

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Jill was a pretty schoolteacher in her thirties, to say she was 'highly sexed' is understatement, she adored sex.

Jill and I lived in a remote cottage in a lovely but quiet rural village. The down side of this was that there were no 'links' to the city, rail or otherwise, the long journey to town was a bind. We both worked doubly hard during the week, equally shattered with all the hours of commuting and work. The result was that we were practically zombies on weekdays. The good side was that on weekends we both soon learned to totally relax and really enjoy our down time together in our beautiful Mooreland surroundings, forgetting the whole world outside us for two whole days.

We had a good life and as Jill was unable to have children our joint earnings gave us ample money to enjoy it. We didn't really get out much anywhere to spend it though, apart from our weekend visits to our local pub restaurants.

We did live for our weekends however. That's when we let our hair down and both became alcohol 'relaxed'. Most Saturday nights ended with sexy sessions in our living room, usually after a good day out and quite a lot of alcohol. Jill would invariably be feeling more than a little 'frisky' on these boozy weekends. Both of us liked a drink, perhaps health wise a little too much but as we had no commitments or need to drive a car all weekend we also took long healthy country walks together. After them we usually called in at our village pub to meet up with friends, clearly this fuelled our alcohol intake. Then, if we were enjoying a meal at home later this was usually washed down by a good French red wine too once we had ambled back home to finally sit down and eat it. When we'd finished that and gone through into our lounge it was inevitably also Gin and Tonic or cocktail time in front of the TV too, these drinks usually liberally dispensed by Jill, she was a 'generous' cocktail waiter to say the least

Obviously by ten pm we were usually the worse for wear, quite uninhibited, Jill usually more so than I was. If bored it was just like she had suddenly thrown a switch and suddenly morphed into my very own weekend 'nymphomaniac.' Not that I ever complained about this in the least, the 'News at Ten' is always boring, a tipsy Jill never was.

If I was watching something like football on TV she would suddenly go into her 'tease' mode. I'd glance up from the screen and Jill would be laid back in her chair, smiling over at me. One hand would be out of sight in the front of her waistband, visibly busy down there. She would then huskily whisper something totally outrageous, for instance,

"Are you going to come over here and help me to have a decent orgasm, or just watch that stupid TV set all night?"

She already knew the answer! The TV would be off like a shot, even a porn CD put on the player instead. As I then moved across beside her the jeans and knickers would be off and tossed back over her shoulder. Jill knew full well I adored watching her play with herself. She would part her legs wide and often take something from beside her on the table to push into her opened up cunt too, like a tonic or coke bottle, even the thick glass tumbler she had been drinking her Gin from. Jill loved us both 'talking fantasy' too as we played our sexy games, stretching her pussy wide.

We often watched porn CD's together, masturbating ourselves or each other. The idea was to see how long we could 'make it last' before I came in her, which usually ended our game. Jill made me keep stopping, but when I did stop she often didn't, unlike me she had this ability to come, but then

just carry on and eventually come again. If I knew I only needed to slow down, Jill would laugh and sing, 'Relax don't do it,' like that 'Frankie goes to Hollywood' song. She was an expert at prolonging our sexy games, until she'd had enough foreplay herself and nearly 'got there.'

It was during one of our prolonged sex 'sessions' while I was 'relaxing' having one of my short 'interludes' that Jill first whispered to me a strange 'truth or promise' dare.

"I know," she asked. "Shall we admit truthfully what really does turn us on when we masturbate all on our own?" I laughed and then agreed but insisted she had to be the first one to 'tell' me, as this was her idea, not mine.

After some coaxing Jill huskily admitted to regular Lesbian fantasies. She admitted that years ago she'd had some lesbian experiences with two of her friends. It had been back in her mid teens, usually on sleepovers at each others houses. All the three teenage girls had naively experimented with playing with each others breasts, then vaginas. The older girl in the trio had evidently talked the other two into both stroking her body at once and pushing a thick hairbrush handle up into her vagina. She had eventually coaxed Jill to squeeze and suck her breasts too while they both took turns to 'fuck' her rapidly with the brush. Jill admitted that even to this day when she ever plays with herself on her own she still recalls how erotic it was watching the face of that older girl panting away as she shuddered with that wooden hairbrush handle pushed inside her. Jill said she often fantasised about it, masturbating as she still vividly remembers her friends face when they kept sliding it into her really fast. She whispered that her friend had kept on pushing back hard onto the thick wooden handle as it slid out of sight into her vagina while she rubbed her own clitoris. She didn't ever let them stop doing it until she had started shuddering and finally come.

Jill went on to admit to me that she often wished she'd not been quite so frightened to let them do it to her in turn. Evidently she'd panicked and stopped them from pushing it up inside her own cunt like the other two had allowed, probably because she was still a virgin and frightened that it would hurt if got pushed up inside her. They had both still shown Jill how to masturbate however, how to uncover the hood of her own clitoris as they did it for her. Both girls had pushed their fingers up into her cunt too as they'd gently stroked her clitoris. Although Jill said they hadn't used the brush handle dildo on her personally it clearly excited her just telling me all about all this young lesbian play. For instance she added to her 'confession' that afterwards, when alone she'd constantly wished she'd let them both fuck her own cunt with the brush too. Jill said she'd never told anyone except me about this before.

By now Jill had been playing with herself hard as she whispered to me in even more detail about all this sexy teenage play that these young friends taught each other on sleepovers. Evidently they used to lie naked on top of each other, grinding their Vulva's together while pretending it was some pin up boy pop star of their choice fucking them. Jill had admitted coyly that even now she still often vividly remembers all these first experiences of the three of them kissing and fondling each other if ever she played solo.

But then it was my turn. Jill huskily coaxed me to tell the same. The bet was to relate some memory that still turned me on if I ever masturbated on my own. To admit something personal no one else knew about? I thought about it first, then made Jill swear never to repeat it to anyone else if I did so. She willingly agreed, by now quite intrigued.

I'd then related to her in strictest confidence that some years ago my ex-wife Rose had regularly enjoyed letting our pet Collie dog lick her cunt while she rubbed her clitoris. I went on to add that she had done it lots of times, over the last five years of the six we'd been married. On numerous occasions I'd excitedly watched as Kim licked Rose's pussy for five minutes or more until she started

coming. That was my cue to pull the dog out of the way to fuck her hard. I admitted to Jill that I'd found this sight incredibly exciting, watching Rosie doing that with our dog, not least because Kim licking her invariably ended up with Rose having an intense orgasm. It was this sight that I'd found such a real turn on, seeing Rosie climax so hard and being sexually wild, not with another man, but with a dog of all things.

I went on to admit to Jill that if I masturbated solo now I often got really excited over the thought that even a dog licking a woman's cunt could make her come, that sometimes I still even watched it now on two porn DVD's I'd got hold of years ago when I was over in Hamburg.

Jill looked well shocked initially, but didn't say much really, so we changed the subject that night. We made love but she didn't go in for any more kinky talk before we went off to sleep. Next day at breakfast however she did still slyly manage to steer me into a few curiously pointed questions about me having Porn DVD's in my collection that which she hadn't been invited to see yet? I embarrassingly dodged the question and changed the subject so Jill shut up.

Not satisfied with letting, 'Sleeping dogs lie' Jill still brought it all up about my ex wife and Kim again, only a few days later. I was more than a bit embarrassed, not least because Jill and I were both still on quite reasonable social terms with my ex Rose and her new husband Tim. Fairly often we would bump into them both at family funerals, weddings etc. I now felt totally guilty I'd ever told Jill about it at all in the first place.

This was a firm promise I'd once made to Rose about our old marriage secrets that I was now breaching, like a bad, 'kiss and tell' situation. I asked Jill to drop it, saying that I was far from happy about telling her any more about all that now I was sober but she promised faithfully to keep quiet and swore to keep Rose's secret. I reluctantly but eventually agreed. Jill then started to ask me some curiously excited and pointed questions about it all.

"How it had started, had I coaxed Rose into doing it?" Eventually I told Jill the full truth. That no, I hadn't coxed her.

I'd come home earlier one evening after telling my wife I probably wouldn't be back home till after midnight due to a promotional sales function at work. It wound up early but although it was only ten o'clock the house was locked up and darkened. I'd just let myself in very quietly thinking Rosie was now up in bed. I'd walked in the darkened living room to find her laid back with her eyes closed. Rose was in her dressing gown but it was wide open, she'd had her legs apart and our dog Kim was stood in between them, licking enthusiastically at my wife's naked pussy.

"Bloody Hell, what did you do, what did Rose say?" Jill wanted to know. "I bet she was mortified at being caught."

"Well she jumped up but although I'd had a shock I was still bloody aroused. I just told Rosie truthfully that I'd never seen anything so erotic in my life, I pleaded with her to sit back down, to just carry on letting our Kim lick her cunt."

"And did she?" Jill had prompted me, eager for all the details, "Carry on letting your dog go down on her I mean?"

I told Jill yes, that Rose had, and the scene had really excited me. I also told Jill that later on my wife had admitted to me that she'd been letting Kim lick her pussy for a few months now when I was out. I'd realised as she'd told me I'd remembered our dog often licking innocently at her toes when she kicked off her shoes to relax and watch TV. Back then Rose had just remarked to me that it felt nice and really relaxing if she let Kim lick away at her tired feet.

Evidently this innocent foot licking had gone further, leading to Cunnylingus. Rose admitted it had all happened one evening when I'd been working late in sales promotions, as I did back then. She had fallen asleep watching TV on the couch in just her dressing gown, naked underneath it but for her nightdress, as she often was late in the evenings.

As usual the dog had been licking away at Rose's bare toes as she nodded off. Her excuse it happened had been that she'd woken up in the middle of a strange sexy dream to find that her dressing gown had fallen apart and Kim now had his head right up under the hem of her short nightdress. The dog had been licking away so gently at her naked vagina that it hadn't even woken her up properly.

Being half asleep and feeling so nice she'd realised she must have just involuntary parted her legs to allow him to get access into her vagina easier, as by now she was open, wet and quite turned on. When she had woken up fully Rose swore she'd tried to push him off and away at first but by now Kim's licking had turned her so much that she realised she didn't really want to stop him doing it now. She'd just relaxed and allowed the dog to keep on licking her. Rose had sheepishly confessed that the next morning she'd felt guilty and ashamed about what she'd done with Kim. She kept trying to forget it but couldn't block it out of her head the fact that however bad she felt over it later she had let a dog lick her vagina and she'd loved it. She'd enjoyed the oral sex as she invariably did, but this time from her dog.

Despite the guilt, whenever she even let the dog lick at her feet again it had still made her feel weirdly sexy by just knowing that Kim would happily forget her toes and lick cunt again too if only she had enough courage to just relax and let him. She said the dog kept on trying to get at her pussy now he knew she liked it, that she had to continually stop him trying to get at her. Eventually when I was out late another time Rosie had given in to her libido, instead of pushing Kim away she'd just allowed the dog get at her, licking her cunt hard again. After that second time Rose had admitted to me she'd let Kim lick her several times more if I'd been working late, perhaps half a dozen times until when she'd been horrified as I'd walked in and caught them. Rose had initially been frightened what I'd do if I found out what she'd been letting the dog do. She thought I'd be furious, possibly getting rid of Kim, who she loved dearly.

Jill seemed excitedly impressed at my explanation of all this, "Wow, doesn't sound like you were! Furious I mean."

I'd told Jill I wasn't furious and Rose had been hugely relieved about that. It was the reason she'd finally admitted to me the whole truth of how she started doing it. My wife had been guilty about me knowing but once she'd found out that it had excited me too and I wasn't upset about her letting Kim lick her she'd admitted the whole truth to me.

A few days later, when we had next talked about it again Rose had even shyly offered to do it again with our dog while I watched her if I ever wanted to see her being sexy with Kim again. She said she was happy to do it with him anytime, 'for me' knowing now that it had also turned me on too watching her enjoying him licking at her pussy.

"Oh wow. You said she did it regularly? So Rose did it again with you, after you'd first caught her out?" Jill had asked.

"Yes," I'd admitted, "Loads of times. In fact she did it all throughout our marriage after that, if I was there or not too I suspect, although she denied that. That's probably why we split up. I think that eventually Rose much preferred the dog making her come than me. I think her orgasms with Kim licking were genuine for her but with me a bit faked? Whatever it was still really erotic watching her

come as the dog licked her. I just think that the bloody dog ended up seeing more of her cunt than I did. For a start she was adamant that she kept Kim when we eventually did split up."

When Jill had looked shocked at my 'revelations' about Rose I'd told her, "Don't complain now Lady, it was you who asked me what my masturbation fantasy was before we met with all the dirty details. I've told you what it is now, just as you did first as I think I remember? I didn't get upset that you admitted being a latent teenage lesbian did I?"

As I said it Jill kept very quiet, but I still saw a thoughtful look come in her eye. She was never one to be outdone for sure, and especially not by any ex-wife of mine! Despite the look she just smiled then opted we forget all about it.

I didn't think she would forget, I wasn't wrong, it was quite soon as it happened, less than a month later. We didn't own a dog ourselves, as we both worked weekdays but occasional weekends we did look after a dog. Zak was a big black Labrador belonging to an office workmate. My mate Mick made frequent weekend visits over to France to see his two kids, as they now lived with his ex-wife in Normandy. Annette was French and when they'd split up she had returned to France with the kids but Mick was still on good terms with her. His wife had only left him because she was homesick for her big family back home. Mick now spent quite a lot of his weekends over in France with the three of them, he was secretly hoping for a reconciliation I think. This seemed to be on the cards but back then he wasn't able to take his dog Zak back and forth with him because of the strict dog quarantine regulations in place.

I had first started looking after Zak for Mick about a year ago. One Friday afternoon the kennels who regularly boarded him had phoned Mick at work. They'd said as they were closed to boarders due to Kennel cough they now couldn't take Zak in that evening. Mick had moaned he couldn't catch his night Ferry to France that night now, as he was stuck with his dog. I immediately offered to help him out and board Zak for him all that weekend instead. Mick gratefully accepted my offer of help. I'd picked Zak up after work and took him home. Jill had been surprised to see Zak in our car but was happy to have the dog stay the weekend with us. Jill got on great with him from the start. It wasn't very hard to do. Zak really was a lovely, friendly and obedient dog, so typical of the calm Labrador breed.

Anytime Zak ever stayed with us he was no bother at all. Jill and I both really enjoyed taking him for long country walks, ending up at our local village Pub as usual in the afternoons but with Zak in tow too now. As our Pub 'tap room' was dog friendly there were lots of couples who also brought their dogs in there. Zak made friends with all there, people and dogs alike. On Zak's first visit to us we'd been even more pleased when a grateful Mick picked Zak up later with a carrier bag full of duty free 'gifts' for us in his hand. Jill got an expensive perfume and the best Cognac in it for me. All because I'd insisted that we couldn't accept any payment for boarding Zak. It was like Christmas.

After a discussion saying he'd been no trouble at all it was Jill who volunteered that perhaps we could have Zak to stay weekends with us on a regular basis in return for such lovely duty free 'gifts' when Mick went over to France, especially as it would also save him those expensive kennel fees. Mick had accepted our offer gratefully and Zak had then stayed with us quite a few times over the next few months. He adapted to us well. He was such a calm and obedient dog, well trained, friendly and hardly any trouble at all. Jill and I always looked forward to having him. Zak usually got dropped off by Mick on the way to his Friday night Ferry, together with his basket, a bag of his food and another bag containing our couple of excellent bottles of Burgundy and French Cognac. Mick usually got back home late Sunday nights so to save him a long journey to us after his trip back so I started dropping Zak off on Monday mornings on my way to the office. I had to go that way anyway to drop Jill at her Primary School near town, it wasn't far from there to Mick's house where Zak lived. It was

a small house but Zak did have an open run in a good sized garden. Not as free as he was staying with us on his weekend Mooreland visits but quite adequate for a big dog.

Over the next year Zak's weekend visits had become a regular thing, perhaps once a month, each time Mick went over to see his family. Zak had boarded with us at least half a dozen times before that time I'd first admitted to Jill the drunken story about my ex-wife Rose's naughty habits with her own dog, Kim.

It goes without saying I had never remotely considered, even in fun suggesting that Jill should do anything sexy with Zak the dog. Previously I'd assumed she would have hit me with something solid if I had even dared to. She'd talked about lots of kinks but never anything quite as kinky as that. Before I'd stupidly confessed to her about Rose's naughty habits with Kim when we were drunk I hadn't previously thought I would ever dare mention it to her or anyone else. It's not something you actually brag about is it, your ex wife cuckolding you with a Collie dog?

I still wished I hadn't told Jill but it was too late now, she knew all about my ex's naughty secret, and the fact it had turned me on watching her do it. I wasn't sure now how it was going to turn out, quite definitely not as it did.

To get back to Jill's story it had now been three or four weeks since my sexy confessions about my ex-wife and quite unlike Jill she hadn't mentioned it again once since the week that I'd told her about Rose's secret with Kim. From this I just assumed she'd been a bit jealous that I'd been so sexy with my first wife. Happy with this I didn't mention it myself either. Unusually for us we hadn't needed to board Zak with us for over a month now as Mick hadn't been across to France lately. Rose, or her dog, or even just Zak hadn't come up during any conversations I'd had with Jill.

I was quite relieved. I just left things to quiet down and take their own course now. Even in my vivid imagination and way back then I doubt I could ever have invented in fiction what actually did happen between Zak and Jill.

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## **Chapter Two**

It had now been three or four weeks since my sexy confession to Jill about Rose's naughty habits with our dog and quite unlike Jill she hadn't mentioned my ex again since the end of the week I'd told her. From this I assumed she'd been a bit put out or jealous so I didn't mention it again myself either. We hadn't boarded Zak with us for over a month as Mick hadn't been over to France. 'Dogs' hadn't come up during any conversations at all I'd had with Jill.

When Mick asked me at work if I could take Zak again the following Friday I willingly agreed, but I never dreamed for one minute what would be take place between Zak and Jill that weekend. When the dog came with us on the Friday night Jill just treated him exactly as she always had done previously, giving him an affectionate cuddle as he greeted her warmly, she liked him a lot and visa versa. Jill fed him that evening and let him out for a good late run around the field at the back of our cottage before Zak settled down in his own basket in our kitchen. Jill had an early night too, tired out as usual after her long working day. No mention of sex, before or even after bedtime on that Friday night.

It was on the next night, the Saturday that it happened. I'd taken Zak down to the pub by myself that afternoon and given him a good run across the Mooreland on the way back. He was tired out after chasing about after the Rabbits who always vanished down a hole just as he got up close to them, after his meal he flopped down in his basket. When we went through to the lounge after tea Zak

followed us there. I noticed that Jill didn't tell him to go back and lie in his basket as she usually did, she often complained about Zak's dark hair getting on our light beige carpet. This time oddly she didn't. Also I noticed that when Zak went across to her chair and sat next to her Jill stroked his head and fussed him a lot, giving him quite a lot of attention, more than usual I thought.

We were idly watching something mindless on TV which wasn't that interesting and I noticed again that Jill was still fussing Zak's head and he was still sitting up, next to her chair. He loved being stroked and was lapping it up having his long ears teased and twirled. Jill was giving the dog more attention than the TV and eventually looked curiously over at me, a familiar mischievous teasing glint suddenly appearing in her eye.

Finally she came out with it, she asked outright if I thought our dog had to be 'trained' to go down on my ex-wife?

I answered no, laughing but I guessed by the way Jill had asked the question while one hand was pointedly fondling away at the dog's ears sitting next to her chair that she was either teasing me or something else was in the air. I was proved right, half an hour after we had finished off the bottle of the beautiful Claret Mick had left us Jill was now quite mellow. I got lots of further and even more curiously pointed sexy questions from her, clearly now tipsy.

"Do you suppose that Zak has ever fancied a human female too, I mean licking her, like your Rose's Collie Kim did?"

"Well a sexy Mademoiselle called Annette owned Zak before she left him with Mick," I laughed. "So who knows?"

"I wonder what he'd do if he ever saw a woman naked?" she teased, "Do you think he'd stare if he saw my pussy?"

I told her that an easy way to find out was to just take off her knickers and, 'Let the dog see the Rabbit.'

She laughed but I could see she was now clearly thinking about it. After another drink or two and a bit more 'sexy' talk Jill went off into our kitchen to open a second bottle of Claret. I wondered why she was taking so long when she reappeared with it, now a little unsteady on her feet. Amazingly she was also 'minus' her jeans and knickers. She had taken them off and left them in the kitchen. She still had her sweater on but was totally naked from the waist down. Calling Zak back over to her she put the bottle down and just flopped back on the couch, parting her knees wide and showing her now naked open pussy to the startled dog.

"Right Zak", she laughed, "Here you go, as recently requested by 'Pervo' there, here's a Rabbit for you to look at." Zak looked puzzled but curious he still came forward as beckoned. The dog cautiously edged his nose forward to then smell closely at her vagina, as most male dogs will do. To a male un-neutered dog any 'aroused' woman's hormonal scent is shouting signals to him that they feel sexy, so obviously he will investigate the source.

I was still stunned that Jill had suddenly set this scenario up on a whim, just from me telling her previously it had excited me watching my ex wife doing it but I was certainly not complaining now that she had. It only took a few minutes of Zak's enthusiastic licking at her spread pussy for Jill to be 'well into' needing more, as was I, now rock hard just watching her. Going across to her I selfishly pulled poor Zak out of the way from in between Jill's legs and took his place, thrust my cock up into Jill roughly, holding her legs up around my shoulders. The dog whined and was obviously excited, clearly knowing what we were doing. He kept pushing his nose between us as I fucked Jill hard and

fast, still trying to lick her cunt as I did. I was a bit 'quick,' watching her squirm I fucked her hard while Zak had licked any bits of either of us that he could reach. I was soon panting in long hard gasps as I shot my load hard up into her in minutes. I was rough but Jill loved it, she came noisily too as soon as I did, clawing at my back as we both came.

When I finally pulled back from her she kept her legs wide apart and just laid there dreamily as Zak happily 'cleaned' up her now sloppy pussy with his tongue now I had moved out of his way again. Jill was obviously well 'into' this dog kink now, shuddering away again as Zak licked hard at her open cunt. I thought she'd come again, perhaps she did, after laying there for another minute or so she shuddered and sat up, finally pushing Zak's head away from her cunt.

"Get off me, you randy reprobate I've had enough now, you're worse than my old man is, this Rabbit needs a rest."

When we did finally get to bed we made love again, she kept whispering to me if I'd liked seeing her with the dog? When I said it had driven me crackers she told me happily I didn't need to think about any ex's anymore, that it was 'quite sexy' doing that with Zak. Mostly because of how 'dirty' she'd felt doing it while I'd watched her.

"it can be your regular treat if you're really good" Jill had laughed," It felt weird but dead sexy, I liked it, honestly."

We didn't get chance for a repeat on Sunday as Mick came back on the early ferry that weekend and collected Zak Sunday teatime. Pity, I'd been hoping for a re-run of Saturday night on the next evening too, I know Jill would have happily done it again Sunday night if Zak had still been there because she said so in pillow talk that night as I fucked her, whispering how sexy it had been seeing her with Zak. Jill said that she'd have let him lick her cunt again that night too if Mick hadn't come for him ... She also promised to let Zak lick her again 'for me' the next time he came.

I didn't have long to wait, there was a good re-run just a few weeks later. That first licking for Jill soon led to further sex fun weekends with Zak about every three or four weeks or so. She was by now clearly enjoying these sexy dog sessions more and more each time we had Zak to stay with us. She started to 'help him' make her come with her own fingers too as he licked away at her, so by now she was having really strong self assisted orgasms as Zak got at her pussy. The dog too was clearly enjoying 'pleasing' this nice lady, it obviously excited Zak doing it, he sometimes had his red cock starting to poke out of his sack and then try to hump Jill's leg. Far from being put off by this, when I laughed and pointed out Zak's hardening cock to Jill she seemed fascinated that her body was so sexy it was even getting a dog horny. Oddly it seemed to turn her on more, knowing that licking at her parted cunt was exciting the dog so much that Zak even wanted to fuck her too now.

I suppose it was inevitable just what would eventually happen. Obvious from the way Zak was now sexually exciting Jill so much. She was now having big orgasms every time we let Zak join in our sex games and lick her pussy. All this would happen almost every time the dog stayed now, often both on Saturday and Sunday evenings. It clearly excited Jill playing these games with the dog as much as it did me watching her. Sometimes if we went to the pub in with Zak she was the one who usually suggested, 'Lets get off home, Zak is a bit bored in here now.' My Jill wanting to leave the pub early was something she rarely, if ever did on those weekends when we didn't have Zak staying over with us.

I would tease her in the pub when she said it, "Zak loves it when it's time for his walk home," I would announce to other friends as we drank up to leave, "He knows he'll probably be seeing a Rabbit again soon."

"Oh yes, I know" someone wife would pipe up," Our Dugal loves chasing after those Rabbits on that moor too, but he hasn't ever caught one yet, has Zak?"

"Oh yes, Zak gets hold of one regularly but he still hasn't manage to fuck one yet has he Jill?" I would joke. Not long after a remark like this I was usually dragged out by Jill before I could make up any more 'Rabbit' innuendos."

"Stop that", she would scold me as we walked home. "You know well what," she added, as I looked puzzled... "Getting near the mark about Zak, someone will guess exactly what you mean one of these days, I certainly did."

"Did you mean what you joked about anyway?" Jill had added as we got nearer home. When I asked what she meant by that she went on... "You said 'YET'. Zak hadn't fucked a rabbit YET. So did your sexy Rosie do that too with Kim?"

"It was a joke" I hastily reassured her, "Of course not. That's just the fantasy bit, I wouldn't expect you to do that."

But it's funny how things turn out...

A month or two down the line Jill unbelievably did go the whole hog. But amazingly it was at her own, not my idea.

Jill really was the one who first hinted to me that we should let Zak fuck her. She may have been quite tipsy but it really was Jill's initial suggestion not mine, in fact I was the one who actually tried to stop happening at first.

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Chapter Three

The next time Zak came over to stay the weekend with us the action then stepped up a notch. It had all started as usual. Jill and I had walked over the moor early with the dog on the Saturday and had quite a few extra drinks. Jill had been even more giddy than usual on the way back, talking 'dirty' to me as we walked home. It was obviously Jill was going to be well, 'up for it' when we got there and clearly looking forward to our usual threesome with Zak judging by what she was whispering to me.

"I suppose you two dirty dogs will both want to get some hungry wet pussy when we get back?" She whispered huskily, looking around us furtively before rubbing her hand at her crotch and laughing. "You and Zak can both fight over this one when we get back home, its first come first served today."

That Saturday we had started at the pub early, hence Jill being quite spaced at 5pm. Once we did get home we just warmed a quick pizza from the freezer and I opened some red wine to go with it. Most unlike her Jill then decided she would prefer brandy instead of red wine with her meal and poured herself out a huge measure of my French Cognac topped up with vintage port. She was clearly well sloshed after she drank it, not in just her normal 'jolly' state after drinking lagers or red wine.

When we went through to the living room Jill put on her favourite music and got up dancing sexily to it on her own. She burst out laughing when Zak got excited and started to prance about all around her. "What's wrong Zak boy? Am I getting you too sexy? Do you want to lick at Mummy's 'Rabbit' already?" She was teasing him but Zak by now knew full well what her 'Rabbit' was. Jill was also teasing me too, as she knew exactly how much it also excited me watching as the dog licked her.

Jill had soon slipped out of her jeans and pants and fallen backwards into the couch with Zak now eagerly getting at her moist pussy, licking her hard. She was now sprawled back on our couch with her legs wide apart for him, stroking herself as he licked at her cunt while smiling across at me with a dreamy look on her face as I watched. By now I had my hard cock in my hand, masturbating too.

After a few minutes of Zak licking her she abruptly stopped playing with herself and whispered to me throatily that she wanted 'to see' if Zak could lick her better and get his tongue any, 'further inside' her pussy if she turned over and let him get at her cunt from the back?

She turned over onto the couch, knees on the floor and he did lick her, but now faced with what was to Zak a far more 'natural' view of a normal bitch on heat he licked at her cunt even more excitedly and started to buck his hips too, getting hard and horny. I hurriedly told Jill that Zak was getting just a bit over excited now, that perhaps she might be better turning back over and sitting up again.

Suddenly Zak had jumped up onto her back. I quickly pulled him back down and again warned Jill that the dog was trying his best to mount her now, but that only seemed to excite her even more. "Oh my God, look what I've done to him, he's got a hard on now hasn't he?" she panted, staring round at Zak's thin red cock which was by now poking well out from his furry sheath.

