

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



When I felt the sock on my right foot being pulled off, I thought I was imagining it, until someone or something yanked off my other sock, and I immediately realized I wasn't dreaming.

My first guess was that some pervert in the park was stealing my socks. Probably one of those creepy guys my mom warned me about.

Whoever it was, the creep probably hadn't bathed in a while, judging from the strong musky odor wafting through the air.

"What the heck?" I muttered as something warm and wet brushed across my bare toes, accompanied by the sound of heavy breathing. "Excuse me?"

I quickly sat up, and slipped my specs on, so I could catch a glimpse of the perv who removed my socks and was now busy sniffing and licking my bare toes.

My body tensed to scream and kick at this impudent intruder, but the sight of him quelled both reactions.

A dog. A large white dog, clearly male, was zealously sniffing my feet with a wet, black nose.

He was one of those White Shepherd breeds. I had a friend who used to believe that a White Shepherd was just a regular German Shepherd that's been painted white because its owners didn't like the original color. I knew my friend was being stupid. I recalled telling her that it was stupid to think that. No one turns a German Shepherd into a white one by painting it. You would have to bath him in bleach.

I assure you, I don't believe that anymore. I'm a 22 year-old adult.

Seeing the dog, with a pair of my short blue socks between his strong-looking scissor jaws, I almost laughed. Partially because I felt silly mistaking him for a dirty old man in a dirty old raincoat, and partially because my feet were slightly ticklish, especially in-between my toes.

But I was also annoyed, as well. I mean, who wouldn't be at having one's peaceful nap in the park under a shady tree on a hot and sunny Saturday afternoon disturbed?

"Excuse me," I repeated, shifting to a kneeling position, and withdrawing my naked feet from the dog's tormenting tongue. "Can I have those back?"

He just stood there, while my socks dangled from his mouth.

I found his silent stare rather intimidating. Those dark almond eyes were quite striking. They, and his wet black nose, stood out amongst the clean whiteness of the rest of his body. My feet started to tingle a bit. Those dark staring canine eyes were having a weird effect on me.

"Uh, those are mine. I'd like them back, please."

When I slowly reached my hand out, the Shepherd started backing away.

"Please?"

The dog stopped, tilted its head slightly, and began chomping away on my socks.

The head standing proudly on muscular neck was distinctive. His muzzle was long and well-defined, like the rest of its cleanly-chiseled facial features. His expression seemed quizzical, almost like he was trying decide if he should stay or go. His long triangular-shaped ears were erect, and they added to the strange impression of wary curiosity I was sensing.

As the dog began mangling my socks, I noticed his black-leather buckle collar around its strong neck, and the blue-plastic ID tag attached to it. My vision may not be 20/20, but I was close enough to read the dog-tag's number.

#69031.

Hoping to retrieve my socks before before this canine enigma destroyed them, I slowly rose to my feet. The dog started backing away. He must have played this game before, I thought, as he seemed to be anticipating what my next move would be.

Sure enough. I only took one small barefoot step forward, he whirled and took off like the wind.

"Hey," I protested weakly. "Waitamminute!"

I started after him, but stopped as soon as I was out of the shade. The glaring sun assaulted my eyes and blinded me. I stopped, removed my glasses, and rubbed my watery eyes. Without my specs, I could barely make out a large, blurry shape diminishing rapidly against the equally blurry green and brown of the park's landscaping.

By the time I put my specs back on, and my eyes cleared up, that canine sock-snatcher was gone.

Irritated and half amused, I did the only thing I could do - I stamped my foot and shrugged. What else could I do, except collect the rest of my belongings and get on with the rest of my plan for another solitary afternoon.

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After leaving the park, I spent the next three hours of the afternoon at the library which was right next to the park. My original plan for the day had been to hit the park, then the library where I intended to pick up a couple of biographies for my normal evening reading.

I spent about an hour looking for something to catch my eye, but found that my usual fascination with other people's lives was rather wanting.

Frustrated, I wandered into the pet section and eventually found myself sitting in a plush chair perusing a thick, heavy book about dog breeds.

Yes, my close encounter with the White Shepherd in the park was still on my mind.

I found what I was looking for. The Berger Blanc Suisse, the official breed name for the White Swiss Shepherd.

The historical facts concerning the breed were fascinating and a bit disturbing, I thought. For many years, the breed was considered 'defective', compared to the average German Shepherd, due to its white coat. It was an outcast breed, that was often rejected for entry into dog shows for years because of the recessive gene responsible for their white coat.

It sounded cruel to me, a dog having to suffer prejudice because of its fur color.

I wondered how other black-and-tan German Shepherds treated its white coated cousin. Would a male White Shepherd be rejected by a regular-looking female one?

Looking over the pictures in the book, I saw nothing at all wrong or defective with the White Shepherd. Quite a handsome dog, really. Strong, agile and well muscled. Supposedly able to move with the steady grace of a well-lubricated machine. Its gait smooth and flowing. I believed it. The dog in the park moved exactly like that.

Personality-wise, the dog was cautious and aloof with strangers. Yet, it could be very friendly with those it trusted. The book also mentioned the dog's hard to define, but undeniable inner nobility. But, nothing I read could adequately explain why that dog so carefully removed my socks and paid such loving attention to my feet. Or, why my socks were such a prize. We had never even been properly introduced.

Suddenly, at that moment, my current train of thoughts were derailed by some awkward sensations. My feet started tingling, and I suddenly felt all hot and flushed. My temperature had risen. Feeling tight and wet between my legs, I was undoubtedly aroused! I almost put my hands between my legs, before I remembered where I was. My Gawd. I was so embarrassed at feeling like that in public. The last time this happened was in a fitness club locker room, with two undressing women.

But all I was doing, this time, was reading a book about dogs and thinking about - about that White Shepherd licking my toes.

Pulling off my size-7 shoe, I examined the naked sole of my foot. As I stretched out my toes, and wiggled them a bit as they kept tingling, I couldn't help but wonder...

Why did he lick them? Why me?

Eventually, I settled down and returned the AKC book to the shelves. As I headed toward the library exit, I took notice of the billboard. It usually sported, various notices of upcoming book promotions, and of certain guest authors scheduled to drop by for signings. It also had a lost and found section and that caught my attention. Right in the middle was a posted notice:

MISSING DOG - \$6500 REWARD

LANCELOT (ID# 69031)

Large White Shepherd

3y/o Male

96 pounds

25 inches

Medium White Coat

It was him, and his name was Lancelot.

I recognized, and remembered the ID number on the tag he was wearing. And, even so, I knew from looking at the color-printed photo that it was the same dog from the park. The look in the eyes were the same. Even from a paper photo, I could 'feel' his look as surely as I could still feel my feet tingle. The tingling sensation increased, and my crotch got wet and 'itchy' all over again.

Glancing at my watch, I saw that it was almost six. I pulled the post off the board, folded it, and slipped it into my pocket. I needed to go home and ... shower.

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My eighth-floor apartment felt as empty as it always did. The second I was inside, and the door was latched and bolted, I kicked my shoes off. My feet were still tingling.

From my left-side jeans pocket, I removed and unfolded the posted notice I had swiped from the bookshop's billboard.

"Lancelot," I thought. "What a fitting name."

As my feet kept on tingling, and my bare toes clenched in the soft carpet I was standing on, I couldn't help but wonder how nice it would be to have a warm, wet nose sniffing at them again?

I checked out the words and numbers printed above Lancelot's picture - \$6500 REWARD.

"Sixty-five hundred," I pondered silently. "I could really use that."

I'm ashamed to admit it. But, at the time, the reward money interested me much more than Lancelot. After all. The rent for my one-bedroom/bathroom apartment wasn't cheap, and I had bills and student loans to pay off. A little extra grocery money wouldn't have hurt, either.

At the bottom of the page was a local phone-number, and the words - 'Ask for Curtis Hopkins'.

At that point, I had made up my mind. I was going to claim the Hopkins' reward for myself. Now, I only had to worry about the second problem.

