over her butt. He was still held within her, it looked really uncomfortable. The lock lasted for only a few seconds more. Jill pushed him out as Nitro adjusted and wriggled until, with a sucking sound, his know ball slipped out of her body.

He went to clean her, but this was one of those times when I wanted sloppy seconds, I wanted his come to be squeezed out as I fucked Jill so, I pushed him away and slid my cock into her gaping hole and fucked into her yawning chasm. The noises coming from our union were wet and sloshing, he must have delivered a whole cupful into her and it slopped around and dribbled over my cock, onto the floor. In my excitement, it took hardly any time at all before my own come was joining what was left of Nitro's seed inside her cunt.

Unsteadily, I rolled off of Jill's back and lay beside her kneeling form so that our heads were side by side. I was trying to get my breath back.

"You okay?" I asked her. Jill could only nod, droplets of sweat twinkled in the sunlight, coming through the window, as they formed at the ends of her stranded hair.

Then suddenly, Nitro's tongue was cleaning my cock of his and my essences. His broad tongue laid my softening cock over my stomach and licked me from base to tip. I have to admit, as a feeling, it was absolutely delicious, the heat of his tongue acted like a salve to my twitching nerves.

After he was satisfied I was clean, he left us alone in the room, padding out toward the kitchen.

"Fucking hell Rob, that was something else."

"Did you see Nitro clean my dick off?" I asked her, still calming down myself.

"No, but I wish I had. Did you like it?"

"You bet."

After perhaps ten minutes or so, Jill got up and left the room in answer to Nitro's scratching at the backdoor.

Nitro cleaning my cock off was the last time I saw him. Just as he came into our lives with little fuss, so he left. No goodbye or ceremony, back to a life as a stray I guess.

Jill was distraught and to be perfectly honest, I was too.

We now have a new dog; a ten month old Lab/collie cross. He is a bit young yet to be playing our form of adult games, but already has a healthy regard for Jill's snatch. 'T', short for TNT, is going to fit right in and if his sheath is anything to go by, will be a big boy in a few months time. We can't wait.

**End.**