"I bet that's what you'd really like to see Zak do the most now, isn't it?" she croaked. "Fuck me?"

Stunned at what she was saying I think I just nodded dumbly back in reply but Jill was now in full swing, she went on, "Well if that's what you want see, lets get him up onto my back again, I'll let Zak try to get that little red cock under him inside me." As I hesitated she added huskily, "You better hurry up for God's sake, before I change my fucking mind about doing this."

I couldn't believe what Jill was saying, she was actually volunteering to let Zak fuck her. My ex wife Rose had always point blank refused to 'go any further' in our games than just letting our dog Kim lick her cunt. Jill knew that and was obviously playing some silly game of 'one up man-ship.' I wasn't sure if we should now be going this far, if only for Jill's sake, not least because she was half drunk.

"You don't have to do this Jill" I whispered. "It's been exciting enough just watching you let Zak lick your cunt all this year, I honestly don't need to see you fuck him now too."

"For God's sake just get him up on my back will you?" Jill hoarsely panted back. "That's why I turned over you idiot. I know fucking well you are dying to see me do this. You've been fantasising about it in bed with me for fucking months now so just help Zak get back up onto me again will you? Let's get it over with and both see what this randy fucking dog does to me?"

"Jesus look at his cock now," she panted, turning and pointing excitedly at Zak's dick humping away at fresh air. "I've given him a proper hard on, the poor bastard is as desperate to get his cock in me as you are. Just help him to do it," Jill hissed. "I mean it, I want to feel him get it into me properly not just touch at my cunt like he did when he jumped on me just now, go on, just help him to fuck me."

Half drunk on Brandy or not I could tell Jill was intensely excited now, obviously wanting to do this. "As long as you are really sure," I mumbled, thinking how crazy it was turning this fantasy to reality.

I was shaking in excitement over the fact that Jill was now more than willing to let Zak fuck her. I'd given her more than one chance to back out yet Jill was almost pleading with me to help him fuck her. I did, I encouraged the dog back up over her naked arse again. As soon he was up on her back his front paws grasped her tightly round her waist and he started thrusting away at her really fast but he was humping away at fresh air, he was struggling to actually get his cock up against her cunt.

"I can feel him jabbing it at my cunt but he can't get it in me, he keeps slipping back out," Jill panted.

I encouraged Jill to slide back just a bit and push her pussy back up against Zak's thrusting. She did so, suddenly yelping out a muffled, "Oww, ouch. My God, oh fuck yes, he's got it into me this time." After two or three deep gulps of breath she panted hoarsely that the dog was definitely fucking her cunt now, she could feel his hard cock spurting wet up inside her already and he was getting thicker.

I looked under him and I saw clearly Zak's thin red penis was certainly sliding well in and out of Jill's visibly widening vagina now, he must have been coming in her too, her cunt looked soaking wet. The dog was sliding his cock effortlessly up inside her cunt now but he still kept slipping back out and loosing her. I told Jill to push herself back hard at him and when she did so I held the dog fast against her to stop him coming out of her cunt. Despite my holding him hard against her arse he kept up his frantic thrusts for perhaps another two minutes but then he just sort of just collapsed motionless down over her back. I looked under him again and his red cock now seemed much, much more swollen than it had been before and it was well up inside her, almost out of sight. The dog was now wedged tight into Jill's cunt up to his balls. He just stayed stock still like that, motionless inside her for about ten minutes. Jill kept her head close to the floor and just moaned softly while she rocked herself really gently back on his cock, now enjoying this strange new taboo experience perhaps?

She whispered to me huskily that Zak's cock felt much bigger inside her cunt now and she could feel him twitching and spurting inside her, that it felt hot and seemed to be flooding out her insides. She just kept on rocking herself really gently on his swollen cock but then her rhythmic panting and slow thrusts against the dog's cock started to visibly quicken. I realised that although Zak may be still motionless on her back Jill had started to 'get there' and was fucking herself now, pushing back onto Zak's cock inside her. It was exactly like she often climaxed with me, just fucking herself back onto my own cock when fucked her on her knees if just stopped and went still she fucked herself on me.

I was right, Jill quickened her thrusts back against Zak's swollen cock until she was shuddering hard.

"Oh my God," she moaned, "The bastard is making me come now, I'm coming, God, I'm fucking coming." Jill almost shrieked as she climaxed wildly, moaning softly in time with each of her shuddering thrusts back onto the swollen cock of the dog still firmly stuck up deep inside her.

Jill came noisily and finally went limp, collapsing face down onto her arms under Zaks still drooling head panting above her. Jill was still panting too, taking in air in deep gulps. I was a little bit envious, I couldn't ever remember her ever coming this wild while banging herself back onto my own cock.

Zak did finally pull his cock from her cunt with a loud plop and get off her back a few minutes later. He just lay down, licking away at his still engorged cock. I noticed even now he was still continually ejaculating thin sperm in lots of short bursts, not just for a few ejaculations like a man comes.

Jill was now looking more than a little sheepish when she pulled her head back up from the floor off her folded arms to look over at me. She turned and sat up back on the couch, red faced. "Ok?" I asked but she just exhaled out a slow breath, nodding dumbly. She vainly tried to clean herself up with a tissue, with her legs held apart. Zak immediately got back up and tried to lick at her open vagina on view again but she quickly pushed him away, closing her knees.

"Whoa boy, that's more than enough for now." then adding, "Oh my God, just look at the size his thin

red cock has swollen up to now, no wonder that thing felt so bloody huge wedged inside me.”

It was too, it had slid up inside her initially the size of a small pointed carrot but when Zak slid back out of her it was more the size a big Banana, with a weird lump at the base, it looked like a small squash. As Jill sat back up again she involuntarily parted her legs open as she reached across for her drink on the side table. I looked and clearly saw that her stretched vagina was gaping apart and was leaking unbelievably, her belly, thighs and legs all looked soaking wet. Zak must have ejaculated inside her one hell of a lot. I told her she looked ‘well sloppy’ and Jill looked, realising she was now leaving a ‘dog come’ puddle all over our couch. Embarrassed she quickly closed her legs and went off upstairs to have a shower. I coaxed Zak back through to the Kitchen and he flopped into his basket, licking at his still shrinking red cock and looking quite pleased with himself.

Jill called down to me after her shower that she was knackered and now getting straight into bed. I realised that she was probably more than a little embarrassed now, not only at what she had done, but more at the way she’d obviously enjoyed it so much, she’d almost milked the dog’s cock dry pushing herself back on it once she’d started to come herself.

Later on in bed I was still horny over what I’d just witnessed her do with Zak but when I tried to fuck her myself she wouldn’t. She apologised but said she didn’t want to have sex now, saying that she just felt tired and was far too sore. ‘You randy bastard Zak,’ I thought, ‘You used my cunt ration too.’

She admitted next day she hadn’t been sore at all, just that she’d been too embarrassed to have sex with me that night because she knew well how much her vagina was still totally flooded out with Zak’s thin doggie sperm. She said later she had tried to douche herself clean twice in the shower but however much she’d tried to clean herself the dogs thin come had still carried on leaking back down from her Cervix for hours afterwards. So much so she’d had to wear a sanitary pad down her pants in bed. Just hearing her say she’d been flooded out with dog come turned me on, but I didn’t want to admit that to her, I realised Jill was now having misgivings. I didn’t want to make her any worse.

Jill had seemed really guilty about her first dog fuck in the sober light of dawn. As we dropped the dog home at Mick’s house early Monday morning she kept looking over at Zak on the back seat and repeating that she still couldn’t get her head around what she’d actually let Zak do to her!

By chance it was the last time we saw Zak for a while. Mick had his kids over here in the UK for their holidays and took two months off work so I didn’t see him at the office or need to board Zak for the whole of that summer. This meant Jill had a good couple of months to get over her regrets about what she’d done with the dog. As we didn’t board him again it was all sort of ‘forgotten’ for a while, not mentioned by either of us. I think Jill was probably thankful for this time to get her head around her guilt over it. Without Zak staying all summer life sort of normalised back, much as it had been.

Jill didn’t mention Zak, so considerately neither did I. For Jill’s sake I just let ‘sleeping dogs lie”.

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## **Chapter Four**

It was in the office after the summer holidays that Mick casually asked if Zak would be ok to stay over the following weekend as he was going over to Normandy again. Inwardly I shuddered. Outwardly I casually just agreed it was fine for Zak to stay again. I said we didn’t have any real plans for the weekend, so I it would probably be ok with Jill.

“Great, I know your Jill loves having him,” Mick had answered. “Zak loves coming over to stay at your place too now, have you seen the way the daft bastard goes crazy every time he sees her again

now he's got so used to you both?"

I countered that he was probably just missing Annette but Mick went on. "I don't really know about that to be quite honest, except perhaps when she first left. She couldn't take him over to France and Zak was used to being with her at home so he definitely moped for a while. He wouldn't even do as he was told unless I said it in French like the wife used to do. Mind you when Annette dropped the kids off with me for their summer break this year Zak didn't really seem to be all that bothered now. He obviously still remembers her but he didn't make nearly as much fuss of her as he does to your Jill now when I drop him off at your place, Zak just loves your missus."

How right you are I smiled inwardly, thinking it was a good job Zak couldn't tell Mick just why he was so fond of Jill? That he'd been licking her cunt inside out for six months now and he actually fucked her too the last time he stayed. Yes, Zak loved her all right. 'It's a bloody good job dogs can't talk,' I thought, 'Who knows, Zak might even, 'parler en francais' to my mate Mick that he'd fucked his Annette as well as blowing the whistle on my Jill now!

The dog had never ever given the game away, even slightly. Whenever Zak had stayed over with us he had always just acted perfectly normally around Jill. Provided she had her jeans on and fastened up then Zak never once put a 'nose' wrong around her. If she walked him out on a lead or at the pub he behaved perfectly normally. Zak had never given anyone the slightest clue that this nice prim and proper school teacher holding onto his lead was now regularly ripping her knickers off to get some hot cunnilingus from Zak every time she got tipsy and felt 'in the mood' on the regular weekends he stayed over with us.

Even at home Zak was fine, behaving perfectly normally around Jill. He was clearly very fond of her now but he didn't ever 'try it on' when she was fully dressed. He behaved innocently right up to the moment he saw Jill stand up and start to take off her jeans. Then Zak would get giddy, racing over to her, whining and eagerly pawing at her legs to 'hurry up'. The moment Jill started to unbuckle her belt he would whine, trying to pushing his nose right up into her crotch. The dog had also cleverly learned that this, 'rabbit' word said by either of us now usually meant Jill's vagina, not furry bunnies to chase on the Moor. Once Zak heard 'rabbit' then he would get really excited, prancing about.

As Zak never ever came upstairs where Jill changed her clothes or showered the dog had never seen Jill naked unless it had meant some sexy fun for him. He had correctly worked out that him seeing Jill start to take off her jeans in our living room invariably meant that she was about to spread her legs apart and invite him to lick her moist pussy.

It was quite comical watching a tipsy Jill balancing on one leg attempting to dodge Zak's eager attentions to get into her crotch while hopping around trying to step out from the jeans around her ankles. Zak would be almost knocking her over in his eagerness to get his nose to the damp front of her knickers. My wife was now getting more and more 'into' this kink every time the dog stayed with us. Zak was too but Jill had learned how to slow him down and make it last. She would close her knees together a little and hold his head away from her crotch now and again when he got too intense with his long tongue. Jill would then gently stroke herself instead until she was almost on the verge of coming, then, as she started to get there she would part her legs wide to let Zak get back into all her intimate folds and lips of her labia, almost shrieking as the dog's long tongue got well up inside her now spread apart cunt, actually lapping right up inside her as she shuddered and Zak almost invariably licked her into an obviously intense orgasm.

After seeing this erotic spectacle once or twice I'd eventually been quite happy to just watch them for a while and let Jill get herself off on Zak's supple tongue. As she finished and started coming back down again I would then join in and fuck Jill hard, usually firing off her enthusiasm all over

again. I'd noticed that Zak was getting repeatedly more excited each time this had happened, intently watching as my cock slid into her. He would push his nose between us to lick any part of us both that he could get his tongue at. Its little wonder Zak hadn't needed asking twice to fuck Jill when she'd gone down on her knees naked and offered to let him mount her back the last time he'd stayed with us.

The regular pussy licking Zak had been allowed over the last six months had now started the dog off to get sexually excited simply watching this new human 'bitch' start to strip off. It obviously signalled to Zak that Jill was about to let him lick her wet cunt soon. The dog knew for sure this human female was responding to him sexually, as this fact was obviously turning Zak on sexually too. His excitement had been plain to see, just by looking under him at his red pointed cock starting to poke out from its furry sack. Clearly Zak had been wanting his 'turn' to fuck my wife too ever since he'd been first invited to see the 'rabbit' and then lick her on a regular basis. Finally he'd got to fuck Jill too!

I wondered what Zak's attitude to Jill would be like when he came this time? This was his first visit to us since he had 'mated' with Jill all the way? Mick's dog would surely remember that he'd fucked my wife now, making Jill his own 'bitch' too? I felt sure Zak couldn't have forgotten that wild enthusiastic fuck Jill had given him? The dog had been panting and drooling over Jill's back for ages as he'd shot his load up inside her! He'd finally plopped his swollen cock back out of her wet cunt and dropped down off her back but this was only after he'd totally emptied his balls up inside her. He'd gone back to the kitchen and flopped down hard into his basket, looking knackered but satisfied with himself. If dogs could grin Zak would have worn a wide one as he'd gone into a contented sleep that night!

I strongly suspected that when Zak came over to us this first time since then he would remember well that he'd fucked Jill too now. I worried that the dog might be far more possessive with his new 'bitch' conquest. Even worse, now make it obvious in company that he wanted to fuck my wife again. I was worried Zak may start giving off tell tale signals now, either to Mick or perhaps to our other friends down at the local pub.

Despite my worried apprehension about this I still couldn't stop an erotic memory creeping back into my head. The one of my sexy wife over on her knees with Zak's cock wedged up deep inside her, moaning with excitement and pleasure as a dog totally flooded her cunt out with his watery come.

This remembered scenario kept taking me over. I honestly didn't know if I wanted it to happen again or not, this was all getting too heavy. I was frightened Jill had only gone this far for my gratification and would resent me for it later.

That said I was still shaking with anticipation that Zak was coming over, what Jill might still want to do with the dog? I hadn't told her yet. I wasn't even sure now about how she would take the news that Zak was now staying with us again. Jill might not have even wanted him in the house after last time, let alone play more kinky games with him?

I didn't mention to Jill that Zak was coming until the Thursday night, in bed. I snuggled up to her from the back and when I got a favourable response back I gently slipped my cock up into her cunt from the back as we lay on our sides.

"Guess who's coming to stay over tomorrow?" I whispered over her shoulder as I pushed my cock gently up into her. "You're other lover, that one with the harder cock than mine." I felt her stiffen then relax a little as I fucked her, then ask if Zak really was coming? I told he was, asking if she was going to let him lick her cunt again while I watched her?

"I don't know" she whispered, "I didn't mind that bit, it was nice but I'm scared to go all the way and let him fuck me again. It felt much too weird. I suppose I can let Zak lick me if you really want to see him do that to me again. I just don't want to go too far, that's all. What happened was a bit of a shock, I'm a bit ashamed now that I let him do it."

"But you liked it too, didn't you dirty bitch?" I panted, fucking her faster now. "That dog's hard cock was pounding away deep in your cunt and shooting his hot spunk inside your belly, you fucking loved Zak shagging you. Admit it."

Jill was just gasping hard, but not answering my questions. I speeded up 'doggy style' fuck action until eventually Jill was shuddering and shaking. I kept prompting her to admit that she'd loved the feel of Zak's cock fucking her cunt hard from back just the same way as I was now. Jill eventually came back with huskily whispered answers as she got more excited and nearer to coming. She always did, Jill loved talking dirty as she came, way out stuff like her being, 'a filthy slut who fucks with bottles'. Or more lately, thanks to Zak, 'a fucking dirty dog licked bitch' ... Nothing was out of bounds once Jill was being fucked. Dirty pillow talk was her regular 'come button.' Jill never wanted me to 'make love' to her, she just wanted fucking, hard and dirty. Knowing this is why I kept on prompting her about Zak's cock.

"Yes, yes," she sobbed, "Oh God yes, I couldn't stop myself responding once I felt the dogs cock slide up inside of me. It's not my fault. As soon as Zak got it right into my cunt he just went crazy, he was fucking me really fast."

"So you loved being fucked by a big dog then?" I prompted, now thrusting into her hard.

"Yes, I mean No, God I don't know," Jill panted back. "I got so excited at being fucked I just totally forgot it was Zak, you or whoever. It was obvious by its feel as he slid it into me that this was a warm male cock pushing up inside my cunt, not a cold vibrator. As soon as Zak started fucking me fast I do admit I totally lost it. Your own cock always feels so much different up inside me than any dildo, real, which is why its sexier being fucked by you properly than just us playing about with stuff. When I first felt Zak push his cock into me he felt real and hot inside me too, it felt much the same as being fucked by any man. I just forgot or cared who or even what it was spurting up hot inside me except I knew for certain this was a real cock and not a dildo. You already know how wild I go, I just love being fucked and loose it when I feel a cock throbbing away and shooting in my pussy, I can't help it, I start building up to a come too."

Just excitedly talking dirty about it again while I fucked her did much the same thing to Jill that she was vividly describing to me. She lost it and I soon had Jill shuddering and gasping for air as I finally shot my load inside her.

After we had both finished shuddering Jill turned back face to face and snuggled up as we both got our breath back.

"I did mean it you know, about not doing it again with Zak whatever I might have said to you when I was getting so excited just now. I really don't want to go all the way with a dog again. It feels so wrong after I calm back down, I feel too guilty. I still don't mind still talking about it in bed with you though, just as long as we don't actually do it again."

"What about just letting him lick your cunt instead then? I volunteered. "It's still fucking sexy watching you do that."

"I suppose so", she laughed. "If I'm in the mood I'll think about it, Zak hasn't seen me in ages, he might not want to."

'Good', I thought. Aloud I said, "Want to? What, after last time he came? I think at the very least Zak might want to still say hello to his Rabbit and give it a fond kiss. After all he fucked it senseless the last time he was over here."

I got a laugh and good natured slap for that remark, but quite a promising, "We'll see" before Jill drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter Five

The next day, on the Friday morning Jill was fairly quiet as she sat in the passenger seat on our morning commute into town. She did finally mention Zak, but only as we got into the outskirts of town and near to her school.

"Are you really bringing Zak back home with you tonight?" Jill asked quite casually, just as we neared her school staff car park and she had started getting her school things together.

"No" I smiled, "No, I'm not." I tried not to grin as I caught the clear look of disappointment on her face as I'd said it. 'A very naughty girl has just given herself away,' I thought, but then I quickly added,

"But Mick IS bringing him over later. He's taken the whole day off today to pack ready for France, so he said he'd bring Zak over about eight o'clock, on his way down for the late ferry.

"Oh, ok, that's fine then" Jill answered, pretending to be still casual yet now smiling again she gave me a quick peck on the cheek before getting out of the car.

As I left I waved to Jill and her Headmaster who had just parked up his car and was now walking into the school chatting away with her. 'I wonder what old Mr Watson would think if he knew what naughty thoughts had been flashing through his young primary class teacher's mind as we sat in our car just few minutes ago.' I mused? 'That she was now happily looking forward to a dog coming over to stay with us again this weekend, mainly because Zak might lick her cunt again, just like he'd done the last dozen times he came over to stay with her!'

My imagination then got even worse. 'What if that Headmaster had seen Jill down on her knees and squealing as that dog's thick cock shot his full load deep into her belly?' I thought as I arrived at the office. 'Would he even believe his own eyes?' I doubted it. When Jill had offered to fuck with the dog last time Zak came to stay I'd seen my wife clearly enjoying the fuck of her life as the dog had shot his load up her, and I'd hardly believed my own eyes myself!

When I'd got into work I could hardly keep my head clear now to do some work and stop myself wondering what this evening would bring. I knew Jill only too well, the fact Zak was coming tonight had clearly excited her. The thought of what Jill might well do this weekend with Zak just kept on flashing up into my mind all day. I could hardly get any proper work done. I even went for a long toilet break in the afternoon and 'took myself in hand' hoping that this would take my mind off Jill, get rid of the bulge in my trousers then let me get on with some work. It sort of half worked out but although calmer now I was still well excited about the weekend, wondering just how far my sexy wife would want to go with Zak this time, I could hardly wait to find out.

I picked Jill up around half past four, standing waiting for me in their car park. She climbed into the car, throwing her school working bag over into the back.

"Phew, I'm glad that bloody week is over," she sighed, flopping down into the seat. "I'm knackered. 'TGIF' as the old saying goes, it's most definitely a, 'Thank God it's Friday' for me this school week!"

"Not too knackered I hope," I teased, "I've been looking forward to this weekend. I've had to hide a hard on under my desk all day. I kept remembering before the summer, the last time Zak came."

"You're totally infatuated with all your memories about what that bloody dog has done to me," Jill laughed, then gave me a mock wink. "Perhaps you should have just gone and done what I did myself in the lunchtime break?"

"Which was?" I asked, well intrigued. "A cold shower?"

"You work it out." She laughed, then, after looking quickly around to make sure she couldn't be seen by any passing traffic or pedestrians now we were well out of town she slumped lower into the passenger seat and slid her hand up under her skirt to the top of her thigh. "It involved our locked staff room toilet door and a little busy finger therapy something like this," Jill whispered, moving her fingers about on her pussy under her skirt and shuddering hard.

"I tried that," I admitted, "I held out until 2'oclock but then I had to go out and get a quick wank. For Fuck's sake Jill," I added, as I glanced over and suddenly realised that she wasn't pretending, she actually WAS masturbating herself for real now with her head back, her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open. She wasn't kidding now.

"For Fuck's sake will you stop that Jill? I'm trying to drive us on narrow country roads here. You'll have us off this road into a ditch in a minute. Anyway, please slow down all the sexy stuff. If you hang on for a bit I have just the solution to your needs. I happen to have a friend with a long tongue coming over who'll happily do that for you."

Jill stopped playing and sat up, pretending to sulk. "Ok spoilsport. I'll wait then. Hey, I thought that Mick would be saving his long tongue for Annette in France tonight not wanting to lick my pussy with it, but hey ho, I'm up for it."

"Not Mick, but very close!" I laughed. "No, it's a big boy with a much longer tongue than Mick or I have."

"Oh I know all about that, yes, I can certainly confirm just how long Zak's tongue is," Jill teased back. "So shut up or talk about something else if you really DO want me to calm down, I'm a bit on heat as you might have noticed."

I took the hint and shut up. As we got nearer to home Jill asked, "Would you mind if I don't cook a meal tonight? Can't we just call in at the pub before we go home and grab something to eat in there?"

"Well we can," I said looking at my watch then taking the next turn off road leading down past the pub. "But their restaurant is always fully booked up at this time. It will have to be something off the pub menu in the bar."

"No problem, a bar snack will be fine." Jill said as we pulled up then walked into the pub bar entrance. "I think what I mainly need is some serious alcohol therapy. I've been covering an extra class of cherubs for our sickly Sahara Smith who's been absent all week, Jill said. "It's only to unwind and help relax my numb brain." She winked in fun.

"Not forgetting some relaxing orgasms later on perhaps?" I whispered, getting a slap as we walked up to the bar.

As usual there was quite a good crowd of our local friends drinking in there as on most early evenings. The main restaurant bar side of the pub didn't allow dogs in but the pub's plain 'public bar' had a stoned flag floor and it was very 'dog friendly.' The bar staff even put water bowls down for them so quite a few people we knew in there also took their dogs for a drink to the pub with them after a walking the Moors. Normally there were quite a few dogs in there and most of the regular customers there had met Zak because we had often taken him in with us after walking him over the Moor down to that pub.

The walk across the open Moorland near the pub was a wild doggie paradise, overrun with Rabbits. Any dogs let loose on there just went crazy, chasing them down their bolt holes every fifty yards. Most of the dogs you saw in the pub were all totally knackered after running about and would just flop down flat gratefully on the cool slab floor. Almost all dogs taken into that pub were well behaved and very social. The local pub joke was that it could get more like Crufts than a pub bar in there sometimes with over half a dozen dogs laid sleeping under the bench seating.

As usually there were quite a few Canine customers in tonight too. A really dopey Boxer dog we knew called 'Louis' recognised us well and bounded boisterously across to greet us both warmly. As I waited for our drinks being served Jill sat down with him and another, one of the quiet re-homed greyhounds also sidled over to greet her. He had a fancy coat on, despite it being quite a warm autumn night. He affectionately laid his head on Jill's knee for a 'fuss'. Most retired racing Greyhounds are quietly affectionate dogs, once given a proper new life. This retired racer, Jake' was really friendly with anyone who ever showed him any warmth at all. Jake's owner, an old chap sitting with his pint in the corner would just smile, letting his adored greyhound fuss you once he knew you were happy about it.

"I see you've pulled," I whispered in her ear as I sat down. "Poor old Zak will be furious when he smells daft Luis and that Greyhound's scent on you. He'll think you've been unfaithful to him."

I got an elbow in the ribs for my remark but she was smiling. A good sign I thought, especially as she almost threw her double Gin and tonic down before I was even half way down my pint. When she caught the barman's eye she signalled across to him she wanted another drink. A friend we knew sitting at the bar passed it across over to our table and Jill made a 'pen-signing' mime with her hands for the barman to add it to our tab. By the time our hot Cornish pasty and French fries had arrived at our table Jill was halfway down her third double Gin. I had hardly taken the froth off my second pint.

'Someone is going to be well 'giddy' tonight I thought. 'I hope she doesn't pass out when we get home before Zak and I both get our fair ration of her inebriated pussy.'

I needn't have worried as it turned out. Jill was starting to get a bit tipsy, really putting her heart into our 'early doors' drinking session. 'Some Dutch courage perhaps?' I started to wonder to myself.

"Can't we have a bottle of house red plonk with this food?" Jill asked pointedly. When I told her I didn't want to drink much more because I still had to drive our car home half a mile or so she pulled a face.

"Spoilsport, I'm not driving am I? And this alcohol relaxation therapy is coming on a treat, I'm giddy now."

"I know you are," I answered, "But Mick is coming in about an hour so finish off your pasty, I'll get you a glass of Fizz instead of a bottle of wine. We'll have to get home pretty soon and don't forget Mick will probably bring us a far better bottle of red with him than any they have in here."

"And as you reminded me earlier, a far bigger tongue with him than any they have in here," she whispered quite cheekily into my ear before getting up unsteadily and asking the barman for the large glass of Prosecco I'd promised.

On her way back she panicked me a little by stooping to pat Louis the Boxer dog's head again, now sat under the table of the couple who owned him, who we both knew well. Winking over at me first she asked them both if Louis was, 'Any good at catching rabbits?' Innocent enough to them and quite funny as our own private joke but normally it would just be me that 'cracked it' in public, not Jill, she was usually very careful, never making jokes about Zak, she just seemed out of control tonight, and acting quite strangely for Jill.

"Louis tries to all the time, he gets his head in the hole but hasn't caught one yet, has your Zak? The wife answered innocently. The couple with Louis had seen us both in there with Zak quite a lot previously, both dogs got on well.

"Oh yes, lots of times," Jill told them. "Zak often ends up with his head into the hole too but he usually comes up with a mouthful of fluff after it. Doesn't he Darling?" she said, turning to me and winking.

I mumbled something to her, trying to change the subject before Jill went too far, but to no avail.

"He's coming over to stay with us again tonight," she added, "I've no doubt he's get his jaws round a rabbit or two again this weekend, I'm sure Zak loves his Rabbiting, well at least he seems to do."

"So does our Louis," said Roger, the husband. "He even goes for the wife's pet rabbit." Before Jill could give any more innuendo answers I quickly grabbed hold of her arm and made the excuse to the couple that Jill had just reminded me that Zak would be arriving at home soon so we needed to get back pretty quickly to be there for him.

I drank my beer and as soon as Jill finished her Prosecco I steered her outside to the car. On the way home I realised that Jill really was worse for wear simply by the way she was now talking to me.

"I kept looking at them and thinking that they could tell," she confided in me, slurring her words a little more now. "It made me feel a bit confused to be honest, and strangely sexy."