"How do I get a hold of Lancelot?"

While pondering the question, I suddenly recalled an old saying my late Granny used to use all the time.

"The quickest path to a man's heart is always through his stomach."

I laughed at the memory of her saying that, and at the memory of my Grandpop's embarrassed groans when she did. Granny always claimed that Grandpop found her skills in the kitchen more attractive than the ones she used in the bedroom.

So, I figured, what works on a human male could surely work on a canine one. Right?

"Why not?" I thought. "Eating's one of the two things that all males, humans and dogs, always enjoy doing."

I already knew what the other one was, of course. The very thought sent a few tingles through me again, so I tried not to dwell over it.

Okay. Food would be the key. If Lancelot was still wandering about somewhere in that park, he had to be hungry for a decent meal, by now. But, I had no clue what sort of food he would like. A starving homeless dog might not be too picky, however.

And ... nothing could win a hungry dog's heart faster than a home-cooked meal.

Alright. Tomorrow morning, I would go out and get the necessary ingredients. It would be something quick and simple, but something I hoped he'd love. Neato! It had been quite awhile since I cooked for anyone, aside from myself.

"Hmmm. I'm gonna need a water bowl," I realized "And some water, too."

Also, I figured I'd need a small picnic basket for carrying the stuff, and a leash to attach to his collar, hopefully while he's busy eating.

"What was I gonna make?"

What did folks do before the internet? Within three minutes online, I found the perfect recipe. It was quick and simple to make, and I already had three of the necessary ingredients. Eggs, oatmeal, and cottage cheese. Just needed to buy some hamburger meat, green beans, carrots, and a good vitamin supplement.

But, as I printed out a copy of the recipe, I couldn't help wondering if food would be enough. Heck, I didn't even know if the dog was still in the park, or would return there, tomorrow. Maybe somebody else found and returned him, already. Or...

"Could he be dead?" I wondered as I sat opposite my computer screen. "NO!"

Pondering that possibility was upsetting. Funny, I mused, that I'd get this worked up over somebody's dog. Weird, actually. But I couldn't seem to help it. Just the thought of Lancelot out there, all alone and starving, really bothered me. My sense of empathy for the poor dog was aroused.

"How'd he get lost?" I wondered. "Did he run away?"

Maybe Mr. Hopkins would tell me, after handing me that \$6500 check in exchange for Lancelot.

Imagining that, for some odd reason, also bothered me. I knew, deep down, that it was greed, not empathy, that was motivating me. That realization aroused my sense of guilt. But why? Why should I feel guilty about returning a lost dog to its rightful owner? Lancelot wasn't my dog. I wasn't responsible for his life, or his happiness. Besides, he stole the socks right off my feet!

"Why did he do that?" I asked myself. "Did he just like the way my feet smelled?"

That made me think. Most dogs possessed a heightened sense of smell, didn't they? I've heard that's how some dogs recognize certain people, more by scent than by sight. Could dogs also sense human emotions by smell, too? Did Lancelot smell my annoyance in the park? Is that why he ran away?

"Did he think I was mad at him?"

I just couldn't stop wondering what sort of impression I gave that dog. Would he recognize me if he saw me again, and would he want to get close to me? And, why the heck did my feet keep tingling when I kept picturing what happened between me and him in the park? What effect was he having on me? Why did thinking of Lancelot arouse my sense of ... of...

Okay. I needed to shower, and get some sleep. But, before I did, I had to learn more about White Shepherds.

I spent the next thirty minutes googling for anything about White Shepherds. I got mostly pictures, vet articles, and a few sites by dog owners about their favorite pets.

Shortly enough, I stumbled across a site about dog breeding. It was easier to understand than others. It also had some well drawn diagrams detailing the sexual organs of female and male canines. It was through this site that I learned about the basic mechanics of sex between dogs, as well as the origin of the phrase 'doggy position'.

According to what I read, a male dog possesses a bulbus gladii, which is the gland at the base of a male dog's penis that swells up to the size of a golf ball. This usually happens while the male dog is thrusting his penis within a bitch dog's vagina. Supposedly, the gland reaches its maximum size at the moment of a male dog's climax, or shortly after it stops thrusting. Unless the base gland swelled up outside a bitch, this 'knot' would lock both dogs together as the male dog's sperm-enriched semen flows, fills, and hopefully fertilizes the female bitch's womb. This style of mating was called a 'tie', and it could last as short as a few minutes or as long as a whole hour. It could depend on the tightness of the bitch, possibly.

Honestly, as cold and clinically as it was written, reading the explicit descriptions of sex between dogs was strongly arousing my sense of ... my sense of ... heck, I WAS FUCKING SEXUALLY AROUSED! Okay?

Needless to say (but I'll say it anyway), the tingly itchy sensation in my feet had increased, and was already moving up my legs and spreading throughout my thighs.

By the time I unbuckled my belt and pulled off my suddenly too-tight jeans, my crotch was damp and tingling like crazy.

The air I breathed felt stuffy, or maybe it was the air I was breathing out. My metabolic temperature was rising, again. My skin felt too warm. I wasn't ill, just too hot.

Within my rational mind, I had a strong and sensible urge to stop what I was doing, so ... I didn't after noticing the site's dog genitalia photo gallery. After clicking on the German Shepherd link, I clicked on the male pic link, next.

Lifting my feet off the floor, I sat cross-legged on my seat. I felt like an excited kid impatient to open a birthday gift. My pulse speeded up as the large high-definition color photo loaded slowly and filled much of the screen.

Having never seen a dog's penis before, my first impression at the sight of a canine male's naked erection was quite vivid. My widening eyes stretched my eyelids to the limit, as I saw the size and shape of the thing hanging between the dog's hind legs. It was repulsive ... and beautiful. Does that make sense?

Supposedly, the size of the one in the pic was about seven inches. It looked so thick and shiny. It was nothing like any human male cock that I'd even seen up-close. The head looked pointy and blood red, while the rest of it looked pinkish and purplish, decorated with patterns of bluish veins. The knot, to me, looked a little bigger than a golf ball. I winced at the thought of something like that stuck inside someone's body. My whole body trembled a bit, as I felt my clit tingle. I wondered how a dog's full knot would feel in my hand, and could only imagine what a dog would feel if it's cock was within my hand ... or within my ... my...

"Okay," I decided. "I think I know enough, already."

My rational mind was finally convinced to switch off the computer.

That done, I got up and headed for my bedroom.

After pulling off my shirt, and tossing it on the bed, I slid my panties down and stepped out of them as I undid my C-size bra, and headed for the bathroom.

Putting my specs on the sink, I turned the cold water knob all the way before stepping inside the shower.

I needed to cool off before I hit the sack.

My naked body shivered, as I stood beneath the cold cascade of icy water that chilled my tender flesh, and extinguished my fever. My limbs stopped tingling and my clit stopped itching.

After five minutes of cold showering, I turned off the water and stepped out. All cold, wet, and drippy, with goose pimples on my flesh. After putting my specs back on, I was briefly startled by the sight of my reflection in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. Brushing aside the dripping locks of my long dark-brown hair, I studied the naked wet pale skinny-looking 22 year-old Plain Jane staring back at me from within the long looking glass.

“What’s with me,” I asked myself. “Why am I suddenly feeling like this?”

Honestly, I’ve never thought of myself as a very sexual person. Of course, I’m human and have sexual urges like everyone else. But I’ve never dwelled or fixated on sexual matters that much, in my life.

Sex, in general, was just too much trouble, and often too messy, for me to deal with.

My first (and last) sexual encounter with a man, about three years ago, did not leave me desiring more. We were both nineteen, and sexually inexperienced. He was hard enough to pop my cherry, but not enough to stay hard inside me. I ended up sucking him off. Needless to say (but, I’ll say it anyway), I didn’t cum. The experience didn’t traumatize me, or anything. It just didn’t seem, in retrospect, worth all the fuss.