"Tell what? Who could tell? You mean Roger and his missus?" I said, "I nearly pissed myself when he said Louis tried to get hold of her Rabbit too. If they got suspicious then it was all your fault. You almost gave the game away to them talking about Zak getting hold of your fluffy Rabbit or something."

"No I did not" she replied indignantly. "But no, I didn't mean Roger and Mavis anyway. I meant the two dogs in there. I know it sounds stupid but after that last time with Zak I just couldn't stop looking under them at their furry cocks, I couldn't help it, it kept on reminding me just what I'd let Zak do to me the last time he was here."

"Christ, you mean you even got sexy staring at the fucking dogs cocks in there? " I asked her incredulously.

"No, I didn't say that did I? Jill answered, laughing at me. "Lets face it, you'd have to be blind not to notice Louis's big balls swinging about, you can't exactly fucking miss the bollocks on a boxer dog can you?"

When I laughed and agreed she went on. "It was just making me feel a bit weird that I was looking

at their bollocks and it kept flashing back into my mind what I'd done with Zak. I just couldn't stop looking, wondering if their little furry cocks would swell right up big too, like Zaks cock did inside me that time," Jill stopped and started looking fairly serious not joking about it now so I prompted her further about what she had meant about, 'them knowing'?

"I just meant that it was confusing me because that Louis and Jake seemed to be fussing me far more than usual. I admit I've had a few drinks tonight but I couldn't stop glancing at their cocks to see if they were feeling horny and getting harder. I was getting a weird distinct feeling that they could know by telepathy or something and could tell somehow know I'd actually let Zak fuck me, that they might be feeling horny about it. To be honest it was freaking me out then because I kept shuddering about thinking they were now fancying me sexually, not being friendly." As I tried to interrupt she went on,

"Ok, yes, I'll admit I'm fucking weird saying that but that's how I felt in there. Let's face it, after you have kept on talking about what I'd done with Zak last night, and reminding me all about it today what do you expect? Do you wonder I feel strangely sexy around male dogs now? I've admitted to you in bed when I got excited and even in my own head now that I thoroughly enjoyed being well fucked by Zak, even if I did feel totally guilty afterwards?"

I wasn't really that sure what Jill was actually explaining to be honest, knowing she was a bit drunk and upset I took it to be that she was just be getting second thoughts and thinking that I was now expecting her to have sex with Zak again this weekend. I needed to reassure her that this wasn't the case. Yes, I had been excited watching her with the dog previously, but I still had to convince her that everything we did had now to be all her own idea not mine, just as it had before. I needed to convince Jill that I'd never wanted her do anything against her will and that I still didn't.

We pulled through our gates and stopped in our driveway, but as Jill started to get out of the car with the engine now switched off I pulled her back in and closed her door again to talk seriously now.

"Look Jill please listen and don't be upset about any of this, I honestly don't or never did want you to do anything with Zak that you didn't want to do or wasn't fully comfortable with doing. That still stands Jill, I'd never dream of making you do anything you didn't want to do or even asking you to try something like that again."

"You still don't get it do you?" she laughed ironically. "It's the total opposite to what you are bloody thinking. Yes, I got a bit upset, but it's not because I know what you would like to see me to do with Zak or that I don't want to do it. It's not about that at all, it's because I fucking well DO want to do it and it frightening now me that I do. I didn't even regret doing it now, it was sexy as fuck. I was guilty as hell about it but it still really turned me on in my head, it does now, just remembering how he felt squirting deep in me and what a dirty Bitch I was, literally."

Jill took a deep breath then went on, "During the summer I'd tried hard to get it out of my head altogether because I kept recalling it all and guilty about feeling sexy over what I'd done with the bloody dog. I even had sexy dreams about it at first and dreamt about dogs fucking me. I hated it when I woke up. I just wanted to forget about it all."

I tried to reassure Jill that we could still forget it. That a dream was just that, only a dream. I told her that while what we did had been sexy and fun it was all only that, a bit of sexy fun. I said she shouldn't get so upset and we could quite easily both just forget all about it. That I'd be quite happy never to mention it again if she didn't want me to.

"That's what I mean about you still not getting it," Jill answered. "It's certainly back into my head now. Surely you must have noticed that last night when you made love to me? We been talking about nothing else since last night when you told me Zak was coming and reminded me all about it. Why the hell do you think I went to the loo and masturbated at school this dinner time? I couldn't even think straight at school, knowing the bloody dog would be here again tonight and wondering just what the hell would be happening with him. That's probably why I was so stressed with the bloody kids, it wasn't their fault. My own mind has been miles away all day, in the clouds."

"Yes I'll admit I've got a bit pissed on purpose in the pub," Jill went on. "But it's only because I knew Zak would be here tonight and what I knew I'd probably be letting him do to me later on. I couldn't stop myself looking at the dogs in there because the more I drank the more I stared at their cocks and thought about what I had let Zak do to me last time but far worse, how much I knew I'd fucking enjoyed it. It felt weird because I got the distinctly odd feeling the dogs were looking at me and knew that too."

Jill opened the door and got out, rather unsteadily...

"Happy now? You have a confession that I do actually like being dog fucked!" Jill shrugged, slamming the car door.

I knew not to push Jill or say too much, just let her calm down a bit so I just smiled and kept quiet. We went into the house and Jill disappeared upstairs to have a quick shower, but I saw her taking another large glass of Fizz from the chill cabinet upstairs with her as she went. Jill was certainly knocking it back tonight.

She came down half an hour later in her dressing gown, just as a car pulled into the drive and Mick tapped and came in the door carrying the usual carrier bag full of quality wine looted from his duty free stock, together with Zak's food and his big bed. A boisterous Zak bounded in with him making a bee line straight for Jill, wagging his tail furiously.

"Bloody hell, he's not forgotten you, has he?" Mick laughed to Jill, "Look at the stupid bugger, he's all over you. Stop it Zak," he scolded him. "That's enough of a greeting now, you'll knock poor Jill over."

"He's ok." She said to Mick. "Hello big boy, its ok, I love you too," she said, fondling Zaks head and ears lovingly.

"I've missed him too this summer, haven't I darling?" she added, turning her face away from Mick to he couldn't see and pulling a mock sexy face pointedly.

'Oh fuck yes,' I thought to myself. 'You have definitely missed him from what you've been admitting to me all night.'

Aloud I just said something to Mick like we had both loved having him over and it was great to have Zak stay again. Mick was in a hurry to catch his night ferry and so had to go. As I let him out I looked down at Zak's expectant face staring up happily at me as I shut the door behind Mick. 'No wonder you don't want to follow him boy,' I laughed.

I couldn't help wondering just what tonight might bring for either of us, Jill had really floored me. 'Don't look at me Lad' I thought. 'I'm not even sure I'll be getting any pussy tonight myself, let alone you.' I said aloud as I walked back into the lounge with Zak only to see Jill laid back in the chair with her dressing gown open and nothing underneath.

"Have you bolted that fucking door? Jill croaked throatily. When I said I had she started to gently stroke her cunt. "Good, so which one of you two randy bastards wants this hungry pussy first? She panted, opening her legs wide.

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## Chapter Six

I think both the dog and I were equally taken aback at the sight before us but Zak was the first to interpret what was on offer, he shot off past me like a bullet towards Jill's parted legs. As he passed me I only just managed to grab him by the collar and hold him back to keep him still, he kept looking at me and whining, pleading to get across at her.

"My God Jill, Zak's only been here ten minutes, just what are you trying to prove? I asked her, more than a little confused now. "You've hardly said hello to the bloody dog yet. What are you playing at, I didn't ask for this, did I?"

"No," she answered giddily. "But I did. Remember? I've been as horny as hell since last night, just knowing Zak was coming. Anyway," she went on, slurring her words a little. "Any misgivings or inhibitions I had before about Zak have all melted away with my third Gin & Tonic I drank in the pub earlier. I couldn't stop myself staring at Louis's bollocks swinging about knowing some naughty boy dogs fancy women too. I kept wondering tonight if Louis had ever been up across Mavis's back just like Zak had mine? She does seem a bit over fond of him doesn't she? Louis also seems so much fonder of her, me or any other women in the pub than he does about Roger or any other men in there."

I laughed but Jill insisted that it was true, but then pleaded, "Just let go of that poor sod before he chokes himself. Please let poor Zak come and lick me, he's desperate to get at me, aw, look at him, he really wants his pussy."

As I hesitated Jill cursed aloud and sat up. Closing her knees and pulling the robe around her, she became serious.

"Ok then, let's just forget it. I know you are sober compared to me but it's quite obvious you're not happy now so if you aren't in the mood then just forget doing this at all and you can explain to me what's wrong instead? I honestly do realise you are just worried that I'm going to have misgivings later about doing it again but I assure you I'm not. I kept on trying to explain as much to you in the car earlier but you couldn't or wouldn't even try to see my point."

Zak was whining loudly now, still held back by me and was looking across from one of us to the other, well puzzled.

"Look, can you please take that fucking dog into the kitchen while we sort this shit out between us. Oh yes, and bring me a bottle of wine back through too, I think you could do with another drink too, you might relax and lighten up."

I went, dragging a puzzled looking Zak back into the kitchen and motioned him into his basket bed before going back into the lounge with the wine, closing the door on the poor dog, who must have been wondering what the fuck was going on. He'd seen Jill's wet cunt for the first time in several months then just as he had thought he was about to get his nose into it, dragged off. After a resounding disappointed sigh the dog just flopped himself down into his bed.

"Do you want to explain first?" Jill prompted as I came back in, sitting down next to her. She poured

us both a large drink from the bottle then added. "I mean why, in the last twenty four hours you are the one who's suddenly gone from pleading with me to let Zak fuck me again to now thinking this is all wrong and getting cold feet over it all?"

"I'm not," I answered hesitantly. "I'm just not sure where all this is going, or even what you expect me to say or do now. It's your whole demeanour since I picked you up and we went to the pub which is throwing me. You just seem to have suddenly gone from being a bit guilty about letting Zak have some sexy fun with us last time to now fancying dogs in the pub, then ripping you knickers off for Zak before Mick's car had even got out of our driveway."

Jill took a deep breath, sounding a little more sober as she answered. "Ok yes, that's fair comment, and I'm sorry. I've been shutting out all thoughts of Zak from my head for months, right until last night that is. That was the first time we've even talked about it since what happened that last time he was here. I will admit I've been going over the top a bit today, it's out of relief I think. Up to last night in bed I honestly thought it had shocked you that I'd enjoyed sex with Zak so much once I'd actually felt his cock go up inside me. I was guilty that you might be upset afterwards because it hadn't been you who instigated it going further. It was me who had first suggested we let him fuck me."

I interrupted her with a protest, "That's rubbish Jill, you know full well I was just as turned on by it all as you were."

"How about your own truth then?" Jill countered. "Start with that. I know you've been totally turned on whenever you ever watched Zak lick me. It's excited you beyond belief every time I let him lick me in front of you. That's more than obvious by the way you dragged him off to shove your cock in me yourself if ever I started to come. Correct?"

"Well yes," I admitted. "It was so way out it made me shudder seeing that even a bloody dog could make you come. At first I just couldn't believe how much you were obviously excited by him licking you, not just doing it for me."

"Why not Luke, you described in detail how much your wonderful y sexy Rosie loved doing it while you watched her, so why not little boring me liking it a bit too?"

"Don't be silly, I can't explain it, I just thought that it was a bit of an act you letting Zak lick your pussy at first, mostly done for me because you knew Rose did it and it turned me on. You seemed to end up liking it more than she had!"

"For fucks sake Luke, I was having my vagina licked inside out by an eight inch enthusiastic tongue. Never mind your own ex wife, Holy fucking Mother Teresa herself would be a liar if she denied that having her clitoris licked hard felt anything but orgasmic, even if it was done by a bloody dog. After I'd let Zak bring me off with his tongue once or twice I assure you it certainly wasn't only YOU I was doing it for. It was for ME for Christ's sake, you must have realised I fucking loved Zak licking me? It ended up with me having a fucking orgasm every time he did it to me."

I started to say it was more us going too far, not being just licked and getting blame afterwards but she stopped me.

"So you are more or less saying you were ok with it until we went too far the last time? Ok, just one small point. As I remember it making love in our bed last night, YOU were the one who pushed me into admitting how much I had enjoyed being fucked by Zak, then coaxed and prompted me to describe in every dirty detail just why I'd enjoyed his cock coming in me so much. Eventually I just gave in and I DID tell you the truth. I didn't make that bit up Luke, I fucking did enjoy sex with him,

Zak's hard cock made me come exactly like yours does thrusting up into me, it's sex, real sex, a hot and throbbing cock not just a plastic vibrator so what's not to enjoy about feeling it coming inside me? I'm glad you did finally make me get it off my chest last night and pushed me into admitting it to you. So yes, I did love Zak fucking me but you already knew fucking well that I'd come didn't you?. Well now it's all out in the open so why pretend any different? I can hardly go back now and amend my story to say that I actually hated it, can I?"

"It isn't that, I'm just really worried about you feeling guilty if we carry this on further?" I tried to reason with her.

"Oh yes, is this the same Luke who only last night was asking me to at least let Zak just lick me even if I didn't want to let him fuck me all the way again," Jill mocked.

"I didn't mean that, either. Of course it turns me on, you know it does, all day I've thought about nothing else but last time we had Zak and watching you squirm as he fucked you all the way. I just thought you had been too guilty afterwards about him doing it, I didn't want to make that any worse or you to feel bad about it again."

"Well I thought much the same thing," Jill whispered softly, "But my guilt was over feeling that YOU might be jealous, I'm your bloody wife after all! I could hardly disguise the fact that I'd enjoyed being fucked by another 'Male' could I? Even if Zak is a dog I did feel guilty that I was the one who asked you to let me have sex with him. I just wondered if that was what had made you stay quiet about it for months? Because you were just jealous Zak had fucked me?"

I felt sheepish as I answered her. "It's got absolutely got nothing to do with jealousy Jill. I felt the same guilt but for sure it wasn't about us doing it or being jealous of Zak shagging you. Just seeing you moaning under him was the most erotic thing I've ever seen in my whole life, even on porn. It's not that, it was you who started off my own guilt that next day on the way to work. If you remember you kept looking at the dog in the back of the car and saying you just couldn't believe it, what you had actually done with him."

"I know, I remember," Jill went on "Whatever I felt I was hardly likely to brag about it was I? I was confused. I tried to make excuses that I'd been pissed if I remember, probably even those excuses were mostly made for myself."

"We were both confused," I said, "I felt awkward too, the last thing I wanted to do was make you feel guilty about it"

"I don't." Jill smiled. "Well perhaps I did for a while but I know I did change my mind today. It was after feeling horny as hell about it this morning knowing I'd admitted as much as I said to you in bed last night. Then I felt even sexier, realising that you obviously wanted me to be kinky with Zak again this week end. Suddenly I thought, 'What the hell.' I decided I would go for it and let Zak fuck me again if he would. Why not? I'd loved him screwing me the last time he came, the dog thought he was in doggy heaven fucking me, and you nearly pulled the end of your cock off just watching him fucking me. So please don't try to say now it didn't send you wild watching your wife getting fucked in front of you because we both know that it did. You've even fantasised in the past about seeing a big black cock up me, this was pretty much the same, but smaller, Red and on a dog, mind you it got much bigger at the end."

"It's just that this has taken me a bit off guard Jill," I laughed as I tried to work out her mood now. "I thought you were guilty about what happened before and just got a bit pissed tonight thinking I needed you to do it all again."

She laughed and took another long drink before she carried on explaining that while she had felt guilty just after it happened it had been making her feel sexy for months just remembering a dog had fucked her and made her come. She said she'd felt guilty but it wasn't only about Zak. Jill also admitted that when we'd gone to the pub she'd started to feel 'wet' by just looking at the various dogs in there with couples and kept on 'wondering' in her head if any of them had ever been allowed to have sex with a woman too? She said she just couldn't help thinking it every time she saw a male dog. She had been worried that she might be tempted to do it again with Zak now she knew for sure dogs could copulate with women if they got chance, turning them on sexually just the same as a man could. Jill also admitted that she been worried because she even had dreams about dogs sometimes now, and worse, whenever she did enjoy sex with any dogs in her sexy dreams, then she also felt sexy and wet too when she woke up, always.

"On the way home, and again at the pub tonight looking at Louis the boxer dog I knew for sure that I fucking well DID want to do it with Zak again and I could hardly wait. That's why I got pissed and had my knickers off as soon as Mick had gone. NOW do you get it? Jesus, think. I just want to be fucked again Luke, by either of you or fucking both of you. I'm only horny tonight because I've been thinking about what you said you wanted me to do with Zak all today. Please believe me it's not because I got pissed. It's WHY I got pissed, because I knew we were going to have one hell of a sexy evening tonight and I've been fucking itching for it all day, just imagining what we would be getting up to. I only drank so much because I was frightened of bottling out of something I knew deep down I wanted to do again."

I shook my head and mumbled something like, "Well ok by me then, but only If that's what you honestly do want?"

"I do," Jill answered, now will you please go and let that poor dog back in here to see the Rabbit. The poor Rabbit sure as fuck wants to see Zak again, in fact it's dying to see him."

I laughed, gave in and went back to open the kitchen door. Zak flew in the lounge, as he did Jill threw her robe open, spread her legs wide again and called him over to her, patting her inner thigh. "Oh my God" Jill moaned as the dog straight away got his tongue onto her opened up cunt and lapped away greedily at her... "Oh, good boy Zak" she crooned, stroking his head. "Fucking hell, I'd forgotten just how good that tongue feels" she added as Zak actually pushed his tongue right inside her. "Jesus, he's turning me inside out, stop him. I'm going to come too quickly. I want to have you in me when I do come."

"How"? I panted. I had slipped off my trousers as soon as Zak started licking her and was now standing up next to her chair in my boxer shorts while she fondled my cock, now well hard. "What do you mean, what do you want me to do?" I went on.

"Let me sit astride you on this while Zak licks my cunt" Jill hissed, squeezing my cock hard. "I want both of you to make me come at once."

I sat in the couch next to her and she immediately pushed Zak away, got up and sat on my lap, easing my hard cock up easily into her cunt, as by now it was soaking wet from Zak's frenzied attentions with his tongue. I just lay back. Jill was slowly easing herself up then dropping back hard down onto my cock as the dog licked away at her and also any part of either of us he could reach with his tongue, including my balls. Jill was writhing even before I reached around her and squeezed her nipples quite hard, making her come hard on my cock as the dog lapped away furiously at her cunt sending her wild as she almost shrieked as she shuddered into her first orgasm of the night, one of many I hoped as I looked up at the wall clock. It was only Nine o-Clock and neither the dog or I had come yet. 'One nil to Jill.' I thought to myself. 'I'm slowing down to pace myself and just

following you now Zak. It will be your turn next.'

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Chapter Seven

Jill knocked my hands down, stopping me gripping her nipples between finger and thumb. This was a signal that the tit squeezing had become pain not pleasure, she was climbing back 'down' again.

I pulled her weight down off my lap by pulling us both over sideways onto the long couch, yet I did managing to keep my still fairly hard cock wedged firmly in her vagina as I did so. Now we were both laid out along the full length of the couch with Jill at the front. Zak was now prancing about in front of us both wondering what the hell we were doing as we lay still, with me still very slowly fucking her. As Zak became more excited he started trying to jump up and paw Jill to turn over. She reached out with one hand to stroke the dogs head in vain attempt calm him as Zak excitedly tried to join in.

"Did you come then or not?" Jill whispered back over her shoulder, "You still feel hard inside me."

Luckily as I've got older I have always been able, to call a 'halt' to even the most frantic of my own thrusting. I stop and keep myself still as I start to come, leaving Jill having a climax while thinking I am coming too, only for her to find I still remain erect and can restart as she comes down again. This has not always been the case, I suppose that when I was younger I was as, 'Bang Bang, thank you M'am as any other young man in his twenties but my ability to slow things down and prolong the whole process had now developed into a, 'Relax, don't do it' type of technique which has been far more appreciated by the ladies in my later years than any of those girls I ever shagged in my youth.

Perhaps I should confess that once I got over Forty this method of love play has without doubt been helped in its development with the assistance of little blue tablets rather than any of my own sexual prowess or sheer will power. Tonight was the same, I had taken one on arriving home. This pill was definitely working now and thanks to Pfizer Inc. I was up as hard as rock again as Jill giggled at the dog's antics to join in with our continued slow fuck laid full length on the couch.

"No, absolutely not," I answered. "I've not come in you yet. I'm saving my encore until Zak has gone first. He's our house guest. I want ed to join the gang bang second to see how sloppy he makes you."

Jill shuddered, I could feel her thrust back hard onto me, my kinky answer clearly exciting her again. "Listen to that Zak," she whispered to the dog, stroking his head when he nuzzled at her face.

"Daddy wants to see you come in me again, do you want that boy, does Zak want to fuck me now?"

"Silly question," I laughed, pointing to his red cock now poking right out from his sheath. "Just look at him. What do you think? The poor frustrated bastard is nearly coming just fucking at fresh air let alone you, help him for Gods sake, he hasn't come since he saw you last, put him out of his misery."

"What?" Jill panted, "What do you want me to do?"

"This," I answered, taking her left arm from under her head and guiding her hand out under Zak onto his cock. "Just put the poor dog out of his misery, toss him off at least, he's already made you come."

Jill tentatively started stroking Zak's sheath back and forth and I heard her gasp as his red cock then almost immediately came out fully into her hand as he started bucking his hips, fucking her hand. He

turned, again trying to jump up and join in with us but as he came up I took hold of his collar and held his head, his feet still on the floor in front of Jill. She was under him now, his chest leaning on her right shoulder with his cock only inches away from her face. She carried on playing with his cock which was now shooting small jets of fluid over Jill's neck and bare tits, much to her amusement.

"I think I know what Zak wants," I coaxed, "He knows I've got the cunt end so he wants the other."

I was expecting a protest but Jill immediately turned and gave me an odd enquiring look, then when I nodded she turned back, stretched her head forward and took Zak's now fully protruded red cock straight into her mouth, gently sucking him, just holding onto him firmly with her hand as she moved her mouth on and off his thickening cock. Zak was now shooting sperm all over her face and hair too as his red cock went in and out of her mouth, spraying her in short spurts. I could see she was now making an effort to do it like she did to me, she was taking almost all the full length of his cock right into her mouth now but he was obviously spurting come into her mouth as she sucked on his cock.

"Jesus he's choking me" she suddenly gulped, she choked and spat out mouthful's of Zak's come. "It's too much, I can't fucking breath and he's coming all over my bloody hair too now, its gross."

"We'd better both swap ends then," I volunteered, pushing Zak down and pulling out from Jill. "Lets get his red cock up into your cunt and you can just suck on mine instead."

"You DO still want him to fuck you don't you? I teased as I held Zak back from her cunt now she had had got up, he had a hell of a hard on after she had sucked him off. Jill kept staring unbelievably at it.

"Yes, I've admitted I do. Will you just let him go please," Jill panted, "I've said I wanted him to do it."

"Do what? You want Zak to do what? You have to say just what it is that you want Zak to do to you," I laughed now teasing her into asking me to let him fuck her. I could see she was dying to do it now.

"Ok, yes. Fuck me, I want him to fuck me for God's sake, there I've said it now" she panted, turning over onto the chair with her knee's on the floor, "Help him up for Gods sake" she added as Zak messed about jumping up and down on and off her back, a bit confused now.

"It's not me you are asking, it's Zak," I answered, pulling her back round to see Zak humping behind her, attempting to get up on her back again., "Here," I added, taking her hand and placing it under the dog onto his cock. Stroke him gently now, then once you have him nice and hard again ask him nicely to fuck you. No, don't just tell him, once he is hard I want you to plead with Zak to fuck you too, now you have both just sucked each other off."

Jill didn't hesitate at getting into this kinky game. She had only stoked him for about thirty seconds before his cock was again ready for action, back out of his sheath again. She turned back down off the couch onto her knees to the floor, her cheek down on the soft rug "Oh fuck me now Zak," she whispered, "Go on, please fuck me now big boy."

I pulled her arse up higher from the floor and helped Zak up on her back. I jacked off his cock more until it came harder and Zak started thrusting away at her. I then held the dogs pointed cock up close to her pussy lips. As Zak felt the heat of her cunt around his cock he desperately tried to thrust it in further but I held him back. I kept him still, letting him get just the end pointed tip of his cock in, it was barely just pushing up inside the lips of Jill's pussy, I teased the pointed tip up and down her slit.

"If you want this hot cock up further inside you than this you'll have to ask him really nicely to go on.

Go on, ask him, tell Zak to fuck you more and get his doggie cock further inside you." I ordered.

"For God sake yes, how many times do I have to say it? Let him fuck me properly now, please Luke."

"Ask the dog to do it, not me," I prompted, "I'm not the one with the tip of his cock stuck up inside you."

"Ok then I will" Jill panted hoarsely. "Go on Zak fuck me boy, fuck me fast just like you did before." This was very quickly followed seconds later by, "Yes, oh fucking hell yes, oh shit yes, fuck me boy. Oh yes, that's it Zak, fuck me fast like that, oh God, don't stop, please don't stop."

The last part was because as I had let go my grip on his cock and his collar and Zak had immediately thrust his cock deep in Jill's cunt and started to pump it into her furiously for about two minutes. Jill was thrusting herself back hard onto his cock just as eagerly and yelping in excitement as Zak gave it to her furiously as she tried her best to bang herself back at him in time with this frenzied fast fuck.

'Jesus, dogs certainly fuck fast,' I thought, watching the speed the dog was ramming it into her, no wonder she's loving it but again he didn't last long at all before he flopped down onto her, his head down on the back of Jill's head. Now Zak just lay still across her back, drooling on her hair and neck.

"Shit he's stopped, hold him up a bit," came a muffled cry from under the dog. "Jesus, he's a fucking dead weight now, he's collapsed down onto my back and he's bloody heavy, he's flattening me."

"I'll get him off you," I started to say but Jill quickly stopped me.

"God no, don't, just lift him up a bit to stop him squashing me. He's coming in me hard now, so don't stop him, just let the poor bugger come, "Jesus, it feels weird, he's flooding my insides out."

I took some of the weight off her back by holding Zak's chest up a bit."So what does he feel like inside you? I prompted, excited by this commentary from Jill about this dog cock filling up her belly.

"I'll help him get it up your arsehole next time and you can find out yourself," Jill turned her head and smiled back at me. "It's sexy as fuck if you must know. He's got really thick now and I can feel him twitching and spurting inside me even though he's not moving now. He just keeps on coming in me constantly. It feels weird, hot as hell, not like a man, more like I'm pissing myself or something."

"You didn't come this time though did you?" I prompted her. "Does he feel as big?"

"I didn't get the chance to bloody come, he was too quick this time before he stopped and lay still. That said It certainly feels a lot bigger up me now than he ever did in my hand wanking him off or when he first got it inside me. He's starting to feel like he's shrinking a bit now too. You'll just have to finish the job when he gets down, come in front now and I'll jump start you ready again with my mouth."

I knelt in front of Jill and she raised her head up took my half hard cock into her mouth and sucked it fully hard again. Zak lay across her back motionless but his hard cock still spurting deep in her cunt. "Oh my God, this is starting me off again too," Jill gasped between breaths, trying to push back on Zak's cock as she sucked me. "A hard cock each end again, this is exactly how we started this off"

I had to stop her doing it, I didn't want to come yet but luckily Zak finally pulled free of Jill and lay down near n the kitchen doorway away from us just licking at his cock. I took that to mean he wanted a drink or a rest, As Jill started to get up from her knees I asked to stay exactly as she was. I

got up and let Zak through to the kitchen where he flopped into his basket with a satisfied grunt.

Coming back in, I looked at the sexy sight of my wife with her head pressed close to the floor and arse still high in the air as I'd asked her to stay. Her stretched wide cunt was begging for more action, it was only seconds before I had knelt and roughly shoved my cock up into her wet pussy yet again.

She was saturated, her cunt was literally dripping with dog come but this time, when she wanted to turn over and get up on the couch I insisted that she stayed over on her knees like she was while I fucked her too with her arse high in the air, just as Zak had done. I could have got my arm in, let alone just my cock, her pussy was gaping open wide and full of the dogs thin watery come, it was running out of her over her legs and down my own legs as I fucked her. I found the odd sensation of feeling her flooded stretched cunt so kinky I couldn't help myself. It excited me so much I came and added my own seed to Zaks in just a couple of minutes, then pulled back out of her, spent.

Still looking at how totally wide open Jill's cunt looked after Zak and I had both fucked her hard really floored me. As Jill started to get up I pleaded with her to stay as she was, still on her knees.

I reached across for the half pint beer glass I had been drinking from earlier. I drank the last dregs of lager out of it, turned it around and gently touched the glass base end up hard against Jill's still gaping pussy. I barely had to push it, I just gently applied some slight thumb pressure to it and the two inch wide long glass slid up easily into her now totally soaked and stretched open vagina.

"What the hell is that inside me now?" Jill moaned, "Jesus, it's filling me up but it feels cold."

"It's my half pint beer glass" I told her. "You're so stretched and sloppy with our spunk I thought I'd just see if you could take that up you too. You can, what a greedy pussy, its gaping apart so wide now I barely had to push to get it all the way up into you!"

"And you are surprised? its not exactly going to be very tight the way you and that randy dog have both been ramming your thick cocks up into me for half an hour is it? Hell, that beer glass is bloody thick, no wonder it feels weird stretching me apart, how much of it have you pushed up inside me?" Jill asked curiously. Suddenly interested in more sexy fun, perhaps?

"Most of it, turn over onto your back and you can watch too," I said, pulling the beer glass down out of her pussy again while she got up off her knees and sat up onto the couch. She sat up there with a cushion behind her so she could see her pussy then put one foot up onto the couch, with her knees wide apart. She was gaping even further apart sat like that. I pushed the glass back up into her really easily again, it slipped in and almost effortlessly pushed right up into her cunt, almost up to the rim.

"Bloody hell, look now," I prompted. "You've got the whole bloody half pint glass stuck up you now!" Jen leant forward to look but when I took my hand away the glass started to slip back out. "I'll do it," she volunteered and with one hand she eased the glass gently back up inside her until even the rim had gone just inside, out of sight. Holding it in there Jill managed to tug each of her swollen Labia lips back over the rim of the glass and pull her pussy lips together a bit. This had the effect of locking the whole glass inside her. When she took her hands away to show me her pussy it looked almost normal at first glance, except this it wasn't the slightly parted slit it looked like. If you pulled her lips slightly apart to see the glass you could see in between her hairy pussy lips, and there was a gaping round hole there the size of an orange, or rather a beer glass.

This was highly erotic, I moved the table lamp onto the floor beside me and when I looked up inside her 'hole' I could you could see about six inches up into her Vagina, right to the bottom of the glass,

her insides were stretched apart by this two inch glass tunnel right up to her cervix, which was now squashed tight against the bottom of the beer glass. It looked a bit like a pair of lips, parted slightly. I could clearly see it was leaking thin fluid, she was flooded out, no doubt about that.

"I can see up through it into your cunt, right up to your cervix, its gaping apart and awash with dog come up there, it looks like Zak has been probing his dog cock right up to the neck of your womb."

"He did" she whispered back, "And It felt like he was filling it too, it was red hot, a lot sexier than this big cold glass you've got pushed inside me now and sexier. Do I get my paid up pervert card now?"

"You have to let Zak back in and let him make you come again first," I suggested, only half joking.

"You can both piss off." Jill laughed, pulling the beer glass back down from up her stretched wide vagina then standing up. "I'm going for a good shower and a douche now," she laughed, fingering at her wet pussy, "Feels like I fucking need it after you two and this fucking beer glass." She laughed, handing it to me. "Better give it a good wash too, like I am my poor abused pussy, then its bed."

"Mind you," she smiled wickedly back at me as she left the room to go upstairs. "As Zak is staying all weekend, let's just see what tomorrow brings. You can prepare a plan of action with him before you come to bed. Oh, and don't forget to let him out for his late night leg stretch and his last piss when he recovers, that might be a while," she laughed. "He looked 'fucked' when he staggered off into the kitchen after you'd both seen to my sexual requirements. No stamina, you Men."

I did let Zak out before I came up to bed myself, but a knackered and happy looking Zak didn't need very much exercise, just a walk around the garden, a quick pee and gratefully back to his warm bed.

'Get some rest my lad' I thought. 'We may both need our energy tomorrow the mood her ladyship is in!'

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## **Chapter Eight**

The next morning I woke up early next to Jill with my 'Morning Glory' poking hard into her back. It got even harder as I remembered the sexy details of the night before, and I sneakily and slowly tried to pull her pants over to one side.

"Whoa boy," she laughed as she woke up. "That feels quite nice but save it a minute, I have to do something first" she said as she scurried out towards the bathroom.

"Bursting for a wee?" I laughed as she came back and slat down on the bed.

"No. I was actually disposing of a very soggy Tampax if you really must know" she laughed. "But I suspect the randy pup who got me that soggy will be bursting for a wee by now, so perhaps you had better go down and let Zak out first, or else it will be you who has to mop up all the wee from kitchen floor if he can't wait to get out."

"Forget Zak, I'll risk it. I'll settle for my turn on the Mop," I panted as she slid back into bed with her back to me. I quickly slid my cock easily up inside her vagina, when I realised how wet she was I added, "So is this soggy pussy about you just getting horny or the left over residue from Zak trying to pump you full of his puppies last night?"

"You just said you were forgetting about Zak" Jill whispered as she thrust back at me. "But, now I know that's it's not putting you off, if you must know, both. Yes he has flooded my insides out again like last time. I feel normal after I wash myself, but then it keeps dribbling back down from where he's blasted it inside me, I'm leaking way up there."

Again I was excited by this kinky fact in my head, that Jill's cunt was still wet with the dog's come so this was a very short lived fuck. I came in minutes but with my whisperings in Jill's ear what a kinky bitch she had been to let a dog fill her belly up with his come I had her gasping coming with me too as I let go in her, making her even more soggy.

"Well that settles it," Jill laughed after we had lay back getting our breath back for a minute or two. "Now I do need another bloody shower. Go down and that poor dog out, his bloody legs will be crossed down there in our kitchen."

"Shall I bring Zak up for an encore or has her Ladyship managed to satisfy her carnal desires on this floppy old pink cock today?" I joked.

"No that's not necessary Jeeves," she teased back. "If pussy needs filling the bathroom shampoo bottles will suffice."

I grabbed my robe and went downstairs, naked underneath it but far from dashing over to the door to get outside a sleepy Zak got up, stretched and immediately made a Bee Line up underneath my dressing gown sniffing up towards my now dangling dick with obvious interest before giving, it an exploratory lick.

"Yes I do know it has your favourite pussy scent on it," I laughed, "But I'm still allowed to fuck your bitch too my lad."

I turned Zak out into the enclosed back garden and went back upstairs to get dressed, taking two coffees up with me. I handed one to Jill as she came through naked from the shower.

"Off," she laughed, pushing my hand away as I reached across at her bush as I let go of her coffee cup. "That bit is staying clean and untouched by human hand or even doggie tongue until this evening. "If you both play your cards right that is," she added cheekily over her shoulder as she donned her clean pants and bra from her drawer.

'Things are look good for a repeat performance tonight,' I thought, 'Not a trace of guilt on her or the dog.'

I was right as it happened, after only a drink or two that same evening despite being comparatively sober Jill was even more 'up for it' with Zak than she had been on the previous night when half drunk.

That day was uneventful. I'd had to go a meet a friend that Saturday afternoon as I'd promised the previous week to go over to his new house and help him to empty out an old garage full of old junk into a skip. I told Jill when she came downstairs that I couldn't back out now, Andy was expecting me at two o'clock and I couldn't get out of it. Jill didn't seem that bothered, said she was going for a long walk with Zak that afternoon and she would probably call in the pub at teatime if I wanted to meet her there instead of home, so I agreed on that. It took me and my friend Andy much longer than we had thought to clear out his garage, all afternoon. We found a tea chest under a bench filled with old newspapers but when we got the bottom there were several Scandinavian type Black and White Porn magazines hidden under the newspapers.

"Hey, looks like the old buggers porn stash" Andy laughed flicking through them. They were pretty tame by modern standards but he suddenly stopped throwing them into the skip and looked intently at one old magazine.

"Fucking hell" Andy muttered, "Look at this one. The randy bitch has an Alsatian stuck right up her up her cunt and she looks like she 's fucking loving it too." He showed me a faded black and white Danish porn book. "Where are all the cock loving mucky women like that when I'm searching for them?"

'At my house waiting for me to get home' I thought," but I just glanced at the old photo and laughed. I did notice however that the Mag he had showed me was one of the few that did NOT find its way into the skip but into Andy's pocket instead as we finished off dumping the garage junk in the skip and swept up. As this was just a 'favour' job I wasn't being paid any wages so Andy insisted we both 'washed the dust from our throats' at his own local pub at his expense. How could I refuse? This meant I'd had quite a few pints there before I managed to get away from Andy and back to the Black Swan to meet Jill as I'd promised to.

When I got to the Swan I was told by the Landlord that Jill had left over half an hour ago with Zak to walk home over the moor so, in the days before Mobile phones I quickly phoned her at home from the Pub's pay phone to apologise.

Jill pretended to be angry at first when she answered the phone but I could tell by her voice she was only half serious when she played hell about me being late. "I've been home half an hour. We've had to start shagging without you now, haven't we Zak?" Jill laughed down the phone, pretending to talk to the dog.

When I half fell for it and asked her if she was serious her voice changed, "Well I wasn't to be honest, I've only been in about 15 minutes and just finished feeding him. The dog was famished, he's been running around the Moors like a lunatic all afternoon, Why?" she added sexily, "Were you secretly hoping that we really had started without you?"

"Possibly," I whispered, making sure no one could hear me. "That's sounds sexy, me walking in on you and him."

"Oh I see, like you did with your Rosie you mean?" Jill volunteered, sounding pissed off, "History repeating itself?"

"I suppose so." I admitted sheepishly. "But it still sounds really sexy down the phone. Why" I went on. "Would you really do that for me now? If I actually wanted to get home and 'catch you at it' with Zak I mean? Set it up for me?"

"No" Jill laughed "But I'd do it for ME if you wanted to come home and catch me. Mind you if you do, then please don't rush me," adding as I protested, "No, stop. I've hardly got my coat off yet. You have another pint and give me time to relax with a drink and get in the mood myself. I also still need to go up and get changed whatever too so give me at least half an hour before you come home, you just go enjoy your pint. See you about eight, there's no rush. I won't go off the boil, honestly"

I hung up but instead of enjoying another pint I almost choked on the one I had. After the phone call I was almost shaking with excitement knowing what was likely to be going on at home without me very soon. I swallowed the dregs of my drink and quickly headed out to the car. The fifteen minute journey round by road only took me about ten minutes flat. I was soon home but instead of driving in I pulled up the car about 100 yards from our driveway and parked on the grass verge, just down from our remote cottage. From the roadway I quietly walked up a narrow bridle path that led past

the fields at the back of our garden. Crossing the open field I hopped our back fence and cautiously walked across to the patio, noticing that the upstairs bedroom light was on. While the living room curtains were closed, as usual they had been left slightly apart an inch or two by Jill so she could reach the handle which opened one half of the French windows. This was to make it easier to let Zak slip out in the garden for a pee, saving Jill having to walk through into the Kitchen to open the back door for him.

I cautiously approached the window and sure enough the heavy drapes were not quite closed together. I looked into my own living room through a two inch gap from the darkness of the patio. There was no sign of Jill or the dog in the room but I could just make out through the kitchen door that Zak was in his basket by the stove, obviously asleep. I could see his legs sticking out of it but although the TV was on there was still no view of Jill at all.

I realised she must be upstairs but after ten minutes there was still nothing happening, I felt an idiot standing in the darkness looking into my own window and getting cold. I decided to give up my 'spying' and I was just about to retrace my steps and go bring the car home the last hundred yards when I caught sight of Jill suddenly appearing into the lounge from the stairs. She was dressed in her Kimono type dressing gown and carrying something which she put on the table next to the couch before crossing into the kitchen, opening the fridge and coming back in the lounge with a bottle of Cava and a glass. Zak padded through after her but just sank down next to Jill's armchair.

Sitting down Jill had a drink of wine and fiddled about with the TV, turning it off before reaching across to what she had put on the table. I realised it was her vibrator, or to be more accurate, it was her flesh coloured hollow latex dildo, into which a normal vibrator could be inserted. It was Jill's favourite toy, she said it not only looked real but the latex felt 'real' too.

Jill didn't use the Vibrator at first, she lay back and just idly stroked her pussy, letting her robe fall apart and even watching from the darkness of the patio I could see she had nothing underneath it, she was naked. At this point Zak hadn't moved, the dog was still laid motionless next to her chair with his head on his front paws, clearly asleep again.

Jill let the hand that had been stroking her cunt fall down from the chair onto the dog's nose and after only a brief sniff Zak shot up onto his feet and round in front of Jill. She spread her knees apart and the dog was straight onto her mound, nosing at her furiously, knowing exactly what she wanted now. As he burrowed his nose into her Jill gently pushed Zak's head aside and replaced him with her vibrator dildo. Easing it up inside herself I saw her fiddling with the base which turned on the power then start to gently fuck herself in and out with the Dildo while Zak licked her furiously, all round the dildo and her clitoris ... He kept jumping up, frantically trying to mount Jill from the front.

I saw Jill arch her back and lift her backside high, almost coming off the chair and I suddenly felt left out of this scene. I'd had enough watching, I wanted to participate. Rather than give myself away I raced back to the fence and down the path back to my parked car, driving noisily into our drive a minute or so later. I kept trying to open the back door which was locked. By the time I'd got my car keys out and found my door key to get in Zak was barking at the other side of the back door at the noise I'd made coming home. Busy licking Jill or not he was still being a good guard dog.

I got in and Jill was laid back sleepily in the chair, idly stroking her pussy still but there was no sign of the dildo, which I later on found was under a cushion on the chair, she had taken it out of her pussy and hidden it, why I have no idea. I had seen her using it but of course she had no idea I'd been in our garden watching her. My guess is she had come on the dildo as I had gone to retrieve the car and was now just 'recharging' her batteries.

"He's just pulled his big cock out of me when he heard you at the door," she whispered sexily, "Look how stretched he's made me." Said as she spread her legs wide and pulled her pussy apart. She was gaping, but obviously from the dildo she had been fucking herself with not the dog but I still went along with her sexy joke, obvious lie or not.

"My turn now then? I panted, taking off my jeans and boxers and thrusting my now solid cock roughly up into her open cunt. She was moist but I knew full well the dog had not fucked her, well not yet anyway. I also knew for sure I was going to lift him up and let him follow me on Jill as soon as I had come in her. Jill was practically begging for it and randy Zak was almost trying to fuck me too as I pumped it into her, he excitedly tried to mount the pair of us.

That's exactly what I did next, after coming in her hard. I pulled out of her cunt and helped Zak up to fuck her like I had done, missionary style. He couldn't really get much of his cock inside her like this at first but Jill didn't seem to mind that at all, what he did get up into her cunt was clearly exciting her as he pumped away hard in her and she tried to get him up further inside. She even started to squeeze her own tits hard, a sure sign of a genuine orgasm as she pushed back at him thrusting away above her. Zak was soon spurting in her like I had just done just minutes before him, but as it kept slipping out he was also covering her whole belly and bush with his constant spurting now, the dog was soaking her, even reaching up to her tits as he came all over her.

"Get him down now Luke, he's scratching me." Jill protested after two or three minutes. "I'm soaked too, I think pussy has had enough of the pair of you again. I've come about three times now, so please, its time to stop for a rest."

"Only if we can both fuck you again tomorrow," I teased.

"Oh yes, that's a definite, three times each please " Jill laughed, heading for the stair and bending to give Zak a theatrical kiss on his nose. "But not now my lovers, that does mean the both of you!"

A few moments I heard the shower running and I suddenly realised as I poured myself a drink from the same bottle that Jill had left that it was still almost full. I knew that for once Jill had been comparatively sober tonight and despite being at the pub earlier she hadn't drunk very much alcohol at all today. This was the first time I'd seen her have sex with Zak when she was almost sober. 'Food for thought indeed' I mused thoughtfully.

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Chapter Nine

As I heard Jill's shower start upstairs Zak came and sat next to my armchair. He kept resting his head on my leg, looking up at me happily. I weirdly imagined that I was now getting 'thanked' by the dog for letting him fuck the arse of my wife this weekend, but then I realised he was probably just telling me that he was usually let out for his late run by this time. I got up to let him out of the back French windows but as he went out his hackles went up. He ran straight towards the back fence, barking furiously. I saw a dark moving shadow at the very far end of the field over by the Bridle path but I just put it down to rural Foxes and dismissed it. I got Zak back in the house but Zak still didn't seem happy at all, making low growling noises over at our kitchen door. I opened it and Zak trotted out through our garage with me out onto our driveway while I checked all was secure at the front.

It was, the dog ran about, sniffing near my parked up car and checking the whole front garden area. Apparently all was well, as he now settled down and seemed happy enough. It was all quiet, except for the faint noise of a car engine in the distance. I just put Zak's unease down to that. Cars rarely came past us down our lane as there are only two or three remote cottages along it, plus a couple of

the farms about three miles away at the Moor top who use our lane. While we did get odd cars or country walkers pass us during the daytime it was normally quiet as a graveyard by us after dark. Any through traffic from our village going north invariably took the much shorter main road route therefore cars were rarely heard passing by us.

That evening I had just put it down to the noise of the car I'd heard in the far distance that had been unsettling Zak and put it out of my mind. A few weeks later however I was told something by my mate Andy that brought that whole sequence of Zak's barking that night and hearing a car in the distance all flooding back to me. That night I dismissed it as nothing and settled down in my chair. Zak laid down contentedly alongside me. Jill finally came back downstairs with a wet towel wrapped up around her hair but with her dressing gown now firmly fastened and tied. Taking the towel off her head she plugged in her hair dryer and sat in her chair, gently blowing her hair dry.

"What was upsetting old Grozzle Guts," she laughed, "I heard him barking when you let him out, are those bloody Foxes back around our bins again?"

"Probably," I replied, pouring her a drink. "Or a car, one passed I think. I heard it in the distance."

"That's odd," Jill added thoughtfully. "I thought I'd heard a couple of cars earlier on too, I while you were still over at the pub. I think someone must be visiting up at one of the upland farms tonight, it wasn't that long after you rang me."

'One car was probably mine, parking back up the lane' I thought to myself, but I just smiled, "More than likely someone from the village looking for a quiet place to bring a neighbour's wife for a fuck. Hey it might even be Roger getting some spare if Louis is getting as big a share of Mavis's pussy as Zak is yours." I teased her, "Poor old Roger will be going well short."

"I know you're only joking about those two," Jill laughed, "But hey, who knows? Just look at what we've shared with Zak all this year, it really does make you wonder just how much of this does go on behind closed doors with those women like Mavis who dote on their doggies doesn't it? Not just couples playing about like us, it could be even more common with widows and divorcees who have a male dog but no man in their life?"

"Are you recommending it then? I asked, intrigued at her talking quite openly about it all now.

"No, I'm not saying that. I just mean that I didn't think it went on much before. Now I know it does happen and found first hand how sexy it can be I can't honestly see any woman who has ever let a dog lick her wanting to go back to only using her fingers to masturbate, it really is quite intense Luke. We ladies are quite sensitive down there and it's quite satisfying being made to come hard like that, whether it's a man, woman or dog licking your pussy it's still the same intense situation as you come. I honestly wouldn't hesitate to let a dog help me come now if I was on my own with no sex life."

"And fuck you too?" I pushed her, interested that the conversation was getting erotic again.

"No, to be honest that's quite different again. I only joked about doing it on my own before, I didn't dare let Zak do anything but lick me on my own tonight. I'd still be too scared to let him do that on my own if you weren't here with me."

"Why?" I prompted her, "I thought you had really got into that now? You seemed to have."

"I suppose I have in a way" Jill mused thoughtfully. "But it's mainly about 'submitting' to Zak's animal lust in my head that turning me on. I think I would be quite frightened if you weren't there

with me to stop him if things ever went wrong. Now I've jacked off Zaks cock properly I've seen just how much bigger his cock swells up when he starts spurting, it's ridiculous. I mean what if he got that big lump thing fast inside my cunt and couldn't pull his cock back free of me or something? Two dogs mating can get tied together for ages. They say dogs fucking women can sometimes do the same too once they get too swollen up inside you, they can get stuck fast.

"Who says so? I laughed, intrigued Jill knew that.

"I don't know. Books about it I suppose, I read one earlier this year. Anyway I'm not really talking about getting fucked for Christ's sake. I'm just talking generally about those women who let their dogs lick them to make them come. All I'm actually saying is that it seems unlikely to me that you seem have met the only two wives on the planet who'll let a dog do that? Who knows, maybe that Louis is going down on Mavis at home while Roger is out boring the arse off everyone up at the pub? Have you seen the way Louis is around her, yes and me too for that matter, yet hardly takes any notice of Roger or you? He a right ladies dog."

When I looked sceptical Jill got up to refill her glass of Cava before adding, "Yes, I'm aware that as we think about Mavis it might be unlikely for us to believe that she even gets her knickers off for Roger let alone Louis but just put it the other way around Luke? Would Roger even believe you for one minute if you told him before you left the pub tonight that I'd promised you on the phone to be sitting on the couch naked with Zak licking my pussy as you walked into the door?"

"I don't know? Shall I try next time to see what he says?" I laughed. Jill up looked in horror, slapping my arm. "You'd better bloody not even joke about it, not that he'd believe a word of it anyway."

"No, not Roger but Andy might well believe it though," I mused. "He seems to be bang into it."

"Don't you dare mention it to anyone, ever," she shuddered. "I'd just die. Anyway, what do you mean, 'Andy might?' For God's sake, I know he's been your best mate for years but you haven't told him about me doing anything with Zak have you?"

"Of course not," I tried to laugh back, "We were just joking, messing about and he admitted he was into seeing women with dogs."

"I suspect dog sex is rather an odd conversation to crop up out of the blue while you were getting rid of household junk?" countered Jill, looking at me suspiciously. "Even given that you are best mates."

"Don't be daft," I explained. We were just throwing away loads of old porn Mags that we'd found buried away in an old tea chest. They must have belonged to that old guy that died before Andy bought the place. Most of them were crap, really old black and white photos. We were just having a laugh looking at them before we slung them in the skip."

"So there were some with dogs in?" Jill asked curiously. "Is that when Andy said he was into it?"

"Well not exactly," I went on. "But it started us both talking about it, well him talking about it and me just having a laugh with him, trying not to let anything slip. He said he's never seen it in real life and he would give his right arm to find a woman who was so sexy that she'd let a dog do it. He kept the magazine too, I saw him put it in his jacket pocket, that one didn't go into the skip."

"Oh please don't say you told him you had got me to try it? Jill asked anxiously. "I know you two only too well, you talk about everything, I know you do, I've heard you talking about his ex. Before now."

"No, of course not, obviously I didn't say that, or mention Zak. I just joked that you'd probably resort

to it if your Vibrator batteries went flat." Jill looked shocked but I quickly carried on.

"Don't look like that. It was only something like that, but obviously meant as a joke. Its not as if he doesn't know already you are a bit warm is it? You are always teasing him about sex and making endless jokes in his company about you tiring me out and having to resort to Roger Rabbit. It's not fair either now he's split with his girlfriend, he's probably pulling his cock off in bed every time you tease him about sex toys, you are always doing it to embarrass him."

"It's only in fun" she retorted, "Andy know that, and so do you. Don't tell me you are jealous? Do you think I fancy him or something?" Jill added indignantly.

"I know you do, you've already admitted it several times in our old threesome fantasies," I laughed, "But I not talking about that now. I'm talking about you making the same jokes as I do to Andy. If you had been there with us you would have probably said much the same thing to him for a laugh."

"No I would not, well not about dogs anyway." Jill countered indignantly.

"Oh yes? And who was it shocked Mavis and made everyone laugh in the Pub, when Louis was getting a bit 'cheeky' with you a few weeks ago then?"

"Like what?" Jill curiously asked. "So what did I do? Oh yes, but that wasn't my fault, Louis was trying to sniff me. Mavis stopped him and said he was always doing that to her and other women, she said he embarrassed her."

"And you said something back to Mavis about just giving him twenty four hours to stop," I laughed.

"It was a joke, and Mavis knew that obviously. So no one read any meaning into it did they?"

"Exactly," I answered. "Neither would Andy. Not even if you had joked about dogs to him like I did."

"That's what I meant earlier," Jill said. "People do joke about it don't they, so joking apart, who does know exactly WHAT goes on behind other people's closed doors? Even at your mate Andy's house? Or Roger and Mavis? Someone must surely be teaching randy dogs like Louis or Zak to like sniffing a woman's vagina scent or they wouldn't do it would they? I'm still a bit suspicious about Mick's Mademoiselle Annette in France if I'm honest."

She said it thoughtfully, while patting Zaks head."This hairy stud didn't need much encouragement at all to get at me that first time, did he? Zak was certainly no novice in 'French' kissing my pussy either, he's better than you are at it, he does it longer." she teased. "Maybe he learned it in French?"

She was stroking Zaks head as she said it and I thought she was about to ask for an encore. "I'm sure we both have a bit left in reserve if you'd like some more?" I volunteered, loins stirring again.

"Oh no you don't "Jill laughed again, "I've had enough for one night, and so have you my lad," she added, patting Zak head fondly as she stood up. "You my big boy are definitely not getting any more Nucky from this lady bitch until we get you some soft gloves. Look," she added opening up the robe and showing me red wheals on her ribs where Zak had gripped her tightly earlier. "I told you he was bloody scratching me."

"Is that the only reason you wanted to stop?" I grinned, teasing her.

"Possibly not!" she blushed, "But it was really weird him being up in front of me too, I think I liked it better when I crouched in front of him and he did me up over my back like he's done before."

"Why? Did he get more of his cock into you that way?" I prompted her but it was obvious she'd had enough talking. Jill picked up her glass and walked over towards the stairs.

"Possibly," she answered, turning to answer thoughtfully, "But my guess is that it was more because 'submitting' to a dog like that made me feel so deliciously 'dirty' if you must know. Its not just the filthy thought I'm getting fucked by a dog, but by offering to let him mount up my back too its more exciting, just like I was an animal on heat myself." As she departed she looked back over her shoulder, "You can come up and do it exactly the same way to me upstairs now if you hurry up and lock up."

"I thought you had just got a shower and didn't want any more sex tonight? I teased.

"That's before we started talking about Louis probably licking Mavis and setting me off again," Jill countered. "It's a lady's prerogative to change her mind but you had better hurry up, I'm back on the boil now but it won't last long. I'm totally knackered, so don't be long downstairs if you want it."

I wasn't, I hurriedly locked up, put Zak into his basket in the kitchen, turned out the lights and raced upstairs. As Jill heard me coming she had got herself ready. She had thrown off her robe and was now naked, kneeling up on the very edge of the bed, her head down flat on the counterpane and her arse held up high. Her cunt was glistening and clearly swollen and puffed ready for more sex. I could also clearly see red the wheals on her ribs where Zak had gripped her hard when he had fucked her earlier on that night, they looked sore but Jill obviously wanted more cock. How could I refuse?

Still standing by the bed I was able to stand up right behind Jill knelt on the bed and thrust straight into her as roughly as I could. Standing upright I was able to grab her around the hips and fuck her as fast as I could which she now loved me to do. Ever since she had been dog fucked for real she had since seemed to adore this position more and more when we fucked 'rough'. I started to come very quickly so I reached down under her and pinched her nipples hard as I shot up into her hard. As I did Jill climaxed in long shuddering gasps as she invariably did when fucked doggy, seemingly by me or even the dog now. Jill now seemed to be equally orgasmic with either of us shooting our load up into her. Tonight was no different, Jill almost howled as she shuddered and came noisily under me.

I got into bed with her afterwards and we both snuggled up. Jill was in the contented happy state we both knew now as 'well fucked'. As I was I, we both slept like babies until late the next morning when we were woken by the shrill bell of the phone in the hall.

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## Chapter Ten

Next morning, shaken wide awake by the shrill phone call, I dashed down to the hall to answer it.

"Hi, its Mick, I'm phoning from France" started off the voice anxiously.

"It's Sunday Mick," I interjected, "It's a bit fucking early, what's up, did the Ferry sink or something?"

"Oh sorry," he apologised, "I keep forgetting about that hour in front." No all is great here, double great in fact. I think we are finally back together. Annette wants us to make another last go of it."

"That's good new Mick" I said, "Especially for you and the kids. When are they coming back over?"