Yes, I did masturbate. Once a month. When I did, I tended to fantasize more about women than men. Does that make me bisexual, or a lesbian? Honestly, I didn’t dwell on it. Usually, I just jill myself off mainly to get it over with, and concentrate on other things.

Honestly, I was cool with being a single gal living alone. Human companionship might be nice, but I haven’t yet met anyone, man or woman, whom I could imagine sharing my life with.

The worrisome fact that thoughts of that dog did arouse me bothered me a lot. There’s a word for people who get turned on by animals who aren’t human ... SICKOS!

“Only sick people get off on bestiality,” I thought. “Does that mean I’m ... sick?”

Okay. Enough was enough. The money’s all I really wanted. Nothing else. Lancelot belongs to this Hopkins guy, and the reward I’d get would cover two months rent.

And, that was that, I thought as I just shrugged, with hands on my hips and elbows bent. What else could I do, except shrug and go to bed?

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Honestly, I was tense.

When I arrived at the park at noon, on that hot and sunny Sunday, I was feeling tense and a bit silly.



It wasn't over what I was wearing, at the moment. White Reeboks, light-blue socks, blue denim shorts, sleeveless scoop neck pink cotton cami with spaghetti straps, and my trusty specs. After all, it was nearly eighty degrees.

And it wasn't about the little pink backpack I was carrying, or what was inside it.

Mainly, I was tense over what I was planning to do, and if it would even work.

That's, of course, assuming Lancelot showed up.

As unlikely as it seemed, I was gambling that Lancelot would still be somewhere in the park.

Slipping off my backpack, I parked my butt on the cool grass and leaned my back against the same shady tree I was under yesterday.

Why pick the same spot? Why not?

It was another gamble of mine. Since it was where Lancelot first snuck up on me, and stole my socks, I figured there might be a slight possibility that the canine thief might return to the scene of his crime.

With that thought in mind, I pulled my Reeboks off, removed my specs and put them inside my left shoe, plugged up both my ears with my iPod headphones, closed my eyes, and then just relaxed within the shade as the music of the Beatles filled my head.

As the first song of the White Album played, I started wondering if I was wasting my time. If so, then I certainly wasted this morning's early hours buying and preparing everything I thought I was gonna need. The food, the water, and the leash. All a waste of money, unless he comes back.

That's why I took my shoes off, I suppose. I knew that Shepherds were often used as police dogs because of their good sense of smell, mostly for sniffing out hidden drugs. So I gambled that Lancelot, if he was around, might sense I'm here if he caught my scent.

The socks I wore were unwashed, but not THAT smelly, mind you. Anyway, I was hoping they'd give off a scent strong enough to attract Lancelot, since he already knew what my feet smelled like. Perhaps he'd recognize me by that particular scent.

Still, even if Lancelot was somewhere in the park, it didn't mean he'd allow me to get close to him. I was a stranger, after all. But if he did appear, notice me and approach, like he did yesterday, I hoped the food I made that morning might compel him to stick around long enough for me to get the leash I bought attached.

And if the food wasn't enough, I had a specially prepared 'secret weapon' in my backpack.

As the sounds of Paul McCartney singing about his sheepdog filled my ears, I pondered over the likely possibility that Lancelot wouldn't show up. Yes. I knew. It wouldn't be the first time a dog stood me up. That's the word I used for guys who've stood me up in the past. Dogs. I think my granny said it once, that most men (even grandpop) are no better than dogs. I wondered how she'd react if I told her I'd been stood up by a real dog.

On reflection, it was odd that, if Lancelot failed to appear, I would feel the same kind of disappointment I always felt when I'm stood up on a 'normal' date.

But why, I thought, would I make a comparison like that? I wasn't waiting for a 'date'. What I was doing was strictly business. Wasn't it? It wasn't Lancelot I wanted, it was the \$6500 reward I'd get for returning him that I desired.

"I mean," I rationalized. "What would I do with a dog at home?"

Thinking about that made me think about last night, and what I saw and read online ... and what I almost did while doing it.

The second my toes started tingling, I tried clearing my thoughts and concentrated, instead, on the music playing in my head.

I figured that if Lancelot didn't appear, by the time the last song on 'Abbey Road' played, I'd just shrug and go home. What else was I going to do?

So, as I breathed in the fresh air while listening to the soothing sounds of the Fab Four, I started dozing off.

I must have napped under the tree for two hours, at the very least. Honestly. Because, all I remember next was hearing the voice of McCartney sing about yesterday ... while someone or something tugged on my left sock.

Slipping on my specs, my eyes opened to the sight of a large White Shepherd pulling my sock off with his teeth.

As the dog licked the tips of my bare toes, which started tingling again, I couldn't help but let out a giggle or two. When I did, the dog stopped and stared at me.

Without a doubt, it was him. The number on his tag confirmed it. Yet, even without a tag, I oddly felt that I'd recognize him anyway. His eyes, his stare, the sound of his heavy breathing, and even his musky smell seemed so unmistakable. Felt just like yesterday.

As I pulled my earphones off, he started backing away.

"Lancelot!"

He stopped moving, and cocked his head slightly. As he stared at me, I somehow sensed that he was perplexed. Was he surprised that I knew his name?

"Lancelot," I repeated. "Don't you want the other one?"

As if to assure him, and help him understand me, I bent and pulled back my left leg, and lifted up the other one.

"C'mon, Lance," I said as I twisted and flexed my sock-clad foot in the air. "It's okay."

With slow hesitant steps, he moved forward, until his nose touched my foot. Sniffing my toes, he licked the tips until the blue fabric that covered them was damp.

Somehow, without biting me at all, he got his teeth through the big toe of my sock, and tugged.

Honestly, the care and skill this animal used to remove my sock really impressed me. Did someone train him to do this? Mr. Hopkins, maybe?

I wriggled all five of my bare tingly toes in the air, as Lance started lapping my naked sole. Needless to say, I giggled uncontrollably, like a five-year old.

I didn't mind. I was happy he found me, again. At least here's one dog in the world who didn't stand me up.

And it felt good. Honestly, I really liked the feel of this dog's warm scratchy wet tongue on my bare sole. Yes, I took guilty pleasure at the way he used his tongue on my foot. And, yes, I wondered how his tongue would feel on other parts of me.

When I lowered my leg, he just kept licking away. Slowly, I stretched out my other leg, so he'd have two feet to lick. Sure enough, he went for 'em both.

To tell the truth, I wasn't letting him lick my feet just for the fun of it. I was hoping the sound of my giggling would cover up the sound my backpack made as I unzipped it. I was using my feet to distract him while my hand fished through my backpack for the leash.

But, the second my fingers touched the leash, Lance stopped licking.

Again, he just stood and stared at me, with my hand stuck inside my bag. Was he reading my mind? Did he suspect my ulterior motives? Could his sense of smell tell him what I was reaching for?

When he started backing away, again, I let go of the leash and carefully reached for that specially prepared 'secret weapon' of mine.

"Look, Lance," I said with a smile, as I pulled out my 'secret weapon'. "Ball?"

With careful hesitation, Lance moved slowly toward the object I was holding up. It was a ball, a crude one the size of a softball that I made at home that morning. At the core of the ball were those wet panties I wore last night, which I wrapped up with several hundred rubber-bands, and stuffed inside a dirty old sock of mine.

I hoped it would attract his attention. And it did.

As he came forward, and started sniffing the ball in my hand, I used my other hand to slowly reach for his neck. Yes, I was planning to grab hold of his collar and hold him still while I got the leash out. But, I just stroked his neck, instead. Even through the thick warm fur of his white coat, I could feel the strong shape of Lance's neck muscles as he breathed.

As he kept sniffing the ball, I continued to stroke Lance's coat. Gently, I ran my hand across his narrow forehead, and over his firm pointed ears. I looked into his dark almond eyes, and held the ball to his nose, as I slowly rose to my feet.

I knew, at that moment, that if I wanted him to trust me, a leap of faith was necessary.

"Here, boy," I said as I pulled away the ball, and threw it. "Fetch!"

In the blink of an eye, Lance turned on his heels and took off after it. I tossed it out just far enough to see where it would land, and to watch him run and get it.

"Here, Lance," I shouted as I squatted down on my toes and clapped my hands when I saw Lance reach the spot where the ball landed. "Bring it here, boy!"

Sure enough. He trotted gracefully back towards me, with the ball in his jaws, as I stepped out of the

shade into the bright sunlight.

“Good dog,” I told him as I rubbed and petted his head and neck. “Good boy, Lance.”

Pulling the ball out of his mouth, I tossed it further out, this time.

And away he went, like white lightning, after it.

He moved, at great speed, with a strong but steady gait that I found exhilarating to watch. He reached the area where the ball was about to land, mere seconds before it landed.

When he picked it up, I didn’t even have to call to him, as I watched him trot back towards me with the steady grace of a well-lubricated machine.

Well, not quite like a machine, perhaps. No. I wouldn’t call him that. Lance wasn’t an emotionless object. He was a handsome, beautiful dog, and I began to understand why his owner would miss him.

When he dropped the ball at my feet, he licked my fingers as I picked it up.

With the ball in my hand, I started walking. Lance followed as I walked at a quicker pace. When he started barking, I started running.

I couldn’t outrun him, and I wasn’t planning to, either. I was having too much wicked fun running barefoot in the park, teasing Lance, and making him want to catch me. The adrenaline rush I got as Lance chased me was making me feel high as a kite.

Then, turning on my heel, I threw the ball. Lance turned, ran, and, with an amazing leap, caught the ball midair in his mouth.

“Good boy, Lance!”

As he trotted back towards me, with pride in every step he took, I sensed that I had won his trust.

So then, I tossed the ball towards the shady tree I was under. As I watched him go after it, I knew it was time to fill his stomach and win his heart.

By the time I reached the tree, Lance was already there. With the ball in his jaws, and his bushy tail sweeping back and forth, he was sitting next to my bag.

“Good boy,” I told him as I pulled the ball out of his mouth. “You hungry?”

His response, I guess, was to start sniffing my Reeboks. I didn’t want him to eat those. But, it did keep him momentarily occupied while I knelt on the grass, and pulled a plastic square container out of the bag. It was still warm.

“Here, Lance,” I announced as I pulled the cover off the container. “Come and get it.”

As I had hoped, once Lance’s nose caught a whiff of the hamburger meal I’d made earlier that morning, the strong scent led his sniffing snout directly toward the open food container.

After a few hesitant sniffs, he dug right in.

Perhaps, while he was busy eating, I should have taken the opportunity to get the leash out. Instead,

I pulled out the water bowl, along with a water bottle. Poor Lance must have been really starving before I arrived, cause he took only two minutes to finish off his meal.

Taking a quick swig of water from the bottle, some of it slipped out of my mouth and dripped off my chin. Lance, licking his chops, moved towards me and started licking my chin.

"Hey," I said as his long tongue lapped at my chin and neck. "Lance. Your water's over there."

Turning his attention to the bowl I was pointing to, Lance got busy lapping up the water. As he quenched his thirst, I rubbed my chin and neck, still slick with the dog's saliva. It had a strong musky odor, like the rest of his body. I wasn't bothered that he licked me. I was a little concerned about him getting too affectionate with me. After all, we were in a public place.

Still, I needed to get the leash on Lance, now. I needed to do it quick while he was distracted. And, that's when I got the idea.

With my butt on the grass, and my back against the tree, I stretched my bare legs out and pointed my toes toward Lance.

"Oh Lance... ," I called, using a sing-songy voice, as I pointed toward and poured some water over my dirty bare feet. "More water?"

He got the message, all right.

As Lance put his tongue to work, I gripped the grass, and couldn't stop myself from giggling. The feel of his long scratchy wet tongue moving across my naked soles was sending serious sparks throughout my entire body.

I tried to get a hold of myself, but it wasn't easy. The way Lance used his tongue on my feet felt INCREDIBLE! He was leaving no spot untouched, as I flexed my arches and clenched my toes. He seemed to be using his tongue to trace and explore every wrinkle and crease on my soles. I had to resist the urge, not to pull my feet away, but to tear my shirt off. He was making me SO DAMN HOT!

Despite the growing intensity of it all, I didn't lose my head. I reached into the bag, while unclenching my toes and wiggling them. Somehow, Lance worked the tip of his relentless tongue between my toes. It felt amazing, as he ran the whole length of it in-between them.

When my hand found the leash, I lowered both my legs. As Lance kept on licking away, my other hand reached out for the collar round his white neck. He was too busy licking my feet to notice me attaching the leash to his collar. At last! I GOT HIM!

I allowed him to continue licking my soles and toes for a few minutes longer, before I decided that enough was enough.

"Stop," I announced, as I withdrew both my feet, bent my legs and turned to sit on my side. "That's enough, Lance."

Raising his head, Lance looked at me. With his mouth open, his tongue hanging out and dripping with dog-drool, his breathing was heavy and rapid.

And that's when I noticed it.

It was poking out of the white sheath above his balls and beneath his belly. The small pink glistening

tip was visible.

I had aroused him. No doubt about it. And I wondered, for a moment, if he could sense that he aroused me, too. Could a male dog tell the difference between a canine bitch and a human one, if they were both in heat? And if so, which one would he choose to mate with?

I just shrugged, figuring the point was moot, anyway. With Lance on my leash, I no longer had any reason to stay in the park. I needed to take Lance home, and make an important phone call.

"So, Lance," I said while gently taking hold of his fuzzy face with both hands, and looking deep into his dark eyes. "Wanna come home with me?"

He lightly licked the tip of my nose.

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"Hello. You've reached the answering machine of Curt and Carol Hopkins. Please leave your name, number and reason for calling after the beep. Thank you ... BEEEEEP!"

"Ahem. Mister or Mrs. Hopkins? This is Annie Blake. I think I've found your dog."

As I sat by my desk, repeating each number of my phone number slowly, Lance was sitting sprawled on the couch, chewing up one of my Reeboks. I didn't mind. Thanks to him, I figured, I would soon have enough to buy two new pairs, anyway.

Hanging up the receiver, I leaned back and sighed. That was that, I thought. Hopefully, one of the Hopkins would call me back soon, and give me their address. Still, even if they called back within the next five minutes, it was probably too late in the evening to get together. At best, we'd have to arrange an early morning meeting. Hopefully before 11 AM, tomorrow, cause I had a job to do, as a ticket cashier at a local movie theater.

I didn't get home until 7 PM. Even though I left the park at 3 PM, I spent the next four hours walking through the city with Lance in tow. Why did I do that, when the walking time between the park and my apartment was only thirty minutes?

Maybe, it was because I liked walking with Lancelot. Perhaps, I just enjoyed pretending he was my dog, at the moment, and lost track of time.

Or, maybe I was trying to tire out Lance so he would go to sleep as soon as we got home. I didn't want him to keep trying to lick my feet, and become a pest. Or, perhaps I didn't want him to have enough energy to get another erection in my presence.

Also, I thought a long walk would tire me out, too. And I'd be so exhausted, my body would stop tingling.

But, alas, my feet weren't tired. They were still tingling.

No matter, I shrugged.

There was nothing left for me to do, except shower and go to bed while Lance snoozed on the couch.

But, I figured I could stay up for one more hour, just in case they called.

So, until 9 PM, I decided to check my e-mail account and surf the web for a while.

Once my browser loaded, and the Google home page appeared, I couldn't help but think of the site I visited last night. The one with the info on dog mating, and the doggy cock pics.

My rational mind started nagging me to resist the urge to search for that site. It wanted me to switch off the computer, take my shower, and get some sleep already.

But the rest of my body seemed determined to ignore my rational mind, as my fingers typed the word 'DOGSEX' in Google's search box and clicked on the search button before I was aware of what I doing.