"She Isn't." replied Mick. "That's the bad news. It's why I'm phoning to tell you. Hopefully I'll soon

be coming over here to live with them in France, I'll know much more after tomorrow if I do get the job. One of Annette's cousins has more or less guaranteed me a decent job with him if I can just attend an interview at his firm in Caen on Monday morning. If I can practice and get my phone French back up to scratch with Annette tonight I have a bloody good chance of getting it because they badly need someone to handle export orders in good English as well as French. The bad news is that if I stay over here for the interview I can't get back over to pick Zak up tonight, nor will I be at the house in the morning for you to drop him off there."

"Don't worry about that," I assured him, "We'll sort Zak out, don't worry about it. You just stay over there for your interview, and good luck with the job mate. Its got to be far better working over there In Caen than in our office, just sitting around waiting for someone to retire or die."

Mick agreed, sounding grateful I wasn't put out by him staying an extra day. "It is, if my shit French will pass muster then I've more or less got it, its better money than at our place too. I already rang old Crab face yesterday and told him I can't get in until Tuesday due to a family over crisis here. For God's sake don't tell him I'm going for a job interview in case I don't get it. I've already gambled by telling him I know you will be happy to cover my phone clients for me if they ring up for any advice."

"Ahh, that's my chance of a day off to look after Zak then," I laughed. "Don't worry Mate, I will," I added when he panicked, "Jill has her School headmaster eating out of her hand. I'm sure she can manage to pull a 'Sick' day by phone and stay home with Zak tomorrow if I go in. I hope I'm in the office to see Crabshaw's face when you tell him to shove his job, that's worth any favour."

"Great," said Mick. "I hope to Christ I don't let the kids down by blowing this interview. I think they are more excited about getting our Zak back to live over in France with them than they are me."

"You will be taking Zak with you then?" I ventured, sounding out what was going to happen next.

"Oh, definitely, it was only the English quarantine rules that stopped Annette taking him, in case the kids didn't settle and they had to come back. Zak would have had to go in Kennels for six months. He was always Annette's dog really, not mine. She adores him. I still have to say 'Assis' for sit and 'Au pied' for heel, she only ever trained him in French."

'I bet she did,' I thought as a happy Mick rang off, 'I wonder what the French is for Lick it?' The only good news was that his prospective job was in a wine producers export sales office. Mick had ended with a promise of some decent wine coming our way if he was successful in getting his Caen job.

"What was all that about? Jill asked inquisitively as I came back up and into the bedroom.

"Well good news and bad news," I said, knowing not to be too flippant and that I would have to tell her this might be Zak's last visit to us. I knew full well just how upset she might be over that.

"Mick's got back with Annette," I started off, "He's got a job interview in France in the morning, if he gets it he'll probably be moving over there as soon as he can."

"What about Zak?" Jill asked, puzzled.

"That's the bad news, he will be going with him," I started to say but Jill interrupted me.

"Obviously," Jill said irritably, "I knew that Numpty, I meant tomorrow. What the hell will we do with Zak in the morning if Mick is still over in France?"

"Ahh," I went on, "That's could be more bad news I'm afraid, or perhaps good news whichever way

you look at it. I will be struggling to get a day off as Mick has more or less said I've offered to cover for him at the office tomorrow. I told him you could probably be able to pull a Sick day at your school with a bit of luck and look after him. Mick will be back over here in the late afternoon he said."

"So how is me having to lie to the Head to get a day off good news?" Jill answered in exasperation.

"It means you will have time to say goodbye properly," I smiled. "And I'm not kidding or being kinky. However you spend your day with him tomorrow I honestly do realise how fond you are of him now, if you only spend it taking a long walk to the pub I'm still sure you will be glad you took the day off."

"That's true," Jill sighed sadly. "Ok, I'll fix it up with school. Oh shit, I'll miss having Zak over. Yes, and quite separate from all those kinky reasons too. I did also loved his doggy company, walking him over those moors down to the pub on weekends, he was like a big daft banshee chasing after the rabbits, its so funny watching him racing about trying to get down their burrows after them. I bet he'll miss them even more than he'll miss this one," she said sadly, patting her groin with an attempt at a joke and a smile as she walked through to the bathroom. Jill was quite clearly upset at Mick's news that Zak would be going to live over in Normandy soon.

We got up and then, after a nice Sunday breakfast we decided to have a long walk across the moors, with Zak, to end up down at the Swan pub in the late afternoon.

We did, we went miles, both enjoying our full afternoon walk immensely, as did Zak. He bounded about like a young puppy chasing after everything that moved, Squirrels, Rabbits, ground birds and even the odd sheep until he was pulled back by a command. Zak was an unbelievably obedient dog if you raised your tone and he knew you meant it, he didn't hesitate to come back to heel if you shouted 'Au Pied' sternly enough in French.

We had a fantastic days country walk, ending up at the Black Swan as usual at about five o'clock.

The Landlord, Tom, immediately went to a drawer and handed me a wallet from it. Amazingly it was mine, but I hadn't missed it until only a few seconds before as I'd just reached for it in my coat to buy our drinks and found it missing.

"Did I leave it in here last night?" I asked Tom, confused now.

"Not at all," he laughed. "Your mate Andy brought it in, twice in fact. The first time I told him you had only just left and he chased off after you with it, but then came back in again about half an hour later leaving it, saying he couldn't remember whereabouts you lived up there."

"That's odd," Jill whispered as Tom went to pull my beer at the pump, "Andy knows full well where we live. He's been up there lots of times." I whispered that I knew that too, as puzzled as Jill was.

"Did he say how he had got hold of my wallet last night?" I ventured to Tom as he gave me my pint.

"He did actually," The landlord answered. "When he came back in the second time to leave it he had a quick pint. The first time he just came in, looked around then shot off after I said you had just left to go home. I'm surprised he didn't catch up with you. He was literally only minutes behind you."

"Well, what did Andy say?" I queried. "I thought it was here in my jacket until a few minutes ago."

"He said you had left your coat over a chair in his kitchen. Your wallet was on the floor when he got home after you left so it must have fallen out when you when you picked your jacket up to go up to the Falcon. He didn't think you'd missed it because all the drinks had been on him at his local."

Tom dropped his voice considerably before adding. "He said he brought it over here after you left in case you were daft enough to drive back for it, he said he was probably over the limit himself but you were most likely double what he was. He hadn't wanted you getting stopped by the cops stupidly going back over to his place for it because you knew he was away back offshore tomorrow."

"Well I'm glad he did," I answered relieved. "It has my Credit and Bank cards in it and all my personal stuff apart from a few quid, I'm glad I've not lost it, is it all in there?"

"How do I know?" said Tom, laughing, "I'm not a nosy bastard, I just shoved it in the drawer for you, I knew you'd be in this teatime as usual."

"I wonder why Andy didn't just bring it back today?" Jill mused as we sat down with our drinks and Zak slid in his usual spot, under the long padded seating benches.

"He's due back offshore this lunchtime. Anyway Andy told Tom last night he hadn't wanted me to miss it then drive back over for it later last night in case the cops stopped me. He's right, they don't usually stop anyone Saturdays nights before about eight, but later they do loads of random checks. Andy is still paranoid about the local cops since he only just passed that breath test by a whisker last year going home from our house."

"That could be why he didn't drop it off at the house too then," Jill said thoughtfully. "I told you I heard couple of cars about 8pm last night. If Andy saw a cop car hanging about up near our lane he would have just left the wallet back in here and legged it home, why don't you ring him and ask him?"

"I can't," I answered, "I told you, that's why we had to finish off that skip job yesterday. He was getting picked to go for his two weeks stint back offshore early this morning, that's why he couldn't just bring it over here today." It was true, my mate Andy worked aboard a Gas rig support boat. I only caught up with him socially every three weeks or so. His duty shifts offshore were two weeks away from home, then home leave again.

As I was telling Jill all this I was casually checking through my wallet and saw a photo tucked inside one of the inside flaps. I started to pull it out but suddenly saw what it was then hurriedly tucked it back inside before she saw it.

"Is it all there?" Jill asked. I nodded that it was and put the wallet away in my pocket. In the privacy of the pub's toilet five minutes later however it was quickly pulled out again. I stared at the Polaroid type photo that had been tucked away inside my wallet flaps. I'd never seen it before in my life. It was an old photo, of a small mongrel type dog and a naked woman on a bed, the woman's head was obscured by a pillow in front of her face but her cunt wasn't obscured at all and the Jack Russell between her legs was licking away at it. I turned the creased photo over. Andy had scrawled on the back. 'I found loads of these old Polaroid photos in a brown envelope under the carpet when I pulled it up to dump it, looks like it's been taken in bedroom here I think? Has it given you two any idea's?'

Knowing Andy and his sense of humour I was totally puzzled now if this was a joke, a wind up or had Andy somehow worked out about what Jill and I had been doing? I just didn't know what to think now. I knew there was no way I could contact him, floating about fifteen miles off the Norfolk Coast circling a gas rig for two weeks. I was a bit confused to say the least.

After a few drinks Jill and I walked back home, just as it was getting dark, she noticed I was a bit quiet, and still deep in thought.

"What's wrong Mr. Grumpy?" She teased me. "I thought you would have been dying to drag me home just to watch Zak kiss his favourite Rabbit goodbye?"

"I don't know," I answered vaguely. "I just feel something is not quite right about last night."

"It was," Jill laughed as she ran off with Zak bounding after her. "You didn't let the doggie do it doggie" she shouted back. "Race him back home you pervert, first in the door gets to do me first."

She was joking and I soon caught up with her and pretended to grope her with Zak bounding around us barking. Strangely when we did finally get home neither of us seemed too anxious to start off being kinky. We had a snack supper and another bottle of wine as we both relaxed watching TV. As it then transpired nothing sexually did happen that night, well between Jill and Zak anyway. Watching a film on TV Jill just lay full length on the couch and persuaded a hesitant Zak to jump up and lay beside her. I'm not surprised the dog was reluctant to jump on the couch, he's never been allowed to get on the furniture before but he happily lay alongside Jill with his head resting affectionately on her leg, never once trying to get anywhere near her crotch at all. Zak seemed to be totally tuned in to Jill's mood, whatever it was, sexy or not. He appeared to be was far better at it judging it than I was, I still hadn't worked that one out.

"Are you ok if we don't?" Jill asked hesitantly. "You know, can't we just relax tonight? I don't think I want to be sexy to be honest, I don't feel horny at all now. I'm open to persuasion when we go up to bed but to be honest I just feel a bit sad to play about doing anything down here." She patted Zaks head fondly, stroking his ears. "Its hit me that this big fluffy Teddy bear won't be following me around this house like my shadow anymore after tomorrow, its upset me quite a lot to be honest."

"It only matters what you want, not me." I told her gently, seeing she was quite clearly upset, I'd seen the wet traces of tears in her eyes stroking Zak as she pretended to be interested in the film.

"If it's worth anything I know exactly how you are feeling Jill," I carried on. "I feel sad too, he's a lovely dog, and even as a plain simple Dog, nothing else at all I'd still miss him a hell of a lot too."

Jill just gave me a warm smile which thanked me without words and just lay stretched out watching TV with Zak alongside her on the couch, contentedly having his ears stroked. Ironically, by knowing exactly what had gone on it was hard to dismiss the thoughts from my head that my wife and Zak quite honestly looked like much like parting lovers, not friends. Weird thoughts in the extreme.

Later I left Jill to lock up and went up half an hour before her. When she did come to bed we actually made love, not 'had sex.' No whispered kinks or fantasy ... We actually just made love, but gently. Odd for us, but to be truthfully it was refreshing different, and I enjoyed it.

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Chapter Eleven

The next day, Monday, we both slept in but I had to rush off to work leaving Jill still in bed. I'd first rang Jill's school myself as she asked me to. I told the receptionist Jill had been ill all weekend and that she wouldn't be coming in today. She didn't sound at all surprised, saying there was a bug going around their school and one of the other teachers had been off with it all last week. I shouted the good news up to Jill and in turn she shouted back down to remind me to let Zak out for a pee before I went, as she was having an extra hour 'lie in' bed now she had a rare Monday off.

I did, then raced into work, just getting there on time. The boss, Mr Crabshaw, explained that Mick was now delayed over in France and he'd volunteered that I'd be happy to cover his clients as well as my own. I put on a good pretence to the boss that I didn't know about that but agreed that I would, and I got down to it. My work phone rang at lunchtime, it was Mick, phoning me from France.

"Well I got that job," he said, sounding elated. "They want me to start as soon as possible, next week if I can get things all sorted out in the UK. I'm getting the noon ferry home. I'm in the Terminal now."

"That's really great news Mick," I said, happy for him. "When you picking the dog up?"

"I rang your place about ten o'clock to say I'd be back up there for Zak this afternoon about three but there was no answer."

"She must have taken Zak out for an early walk," I said, puzzled that there was no answer from the home phone but told Mick I'd get in touch with Jill myself just as he hung up to board the ferry.

I rang Jill to tell her Mick would be coming for the dog at about 3pm and she said that would be fine, that she'd take him out for a last walk early and be back home by then.

"Where were you this morning?" I asked curiously. "Mick said he'd phoned up at ten o'clock but got no answer."

"Oh, I thought that was just you, just being nosy and imagining what I was doing. I'd realised you had left the doors open on purpose for Zak to come up when you shouted you were leaving for work."

"What were you doing then? I asked curiously, "You didn't answer Mick's call did you?"

"I was doing pretty much just what you were hoping and imagining what I was doing I suppose, I was just busy having my lie in." came the answer.

"With Zak?" I prompted, getting very interested now.

"Sort of. I'll tell you later," she laughed. "Don't forget it was you who suggested I say goodbye to him nicely on my own and left the doors open to make sure he came upstairs after you'd left for work."

"So did you? I went on, admitting I had and trying to get her to tell me more.

"Well let's just say he kissed his favourite Rabbit goodbye and it appreciated it." She teased, "Like I said I'll tell you later. I'm taking him out for a run now before Mick comes over for him."

I rang off, relieved that Jill didn't sound half as upset as I'd thought she might be, now knowing Mick had got his job and was moving over to France for definite along with his dog. I was also hoping she wasn't teasing me about 'saying goodbye' to Zak. I certainly wasn't sure if she was kidding or not.

I got home about six o'clock and Jill had made a nice meal. "Did Mick get here for Zak ok then?" I said, a little unnecessarily, as neither Zak or his basket were now in our kitchen.

"Yeah, he left us loads of wine and stuff, some smelly French cheeses too," she laughed. "I put them outside in your shed when Mick left, they were stinking the kitchen out, Zaks nose was twitching like hell. He loves cheese as an odd treat."

"He got another odd treat before he went didn't he? " I prompted but Jill changed the subject.

"Leave it for a while Luke, she said." I'm a bit upset I won't be seeing the daft Mutt again for a while, possibly for ever. I was a bit tearful when I took him out over the Moor before Mick came. It hit me."

"I know, I was fond of that fluffy monster too you know, he obviously loved the pair of us. I'll miss him a lot. I really did in the summer when Mick's kids were staying over here. We hardly went out for any long walks together when we didn't have him here. Zak kept us fit apart from anything else."

I purposely left the subject of Jill's indiscretions with Zak on the back burner, despite being curious as hell about her letting Zak come upstairs for his last goodbye. I left it until I knew for sure Jill did want to talk about it, hopefully in bed. She didn't all that week so I didn't mention it to her either.

Mick had come into work on the Tuesday and when Crabshaw told him he had to work a month's notice Mick told him to shove his job. He knew he would forfeit a few days wages but he decided that spending his last week in England ferrying his stuff across the Channel in a hired Transit van was a far more productive and lucrative idea than working out his notice in our office.

I saw Mick again waiting outside work for me on Thursday. He asked me if I could give him a hand with all the heavy stuff at the weekend. Zak had evidently gone across to France with him on the first load on the Wednesday. Mick told me the dog had gone wild seeing the Kids and Annette again and had so far settled well in their rural house. Mick's town house in England had only been rented one so he had simply paid up his month's legal notice then opted to leave it empty three weeks early. Mick did well that week, he eventually managed to get Zak and ALL their stuff to France doing only three ferry trips across in a 'five day' Transit van hire. He was really keen to get himself back in his family's lives, he'd worked his little socks off.

I helped him load some heavier stuff on that Saturday afternoon for the last trip and we had a last pint in the pub together on the Sunday when he came back over again the next day to weight the hired van back in. Again Mick handed over even more bags of duty free stuff for us. Wine and Brandy this time, and some perfume for Jill. I had politely declined any more soft smelly French cheeses.

"You'll have to come over to choose your own cheese in future, so you must stay overnight with us," He laughed, giving me his address in Normandy. "We have loads of room, it's an old converted farm, Zak loves it because it's so much like your own place, loads of countryside full of rabbits to chase."

"Yeah he liked catching the odd Rabbit" I answered wryly. Remembering Jill's standing pussy joke.

Half an hour later I was waving Mick off down to get the ferry for the last time in his own car, packed out with the very last of his stuff from the house. Zak became a memory, a rather exotic one at that!

We didn't mention Zak again for a week except that I'd passed on to Jill that he had evidently now settled really well back in with the family he knew so well and was happy now in Rural France.

We still hadn't mentioned any 'sexy' memories of Zaks various stays with us, or sex with dogs at all in our conversations, in bed or not, I took my cue from Jill, she obviously didn't want to talk about it.

We went down to the pub on weekends as usual and Zak was mentioned there now and again. He had been fairly well known at the Black Swan, our pub, as on those weekends we had boarded him the dog had often been in there, with either of us walking him. A few people asked about him, so we explained that sadly he had now gone over to live in France. When we said we missed him, friends like Roger and Mavis, who owned Louis the Boxer dog, answered that we should get a dog ourselves now, but we explained we couldn't look after a dog except at the weekends.

"Oh, I hadn't realised you just boarded him weekends," said Roger curiously. "Did you charge much?"

I laughed inwardly. Roger's claim to fame in the Black Swan public bar was that he was tight as the Swan's arse up on the Pub sign, his wife had to bend his arm for him to even buy her a drink.

"Not much Rodg, his owner, Mike was a mate of mine. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, just wondered," he said switching the subject over to Foot ball or something.

About a week later I called in the pub again on my own. I was standing at the bar when Roger sidled up next to me and brought the subject of Zak up again.

"You know you said you boarded that Labrador for your mate?" he said quietly, looking around to make sure Mavis couldn't hear him, "Could we perhaps do each other a mutual favour in a couple of week's time?"

When I looked a bit puzzled he went on. "We have to go up North for her Sister's wedding at the end of this month, that bloody Louis will have to go into expensive Kennels for the weekend but it's more than just their ridiculous costs to be honest. Even when we get back home, once I've dropped Mavis and the bags off? I'll still have to drive all the way over to Castleton and back just to pick the bloody dog up. Just what I'll need after two hours down the M5 getting home, another 25 miles drive." When I hesitated he carried on, "It's only a one off mate, and I'll pay you for it, obviously."

Roger looked around to make sure Mavis wasn't listening then added quietly. "How about you two boarding him just those couple of days for twenty quid?"

When I still looked dubious Roger carried on, "Go on, you know Louis is ok and he knows you both well from being in here. Tell you what, I'll also get you a couple of drinks out of the petrol money I'll save by not driving all the way over to Castleton, just don't tell Mavis what I've paid you, Ok?"

I laughed and agreed, but saying I'd have to ask Jill first but said I thought she would be ok about it.

She was. I brought it up later that night after I got home from the pub. Jill was a bit giddy having sampled the Prosecco before I'd arrived. The bottle was empty so I opened another from the fridge.

"Was there anything madly exciting happening down at the Swan tonight? Jill joked as I opened it.

"Well exciting ME," I teased. "You know that daft boxer dog with the big bollocks, the ones you kept fancying?" I said as I handed back across her glass, now a replenished with more fizzing Prosecco.

"You mean Louis? Jill laughed back. "And I do NOT keep fancying his big bollocks by the way I just once said that they are a bit hard to miss in the pub, swinging about under his arse all the time."

"How do you fancy them slapping against your own arse in a week or two?" I teased. "Roger wants to pay us £20 for you to take his virginity and making a man doggie of him."

"What the hell are you babbling on about?" Jill retorted, but by now quite obviously intrigued.

"Seriously then, Roger knows we boarded Zak and asked if we could look after Louis for him and Mavis at the end of this month when they go to her sisters wedding in the Midlands ... He even offered to pay me £20 when I looked reluctant." I went on.

"You're not thinking what I suspect you are probably thinking?" Jill said, looking at me quizzically. "Shit no Luke, and please don't tell me you have even hinted or joked about anything sexy about Zak to that Roger? He's an idiot?" she added, looking worried.

"Of course not you silly sod," I answered indignantly. "I must admit though I did think you might like to see Louis's swinging bollocks at a closer range. Joking, joking, I added hastily as she threw me a dirty look. "Look it's up to you Jill. Seriously, all joking apart now, the dog always fusses the hell out of you because he knows you so well at the pub. If we have Louis here for two nights and we just walk and feed him it's still all our weekend beer paid for, twenty quid is twenty quid these days."

Jill relented a little, looking quite thoughtful. "What did Mavis say about it?"

"Just not to wear him out for her, she likes a good fuck off him herself on Sundays nights." I got a slap for my remark but added, "I don't think he's told Mavis yet, he's waiting till I asked you first."

"I suppose so," Jill replied grudgingly. "I just hope you ARE teasing me. I honestly don't think I'd ever want to do anything remotely sexy with that daft Mutt, he's nothing like sensible old Zak was, is he?"

"True," I answered, "He's a young dog too, that's why he's so boisterous, he'd probably go home and start raping Mavis getting out of the bath if he ever got a taste of your sexy pussy."

"Well he won't then will he? Jill answered, pouting at me. "So that won't be an issue, will it?"

That night we made love and after two weeks I finally got my real admission from her that she had called Zak up on the last morning that he had stayed with us. As we made love slowly she gave me a sexy and quite graphic description of how she had laid naked on the bed and let him lick her cunt until she came, twice. Which is why she didn't answer the phone call Mick had made.

"What about Louis?" I asked hoarsely as I came hard into her, "Will he get his share of Rabbit too?"

"Why don't we wait and see." Jill answered equally excited now. "Who knows just how I'll feel?"

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## Chapter Twelve

As Jill had finally admitted the night before that she'd had a solo final session with Zak the day he went I did my best to get her to elaborate on this further. On our car journey into work the next morning I tried hard to get some more details about it but she good naturedly hushed me.

"Not now", she laughed. "I'm not walking into school feeling all wet and horny, you never know, I might proposition our poor old headmaster to bend me over his desk and ravish me." I could tell now that Jill didn't mind talking about Zak now, we must have broken the ice about it again last night because as I looked disappointed she went on, "I promise I'll tell you all about Zak's goodbye on the way home, then if it turns me on talking about it then you can just ravish me over our table instead."

"It will have to be over a table in the Swan then," I laughed. "Monday is curry night at the pub remember, we're supposed to be eating out in there tonight,"

"Oh yes, my 'Ravish' will be quite interesting in there wont it? You would probably be encouraging the whole tap room to join in for a gangbang once you'd warmed me up a bit over the table."

"Now there's one for a new sexy bedtime fantasy," I laughed, "Gang banged by the whole taproom, including their dogs."

I got a good natured slap on my arm for that. "Oh my God. No, please, not Roger. Even his daft

boxer dog Louis at a pinch but definitely not him," Jill joked. "Mind you if your mate Andy was home on leave and taking Rogers turn on me I might just be tempted to give it a try."

Jill often joked about my best friend Andy. He was a good looking bloke and It had been a sort of ongoing tease between us about him for ages. We even took it into a fantasy on occasions and made up a sexy threesome scenario if we talked about him in bed, it made Jill sexy. She knew well that it was just an ongoing tease with us and that I wasn't really jealous about it, Jill quite openly flirted with Andy whenever he came over for a drink with us. I knew full well that neither of them were ever actually taking any flirting too seriously, they quite obviously fancied each other physically but I trusted them both and knew it for exactly what it was, just a wind up tease.

A couple of years ago I'd told Jill about something that had gone on years ago when Andy and I were students in Uni. We'd both ended up in bed with one of his casual girl friends, Susie. She'd been a student in his shared house who had got pissed and been up for a threesome. It had only happened because I'd walked in on them both shagging. It had only been at Susie's whispered suggestion to Andy that he invited me to come over and join them on the bed. I did and we'd taken turns on his very enthusiastic house mate all through that night. Susie had even been a bit 'shocked' at herself the next sober morning as we all woke up in the same bed. She'd walked back to her own room quite sore, with ejaculate leaking from every orifice but she had clearly enjoyed the experience of two guys at once, judging from her moans the night before that is. It was only ever that one off, as Andy and Susie lost touch not very long after that. I think she was in her final year at Uni so she went back to London when she graduated. After that she and Andy eventually lost each others address.

When I had first told Jill about myself and Andy with the sexy Susie student years ago Jill had been quite curious and more than happy to hear every sexy last detail of how Susie had loved having two dicks at the same time, even down to how big Andy's cock was and how much the girl had moaned as we'd 'double tailed' both her holes at once. Jill loved 'talking' about way out sex of any kind, it really excited her in bed but prior to Zak she hadn't ever wanted to take it over into reality.

I'd put Jill's excitement when talking about threesomes with Andy down to just fantasy talk before. Yet now she had gone all the way with Zak, even instigating a lot of it just as Andy's girl friend Susie had done all those years ago! I had now started to wonder exactly just what Jill did want to do next and just how far she wanted to take all this fantasy talk? While she was obviously still teasing me she was quite openly talking about her becoming a nymphomaniac and making jokes about letting her aging headmaster 'ravish' her over his desk and tap room gang bangs. Joking or not Jill was now talking about role playing these scenarios without her seeming in the least bit embarrassed.

I dropped Jill off at her school and again spent more of the day dreaming about my sexy wife than doing any proper work. I was clock watching after lunch, waiting for home time.

I picked Jill up at the school later, after I finished work. As we set off for home Jill reached across to turn on the radio which I'd left off on purpose, as she did I reached and caught hold of her hand.

'Leave that off Hon," I pleaded. "I've got a promise on with someone who is going to brighten up our boring journey home by telling me all about what a naughty girl she was saying goodbye to her dog."

Jill laughed, "It really got to you that last morning didn't it? Just thinking about what I was doing on my own with Zak? I bet you didn't get much work done that day! Actually there isn't all that much to tell you really" Jill went on. "Apart from letting him give a farewell kiss to his beloved Rabbit."

"Well did you let him or not then? I coaxed her eagerly. "Didn't he get one last fuck from you too?"

"No, I've told you before, I'm scared to do it without you there," she answered quickly. "I suppose I

was tempted a bit but I was too scared in case he got wedged inside me or something. What the hell would I do if Mick had walked in to collect Zak to find him on my back and stuck fast up my pussy?"

"Ask him to join in and be next over your back if I know you in that mood," I answered hoarsely, feeling well horny with Jill talking like this. "That's why it turns me on so much seeing it, every time I've seen your face when Zaks cock was up inside you cunt you were totally wild, game for anything."

"What do you mean 'every' time? I've only gone all the way with him a few times. He'd only licked me before he came last Summer." Jill pouted guiltily, blushing.

"Yes but about a dozen times since" I leered. "He must have fucked you about six times just on that final weekend we had him over here."

"No he did NOT," Jill pouted again, then cheekily, "It was four actually. Why, are you jealous now?"

"Definitely not," I answered her. "I'm horny as hell by you even telling me about it. So even sober now you'll admit you liked being dog fucked then?" I coaxed her further. We had turned off the busy main road by now and were out of traffic and houses, driving along country roads with hedges and trees. Jill looked around to make sure she couldn't be seen then hiked her skirt up to her waist and gently rubbed the front of the pink panties.

"Ok, yes I suppose I did, and If you are going to make me horny remembering it all I'm going to need to rub my pussy as I tell you," she whispered, sliding low down into the seat and slipping her fingers up inside her pants.

"Show me" I croaked, looking across at her. "Let me see all of your bare cunt." Jill tried to pull her pants aside but they wouldn't come wide enough so she literally ripped the flimsy front of them apart and turned slightly sideways so I could see all of her cunt properly now. 'Christ' I thought, looking across at her pushing her fingers up inside herself, 'She's just ripped her best knickers off and ruined them. She must be feeling horny as hell to do that.'

She was. I was now driving down the rural road as slowly as I could, with one eye on the road and the other now firmly on Jill's cunt as she panted and masturbated away hard in the seat next to me.

"Here," I croaked, passing her across the litre bottle of spring water from the car console drink holder next to the gear stick. "Use that, it's nice and thick with bulges in it, just like Zak's cock was."