Within a second, I was looking over a whole bunch of bestiality links. Several sites claiming to having pics and videos of human beings (women, men and even transsexuals) having all sorts of sex with dogs, horses, snakes and even dolphins!

"What the heck am I thinking?" I thought. "This is so SICK."

Honestly, 'sick' was the first word that came to mind when I first became aware of the concept of bestiality, during my high school years. It sounded gross and highly unethical. Just a bunch of sick people with sick fantasies using helpless animals for their sick desires. Even worse, these sick people making sick bestiality porn videos to be bought by other sick people. The whole thing made me feel so ... sick.

Yet, I must admit, my feelings of revulsion came mostly from the idea of it. I'd never knowingly met or knew anybody who had sex with an animal. I had never seen any bestiality pics before, and had no desire or intention to start.

At least, that's what my so-called 'rational mind' was insisting as my fingers took hold of the mouse, with the rational intention to switch everything off.

Instead, my growing curiosity overruled my 'rational mind' as I clicked on a link that caught my eye and piqued my growing interest.

It was a large and well-designed message board for, and probably run by, 'devoted zoophiles', with supposedly over 50,000 members (male and female) from all over the world.

As I looked over all the special forum sections (introductions, How-To guides, photo galleries, movie clips, artwork, stories, chat room, guys and horses, gals and dogs, ect... ), I couldn't help but wonder if anybody I knew, at college or work, was a member.

Yes, I was acting against my better judgment and being crazy, as my rational mind kept telling me. But, my curiosity and increasing fascination had bypassed my mind as I clicked on the join button and quickly signed up for a free membership. I choose 'ShyBitch' as my new user name.

I wasn't planning to post or chat. I kept telling myself I was only trying to satisfy my idle curiosity before going to bed.

Going to the advanced search page, I used certain keywords to refine and limit my search results to show only the boards female members in my home state.

One second after I clicked the 'search' button, the first page of a four-page member list appeared.

Honestly, I was surprised to discover that so many ladies in my area were 'devoted zoophiles'.

The member's user names were alphabetically listed. I thought most of them were a little silly. AKnottyLady, AuntyFlo, BadBetty, Bone4Eboni, IDoDoggys, KnotMoi, k9duz69, LuvMyDog, PeggyPuppyPetter, and several more. Still, I couldn't quibble, since 'ShyBitch' was the best one I could come up with.

After clicking on KnotMoi's name, her profile page appeared, along with a color photo of a German Shepherd sitting in front of a naked girl, with the dog's large head cleverly blocking out the girl's face. Makes sense. In this day and age, nobody can afford to be too careful. Imagine being recognized by a co-worker, spouse, relative or anyone stumbling on this site.

Under the KnotMoi's photo was her body stats, and a few words about herself.

"26y/o BiFemme who digs other BiFemmes, and canine cock! Nuff said! NO MEN! Will only chat/PM with other ladies (Mastiff owners especially welcome!)."

I just couldn't figure how or why any kind of woman, of sound mind, would choose to have and enjoy sex with a dog. Yet, I must admit, I was getting a very perverse thrill at trying to imagine it. By principal, I still found the idea sick. But, I really wanted to understand why seemingly intelligent women would want to engage in this sort of taboo behavior?

Checking out AuntyFlo's profile, I was shocked by her profile photo. It wasn't the sight of her large naked DD-cup boobs that shocked me, it was her face. I mean, she actually posted a full face pic!

"She's pretty brave," I figured. "Or, pretty crazy."

I did find her face pretty ... attractive.

She had such a nice smile, and her beautiful sparkling light-green eyes gave me sparks. Aside from her large bared bosom, she looked surprisingly normal. Wholesome, almost. She reminded me of a friendly lady neighbor who baby-sat me when I was six, especially with her shoulder-length dark-brown hair.

According to her profile info, AuntyFlo was a 5'7", 43y/o single female. A jogger, an ex-actress, an ex-waitress, and the proud owner of all-natural 30G-25-35 measurements, and a 2y/o male Great Dane.

"On the outside, I'm like any other average suburban next-door neighbor. On the inside, I'm just a good ole' fashioned country gal at heart ... and a shameless dog-slut to boot! I bet my upbringing's got something to do with it, with me being a farmer's daughter and all."

This farmer's daughter certainly enjoyed being naked. Her pics in the gallery section displayed her natural charms in a variety of poses. She possessed a voluptuous body that any girl half her age would envy. I mean, compared to my own 35C-24-36 measurements, I couldn't help but hope that I'd look as great as her when I hit forty.

AuntyFlo's naked body didn't just arouse my envy. My clit tingled at the sight of her boobs and ass. As I tried to imagine what her voice sounded like, my hand had somehow found its way in-between my legs. I rubbed my palm against my crotch, and felt the warm damp spot on my blue jean shorts.

And then, I viewed a pic of AuntyFlo on her hands and knees, her face toward the camera, with her large Dane on top of her! I was honestly shocked. She had a grimaced smile on her pretty next-door neighbor face, as the Dane did her doggy-style.



The next pic was a bit blurry, but it was very obvious what was going on. AuntyFlo was 'tied' to her Great Dane, butt to butt. The pic reminded me of that dog-mating diagram I saw earlier, except, in this pic, the bitch this dog was tied to was human. If what I saw was for real, then it was a sure bet that AuntyFlo's womb was being filled to capacity by a major discharge of canine sperm, freshly squeezed from that Dane's big doggy dick. The very thought of dog fluids shooting inside a female human body made my blood rush, my clit tingle, and my cunt fluids run like a river. The crotch of my shorts felt heavier with the increase of dampness.

"My god," I thought as I checked out the following pic. "She's insane!"

The following pic was even more shocking and perverse. AuntyFlo had half of that Dane's cock in her mouth! It was so gross and wild. Compared to the German Shepherd, this Dane's knot was the size of a softball! How on Earth did that dog manage to get that whole thing inside her? Perhaps it swelled up after entry, I thought. It was almost too much for me to take in. This lady, with her pretty next-door neighbor face, was sucking a king-sized dog's dick with noticeable gusto, while doggy jism leaked out of the corners of her mouth and dripped off her chin. I was feeling sick ... with envy.

Okay. Enough was enough, I decided. I really needed to stop this. So, I decided to stop ... as soon as I finished checking out some of the other profiles.

But first, I stood up, pulled down, and kicked off my denim shorts. They were feeling too tight and made my crotch feel too constricted and uncomfortable.

The next profile I checked out belonged to SissySam. Perhaps the 'Sam' meant 'Samantha'. Her profile info was a short sentence.

"A most persistent sinner am I."

She only had one post, in the 'How-To' section. MALE K9s & FEMALE HUMANS - A Sex Guide by SissySam.

"If one must choose between death or depravity, choose depravity. A living sinner can always live to repent."

A rather odd way, I thought, to begin a How-To bestiality guide.

Aside from the strange opening sentence. It was a fairly straight forward guide.

"Canine semen is much thinner than human semen. In a tall glass, it resembles watery skim milk. It has a rusty and acidic taste. Not too unpleasant, really."

As I read this, I felt my nipples stiffen up. My hand, almost on its own, slipped between my tingling thighs.

"Always handle a dog's penis with the uttermost care and caution. It is a very sensitive organ. If you fellate it, always make sure your teeth never scraps the skin. Your dog will always appreciate such consideration."

Of course, reading all these juicy technical details and descriptions was making my own juices flow even more than before.

"Do not feel shameful at baring your body in front of him. He will not judge you. Let your body language tell him you want him inside you. Don't be too subtle, either."

"Remember. Lower back down. Hips up. Upper-legs and knees spread apart wide. Cunt visible and accessible. And, throw him a glance to give him a clue. A smile, perhaps?"

"Always have your guide hand ready and available to help him, even after he's inside you."

My pulse quickened, as I slipped a finger inside my cunt while my thumb tip circled the hood of my itchy clit.

"Yes, it hurts. Especially the first time. Just grin and endure the pain. In time, one gets used to it. The truly faithful always look forward to it."

"If you want him deeper inside, pull both his back legs forward gently but firmly. And remember your rhythm - move yourself INTO his thrusts, not away from them."

By now, my fingers were slick with the warm fluids that flowed from my itchy cunt. I couldn't stop picking at my throbbing clit, either. I rubbed my bare soles together to stop their persistent tingling, but it only intensified the sensation.

"When you feel the knot swell and expand within you, tighten your cunt! Use your muscles. The truly committed will always want it inside for as long as possible."

Deciding I had gone as far as I was gonna go with this, I turned off my computer, stood up and pulled off my shirt as I quickly headed for the bathroom within my bedroom.

Stepping into the shower, I turned the knob and stood as the shower head nozzle above sprayed icy cold water full blast all over me, just like it did last night.

Except, it wasn't working this time.

In fact, it seemed to make things worse. My whole body kept tingling like mad. The icy water couldn't extinguish the hot fever growing within my body.

After standing beneath the cold shower for ten minutes, I turned off the water. It couldn't turn me off. I was still horny as heck, every part of my body was still tingling all over, and my clit still itched like crazy.

I was becoming painfully aware of quite a few things. One, the persistent idea of me having sex with a dog wasn't making me sick. Quite the opposite, in fact. Two, I had forgotten to remove my glasses before taking the shower.

Stepping out of the shower, my naked body all wet and glistening, I opened the bathroom door.

And there was Lance, sitting and waiting.

His piercing eyes stared up at me. His mouth was open, and his long tongue was hanging out. His bushy white tail moved back and forth, brushing the carpet. And, that shiny pink tip was emerging from the sheath above his balls.

I sensed he was still hungry.

Nobody had to tell him he was mistaking me for a bitch in heat, because it was no mistake. That's what I definitely was, at the moment. He knew it, and so did I.

"Stay, Lance," I said with a weak and shaky voice, as I slowly closed the door. "Just stay put, okay?"

"I'm not crazy," I kept thinking as I looked deep into the dark brown eyes of the face within the mirror staring back at me. "I'm not a zoophile ... am I?"

If someone had asked me if I ever wanted to have sex with a dog, before I met Lancelot, my answer would have been an absolute NO!

And now?

I couldn't deny how Lancelot was making me feel. I was turned on, and in major heat. My body craved release.

Perhaps, if I just stayed in the bathroom, masturbated and, after a few good orgasms, cooled down, I could get a steady grip on myself.

But then I thought, what about Lance?

He was horny, too.

What could I do about it? He wasn't my dog, or my problem. Why should I worry about what he feels? I only cared about the \$6500 reward I'd get after I returned him to Mr. Hopkins. Right?

And yet, I couldn't help but wonder if Lance had ever had sex at all? Had he ever experienced an orgasm, before?

Did Mr. Hopkins even let Lance have sex?

I then reflected on the ironic fact that, if I wasn't a zoophile, I was in a situation that many female zoophiles would envy.

I also realized that, even if I didn't go through with it, know one would ever know, anyway. Lance would NEVER TELL A SOUL. Not even his owner.

Suddenly, the written words of SissySam started echoing within my mind.

"If you feel compelled to share your body with him, you must do so with a clear mind. A clear conscience isn't necessary. Guilt is natural. If you look deep within your soul, and feel that the guilt you'll suffer after the act is but a small price to pay for the sheer ecstasy of experiencing the act, than proceed."

Those words seemed to ease the feelings of guilt I was struggling with. I wasn't alone.

"Should I, could I do it?" I asked my reflection. "And will he really want me to?"

"Be honest, with yourself and him. He is not a disposable object. He has feelings and a heart, and can suffer emotional pain, too. Because you are human, he will only submit to his natural urges and enter you only if he believes doing so will please you. If you sense, beyond any doubt, that a dog is your key to happiness, only you possess the power and will to open your door for him. The choice, if it is one, is yours. Decide."

Within a rapid heartbeat, I decided.

I opened the door.

Lance was still there. Sitting, staring, panting, and waiting.

"Stay," I said softly as I stood naked in the doorway. "Stay, Lance."

Lance just stayed put as I slowly raised my hands to my exposed breasts, and started fondling both of them.

Breathing faster, Lance tilted his head slightly as he observed me. I sensed he was confused, and curious about what I was doing in front of him.

I started breathing faster myself, as I kept stroking the soft warm flesh of my firm round tits, and lightly pinched my erect nipples.

Then, as one hand kept playing with my breasts, I slowly slid the other hand down my flat tummy, and past my neatly trimmed pubic bush until my sweaty palm reached the warm and moistened lips of my itchy pussy.

As I did all this in front of Lance, our eyes were locked tight on each other.

Slipping a finger into my juicy cunt, I let out a low moan. A strong tingling surge went up and down my spine, as I rubbed my stiff clit with the tip of my thumb.

By now, an inch of Lance's shiny pink cock was poking out of his white sheath. Also, it seemed like the sounds of our rapid breathing were in synch with each other.

Weird as it was, masturbating naked in front of a dog felt so ... so right. Perhaps, the whole forbidden concept of what I was about to do had probably clouded my better judgment. Yet, those feelings of guilt I had before opening the bathroom door seemed non-existent, now. All I was aware of, as I fingered my cunt in front of Lance, were the sounds of our heavy breathing, the strong musky odors floating between us, and the increasing desire to ... to get closer.

When I noticed that Lance's cock had risen by another inch, I exhaled, and slowly strolled toward my bed.

We never took our eyes off each other, and I never stopped fingering my cunt.

Once I sat down, I shifted my butt to the center of the bed, and leaned all the way back till I was laying flat across the mattress. My bare feet were sticking out, extended over the edge of the mattress.

"Here, Lance," I said, as I slipped another finger into my cunt, and flexed my feet to give him a hint. "Here, boy."

The second I felt that dog's familiar scratchy wet tongue move across my soles, I knew he took the hint.

The whole bedroom suddenly became an echo chamber, filled with the high-pitched sounds of my own laughter. I couldn't help it, and didn't want to, as Lance's quick lapping tongue swiped across the sensitive flesh of my insteps and rolled along the surface of my flexing arches.

Closing both eyes, I just stayed flat on my back, as the delicious sensations I was experiencing overtook my senses completely. As one of my hands played with both my breasts, I kept jabbing my fingers deeper into my wet cunt, while I teased my poor clit by circling it with my thumb tip.

I tried to keep myself flat, but my body wouldn't cooperate. Every muscle in my body was tensing up

and contracting involuntarily. Every erogenous zone I possessed was being stimulated like crazy.

Lance's tongue wasn't leaving any area on my feet unlicked. My ankles, heels, and the soft pads of my toes were getting very wet with canine saliva.

Between my fits of uncontrollable laughter, and the increasingly electric sensations of nirvana that were building up from the tip of my itchy clit and spreading slowly but surely throughout the rest of me, my mind and body was totally overwhelmed.

As I gasped for air in-between hiccuping giggles, I felt my cunt contract and tighten around my fingers. I was vaguely aware that my hips were convulsing, causing my butt to bounce on the mattress. My whole nervous system tingled, as I felt my entire body overtaken by violent spasms.

Needless to say (and I'll say it anyway), I was cumming.

I tried to let out a scream, but the only voice I heard was Lance's. He was barking.

Two minutes after my orgasm, I opened my eyes. My vision was very blurry, so I removed my specs and tossed them aside.

When I sat up, Lance let out another bark. Perhaps he thought I was having a heart attack, or something. Hoped I didn't scare him, or cause him to worry about me.

"It's okay, Lance. I'm okay," I assured him as I moved myself forward across the bed, and reached out toward him. "You're okay, too."

He was panting hard and fast, as my hands stroked and petted his neck and forehead. His pointy pink cock was now about three inches long, with clear fluid dribbling out of the tip.

I knew what he wanted, and needed. Release and relief. But first, I wanted to feel his tongue on me again.