Jill shuddered, taking it from me and holding her pussy apart with one hand she inserted the end cap of the bottle in between her cunt lips and gradually eased it up gently inside herself. As the bulbous round part of the bottle gradually got pushed up into her too she gasped. "Jesus, that bit feels big going up into me. I can't spread my legs wide enough apart sat in here to take it all."

"As big as Zak was? I prompted her. "If you can take a bottle like that up you then you don't need to worry about a dog getting his knot stuck inside your pussy."

"It does feel a bit like him now I've got it past the bulge," she whispered, obviously teasing me now. "But not nice and hot too like Zak's cock was." She was now pulling the bottle almost out of her cunt and then thrusting it back up again hard, taking a good half of the litre bottle up inside her cunt and moaning hard with each thrust as she did so.

"God I can't take this," I wailed in desperation. "There's no way I can drive now, don't come yet." We were getting nearer to the village so I pulled off down into farm track entrance and stopped. Tilting

my seat back I reached across and played with Jill's plastic dildo bottle myself, easing it in and out of her cunt before I got out my now hard cock out, getting Jill to wank me with her other hand. As she did I got my hand up into her blouse and slid it under her bra, squeezing her nipples hard.

"You still haven't told me what you let Zak do on your own that morning," I whispered in her ear. "Are you sure you didn't let him stretch your horny cunt apart like we are doing right now?"

"No," Jill whispered back hoarsely, still pushing the bottle back and forth into her cunt. "But I did this to him, she whispered fiercely, rubbing my cock hard until I started to spurt. "He came too, just like you are doing now." She quickly grabbed the torn half of her knickers then caught my spunk in them to stop it splashing all over her skirt. "Oh look," she laughed, taking the bottle from out of her own cunt. "You've come nearly as much as Zak did when I got hold of his cock. I milked him dry doing that to him too, while I was ramming away my own pussy," she laughed, holding up the spring water bottle she'd just used on herself.

"What with a bottle like that?" I queried in disbelief but Jill shook her head.

"No silly, with my vibrator. When you left for work Zak came upstairs, I realised you'd left the stairs door open for him on purpose and took your hint. I swung my legs out of the bed and showed him my pussy. He soon got the idea of what I had planned we had a good hour playing and him licking me. He was mostly whining to stop me using my vibrator and let him jump up to fuck me instead. I felt sorry for him in the end."

"What, so you let him?" I prompted hopefully but Jill laughed again. "No I told you, I was scared to. Zak had jumped up onto the bed with me. I went and got a towel from the bathroom because he was getting really excited licking me and starting to spurt. I put it on the bed and tossed him off onto it next to me, it went all over my tits and face as well as the towel."

"Were you giving him another blow job then?" I quizzed her hoarsely. "You must have been if he was so close he was coming all over your face."

"Just briefly," Jill answered shyly, "He was coming all over my tits because I was laid top and tail with him. I wanted to see really close up how much his cock was swelling up as I rubbed him off. On an impulse I reached under and took him into my mouth once but he nearly choked me when I sucked him, he had got too big. I just kept making him come with my hand instead. He was huge by then, and his lump thing was nearly as big as the bulge in this bottle," she said, placing the bottle back in the console. "Its no wonder Zak stretches my pussy wide apart! Hey, get us out of here before some one sees us, its not even dark yet you daft sod, loads of people could have seen us parked up here."

"One car came past," I laughed. "I heard it slow up a bit but it carried on, he didn't stop to watch us."

"Good job" smiled Jill checking under her skirt to what was left of her knickers as I set off again... "Looks like I've sacrificed these for you," Jill laughed, pulling down what was left of her panties and stepping her feet out of the pink remains. That's a new pair of sexy silk knickers you owe me now."

"You wore your Sexy pink knickers for school? So that's how you keep the attention of the boys in the class focussed on your desk?" I laughed, "Quick 'knees apart' for them is it?"

"Don't laugh too soon," Jill countered, "We still have to stop at the pub yet so don't forget I'm going commando now," she said, putting the tattered bits of her silk panties into the Glove compartment. "If anyone gets a flash in the Swan it certainly won't be pink knickers they see, it will be Brer

Rabbit.”

“Get prepared to fight off the Big Bollocks Boxer then, “ I leered, “I bet Louis will notice.”

“True,” laughed Jill as we pulled into the Swan Car Park. “I’d forgot about him. I’d better keep my knees well together. Louis is bad enough when I’ve got jeans and warm hiking knickers on.” She looked at me cheekily again before whispering further as we walked in the pub door. “That’s if you really do want me to be modest that is. Knowing you I’d guess you’ll be hoping I’m flashing my gash to all and sundry. Shall I just give Louis a quick flash and see if he sees it? He’s at the right height.”

“Up to you”, I smiled back, the thought exciting me. “But for God’s sake don’t make it too obvious.” I added as I walked into our local with my knickerless wife now joking about showing dogs in there her bare cunt. ‘The evening was livening up quite well now’ I thought.

I didn’t realise just how much until we had walked into the bar to find my best mate Andy standing up at the bar with a pint in his hand.

“What the hell are you doing home on leave” I said. “You’re not due back ashore again until next week, are you?”

“I wasn’t, but I have great news,’ he answered enthusiastically. “I’ve been given a Skippers job with the same company if I sign a new full year contract. It’s out in Caracas, my own fucking boat at last.”

“Isn’t that Venezuela?” I queried. “It’s a long way from home Andy. You won’t be ashore shagging every three weeks like you are working off Norwich.”

“I know, but I’m only getting first mates wages now, even though I have a Masters ticket. I’ll be on double wages out there for a year as a boat Captain. It’s on pipeline maintenance supplying all the diving vessels. It’s a brilliant job, tons of money to earn.” Andy was well happy indeed I realised.

Andy insisted on paying for our drinks and as we walked across to where Jill had sat down I teased Jill by pointing to Andy’s back behind him.

“See” I laughed at her. “Captain Andy. Your wish is my command. Now where is that Louis and a table?” Roger and Mavis weren’t in yet with their dog but Jill certainly got my innuendo, she laughed, even though Andy was looking puzzled. “Private joke,” I laughed to him as he asked who Louis was and what was wrong with the table we had just sat down at?

We ordered a curry each. It wasn’t on a menu, it was just one big batch they made in the Swan each Monday, that day it was Beef Madras. It was probably made with the left over joints meat from the Sunday Lunch menu they served up as it was always Beef, Lamb or Pork. That said it was always tasty too and really cheap, about the price of a pint with a Nan bread included so it was popular with the regulars. As we ate our curry Andy elaborated on his news. He said he was flying out to join his ship at the weekend. He had come over to leave me a spare key to his house and ask me to keep an eye on the place while he was away. He said he was putting it back up for sale with an estate agent but it could take a while to sell. Andy wanted to nominate me to act as agent on his behalf here in the UK if I was happy to do that and I told him that I was.

As we were finishing our meal Roger walked in with Louis, his dog, as usual he dropped the lead as he went up to the bar. Louis fussed round a few people then made a bee line for Jill when he saw her sat on the wall seating across the table from us. He shot under our table and Jill jumped upright with a short shriek, saying Louis had given her a shock. She said hello to him, fussing his ears fondly, but with her knees now firmly together almost fighting him off under the table.

"Sorry about that old girl," said Roger to Jill, getting the dogs lead in his hand and pulling him out from under our table, "You know how giddy he gets if he knows you. Come here, you daft Mutt."

"Its ok, he just startled me", Jill said, looking hard across at me with a knowing smile on her face.

"I don't suppose he'll eat this will he?" said Andy to Roger, showing him a couple of bite sized chunks of beef he hadn't finished on the side of his curry plate. "It tastes like its all gristles."

"That greedy sod will eat anything," laughed Roger, "Put it down on the floor for him."

Andy stooped down and put his plate on the floor, but then as soon as Louis came across Andy kept bending down again to his plate. Now taking his time to sit up again, teasing Louis by pushing the meat towards him with his fork. Suddenly I caught the direction that Andy's gaze kept straying in. It was across under our table at Jill's knees and I realised Louis wasn't the only male in the pub now who had realised my Jill had her bare cunt on public view if you were down below the table level.

I wasn't sure what to do, or how to warn her as Andy again stooped leisurely below the table to pick up his now licked clean plate to put it back up on the table, again he took his time. I knew exactly where his gaze was going but Jill didn't. At least I think she didn't, later on I began to wonder.

"How did you know we'd be in here? Jill asked of Andy innocently.

"I passed you parked up in that track up the road" Andy said. "I walked back to see if you had broken down but you looked busy talking so I left you to it. I guessed you would be coming in here with the car facing that way so I came to the Swan and waited for you."

Jill blushed and stuttered, "Oh yes we'd been arguing on the way home. We had something we wanted to discuss and sort out in private before we got into here with all the ears wagging."

"I know, said Andy, winking at me. "When I walked back I saw you discussing it. You obviously hadn't heard me walking up to the car so I went and left you both to it."

I knew for sure Andy had seen what we'd been doing in the car but he changed the subject, to avoid Jill's discomfort. She made the excuse to go to the toilet now, blushing profusely.

"What are you playing at Andy?" I whispered quite angrily when she went, but still making sure no one else near us could hear me. "Were you spying on me and Jill in our car?"

"I wouldn't call it spying!" he whispered back. "I'll leave the spying on her to you my mate!" He laughed. "You are the expert at it. To be honest didn't see much tonight except that you were obviously both well at it. I couldn't get anywhere near enough to see your lass's pussy anyway without you both seeing me. But sure as fuck I did just see it again in here just now." He went on, whispering closer to my ear now.

"I just got a massive eyeful of her bare cunt when I bent down and saw her under that table. I've got a bloody hard on Luke. What do you expect letting her come out like that? I've been at sea for nearly a month and your Jill hasn't even got her fucking knickers on, fucking right I looked over at it mate."

"! know Andy, but leave it for fucks sake, please don't embarrass Jill, she'll be mortified now."

"We've been mates for donkey's years, "Andy went on. "Why would I do that? I wouldn't upset Jill at any price, I love her to bits too mate, it was just a shock seeing her bare cunt up so fucking close."

I shut him up as Jill came back from the toilets, she looked a little more composed now I thought.

"Right you two reprobates. I expect you have a lot to talk about if Andy is leaving for a year at the weekend, like your old student days for instance," she winked at us. "I'll take our car home. You two just have a few pints and a good chat in here. Andy can bring you home later in his car. If he's well over the limit he can still just take it steady around the back way to our place and borrow our couch for the night."

I agreed and Jill took the keys from me and departed. After she left Andy and I walked through into the lounge bar, it was more private as it was a Monday. It was almost empty except for a couple hiding away in a corner looking suspiciously like they were married, but not to each other.

We got a pint each and sat down, able to talk now without having to whisper.

"First, what was that crack about me spying on Jill?" I quizzed him curiously. "What's that all about?"

"Are you saying that you don't Mate?" Andy ventured knowingly, "Before you go on and deny it I've watched you at it you Perv, looking though your own curtains at your own wife playing with herself."

"When?" I said, flustered, knowing well it was true but wondering just how the hell Andy knew this.

"Cast your mind back to leaving your wallet over at my place," Andy lowered his voice confidentially, even though no one could hear us in the pub now anyway. "I had just missed you in here that night and when I went after you to catch you up I saw your car parked up with no lights not far from your own place. I looked up that path you were parked next to and as it was moonlight I clearly saw you in the distance hopping over the fence into the back field. I just wondered what the fuck you were up to? I followed up the path quietly in time to see you hop over into your own garden and go to your lit up window then look through it. I honestly thought you were trying to catch Jill at it with another bloke or something. That's why I kept quiet. I just watched you looking in at your window."

"I was just seeing if she was in bed before I went in," I offered lamely, "Jill hates me drink driving."

"Bollocks," Andy went on. "I hid as you went back to your car and drove it back up the road into your drive. Then I crept over into your garden myself, just to see what had been so interesting that you'd been watching your own wife. It was certainly interesting mate, well fucking interesting."

"You spied on us you twat," I said angrily "Your own best mate?"

"Well perhaps if you had been just having a marital bonk on the rug I might have shown a bit of discretion and left. Given what Jill was actually doing with that dog you look after then 'interesting' is hardly the word to use is it? It was fucking mind blowing more like. I suppose you would have just gone home if you looked through my own curtains to see if I was ok then seen my ex with a big dog stuck up her? I don't fucking think so Luke, you'd have pulled your cock off, much as I did watching you two with that Labrador? Jesus, it even looked like she was sucking it off at one bit. Fucking hell mate, your Jill is one hell of a horny cow. I'm just fucking jealous mate, not shocked."

"How long were you there? I asked sheepishly, knowing that he had seen most of what had gone on.

"Until Jill went upstairs and you let that bloody dog out the back," he smiled. "The bloody thing barked like hell and went after me as I jumped back over into the field. Then I heard you searching the front and calling out to him as I got back to the car. I just went back to the pub to leave your wallet there instead of coming to the house. I said to the Landlord I'd forgotten where you lived."

"I know," I answered reluctantly. "Jill and I both knew that was bollocks and wondered why the hell you had told him that. Oh yes, what was that bloody old photo you left in my wallet with a dog on it, what was all that about?"

"It was supposed to be a clue I'd seen you both at it too," Andy admitted, "I'd had a crazy thought that you might set it up to let me see her do it again without her knowing if I promised never to tell anyone about it. I wouldn't anyway, honestly Luke, you know that full well, we go back a long way."

With a sinking feeling I then remembered the shadowy shape I'd put down to foxes in the field and then hearing a distant car as I'd searched the front garden with Zak that night. Shit, it had been Andy and he'd obviously seen everything Jill had done with Zak before he left, including him fucking her.

"You can't ever mention this to Jill Andy, promise me you won't, she will be mortified if she found out you knew about Zak, Please promise me you won't tell her when we go back, promise me."

"I promise," Andy quickly said. "I've always known your missus was pretty broad minded about sex," Andy went on, "Like tonight. She winked at us when she mentioned our student days, I thought you might have got her going telling her about us both double ending that Susie I was going out with."

"I did," I admitted. "And you're right, it turned her on so much she talked about wishing Susie had been her with us both, but for fucks sake don't tell her I've told you that either."

"There you go then, he said, after getting up and bringing us back another drink. "I'll take the part of the dog, tell her Susie was my girlfriend not yours and so you owe me an IOU return bout."

I laughed but realised that I might be able to buy Andy's assured silence about Zak if I could get Jill to have a bit of sexy fun with Andy. If she was happy to have a threesome with a dog and had already fantasised about fucking Andy in a threesome this might well be an easy way out of this.

"Leave it with me Andy. I'll see if she is up for it when we get home," I promised, "But we'll have to do it really subtly my way and for Gods sake no mention of Zak at all. Not now or ever, ok mate?"

"Scouts honour" Andy laughed as we finished our drinks and walked out to his car. "What's the plan of action? Me catching you two at it and joining in like you did with my Susie?"

"Sort of" I mused thoughtfully. "I'll say you just dropped me off at the drive and pissed off home again. I'll make sure the curtains are open slightly and you can come down the path way into our garden go and watch her being naughty with herself first before you finally come and join in."

"With a bottle again like she was in the car earlier on?" Andy asked expectantly, getting excited now.

"I thought you said you couldn't see her cunt properly?" I quizzed him.

"I couldn't but it was fucking obvious what she was doing with that water bottle that you handed across to her," Andy grinned back at me.

"Yes, ok then. That's if she is up for it again, frigging with a bottle, she usually is. But wait until she's got well away with some dildo up her before you sneak back in, do it really quietly too, I'll leave the back door unlocked. Try not to let her hear you come in until you are standing there watching us. It's a fantasy she's talked bout before when I told her about you shagging Susie and her not realising I was stood there watching you till I'd joined in with you. If Jill just gets upset and jumps up going crazy just apologise and say your car broke down so you waked back up the road to

our place.”

“And you’ll keep your promise whatever happens? I added. Not a single word about any dogs, Ok?”

Andy nodded sombrely as we set off home. I was now almost as excited as Andy clearly was. I had fantasised with Jill about my best mate fucking her. Soon he probably would be and as he had been at sea for several weeks, I knew Andy would certainly have an appetite to match Jill’s tonight.

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Chapter Thirteen

We reached home so Andy turned into our driveway. He dropped me off then reversed back out to set off down the Lane again. As I went into our front door I faintly heard his engine slow down in the distance. He must have parked next to the path to walk up around the back fields into our garden.

I walked through into the lounge from the kitchen. Jill was sitting on the couch in her dressing gown with her bare legs tucked lazily under her. She was listening to music, her favourite, ‘Simply Red’. She was drinking Prosecco from her largest glass. I noticed the robe she had on was her favourite silk Kimono one too, she rarely wore it. She looked dead sexy in it now, more so as she had obviously re-applied fresh make up after her shower tonight, something she hardly ever did on normal nights.

“So where’s Andy?” Jill asked curiously. I smiled inwardly as I noticed the barely disguised look of disappointment on her face. It was rather hard to miss it!

“He said he had loads of packing to do at home,” I lied. “So he just dropped me off then shot off before any Police cars were about. They only tend get active once the pubs start to shut.”

“They all wait just off the main road by that junction,” Jill warned, “If Andy has had a few pints he should be careful, they might be there now. The Police sometimes park up there as early as 9pm.”

“I know Jill but they are still dead easy to spot there coming down from this end. They face looking out for cars coming from the pub on the main road, not from down behind them. I told Andy to just watch out for them parked up by the lane end. Unless they see him drive past them or spot his lights trying to turn around in their mirrors they won’t breathalyse him will they? If they are sat there I told him to just turn off his lights, quietly park up on the grass verge then come home here on the back footpath. A fifteen minute walk to get back here is far better than him losing his licence.” I said this tongue in cheek, as this lame excuse was one we had both rehearsed in the car to explain why Andy was coming in back here, but quite a while after I’d got home myself. This tale was invented just so Andy could first go spy on Jill being a sexy bitch through our garden window again.

When I came in I knew full well that Andy would soon be standing in our garden looking in at us through the gap in the curtains. In about another ten minutes or so I’d estimated. I had to make it happen fairly quickly now but at least Jill did seem to be in the mood for fun.

I got up to get myself a drink so Jill emptied hers and handed it across to me it for her refill. As I got the drinks from the cabinet I noticed the long window drapes were firmly closed. Without Jill seeing me I did manage to craftily drag them apart about an inch as I poured the drinks before I sat down again. When Andy arrived he would now be able to see Jill lounging on the couch quite clearly.

I started to feel quite excited now at this new sexy game. All I had to do now was smooth talk Jill into being sexy, something I’d never found hard to do, especially when she was this tipsy and half naked.

"You are looking very sexy tonight," I volunteered. "So was that just for Andy's benefit or my own?"

"Don't be silly" she blushed. "It's you who has been getting me horny as hell all day. I was so worked up I even ripped my best knickers apart in the car when you made me frig myself with that plastic water bottle." Then she added, to tease, "The one with the funny dog shaped bulge you like in it?"

"Didn't you get horny thinking that Andy had probably seen you using that too?" I prompted, trying to steer the current sexy subject away from Zak or dogs cocks and now back onto Andy.

"But he didn't see me did he?" She laughed but she was warming to the subject that Andy might well have. "He said in the pub he'd just left us both to it when I said that we'd just been arguing."

"Well no, he didn't see that much but he told me afterwards he had known full well what we were up to, he even saw me pass you that bottle over, that's when he pissed off and left us to it. He knew bloody well we were being sexy with it, not arguing, I've actually admitted it to him more or less."

"What did he say about it?" Jill asked huskily, her knees were gently squeezing together now, a fool proof giveaway sign that she was getting horny and ready to touch herself up. No doubt at the kinky thoughts that my mate Andy quite obviously knew she had fucked herself with that bottle in our car.

"Well, he said that it had made him as horny as hell but even worse than that, despite not seeing your cunt in the car earlier he still admitted to me later that he did get a really good view of your naughty pussy with no knickers on in the pub earlier tonight," I whispered, now pulling her Kimono apart to expose her naked vagina and putting my hand between her legs stroking her slit gently with my fingers. "Several times, in fact he said you had your knees wider apart every time he had bent down to get another look at this very naughty bare cunt flashing wide at him under our table."

"I did," Jill admitted huskily. "Andy kept bending down to feed that daft dog, and staying down there even longer every time he did so. I knew he'd already looked and seen that I had no knickers on so I didn't even close my legs. It mad me horny just knowing he was under there looking over at my bare cunt in a room full of people. I just pretended I didn't know he was looking but I definitely did. Yes I do admit it excited me knowing he was looking, frantic to see more of my cunt, so I parted my legs."

"I think Louis also had a good look at it too didn't he? I went on confidentially. "I heard you cry out when the Boxer dog first went under the table as you hadn't seen him go under there."

"Oh my God, Louis had a bit more than a bloody look, why do you think I yelped?" Jill laughed. "I was halfway through taking a drink of my wine as I suddenly got a hard wet nose shoved up into my bare pussy. I nearly threw my drink all over you and Andy, up to then I'd forgotten I had no knickers on under that table, until Louis kindly reminded me. That excited me then too, just knowing that a dog had just been away nosing at my bare cunt in a room chock full of people drinking and no one else knew about it except me, or that if I'd been on my own in private I'd probably have let it carry on."

"So why did you stop Louis then?" I whispered. "You should have let him do it a bit longer not yelled and jumped. There was only me in there who would have known what you were letting the dog do."

"Just a bit dangerous in a pub don't you think? Oh yes, and what about Captain Andy then? He was under the table looking over at my naked cunt more times than he was above it, eating his curry."

"Only once he had realised you had no knickers on", I laughed back. "And don't forget he's been out at sea for ages, you can't blame the poor guy for looking, having your bare cunt flashed open for him. Yours was probably the first bare cunt poor Andy has even laid eyes on this side of Christmas."

"I knew that," Jill answered excitedly. I realised she was getting more and more excited, her voice was getting hoarse as she whispered to me. "I was getting horny as hell knowing just how much I was turning Andy on, that's why I spread my legs wider for him. When I stood up I could see his hard on. I just got a bit embarrassed doing it there in the pub in case anyone in there had noticed I was getting flushed. It's why I wanted to come home before you. Yes, I'll also admit I've already had a little 'play' over it all earlier on if you must know." she added, blushing. "That's probably the reason why I left to come home early if I'm honest. I got all horny again, I needed to go and scratch an itch"

"So, you've been a naughty girl back here on your own too have you? So would you have still carried on playing with your pussy and let Andy get another eyeful of it if he'd come back with me and we'd both come in and caught you bang at it, you scratching your 'itch' laying on our couch?" I prompted.

"I don't know, yes, I probably would do if you had been au fait with that. I'd have asked you first if you wanted me to, then perhaps yes, if you did. After today then I probably would go along with it."

"What a real threesome?" I again prompted. "You are listening to your Simply Red music as well." She was, she had on her favourite Album from the band. Their music always made her romantic.

"I don't know, perhaps. No, Ok then, it's yes if I'm honest." Jill ventured thoughtfully. "It's only after all the different sex we've been talking about all day, dogs and stuff all the way home. I think it just depends on how horny I am. Are you surprised I've been horny as hell tonight? It's quite obvious you wouldn't mind if Andy had stayed over and fucked me! Well would you? You've already 'shared' me with 'Mans best friend' so I suppose that I'd go along with doing it with Man's second best friend too if I was sure that's what YOU really wanted me to do. Its not as if we haven't fantasised about Andy already is it? It excited you a lot as I remember? To be honest I thought you might both have been planning it tonight if I'm really truthful. Like you admitted you did with that student girl Andy had."

She looked almost disappointed as she went on, "But Andy isn't here with you anyway tonight is he? So it doesn't really matter if I would or wouldn't want to do it now if he was staying over, does it?"

"But I'm still here" I answered looking suitably crushed. "Just a minute," I stopped her and went across to the kitchen, coming back with a full plastic spring water bottle from the pantry the exact same type as I'd had in the car earlier and handed it to her. "Just use this to fuck yourself for me then," I pleaded hoarsely, "Just us, the same way as you did for me today, parked up in the car."

"What? That same size bottle again? Jill laughed, but she took it from me then smiled as she wet it with her saliva. "Is this just because I've said today these have a big bulge in them like a dog's cock?" she teased me as she started to ease it up into herself. "It is that. It is, isn't it? You just love me still reciting to you how sexy Zak's cock felt stuck into me don't you? You really are a kinky sod Luke, it's a good job I don't mind remembering about Zak either." She shuddered before adding, "God, even talking about it still makes my brain admit just what a filthy bitch I was, enjoying him fucking me. I just loved being fucked, it blows my mind, I don't mind you being blown away about Zak I was too."

Jill struggled a bit at first but gradually eased almost half of the thick bottle up inside her pussy and then, as she got wetter and it stretched her open more comfortably she started to fuck herself more gently and rhythmically with it, now slumped back on the couch, I eased the Kimono from off her shoulders and manoeuvred her body around sideways with her feet up onto the couch cushions until she was now laid on the long couch lengthways, facing over towards the window. Her knees were up and legs well apart, the plastic bottle was clearly stretching her cunt open now. Her firm tits were also on show too. This would be a rare sight for Andy outside looking in at us both. By now Jill was taking over half the thick bottle up inside her cunt at each thrust she was pushing in herself.

"Fuck yourself harder with it now, please," I pleaded. "Go on, really stretch yourself wider with it." Jill did just as I asked her, getting more and more excited, as at each thrust she made it got deeper up into her cunt. It excited me even more now, knowing that Andy would be outside our window by now, probably wanking hard too watching Jill do it.

"You fuck me now instead, please." Jill gasped. "I want to feel a real cock inside me not this thing."

"Would Zak do instead of me if he were here," I teased, "Would you let the dog fuck you instead?"

"Oh my God yes, I'd be more than happy now for any hot cock like Zak's throbbing in me, you fuck me Luke, I want to feel your real cock shooting hot up inside me, it makes me come when I feel it."

"Suck me harder first" I prompted. Kneeling up on the floor next to her I turned her head around facing towards me and pushed my cock close up towards her face.

Jill took my cock in her hand and up to her mouth then started sucking away at it, her eyes closed but still gently masturbating, pushing at the bottle deep in her cunt with her other hand. I turned to look towards our lounge window and when I knew that Jill couldn't see my hand I held it up in the 'Thumbs up' signal towards the window. A 'thumbs up' appeared back against the window at the curtain gap in response so I quickly beckoned for Andy to come inside now. I signalled by making a circle with my pointed finger to go round to the front door that I had purposely left open for him. I put my finger up to my lips to tell Andy to do this quietly. He did exactly as I'd asked.

In less than three minutes Andy was in the house with us. He had let himself in and come quietly through from the kitchen and was now standing watching us intently from our lounge doorway. Because of the music Jill had on she had definitely NOT heard Andy enter the house, she was still sucking away enthusiastically at my cock, while still gently moving the dildo bottle in and out of her own pussy with her free hand.

I took her hand from the bottle and pulled it up towards her tits, "Squeeze your own nipples now" I pleaded. "I love seeing you play with your own tits." She did so but as the bottle slid halfway out of her cunt I put my hand down and pushed it gently back up her before she could. "I'll do that for you now," I whispered It was big but by now she was so wet that it was sliding easily in and out of her.

Turning towards Andy I put a finger to my lips and beckoned for him to creep over to us at the couch. Pointing to the bottle I was now holding between my wife's spread legs I made a 'hand' signal to Andy to come closer and 'fuck' Jill with it himself. He did, hardly missing a stroke as he took over the thick bottle from my own hand and continued to fuck Jill's cunt gently with it. Andy was a little hesitant doing it at first but as Jill's clear enjoyment of what we were doing to her became obvious to him from her moans he pushed it even further into her cunt getting past the big round bulge halfway down it. It was now stretching her wide and Jill was quite clearly enjoying this harsher cunt stretching sensation, moaning hard while still sucking greedily on my cock. Her other hand was still squeezing at her own breasts while alternately pinching both her nipples hard with her fingers.

Jill still had her eyes closed, sucking away hard on my cock. Thanks to the music, Mick Hucknery's loud singing had masked any sound Andy had made coming in or his heavy breathing. Jill had no idea at all that the hand which was now moving the bottle deeper in and out of her cunt wasn't her husband's left hand at all, or that the two of us we were no longer alone in our lounge. This went on for a few minutes with everyone there getting more and more sexually excited. Andy had by now even taken his own cock out and was pulling on it hard with his other hand while he was still fucking Jill with the bottle, but starting to go a little too fast for her now.