"You thirsty?" I asked him. I didn't think he understood my words. So, I moved my butt to the edge of the bed, opened my thighs, and spread apart the moist lips of my pink cunt. "Here, Lance. Come and get it."

Approaching with careful tentative steps, Lance sniffed at the musky fragrance coming from my open loins. I shivered, as the tip of his cold nose touched the tip of my tingling clit. The feel of his warm breath on my open cunt was soon followed by the feel of his scratchy tongue lapping the inner lips of my labia.

"Oh god," was my initial reaction to that long warm canine tongue lapping the lips of my exposed cunt. "My gwaaad, it's incredible."

I suppose I was behaving rather selfishly. Putting my own pleasure ahead of his. I felt a touch of guilt at teasing him and making him wait. But, I think he understood, on some level, that I wasn't going to keep him waiting that much longer.

Of course, he licked my cunt with all the sloppy grace one would expect from a dog, and I was enjoying every sloppy second of it. I even loved the sound his tongue made when it slid across the flesh of my inner lips.

Taking hold of him by his collar, I pulled his head as close in as I could get it between my legs. As his

nose kept brushing up against my throbbing clit, his long flexible tongue lapped deeper into me. Was he as intoxicated by the taste of my natural juices as I was by the awesome sensation of his rapid licking? Honestly, at that point, he was welcome to shove his whole snout up my cunt, if he wanted to!

I was so getting so fucking worked up, I almost forgot that the hand squeezing and pinching my breasts was my own.

I didn't care anymore if what I was doing was sick, unethical and perverted. I didn't care anymore about the fact that I was human and he wasn't. And I knew that Lance didn't either. He was an animal acting on basic primal lust ... as was I.

"Oh yes, yes, yes" I think I was saying as I felt my body trembling of its own volition. I couldn't hear what my rational mind was saying, anymore. There's nothing rational about sexual lust, and certainly not the lust in my heart. All I could comprehend was the incredible electric surge I felt spreading throughout every cell in my body, as my hips spasmed causing my butt to rise off the bed. "Yes! Oh gwaaddammm! Yes! YEESSSSS!"

Seconds after my second orgasm of the evening, my head was dizzy, and my brain felt as fuzzy as a peach. Yet my eyesight was perfectly clear. Was my newfound 20/20 vision the direct result of my extreme state of sexual arousal? Honestly, I didn't really care too much about it at the time.

I saw Lance barking up at me, but I couldn't hear him! I couldn't hear a sound! It took a few minutes before my hearing returned to normal.

"Easy, boy," I heard myself say to Lance. He stopped barking, and used his front legs to climb up onto the mattress. "I'm alright. I'm okay. We both are."

As I gently took hold of his face, he started licking away at my nipples, and the droplets of sweat running down the crevice between my breasts.

Pulling Lance's head up to mine, I wrapped his front legs over my shoulders. As he dug his paws into my back, pulling me nose to nose with him, he started licking my face. I smiled as he licked away at my forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin. When his tongue brushed across my lips, I licked them myself, before poking out my own tongue.

My hands stroked Lance's strong back, as the wet tips of our tongues touched and started to dance.

I hugged his body closer to mine, and felt it's rapid pulse. Even our heartbeats seemed to be perfectly synchronized.

My hand moved across Lance's back, and began to wander over the rest of his body. My palm gently exploring the strong contours of his muscles. And, before I knew it, I was touching his stiffening cock. It felt slick and very hot. Pre-cum oozed between my fingers.

I didn't have to decide, anymore. The choice, if there was one, had been made.

"You ready, Lance?" I asked as I held his head and looked deep into his dark eyes. "Cause, I am."

After I said that, Lance slipped his legs off my shoulders and slowly backed away from me. His tail wagging. His wonderful long tongue hanging out as he panted. We didn't need words to understand each other.

Carefully sliding my ass off the bed and onto the carpet, I turned and repositioned myself till I was on all fours, my knees and elbows supporting me.

I was beyond positive I got the position right. Lower back down. Bare ass way up. Upper-legs and knees spread apart wide as possible. And my juicy cunt visible and very accessible.

"Here, Lance," I said as I further coaxed him by wiggling my ass a bit and throwing him the best come-hither glance I could toss him. "

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"Here, Lance," I said as I further coaxed him by wiggling my ass a bit and throwing him the best come-hither glance I could toss him. "Come and get it."

Honestly, I was a bit scared. But my fear only increased my heightened sense of arousal, along with the intense anticipation I was savoring as I waited for Lance to make his first move.

I bit down on my lower lip when he bumped his cool sniffing nose up against my anus. His heavy breath felt nice and warm on my vulnerable cunt.

But the wet tongue that started licking my exposed labia lips felt even nicer.

As he moved his probing tongue up my cunt and tender perineum, and zeroed on my puckering asshole, I let out a sigh. His oral attentions soothed my nerves, and made me briefly forget about the growing aches in my joints.

And then, all of a sudden, I felt Lance's chest and the full weight of his 96 pound body pressing on my back.

There was no turning back now, as I felt his breath on my neck, his forelegs tighten around my slim waist, and something very stiff and wet repeatedly poking my left buttock.

He was struggling to enter me. As I arched my back as much as I could without breaking it, I reached back under myself and took hold of the canine phallus and guided it toward my vaginal opening.

Then, without warning, Lance lunged his hips and started humping away.

After my heart skipped a beat, I felt Lance's cock enter me. It felt like someone had slipped a very large hot thumb up my snatch.

"Oh shit," were the words that flashed through my mind as it realized I was being fucked by a dog -

for real. "He's inside, my God! Inside me, ohmagwadohmagwadohmaghad!"

Lance's paws scratched my sides, as he quickly thrust his doggy cock vigorously in and out of my cunt. It was amazing. The speed and pace of his relentless thrusts were beyond human. No doubt, the mutual wetness of our sex parts made it easier for both of us.

The mere feel of that doggy cock moving inside me was driving me out of my mind. It seemed to be growing longer. I could feel it expanding and stretching against the inner walls of my cunt. The friction alone was creating a strong burning sensation building up from within the pit of my being.

As the tempo of Lance's jack-rabbit thrusts increased, the swelling base of his cock bumped the outer lips of my labia. The knot was growing fast, and Lance was frantic to get it inside me. So, I moved my knees as far apart as I could get them, and I started to rock my hips rhythmically into Lance's thrusts.

Then, with one powerful thrust, Lance pushed his entire knot into me. I think I shrieked when I felt it pop inside.

It felt like someone had just shoved a whole fist up my snatch. I heard Lance growling over my shoulder. I think he was nearing the edge of his orgasm. His thrusts were still vigorous, but his movements were more limited with his knot embedding within me. I heard and felt his balls slapping about as his hips bounced on my butt, trying to drive his doggy cock as deeply into me as he could.

If Lance was getting closer to orgasm, so was I. Honestly, I was on the euphoric edge of delicious delirium. That swelling knot was still growing. The inner walls of my poor cunt were getting painfully stretched to the limit. The growing doggy knot within me was pushing the rest of Lance's cock deeper. The tip was prodding the entrance of my cervix. The pain and pleasure of that canine cock moving inside me was setting off all my hormones. The combined adrenaline and endorphin rush was making me dizzy. I thought I was gonna pass out at any minute.

Then, Lance barked and suddenly stopped moving. That's when I felt it. Lance's knot pulsed and his cock twitched, and I had the amazing sensation of hot liquid being ejaculated directly into my womb. Yes, Lance was cumming, and cumming inside me!

I grabbed hold of Lance's hind legs and held them still. I was afraid he was gonna try and pull himself out of me. I didn't want that, yet. I wanted his knot to stay inside me for as long as possible.

I gritted my teeth as I tried to tighten my ass, and constrict my cunt muscles so Lance couldn't pull his knot out of me. My orgasm sent electrical currents across my nervous system, causing me to shudder and spasm uncontrollably.

Honestly, my whole body was floating on a cloud of blissful nirvana, as I felt my womb being flooded and filled to capacity by those shooting jets of fresh canine seed.