She only caught us out after Andy became a too enthusiastic with the bottle and tried to get almost

all of it right up inside her cunt. When Jill put her hand down to stop 'me' pushing it up her too far she got a big shock when she felt 'him' - Andy's arm doing it. She realised in seconds that the arm on the hand pushing the bottle deep into her was coming from upwards, totally the wrong way for it to be my own as I was kneeling down next to her face. In her shock she got my cock and turning her head gasped aloud when she saw it was Andy standing at the end of our couch with the bottle. He was masturbating his cock in one hand while stooping down to fuck Jill with the other one.

She was genuinely surprised and shocked but instead of freaking out or jumping up she just paused in disbelief for ten seconds but then quickly turned her head back around to my own cock. I now suspect this was probably just to cover her shocked embarrassment and give her some thinking time but whatever it was after a few more seconds Jill relaxed and took my erect cock back in her mouth again and just carried on sucking my cock as if nothing had happened.

I looked over at Andy and shrugged my shoulders. This was now seemingly a clear a signal from Jill to both of us that this little orgy could still continue, seemingly now with her own full permission. We did just that, we all just carried on, no-one said anything. Jill sucked me off enthusiastically while Andy fucked her cunt equally hard with the bottle as he wanked himself. Now he'd been discovered by her he even reached up over her belly and squeezed her naked tits too. This obviously excited Jill even further knowing that there were two men at once were playing with her body now, it was quickly becoming obvious to both of us just how much my wife was enjoying this now, she was continually shuddering hard as we both stroked away at her tits at once. Andy carried on using the bottle and rubbing her clit while she took me deep in her mouth with even more technique, almost deep throating me.

I wasted no time. Jill was clearly up for being fucked too now. Seeing Andy there playing with her may have been a real shock at first but it certainly hadn't seemed upset her that she had been by set up for it by the two of us. Neither did she try to back off from anything we were both doing to excite her. If anything Jill was getting even wilder, she was almost coming now, I could tell, I always could.

I managed to manoeuvre her down off the couch. Sitting myself right back into the armchair I pulled her over to my lap and pushed her head back down onto my erect cock again. She was now on her knees on the rug in front of me with her backside up in the air leaving that end for Andy's attentions. As the bottle was no longer up in her cunt she must have been, to say the least, well 'opened' up from having her cunt stretched wide by it, 'gaping' apart was how Andy described it to me later.

Jill worked greedily on me with her mouth now and I signalled over her back to Andy by 'twiddling' two of my fingers then pointing to Jill's raised backside that I wanted him to come behind her and play with her cunt again. He knelt behind her and did so. Jill shuddered hard as she felt him push his fingers up into her and stoke her clitoris. He even bent and gently licked her cunt, which she loved.

She stopped sucking my cock, raised her head and then gasped out excitedly, "For God sake, yes I'm ready for fucks sake. Is either one of you two randy bastards going to fuck me now or not?"

Andy looked silently me and bent his raised arm in the universal 'fuck' gesture while pointing down at Jill's naked cunt with the other. It was clearly an 'etiquette' only request asking me for permission for him to fuck my wife.

I laughed nodding over Jill's head at him. "Yes, Captain, Permission to come on board" I quipped in a whisper as he discarded his boxer shorts and knelt down on the rug behind her.

"Bon voyage. But hold tight Captain," I whispered. "In this weather she might well roll quite a bit."

Andy didn't need telling twice. He knelt down behind her between Jill's parted knees and in one

quick thrust roughly shoved his erect cock deep up inside her. Both of them gave happy satisfied grunts as Andy buried his cock up deep in her. Once he had he just fucked my wife at a furious pace. Jill squealed and moaned continuously as he did so, sucking hard on my own cock between moaning 'Oh my God' and ramming herself hard back onto Andy's cock. She behaved very much as she had done each time Zak the dog had fucked her as she'd sucked my cock with him over her back. Jill obviously loved being fucked roughly, down on her knees, it sent her wild. We couldn't have picked any better way to introduce Jill into fucking with my mate Andy than like this, except that it was too wild and was consequently over far too quickly. Everyone was much too excited to last very long without coming, all three of us now. Jill stopped sucking at my cock every few ten seconds to yelp out words like, 'Oh my God yes, fuck me.' or 'Oh my God yes, please just keep on fucking me hard.'

She was coming hard in just a few minutes. As she felt Andy let go deep inside her she was still sucking hard on my cock and I came too now in excitement because I'd looked up to see Andy's face now grimacing and knew he was now clearly shooting his load deep up into my own wife's belly, he did so, before collapsing down flat over her back. He was now in much the same position that Zak had been, laid over Jill's back after she'd drained the dogs balls empty too I remembered ironically. Jill certainly loved being fucked roughly like that, doggy style, being fucked like that, It always seemed to guarantee Jill a climax, be it on the end of a human or even a real doggy's cock!

We all laid still, panting while getting our breath back. Far from being embarrassed Jill was now the first one to get up as Andy knelt back and pulled his now shrinking cock out of her stretched cunt. She stood up and retrieved her robe, modestly tying it around her before taking a drink to clear the semen she had just swallowed from my own cock before she commented, "Wow, and that's a double 'Wow' for the both of you. I take it from what I've just choked on that all three of us came at the same time just then? Yes? So would any of my two super studs like another drink before the second round starts?" Jill laughed aloud as she walked rather unsteadily towards the kitchen.

We looked at each other, both half out of our clothes and gave a stunned smile at each other. Andy was sitting with his shirt, shoes and socks on but nothing else. I still had my jeans on but open.

"Fucking hell" Andy whispered to me, still half in shock. "No wonder you need help with that one, she's wild as fuck. You better go out and find a big Alsatian to come in here and give us a hand."

"For fucks sake Andy, I hushed him. "Shut up. That was the deal, nothing at all about Zak or dogs."

"Ok, Ok "Andy reassured me as we both stripped down to just our boxers and T shirts as Jill came back in with a tray of nibbles and nuts and huge glasses of fizzing Prosecco for us both.

"Ah good," Jill joked, looking at us, "That's better, both my studs are stripped for action now. Best keep your strength up too," she quipped, handing us over the tray. "Eat something. After the way my toes curled when you wet my appetite just now you are both going to need it later, I'm on fire."

"I warned you she was a Nymphomaniac" I laughed over to Andy.

"So that's why you parked up and walked back?" quizzed Jill, "Was it the Cops on the road or did you actually just want to catch us both at it after he'd told you tonight that I'm really a nymphomaniac?"

"A bit of both," smiled Andy sheepishly. "I wasn't sure if your knickers off flashing bit was an accident or an invitation from you both once I thought about it." He gulped his drink a little self consciously, nervously emptying the glass in two gulps because he was now lying through his teeth.

"So what do you think now?" Jill teased him as she stood up, went across to get the open bottle then came back and topped all our glasses again until it was empty. When it was she just stood back a bit

from us, opened her robe wide and started dancing to the music with the empty bottle in her hand.

"Look boys." She said, pushing the neck of it between her legs then eased the end just into her cunt.

"You two look well tired now, I think I'll have to resort to this." Jill teased, clearly still well horny.

"No, you two must stay back over there," she ordered sternly as I moved over towards her. "I'm in charge of this game now, not you two. You choreographed the last session, it's my turn now. I'll let you play with your own cocks if you want to while you watch me but neither of you can touch me until I say that you can. Just sit and watch me until you both come again, then I might just let you both touch me. if I cant come on this bottle."

Jill danced sexily to the music, fondling her own tits as she danced and occasionally stopped with her legs spread to ease the long thin neck of the wine bottle up fairly deep inside herself. As she moaned and stood still to thrust down on it we both started masturbating our own cocks again, Andy quite frantically I noticed. Jill suddenly pretended to orgasm on the bottle neck pushed up her. I knew from experience that she was definitely pretending to have an orgasm standing up but poor Andy didn't, he groaned and shot his load again as he watched her come, catching it in his other hand.

Jill laughed and put the rather now 'creamy' looking bottle on the table then closed her robe again.

"Right, now I've got my own back for you two from teasing me earlier shall we have another drink and all get our breath back for a while? This is going to be quite fun but I'll make the rules now, ok?"

Andy and I looked at each other but nodded eagerly, wondering what the hell Jill was planning next?

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## **Chapter Fourteen**

Jill lay back lazily in the armchair, smiling dreamily. She sipped her drink, not seeming to be in the least embarrassed. "Well then you two?" she eventually piped up, "Did I pass the stamina test for wearing out the pair of you? I mean, do I need to go get any sex lessons from both of you're old friend sexy Susie?"

Andy laughed, despite him looking slightly embarrassed himself he answered, "Hell, no way lady. You certainly have the upper edge on uni Susie. I've never ever witnessed anybody so enthusiastic about being fucked in my whole life."

Jill laughed coyly, secretly pleased at his answer but still prompting him further. "Oh c'mon Sailor, Ok, I'll admit that I adore being fucked but don't you lie! What about all the flesh pots you've been to? What about the live Amsterdam sex shows you have told Luke about, the ones where you said anything at all goes?"

"Has he been telling tales out of school?" Andy laughed, but still looking embarrassed. "Yeah true, some were pretty far out, most of them in fact but I can't ever remember anything in Amsterdam half as sexy as watching you fucking yourself on that big bottle tonight."

"Play your cards right and I might do it again if you both need a jump start, I've not finished with you yet," Jill pouted coyly. "Far out like what?" Jill pressed Andy further, warming to this naughty talk. "Luke said you told him that in Hamburg they have live Lesbian sex, even naked women and dogs on stage doing shows for you horny Sailors. My God, dogs, I couldn't believe it happened before Luke told me." Jill cast me a sly glance, clearly in 'tease' mode now.

"Just leave Andy in peace, Jill," I hastily interceded. "Andy told me all that stuff in confidence, don't embarrass him about it." In reality I was trying to move their conversation on from anything that Andy could possibly steer around to dogs but Jill almost seemed to be teasing him about it! I realised it was a losing battle, me trying to rein in both Andy and Jill talking sexy now he'd been involved in a 'Menage a trois' with us, as they both loved teasing about sex.

"Well they do, but sadly I actually never saw a show like that," Andy countered to Jill. He was obviously going over my head in what I asked him but I was at a loss how to stop it now this dog conversation had started between them.

Andy knew full well Jill had been fucked by Zak, he's seen it all through our curtains months ago. Jill on the other hand had no idea that he had, so my wife was making a fool of herself by teasing and pretending to be shocked.

"Why sadly?" Jill teased him. "So would seeing a woman having a nice willing cunt like this one licked by a dog turn you on then Andy?" Jill uncrossed her legs again as she said it, letting her robe fall apart to show Andy her naked cunt then closing it. "Whoops, do you wish you'd brought a dog with you now to help?" Jill started laughing when Andy looked well shocked. "It's ok, don't worry Andy, I'm just taking the piss out of the pair of you. Luke is as bad as you are, he thinks women getting sexy with dogs is as horny as it gets too. You're both as bad as each other. He even got horny about that old Polaroid photo you left in his wallet? What the hell was all that about by the way?"

"Hey, it's not all just in Amsterdam sex shows," Andy protested, going over to pick up his coat to get his wallet out. "It happens here in sleepy Dorset villages too" he went on, flashing a look over at me. "That photo I left for Luke to find was just one of dozens of Polaroid's that the couple who had that house before me had stashed away under a carpet. I left it in Luke's lost wallet for a laugh just to wind him up. We'd both been chucking their old porn mags and stuff in the skip all day when we cleared my house out. Pretty tame stuff really but now look at these," he went on.

"These are some I'd brought over to show Luke, you can look at them too if you want to see for yourself." Andy said, handing Jill a few old black & white Polaroid's from his wallet that I hadn't even seen myself yet, "His wife was doing it for years with the different dogs they'd had. That randy old bastard had taken loads of Polaroid's of her bang at it, he'd stashed them all away, hidden under their bedroom carpet."

I noticed the half smile on Andy's face as he watched Jill looking closely at them. She was giving herself away, most women would have handed them straight back once they saw their content, but Jill studied them intently. "How do you know that it was her?" she asked him curiously? "It might just be some photos he had got hold of and hidden!"

"True" Andy answered, as Jill passed me the old photos over to look at. "Except look at some of the backgrounds, it's my house. Their final house sale contract had a hand written note pegged to it too, from the sister who had sold it for the probate after they'd both died. It was just a polite request on the completion deed saying that all three family dogs they had owned had at some time or other been buried in their far rose garden as each one had died. Her sister had politely mentioned that their wills had expressed a hope that their Pet dogs could remain there undisturbed if that could be agreed with any new owner. It also mentioned in the note that as they were all quite large dogs, a Doberman, a Retriever and a Labrador she warned that there could well be an alarming number of larger bones uncovered if that Rose garden site was ever dug over by a new owner who wasn't aware they were buried there."

Andy paused in his explanation and took a deep breath. "Ok, thats fair enough, no problem with that

warning is there? No, but now look closely at the breed of dogs shown in all these old photos I found hidden in their house."

I did, the old Polaroid's clearly showed different Labradors and then a Doberman licking a woman slouched on an armchair with her legs spread apart, others showed her face down over a couch with dogs licking her from the back and also some with her kneeling on a rug. Her position looked remarkably like the different dogs behind were being invited to mount her! I also recognised that while the wallpaper had changed, one of the bay windows behind her on the photos had hardly changed at all. All these photos had undoubtedly been taken in Andy's large living room.

"It's your house and it certainly doesn't look as if she is doing it under sufferance," I remarked. True, it didn't. The woman on these dated faded photos was clearly enjoying the attentions of the dog licking her, you could tell by her facial expressions she was getting plenty out of it. I handed them back over to Jill when she asked for another look.

"It's ok for you to talk Luke, those three luckiest dogs on the planet are all buried in my Rose bed," Andy laughed.

"Ok, but I disagree, yes ok her eyes are tight shut," Jill laughed. "But all she really knows is that her pussy is being licked, not by who or what is doing it, even knowing it's a dog she may well be pretending it's Elvis doing it to her."

"So you would let a Labrador in an Elvis costume lick your cunt too then?" Andy jumped in, joking now but obviously goading Jill into admitting something about Zak.

"I don't know," Jill teased back. "Why? Have you brought one with you? I'll tell you what? I'll cover my eyes now and see if I can tell if it's you, Luke or even Rin Tin Tin licking my pussy. Swap over halfway if you want. With my eyes shut how would I be able to tell which of you it is? I doubt if I'd know it was a dog doing it either if you had one in here."

Even half joking Jill put down her empty glass, moved her robe apart again and spread her legs. She then theatrically put a soft cushion over her eyes and lay back in the chair with her knees apart, waiting for some attention. Andy and I looked at each other in dumb shock. Jill was clearly signalling she was ready for round two, but were we 'up' for it?

"C'mon," she prompted, her hoarse whisper muffled by the cushion. "Get on with it, I need an oral orgasm before I let either of you get your cocks anywhere near me." Jill was warming to this "being in charge" game, she loved it.

I gestured to Andy to go first. With Jill laid back now he knelt in front of her, putting his head up into her crutch he started licking her enthusiastically. I went and sat on the arm of the chair and squeezed her nipples. Jill's panting soon increased and she gave out some low moans as Andy licked away and sucked on her clitoris. I motioned for us to swap over so he stopped and swapped places with me. As I knelt down between her legs and started licking her cunt I motioned to Andy to squeeze her nipples just like I had been doing. This invariably sent Jill over the top and it did exactly that to her now.

She had soon started to build up to an orgasm and the sight of Jill arching her back as she shuddered and lifted her arse high off the chair in excitement was too much for Andy, standing up beside Jill he started to shoot all over my wife's tits, throwing the cushion aside she looked up and saw his cock was spurting come all over her. She reached up to hold it and as he bent his knees to lower himself down she took him deep in her mouth and sucked the last of his ejaculation dry. As she did so she started coming herself, she started having long shuddering spasms as I thumb fucked her

fast at the same time as I sucked on her clitoris. Andy had done the groundwork with his tongue getting her going but it was certainly me who finished her off in style. Jill had a massive orgasm, shuddering for several minutes after it started as I licked away frantically at her cunt. I still had my thumb shoved up hard inside her too, 'fucking' her with it as rapidly and hard as I could until she finally stopped bucking and shuddering on it and just lay still, panting hard, my thumb still solidly up inside her still pulsing cunt.

I hadn't come yet and as Jill stopped sucking on Andy's now softening cock and turned she saw I still had a hard on. She stood up eagerly, pulled me up and around then pushed me onto my back, over the settee. Throwing the robe off her shoulders she climbed up onto my lap, moving her left leg across right over me she sat astride my thighs, leaving me facing her naked back. Next she reached under behind her to guide my erect cock up just inside her cunt then sank down hard on it, getting me well inside right up to my balls. Laying back onto my chest she then reached out and grabbed Andy's arm, motioning him to come and kneel on the floor in front of us between my legs.

"Lick me you randy bastard, lick my cunt while my Luke fucks me," she panted. Andy did just what she asked. He was out of his boxer shorts now and to give him his due he still looked semi hard despite I knew for a fact he had come at least twice, the last time only a few minutes ago. "That's it, lick me hard, go on, yes suck my clit Andy," Jill hissed hoarsely. "Yes go on lick me hard, I'll pretend it's a fucking dog doing it to me if that turns you both on so much."

Andy did, he knelt between my knees to lick at her cunt with my cock stuck up inside her but after a minute or two of Jill's filthy talk to him he stood up again. He pushed his semi hard cock into Jill's face and got her to suck him hard again. Jill didn't hesitate to do it, squeezing his balls and taking as much of his cock into her mouth as she could get without choking. After a minute or so Andy was hard again, Jill stopped sucking his cock and now went even wilder.

"I want to feel you both in me at the same time now" she hissed, "Not my mouth, I want two hard cocks inside me."

"What, one up your arse?" I started to say, "You've always said you don't like it that way!" but Jill cut me short.

"No, not up my arse, up my cunt, I want you both to fuck me at the same time. I want to feel two cocks up inside me at once, stretching me. Go on, try it Andy, I want to feel you fuck me while Luke is still up inside me, like he is now." Jill was loving this 'Dominatrix' role she now playing out, it was turning her on having two 'sex slaves' at her bidding.

Andy looked across at me and I shrugged but beckoned him to try it and he came and a bit hesitantly eased himself gingerly in between my knees, Jill was squatting on my cock, widened by her kneeling at either side of my thighs. As Andy leaned forward and pushed his cock up against her mound Jill lay right back, but supported herself. "Go on, just push it into me Andy," Jill panted, "Just slide it into me above Luke's cock," she added as Andy hesitated again. He tried to do it but he couldn't get his cock inside her properly, as my own was blocking her cunt from underneath. Jill reached down and pulled her cunt lips really wide apart. Telling me to keep still inside her now she lay back further onto my chest then managed to stretch and open herself just wide enough with her fingers for Andy to get the very end of his cock slightly inside her.

"That's it, yes. You've almost got it inside me now," Jill panted. "Go on Andy, for fucks sake just do it, keep on forcing it up further into me at the front of Luke's cock. You won't hurt me," she added, when he hesitated as she winced. "Go on, just keep on pushing it in hard, I'll be able to take you both, I will, honestly. You saw how easily that bottle slid in and out of me tonight. Once it pushed up

inside me I stretch really wide." Jill was almost pleading now, "Just do it Andy, if I can take that bottle I'm sure I can take you both at once too, I know I can." Jill was almost in a frenzy as Andy did as she asked and forced his cock up tightly right inside her, finally squeezing it up in between her pelvic bone and my own cock until we were now both wedged tightly up inside my wife's cunt. It felt as if we were both stuck fast in her, both right up to our balls which were now touching, each of us now slapping up against the others.

I'd never felt Jill's cunt feel so tight and it was weird to say the least but uncannily sexy, more so perhaps by the strange feeling of my mate Andy's hard cock pushed up tight inside her cunt touching my own. Jill was feeling really wet, she was whimpering with excitement as she squirmed onto these two hard cocks now stretching her cunt apart. Being under her body I couldn't move much underneath her myself, so all I could do was rock away gently. Finally her Vagina muscles did relax enough to take our combined assault and her cunt expanded wider to accommodate the pair of us wedged up inside her. Andy was now able to start to fuck her easily and rhythmically from the front and as soon as he could move into her easily, he did so. He was soon thrusting away hard at her above me, holding onto Jill's waist while my own hands were around her holding both her tits from the back, we both encouraged her to squat up and down onto both our cocks but I was having to hang on to keep her from losing mine in her enthusiasm to 'fuck' us both herself. She did lose Andy's once or twice but she was so wet and wide now that he was able to slide it back effortlessly in front of my own cock and back into her again. We were both still hard and swollen and judging by the way Jill was moaning now she must have experienced that stretched sensation she had wanted to feel with two of us inside her. She was hardly intelligible now, she just kept moaning. 'Oh my God, yes,' and 'Oh fuck me, both of you, don't stop', over and over again. I honestly think Jill had come just as soon as she'd felt both of us get up inside her at once, she seemed to come yet she hardly missed a thrust, she just eagerly carried on for more of the same.

We didn't last all that long, it was much too exciting for all concerned. I admit it was certainly different, with the feel of Andy's cock pushing past mine and back, and our balls slapping together while Jill was going crazy. I'm pretty sure she came again. When she did Andy moaned and he started coming too, Jill's cunt suddenly became totally sloppy with his come again. It was a little unnerving knowing this feeling of Andy's hot come spurting all over my own cock inside my wife that made me come too but it did. We both just moaned hard and thrust into her frantically, each of us coming, our spurting cocks totally flooded her stretched cunt together then we just lay shaking, all three of us.

After a minute or so of breathless silence Andy stood back up, pulling out of Jill and she gently eased herself up and off my own now shrinking cock, laughing when she saw just how much fluid she was now leaking from her Vagina.

"Has sex been a while for you then Andy?" Jill laughed, "I think you've been saving up all this come just for me, that's the second massive pussy full load you've shot in me tonight. I thought you would never stop coming when you fucked me doggy earlier, now both of you have gone and filled me right back up again, I'm totally flooded now."

"Three months supply there" Andy laughed back. "But I think you have definitely taken the edge of the pair of us Jill, that last time was about the fourth I think. I don't know about Luke but my pump is definitely dry now," he made a joke of it as he flicked his now limp cock when he stepped into his boxer shorts and pulled them up and back up.

"Mine too," I laughed, flicking at my own now well softened cock. "You win Jill, now calm down and go get dressed."

"After a good shower and a douche first," she laughed back as Andy walked across the room in just his boxer shorts to get himself a drink. Jill threw on her robe and walked past me on the arm of the settee as she headed towards the stairs. She stopped to bend her head close to my ear as she passed and then whispered huskily, "I'm soaked Luke, this greedy pussy hasn't been this flooded since Zak emigrated." Jill then gave a shriek and tried to dodge my hand as I laughed and shoved it under her parted robe to get a good feel of her pussy, just to find out just how wet she was.

"Get off you randy bugger, I've been used and abused enough now, I can hardly walk." Jill laughed, twisting away from me and pulling her robe tightly around her. "I'll have that drink later, after my shower" she added to Andy as he came back and tried to hand her over a fresh glass of Prosecco. "I'll come down for that nightcap." She laughed as Andy's face lit up again... "Down Rover" she laughed, "I meant JUST a night cap, my pussy needs a nap now."

"I'll bring you down a quilt and pillows for that couch too," Jill smiled, "It's pretty comfy, I know it is. I seem to have spent a lot of time on it on my back lately." she smiled at her own parting shot as she went off upstairs.

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Chapter Fifteen

As Jill went upstairs Andy looked across at me and made a mock bow of respect. "Wow, wherever did a waster like you ever find a little Raver like Jill? Double fucking wow Luke ... Re-spect ... You certainly don't owe me any back favours for that old Susie session now" he laughed. "Bloody hell, old Nucky debt paid mate."

I hushed him quiet with a finger to my lips until I heard the shower start upstairs then I answered him, "You Pratt," I said quietly, "Showing Jill those photos, you were trying to get her talking about dogs, I know fucking well you were."

"C'mon Luke" he pleaded, "Jill started that off, by asking me about dog sex shows in Amsterdam, don't blame me." He took a breath then went on quietly, "I don't think you can honestly blame me for last summer either mate, I was only wondering what the fuck you had been looking at and checked your window out of curiosity. I was gobsmacked when I saw Jill on her own with that dog licking her. Worse, when you got back home it was obvious you were trying to get the dog up onto her back to actually fuck her too." Andy, now exasperated stopped for a drink, then went on.

"So c'mon Luke, would you have stopped watching and walked away from a scene like that if you'd caught me lifting a big dog up onto my ex-wife's back to shag her? Not that there would have been much chance of that," he added bitterly. "That frigid cow wouldn't even let ME shag her much, let alone allow you or a dog join in for a bit. Christ you are a lucky sod Luke, your Jill is fucking dynamite, after seeing you two at it that time and what a horny bitch she can be I'd pretty much guessed she might well be up for it with two of us if the chance ever came up like it did tonight."

"Catching you with your wife would be a different scenario to me following you into your back garden just to spy on you," I started to protest but Andy went on to explain again that he had only stood back into the shadows because at first he had wondered just what the fuck I was up to. When I'd left to go back to the car and drive it home the two hundred yards to join her then mainly out of sheer curiosity he had sneaked up to look through our curtains himself, just to see what the hell I'd been spying on so intently through my own window five minutes earlier.

Andy said that he'd been stunned when he did see what I'd been looking at! Never for one minute had he imagined he'd see anything like Jill masturbating and letting a big dog lick her cunt. Then,

when I'd walked in the house myself minutes later he'd been even more amazed to see me join in, helping Zak get on her back to fuck her properly.

I knew Andy was right, I reluctantly conceded I couldn't truthfully blame him for spying on us with Zak. It was, after all no more than he had witnessed me doing myself that night, spying on Jill masturbating through our curtains.

Andy lowered his voice even further then went on, "To be honest dog has sex fascinated me ever since I found those old photos at my house. Did you see the normal family photos in the rest of the stuff we cleared out? Both of them just looked like a respectable older couple, the Vicar and his wife maybe, and they'd been bang at it for years, sexy old bastards. But fucking hell, then I caught you two bang at it with a dog as well." He took another drink and looked a bit embarrassed before going on, "I wouldn't like to admit how many times I've re-played that scene at sea mate."

"What, you have been wanking over my Missus" I laughed, "You pervert, what sort of mate are you?"

"A grateful one," he laughed back, "Yeah, too true I have mate, and I'll be doing it more now, remembering tonight."

"So would you guess by looking at us that my Primary school teacher Jill is a nymphomaniac then?" I prompted.

"Jesus no Luke, never. I knew she wasn't shocked by dirty jokes or anything and broad minded about sex but never dreamed she would ever do anything like did with us two tonight. Christ, she's fucking dynamite. I've had a few game women in my time before I married Miss Icicle Knickers, like that Susie at Uni but your Jill is unbelievable, she's sex on legs you lucky bastard," he paused then after lowering his voice even further, he added awkwardly, "Does she, well you know what I mean, enjoy it all the time whatever is fucking her, like she did tonight, I mean coming on a bottle and all that sexy talk about dogs and stuff?"

Andy was now hanging on my whispered answers, his tongue almost hanging out now, waiting for the nitty gritties.

I was enjoying this. I decide to go for broke. Andy had always got all the best looking girls when we were both at Uni. Poor Luke had only got all his leftovers and the plain friends. After he had got his Maritime qualifications I'd then suffered for years hearing endless tales from my mate the sailor home on leave bragging about the fabulously horny women he'd fucked all over the world. Lately he'd been a First Mate on gas rig supply boats so his tales had all been about the hoards of frustrated married women he had on tap waiting for his ship to re-load supplies in Kings Lyne or Aberdeen while their husbands were out on two week rig tours. Yet here he was, my mate 'Mister Super Stud' now practically begging to hear more about my own boring married life in a sleepy Dorset village. He knew about some of it now anyway after spying on us and he had now fucked Jill for himself so I wickedly decided to just 'elaborate' for him on this 'Nymphomaniac theme' now. I decided to properly wind my best mate up before he went off for a year off shore in Venezuela without any pussy at all. I could picture him in his bunk, wanking as he imagined just what boring old married couple Luke and Jill were getting up to back home in Dorset.

It was going to be nice to get one over on Andy for a change, sod it I thought, I'm going dress this up and wind him up GOOD style, ready for his year offshore in his cabin thinking about Jill's performance with us both tonight.

"Yeah" I whispered, "Jill comes hard every time she's fucked, if she's hot she makes herself come first with a bottle or dildo, much like she did for us tonight, but then comes again when I fuck her."