Lance was exhausted, as he panted heavily. I felt his drool trickle down my shoulder. Honestly, I was drooling myself, at that point.

As the two of us remained 'tied', locked together by our overworked sex organs, I lost all sense of time. I can't tell you how many minutes passed after our mutual orgasms. Maybe fifteen to twenty-five minutes, at the most. We both just stayed connected, stuck in our positions, as Lance's cock kept on shooting its juice within me.

While I waited for the knot to shrink, I started to reflect on what I had done and was still doing. If



Lance were human, I thought, I'd be pregnant. But he's not human, he's a dog. And I got very disturbed by the fact that I wasn't sickened or disgusted by what we were doing. No. Honestly, I LOVED IT!!!

I then started thinking about the major differences between sex with a human male, and sex with a canine male. Lance wasn't asking for a cigarette, or making excuses about having to leave. That's when I started seriously pondering the possibilities of keeping Lance ... here with me.

Suddenly, my deep thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of ringing. My phone, on the small table by my bed, was ringing.

At first, I figured my answering machine would take care of it. But, after the phone rang for the fourth time, I soon remembered I had switched the machine off after I got home.

"Dammit," I thought, as I wondered if it was something urgent. "Hope it's not Mom."

Perhaps it was an odd thing to do, at the moment, but I started crawling, slowly and carefully, on my hands and knees toward the table with the ringing phone. Yes, Lance was still resting on my back, panting and drooling. We were still tightly 'knotted' together.

It wasn't too difficult. I crawled just a couple of feet, till I was able to reach for the cord hanging over the table. But, when my hand reached the cord, Lance started to shift himself. I winced, as I felt Lance's knot twist and turn within me as Lance's leg moved across my back. Until we were butt-to-butt, still 'tied' together. The pain made my body spasm, as I pulled the ringing phone off the table and onto the carpet.

"Yes?", I said as soon as I picked up the receiver, trying to sound as nonchalant as possible. "Hello?"

"Hello. Is this Annie Blake?"

"Speaking. And you are?"

"Oh. Hello, Miss Blake. This is Curt Hopkins," responded the male voice. Good grief! It was Lance's owner. I was overwhelmed with embarrassment. I was talking to the owner of the dog who's knot was deeply embedded inside my cunt, at the moment. "I'm glad you picked up. Was startin' to think you weren't at home."

"Oh no. I was just - just busy. So, what do you want?"

"Eh, I just got home and got your message ... about Lancelot."

"Oh. Yeah. THAT message. Ha-ha. I totally forgot. Sorry."

"Understood. So, you've got him with you?"

"Uh, well," I stammered as Lance started to pull himself away, with his knot still stuck in me. "Uhhhn, ah, no!"

"No?"

"Yeah. AAAHH! Sorry."

"Are you okay?"

"Oh yeah. I've just got serious cramps from – from some bad shrimp I ate."

"Oh. Sorry to hear that."

"That's okay," I said, as Lance started growling a bit. "My stomach's killing me, that's all."

"Yeah. Uh, did I just hear a dog growl?"

"What? Oh! Oh, yeah. You did."

"Was that Lancelot?"

"Uhhhhh ... no. Sorry, Mr. Hopkins. I meant to call you back sooner, but I got so tied-up with ... things."

"Well, your message said that you had him."

"Yeah, yeah. I know. That was before I put my specs on."

"I'm sorry?"

"Yes. You see. I'm sorry, but I got the wrong dog."

"The wrong dog?"

"Yes. My bad, I'm afraid. You see, when I was in the park today, I didn't have my glasses with me. So, it wasn't until I got home and got my glasses on that I discovered I'd brought the wrong dog home."

"It's not a White Shepherd?"

"Well, she's a White Shepherd. Yes."

"She?"

"Yes. I know. Like I said. I only noticed when I got my specs back on."

"What about the license?"

"Huh?"

"The license. You said in your message that it had the same license number as Lancelot."

"Oh, yeah. It thought she did, until I got her home. I must have called you before I got my specs on. The number was 69031, right?"

"That's right."

"Well, it turns out the dog I got had the numbers 68021."

"Really. That's pretty odd."

"Yeah. I know. I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Hopkins. I guess the minute I saw the dog in the park, I just couldn't think straight. Sorry if I let you down."

"Eh, that's alright. Everyone makes mistakes, once in a while. Mine was probably buying that dog in the first place."

"Wh-why do you say that?"

"I dunno. Getting the dog wasn't even my idea. My wife wanted it. I'm more of a cat person, personally."

"Really," I said, as I felt Lance pulling away again, trying to free his knot from my vaginal grip. "She must be rather attached to him."

"Over-attached, if you ask me. She indulged him way too much. He was always going around sniffing and chewing on her shoes and socks, all the time. Frankly, I think he was a bit of nuisance. Ya'know, one time, he snuck into the bedroom and licked her toes while ... eh. Well, nevermind."

"Sounds like a rather - aahhh - affectionate dog."

"That was part of the problem."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I was planning to have him neutered. In fact, me and Carol were arguing about it just the day before he suddenly took off."

"Oh," I responded, trying not to sound appalled at the idea, which I was. "I see - uhhhhnn."

"You alright?"

"Sure," I answered through clenched teeth as I felt my cunt lips being stretched painfully wide while Lance kept struggling to get his knot out of me. Rivulets of fluid leaked down my inner thighs, and beads of sweat ran down my forehead, as I felt Lance's knot starting to come out. "Never better."

"Listen, I'm sorry if you've been put to so much trouble over nothing. Maybe, if you're free tomorrow, we could get together and I could find some way to make it up to you."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hopkins. That won't be possible - uhhhhnn - I-I'm gonna be busy for the next couple of days. My boyfriend is moving in ... ahh-AHHRGH!"

I winced, and Lance barked as he his knot was pulled from my cunt with a rather noisy flesh-sucking 'pop'. I felt like a champagne bottle that's just had its cork yanked out, as Lance's semen gushed from my cunt, spilling out onto the carpet. I collapsed onto my sides. I was so worn out.

After a few minutes, I regained control of most of my senses. I was still holding the receiver, but I had pulled the cord loose from the phone.

My labia lips felt puffy and sore, but Lance was licking away at them. It felt so soothing. How sweet of him, I thought. No human male would think of doing that.

Carefully, I turned and noticed Lance's cock was still erect. It was so red, and swollen, and shiny, and long. It was just like that internet picture, only better because it was the real thing hanging before my eyes.

Slowly, I positioned my head beneath Lance, until my face was directly under his cock's pointy tip. It was still squirting quite a bit. Some droplets hit my chin as I opened my mouth and caught some

spermy droplets on my tongue.

The taste was odd, to say the least. Rather like salt water with a coppery aftertaste. But, not too unpleseant or unpaletable for me to swallow. Honestly, it was no worse than the cough syrup my Mom used to give me.

Lance whined a bit as the tip of my tongue tickled and teased the tip of his cock. Taking hold of the base under his fat knot, I started sucking that squirting dog cock of Lance's. I was very careful while doing it, and made sure my teeth never touched the sensitive surface as I bobbed my head up-and-down slowly onto every inch of his wonderful member. I savored the feel of his fleshy phallus on my lips, and the bitter flavor of his pungent semen as some of it leaked out the corner of my mouth.

With my other hand, I stroked Lance's warm white coat, as I continued to fellate his cock. He moaned as he layed down on his side. He started licking his balls, as I kept sucking his cock.

Then, after swallowing quite a bit of Lance's bodily fluids, I took hold of his head and kissed him. Our tongues dueled for a bit, before I pulled back and looked into his dark piercing eyes.

"Lance. Would you like to stay with me?"

He licked the tears on my cheeks.

I took that for a 'yes', and I hugged him close to me.

And as Lance and I resumed our kissing, I couldn't help but wonder if I had now become the very type of 'pervert' my Mom warned me about. She always said that such people would end up in Hell.

Honestly, what could I do, except shrug and think, "What the Hell?"

The End