Andy was leaning forward now, eagerly hanging on my every whispered word. "Sometimes I can't even get her home from school before she starts playing with herself, I admit it's what happened tonight when you saw us parked up, I'd had to stop to 'see' to her."

"Jesus!" Andy croaked hoarsely, "What? With that big bottle like we both used on her tonight you mean? I knew it, I'd seen you hand one over to her in your car. So that's why she had no fucking knickers on in the pub? Fucking hell."

I nodded gravely then went on in a whisper, "I'm knackered sometimes, she wants it at least twice every day now but weekends are the worst, it's non stop sex." I nearly burst out laughing at Andy's serious face believing all my bull shit. In reality we rarely had sex during weekdays, as were both too tired. Two or three times at the weekend wasn't unusual for us but it was still a far cry from what I was now telling Andy. After the earlier threesome and Jill being so enthusiastically double fucked Andy was now swallowing every single word I said. He already knew about Zak's part.

"That's why I started looking after that dog" I whispered gravely. "She'd started looking at dogs in the pub and saying they had big balls and stuff. I realised Jill was fancying them sexually. I didn't want a scandal there so I boarded Zak."

Andy's face was a picture, there was a bulge in his shorts and he was getting even hoarser as he whispered, "Fucking hell Luke, you don't mean that daft Boxer dog that finished off my curry meat earlier? He had a right pair of balls on him so you can't blame her," He half joked, "You could hardly miss 'em. Jesus," he added, after a sudden thought struck him. "Yes ... I thought there was something odd when it went under the table and Jill suddenly jumped."

"Yeah, it's called Louis. She only jumped because she didn't see him sneak under there first," I lied, trying to keep a straight face looking at my mate's now deadly serious one. "If she had seen him go under the table but no one else had noticed him there she'd have let him lick at her cunt a bit, even with you sitting right there at the table with us."

As Andy looked even more shocked with this total fantasy I carried on, "To be perfectly honest, it wasn't me, or you who she left her knickers off for in the pub tonight! Jill slips them off her feet in the car before we go in there almost every time we visit that tap room. She knows at least two dogs in there that will go up to sniff her cunt under the table and she thinks it's really kinky. People are only yards away from her doing it. She insists going bare arsed in lots of other public places too, she says it really turns her on. That's how you ended up seeing her cunt when you bent down tonight. No one in there usually ever notices or suspects anything unusual. Lets face it Andy, there's not many perverts like you who bend down to the floor to try to look up under the table at my wife's cunt like you did."

Andy started to protest but I carried on, "That's why that Boxer dog Louis made a bee line straight for Jill tonight, he has managed to get his nose well between her legs for a brief lick at her cunt quite a few times in there lately. Jill gets a kick out of looking around and talking away to people normally at the same time as a dog is under the table sniffing at her naked cunt. She gets away with it in there because Louis normally goes around fussing at everyone anyway, he demands attention all the time so no one ever bats an eye if he goes under a table in there. If they do see him with Jill people just think her hand's down fussing the dogs head. Even if Roger, his owner sees him under the table fussing at Jill too much he just apologises and calls Louis back over to him, telling him to leave her alone. Jill always answers that its ok and he's not bothering her, that soft Louis only wants to have his ears tickled. Everyone sat around us just puts it down to the dog being a nuisance and attention seeking. Who'd believe my wife had left her knickers off for Louis on purpose and was now sat with her knees parted for him?" I whispered confidentially.

'Yeah, who WOULD believe it?' I thought, 'No one else but you Andy.' But he had, and he was well hooked now.

"True, no one would" he prompted hoarsely, "Go on then, does that make her really hot for when you get home?"

"My God yes, I think it really excites Jill just thinking that she could quite easily get seen. There are dozens of people sat around that room drinking and socialising. No one ever dreams that only a few yards away from them my wife is getting her naked cunt licked by a dog while sitting a public bar. Louis and you aren't the only ones in there who now know Jill wears no knickers under that table either. She also let another big dog do it to her in that pub last year, it was a Greyhound that gets in quite often, it does the same thing as Louis does, going around begging because lots of people give it crisps and treats. It went under Jill's table but it must have been a far better cunt licker than Louis the boxer dog is, Jill shot up straight after a minute, shooed it out of her way then went out to the toilet. She told me afterwards it had excited her so much she had nearly given the game away. That she had started shuddering so much she'd had to stand up quickly before anyone noticed. She said that the dog had gone crackers when it smelled her vagina and nearly pushed her over getting his nose right into it. I imagine she must have 'seen to herself' while she was sat out on the toilet too, as she was in there for ages, but if she did she didn't admit it to me."

I looked at Andy's earnest face and saw he was now hanging on my every word. "That's usually a sure sign of a dog that's had some experience in licking a woman's pussy!" I added knowingly, "Getting straight into a pussy without any hesitation I mean, that, or else eagerly licking away at a woman's hot feet once she throws her shoes off."

Andy looked slightly puzzled and a bit shocked, "Her feet? Are you sure Luke? So why's that then?"

"I should be sure," I went on. "My two wives have both enjoyed dogs muff diving them. Those dogs never left their feet alone either once they had got a taste of their Cunts. It's a well known fact mate, dogs will want to lick anything tasting of female hormones once they ever get to taste the inside of a women's knickers, even if they have only stolen them from out of her washing basket, to a male dog it's a really sexy female hormone smell and they love it."

"I remember you once being pissed and hinting on about your Rosie with her dog about fifteen years ago, when you first got divorced from her." Andy answered thoughtfully. "I wasn't sure whether to believe you or not back then, I thought you were just winding me up! So that's true then? About dogs who lick at women's feet regularly I mean."

"Too right Andy" I continued, it's a well known fact, feet and stealing used knickers out of the washing basket, why?"

"It might well explain something" he mused thoughtfully. "That fucking Jack Russell the ex-wife had used to sleep with her all the time while I was away at sea. I used to chuck it off the bed whenever I came home on leave, it wasn't happy about that, it used to growl at me. That fucking dog was always jealous as fuck of me, Skip she called it."

"But that doesn't mean Skip was seeing to her pussy for you while you were away at sea." I laughed.

"No it doesn't, he went on. "But the little bastard used to lick her feet every time she kicked her bloody shoes off, and if she didn't pick her knickers up when she went in the shower we would find them in Skip's basket downstairs."

"Ah, that's different," I said, winding him up further. "Perhaps Miss Icicle Knickers wasn't as frigid

as you thought?"

"Fucking hell," he whispered. "I don't know myself now, yeah, perhaps not, I do admit I was away a lot. She divorced me over other women and swore she had never cheated on me like I had with her, perhaps that didn't include Skip."

By now I'd turned the tables well around on Andy and done it in good style, his tongue was nearly hanging out now.

"I'll tell you something Luke, if you'd come out with all this before tonight I wouldn't have believed a single fucking word of it but Jesus, now I've seen and heard Jill talking so kinky and have fucked her myself tonight I know fucking well you're not winding me up. That said I can still hardly take it all in mate. I've had quite a few women in my time but your Jill is fucking wild. Shit Luke, she really is a proper nymphomaniac, not the joking version, she is, isn't she?"

I nodded dumbly, head down so he wouldn't see I was stifling laughter at his seriousness and thirst to know more.

"What about that Zak then? Andy croaked, "Does she, well, you know what I mean, act much the same with a dog stuck up her as she did with us men tonight? Shaking and moaning and stuff?" he added, almost shaking himself.

"I thought you said you'd seen Zak fuck her through our curtains?" I started to say but Andy cut me off.

"Yeah, well I did, but I couldn't really see that much, or hear anything. It was obvious what you were doing, that dog, was humping way on her back. I just meant does she, err, Well you know what I mean, enjoy it like she does with a man. I mean does she come like she did with us two shagging her tonight when the dog gets his dick up inside her?"

"Did," I said, "He's gone back over to France now. But yeah, she did. She loved it. Eventually Jill ended up fucking him senseless almost every weekend that he stayed over with us last year. Zak used to go home knackered after his two days here. Jill would look across at me with a questioning look in her eyes every time Zak was showing her that he wanted to get at her cunt again. He would almost 'ask' her for sex by shoving his nose up hard into the crotch of her jeans whenever he decide she was smelling of sex hormones and was feeling horny, which to be fair was most of the time at weekends, knowing Zak was following her round wanting to fuck her. I had to ration her on Sundays in case my mate realised he was picking his dog up at six who could hardly climb out of his basket. Jill would pretend Zak had been chasing Rabbits but in reality on most Sundays it was because he'd shot his load up her about four times."

"Jesus, you didn't mind then" Andy croaked eagerly. "What am I saying? I know you didn't. I saw her with him on her own licking her cunt before you arrived back. When you walked in on her you just helped the dog get up on her back to fuck her properly. Fucking hell, so does she like it a lot then? I mean as much as she did with the pair of us fucking her tonight? Did she come as much with a dog like she did with the both of us fucking her at once?"

"Fuck yes, well no, more. Well at least for longer" I whispered. "When Zak started shooting his load up her he quite often got stuck fast up her, wedged solidly inside her cunt for about ten minutes. Jill loved it, she would rock back on him and moan like fuck under him the whole time he was spurting inside her, it's a fucking good job we have no neighbours to hear her squeal, she fucking loved it." This bit was easy to make up, it not being too far from the truth!

"Fucking Jesus, yeah, I know. I've read about that happening if dogs go with women, they get their cocks stuck, it's a knot or something. So she was happy to let the dog shoot his load up into her cunt too then?" Andy prompted in excited amazement. He almost had his cock out at what I was telling him until we heard Jill coming back downstairs.

She came back through the door wrapped up in a bath towel with another towel around her hair and a quilt and pillow tucked under one arm.

"What are you two whispering about, as if I didn't know," she laughed as we both went quiet. "Naughty Jill I bet."

She threw the bedding casually over onto the settee for him and picked up her Prosecco, when she complained it was warm Andy jumped up quickly and insisted he went to get her another cold one.

"There's a fresh bottle in the fridge in the Kitchen," Jill called after him as he went out with her glass, eager to please her I noticed, smiling to myself.

"Poor Andy" I whispered in her ear, "He's been getting all sexy remembering fucking you doggy style tonight and just how rampant you were, he's amazed. He convinced that you are a raving Nymphomaniac now."

"I understood that you thought that I was one too?" Jill laughed.

"Well you are at the weekends sometimes." I whispered as Andy now clattered about in the kitchen opening the fizz. "No I meant a proper three fucks a day real Nymphomaniac. To be honest I've been mercilessly winding him up that I can hardly keep up with you now, that you even wanted it on the way home tonight, before we went in for a drink."

Jill laughed but looked at me in exasperation, shaking her head. "It was the other way round tonight, but I thought you were both knackered now? Apart from that I've just showered, don't forget we both have work in the morning."

"I've been really winding him up," I whispered. "He was gob smacked when you starting talking about dog sex, he's never seen it live he said but he's had fantasises about it ever since he found those old photos. I've told him you are a nymphomaniac and would possibly have even let a dog do it like his house owners did if we only we had one here. He's wild with excitement about it, he had another hard on when he went for your drink, didn't you see his shorts?"

"Jesus, you didn't tell him about Zak did you? Jill asked anxiously. "I know how much shit you two tell each other."

"No of course not," I lied. "But he's probably imagining that for himself now without any help from me, he'll be pulling his cock off about you with us two tonight once he's away floating around the Venezuelan gas rigs for a year."

Jill laughed and looked pleased with herself at my remark so I went on, "You really do have him by the nose Jill, he's obsessed with you now, go on, he's away to London tomorrow and he'll be in South America for a year in a few days. Just let him fuck you once more doggy while we both wind him right up, he'll fall for it. I've just convinced him that even his ex-wife probably got licked by her Jack Russell because it was always licking at her feet. Andy will bite if you cast him the bait, I know he will, those old dog photos he found under the carpet have really floated his boat."

Jill thought hard, then just grinned and nodded as Andy finally came back into the room with fresh

glasses and the opened bottle. As Jill took it off him she pointed down to his cock while doing a terrible May West impersonation, "Hey big boy, is that a Ba-nana in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me?"

Andy was embarrassed but he still laughed, "Why not try me again and find out," he challenged Jill.

Finishing off her drink in one swift gulp she threw off the bath towels around her then knelt down naked on the rug in front of my chair facing me, her arse high in the air for Andy. "Ok, then, c'mon Rover, if you like it doggy style so much get that big cock up into me again while I suck my husbands poor abused cock hard. Excuse my wet hair Luke," she added, "But Andy's end will soon be getting pretty wet too."

Andy didn't need a second invitation. Looking at Jill's naked arse offered up like a bitch on heat to him he practically tore off his shorts. Kneeling behind Jill he roughly shoved his hard again cock back up into my wife's willing cunt in one thrust. He went wild, banging away at her furiously. He was fucking her too fast and got so excited that he started gasping in a few minute or two, mainly because Jill kept on teasing him that he was definitely good at doing it 'doggy style and she was almost expecting him to start barking. She kept telling him he was fucking her so fast and hard that it probably felt just like a real horny dog would be like up her if she only dared to let one, it sent him wild.

Jill sucked away on my own cock again, sadly, unlike Andy I wasn't really up to it again, I could only manage half a hard on. After the fucking session we'd had with Jill earlier I was drained and knackered.

It didn't matter really, within minutes Andy had shot his load hard into her and collapsed over her back. When he sat up and pulled back out of her Jill stood up, gave me a mock wink and climbed up onto my lap. Despite me not being anywhere near solid this time she still managed to eventually get the end of my cock just inside her, but I was too limp to fuck her properly. Andy didn't know that, as behind us he couldn't see my dick. Jill pretended I was stretching her apart, moaning like hell and saying that I was driving her wild, bless her, it was hardly in her, but she was keeping up my 'brownie points' score for me, just to sicken Andy off.

Jill was only pretending to fuck now, bouncing up and down on my (barely hard) cock she winked at me again then after a minute we both faked a mutual orgasm, for Andy's sake. He was now sat across watching us incredulously. Finally getting off me and wrapping the bath towel around her again she announced, "This time I am definitely going up to bed, "If you two want any more sex you will just have to fuck each other now, I'm too tired."

"I could come up and jump in with you two," Andy said hopefully, half joking but Jill silenced him with a serious look.

"It's only down here we have sex Andy," she said quietly. "We don't take that up into bed, upstairs is for our love making, that's with kisses, cuddles and massages, not raw sex like we all had down here. There's a big difference."

Jill departed upstairs and Andy and I sat and looked at each other. "I'm speechless", Andy eventually volunteered. "You lucky, lucky bastard Luke."

"Get some sleep" I answered, "We are all leaving in about seven hours, it's a weekday, we both have to be at work."

"Shit, I forgot all about tomorrow," Andy moaned. "I have a meeting at the Embassy in London to

arrange all my Venezuelan work Visas. I'll have to be away early, at least by 8am. Will you wake up? I'm not sure that I will now."

"Jill will," I answered seriously as I went out to the stairs. "She wakes up about six o'clock. If she reaches over and finds out I have my usual morning hard on she eases herself gently back onto it and give me my 'rude awakening'."

The last thing I heard as I reached the stairs was Andy moaning in disbelief as he made up his couch bed behind me.

'Ok, now go and pick the bones out of tonight's events my gullible super stud,' I laughed silently to myself climbing the stairs to Jill. 'That will teach you to wind me up about what I'm missing in wide open Amsterdam.'

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## Chapter Sixteen

My fairy tale to Andy the night before about Jill's morning sex demands certainly didn't happen, it was the opposite to be fair. I felt Jill's warm naked back next to me as I woke up, but as I tried vainly to gently 'ease' my morning glory in between her warm legs to tease it inside her she woke up, she looked over at the clock then shot bolt upright.

"Get off me you randy sod" she scolded me. "This pussy is having a day off after last night. Don't forget we have to be out of the house in half an hour," she then added apologetically as I looked disappointed. "Go and see if Randy Andy has surfaced yet while I use the bathroom."

I dressed and went down to find Andy still crashed out on the couch. When I woke him he was quiet, unusual for him as he busied himself getting dressed. I thought it was probably embarrassment over the events of the night before.

"There's an electric battery shaver in that top drawer if you want to use it," I told him as he came into the kitchen while I was making the coffee.

"I'll just grab a coffee and get off if that's ok with you mate," he mumbled. "I'm due in London at the Venezuelan Embassy by lunchtime." Andy still seemed subdued and I realised he was probably just hoping to get out of the house before he had to face Jill, stone sober he now seemed to be quite embarrassed over our sexy threesome.

"I'll have to dash" he said after gulping down his mug of coffee. "Say bye to Jill for me, and put a big Wow with it," he laughed as he went out of the door to his car. I heard his car start and he was driving away as Jill came downstairs.

"Oh, has Andy gone already?" She remarked, "I'm not surprised, he's got a long drive, he's going up to London this morning isn't he?" She finished a slice of toast and her coffee, without any mention of our antics the previous night.

Grabbing all our stuff for work we eventually set off, the quiet roads helping me to make up for our late departure.

Jill was quiet for the first part of the journey, unusual for her I thought. I decided she was perhaps more than a little embarrassed herself over our 'menage a trois' the night before, not surprising given how horny she had got when Andy had joined in the fun or how much she'd clearly enjoyed it.

A mile or two passed before Jill eventually spoke.

"You don't think he'll tell anyone do you?" she questioned me anxiously, finally bringing last night into discussion.

"What? Andy" I countered. "Hell no, anyway who does he ever come into contact with who knows us anyway? He's going up to London today and don't forget he's flying over to South America in the early hours of Saturday."

"You don't think he'll expect a repeat before he leaves do you?" Jill asked, looking worried, "I'm not sure that I've even got my head around it all yet, I was pretty drunk last night don't forget. I don't want him blabbing to anyone."

"You see, we should have just stuck to our four legged help with your nymphomania, Zak didn't kiss and tell did he?"

Seeing the faint smile across her face I went on in a teasing way, "I think you would have preferred it to be a dog shagging you anyway last night, you were asking Andy to pretend that he was a big dog up across your back."

"I know," Jill groaned. "Don't rub it in. I remembered this morning saying that to him, I'm bloody mortified now that Andy might have guessed what I was thinking about as he fucked me doggy fashion like that, my God, I hope not."

"Which was?" I prompted her, eagerly trying to get her to admit more, I loved to hear her admitting she had enjoyed getting fucked by a dog, it sent me wild to hear her talking about Zak, just simply admitting to me she had liked it.

"You know damn well Luke, so don't keep winding me up. Ok, if you do need to hear it, Zak doing it of course. But Andy knew we used to board Zak, he's met him, I just hope he didn't work it out. It's my own fault, I was an idiot talking kinky about him doing it 'like a dog' when I was drunk. It was stupid of me, I knew those photos he found had turned him on so I was just teasing him about it. Are you sure he didn't say anything about it after I went to bed? It was obvious last night that having both of you at once had excited me. I heard you both talking for ages downstairs."

"No, he didn't say that much at all really," I lied. "I just think he was a bit shell shocked at how sexy you had been. He was a bit drunk himself and anyway, Andy wouldn't say anything even if he does remember what you were saying."

Jill looked relieved at my reply so I went on, "To be quite honest Jill I think Andy was a bit vague remembering it all himself this morning, he seemed more embarrassed than you were, that why he headed off before you came down."

"Good," she answered looking even more relieved. I dropped the subject and Jill went thoughtfully quiet again right up to her getting out at her school as usual. 'Her class was going to have a very hung over teacher today' I thought.

Andy phoned me at work at lunchtime. He was in London panicking because he was running short of time to get everything sorted out to pack and go. Evidently he had to do a two day course up in Aberdeen now to renew his helicopter crash survival ticket before he left the UK at the weekend, he was trying to fit everything into a few days.

"I won't be back down there till Friday morning and I will be flying out in the early hours of Saturday

so are we ok for just a quick pint in the pub together on Friday evening to say goodbye before I set off for Heathrow?

"Sure," I laughed, "See you at the Black Swan then, is about six ok?" Then I added mischievously, "Jill will have her knickers off as usual in there. You can always get a last flash at her cunt under the table again before you get off."

"Err, I won't have very much time," Andy laughed nervously and I could tell he was out of his depth now, the boot was firmly on the other foot. "I have to dump the hire car off at Heathrow too, it's only on hire till midnight Friday, I was meaning to just grab a quick last pint with you both before I left the UK, I'll only have about an hour to spare."

I smiled as I sensed his embarrassment, even over the phone. "Shame, but never mind. I'm sure Jill will still want to give you a quick flash of what you are missing out on before you leave anyway mate, it turns her on." I smiled at the sharp intake of breath I heard as Andy said goodbye and hung up the phone. It said it all.

The afternoon at work dragged on and when I picked Jill up from work after four thirty she was standing next to her school headmaster and chatting away to him as I pulled up. As she climbed in I teased her that she had been exciting him, telling him all the details of her sexy threesome the night before.

"Oh my God," Jill laughed, "Can you just picture his face if I did, he thinks I'm 'Miss Goody two shoes' but there again I doubt he'd believe a single word of it even if he was told."

"What about Zak too then?" I countered. "He'd pull his old dick off if he knew you'd even done it with a dog too."

"Oh my God, yes," Jill answered, slapping my arm lightly, "And so would randy Andy, so don't you dare go telling him will you? I nearly gave the game away myself last night." As I hesitated she added quickly, "Please promise me you won't ever tell him, I mean it." she added seriously when I hesitated. "This is not a joke Luke, I'm really worried what Andy knows about me already now, so please don't tease me that he might know even more, it's not at all funny."

I did promise, but wondered what Jill would say if not only had Andy now heard her telling him to fuck her like a randy dog last night but he had actually seen a real dog fucking her through our curtains only a few months ago?

I reassured Jill that Andy wouldn't be seeing much more of us as he had phoned to let me know he'd be in Aberdeen on a course until Friday. That he'd said he'd only be able to call in the Black Swan briefly for a goodbye drink before he left for London as he had to dump his hire car off at Heathrow before checking in to fly out early hours Saturday.

Jill looked more relieved than disappointed. I felt sure she had really enjoyed our session last night and might admit it to me but she went quiet about it again for a mile or two. Thinking that Jill was upset over Andy I started to make an apology of sorts about me letting it all happen to her, but Jill quickly interrupted me.

"I'll tell you something truthfully Luke, that it's definitely not your fault, so I'm not blaming you. No-one forced me to go through with it but you need to know why I'm nervous now. Ok, I admit it was really exciting with Andy last night but now I'm getting more than a bit uncomfortable about it all. I'm panicking that he might blab about it and that people I know well could find out, parents of kids I teach for instance? To be honest that's not all I'm worried about either, it's also an awful thought

that I might have inadvertently given him a lot to think about with me and Zak too. Don't you remember how kinky he was about finding those old photos of that couple and then talking about seeing dog sex shows in Amsterdam, what if I've stupidly given him some ideas about me by just teasing him about it?"

I realised that Jill had started to have regrets so I just reassured her that everything would be fine. We got home and that week life just went on as usual. I didn't try to mention anything sexy like threesomes or dogs that week, even in bed. I decided to just back off sex talk altogether unless Jill mentioned it first, and she didn't. This had seemed to appease her, and neither of us had mentioned Andy again at all that week, until meeting up with him on Friday for our farewell drink that is. (After which Jill nearly raped me once we arrived home.)

When we had arrived about six there had been no sign of Andy in the pub and we had downed quite a few drinks before he finally arrived around seven pm. Jill had been well on form for that hour I noted, drinking Prosecco which always made her a bit giddy. 'Dutch courage at seeing Andy maybe?' I thought to myself after her third large glass.

Andy arrived and got us all a round of drinks, saying he was knackered after getting home and packing together all his stuff for the trip. We were situated on his way to London so Heathrow was now to be his next stop after seeing us. He was just chatting about being knackered after all the helicopter crash simulation drills and was now looking forward to flying out to Caracas early tomorrow. He made no hint or mention of his sexy evening with us at all. As he went over to the bar to buy us another round of drinks Jill whispered that she had just realised I was right, from the way Andy was acting now he actually seemed to be more embarrassed about our threesome than she had been.

"I told you," I whispered back, "Andy is all talk. I teased him you would have no knickers on again and he panicked on the phone saying he wouldn't have time to come home with us tonight, I think you have frightened him to death."

"You sod" she laughed, "So have you noticed him bending down under the table for a look yet? If he does then he's going to be well disappointed, because I do have knickers on and they are flannel not sexy ones, it felt cold today."

When Andy brought the drinks back Jill excused herself and went out to the toilets, slightly tipsy I noted, she swayed as she returned and called at the bar herself, unusually buying a small bottle of Babycham which she brought back to the table then kept topping up her full glass of Prosecco with it as we sat and chatted about Andy's new ship. He kept looking at his watch, saying he would have to set off soon but then insisted on buying us one last drink before he left. As he went over to the bar Jill quickly looked around the room to see no one was looking then picked up the now empty small Babycham bottle off the table, then did something with it under the cover of the table while staring down at her lap. As she sat up again she smiled cheekily at me, there was now no bottle held in her hand!

"Get him to look under the table," Jill grinned impishly, "Drop something and ask him to pick it back up for you," she added in a whisper as Andy came back and sat down with more drinks for the three of us.

I guessed what she was up to. I knocked my beer mat off the table. "Whoops, grab that back for me will you Andy?" I asked him and he bent down to oblige me but then spent a good ten seconds picking it up and putting it back on the table, finally coming up again we could both see he was now red faced and grinning.

"Oh my God" he laughed, looking hard at Jill and then at his watch. "Jesus, I haven't time, its three bloody hours to check in time at Heathrow?" he said, lowering his voice even further. "I've just seen something well worth missing a plane for, you pair of piss taking bastards, you've really set me up here." Andy was laughing but I could see he was panicking now. "I daren't have any more to drink anyway so I am going right now, while I can still drive and I still want to go to catch that plane. If I bend down to retie my shoelace for another look under that table I'll be driving up to your place instead of Heathrow." We both laughed and he went on, "Look, that said I'm now going to summon up all my will power and leave now, but thanks a lot for that Jill, it was much better than a quick kiss goodbye."

We all laughed as we said our goodbyes, after hugs and handshakes Andy finally headed for the door. The icing on the cake was that just as he left he had to stand aside for Roger and Mavis coming in with their dog Louis on a lead.

"Are you two still ok for looking after this daft Bugger next weekend?" Roger called to us, still in earshot of Andy. "It's that family do a week today and we'll have to organise kennels otherwise, you did promise me it would be ok."

As I checked with Jill that it would be ok to board Louis until the Sunday night Andy turned to look at me hard before went out of the door. "You lucky bastard" he mouthed silently to me as he turned and left the pub.

Louis as usual made a bee line under the table for Jill and she jumped up, grabbing something with her right hand and dropping it in her bag as she did so, I realised I had glimpsed a rather greasy looking empty Babycham bottle.

As we assured them both that we would be happy to look after their dog Mavis retrieved the dropped lead and dragged an excited Louis back, away over to the bar where they were picking up their drinks. I whispered into Jill's ear. "Has that bottle in your bag really been where I think it's just been?"

"Yes", she answered grinning, then whispering back into my own ear, "So lets get out of here, like Andy that bloody Louis has just spotted that my knickers are in my bag too now, the dog will never leave me alone if we stay in here."

We apologised to Roger and Mavis that we had to leave as we had a meal ready and arranged to pick Louis and his stuff up at the same time the following week. We set off and Jill was horny as hell in the car, once we had turned off onto the quieter road home she pulled her skirt up around her hips and slumped back into her seat, lazily playing with herself. Finally she took the empty Babycham bottle out from her handbag and slowly eased it right up into her pussy. "This is what Andy saw when he bent down for that beer mat," she whispered huskily. Turning towards me she showed me just the inch of bottle neck left sticking out from her swollen cunt. "Did you see the look on Andy's face as he sat back up again after seeing this sight under the pub table?"

I did the journey home faster than I've even done before with Jill talking more and more outrageously on the way while she fucked herself slowly and gently with the bottle inside her cunt. As we got home she dropped the bottle back in her bag again as she stepped out of the car. "I might save that for a rainy day," she laughed, "It feels quite nice gripping it tightly once it warms up."

We got in and went straight through to the lounge. Pulling the drapes together Jill started flinging her clothes off and I hurriedly pushed her back over the couch. I didn't have the patience for any foreplay, I was up into her as soon as I could get my trousers off. I lay her back onto the couch and

fucked her frantically, as I did she actually started off the sexy talk again before I did, gasping out how sexy it had been getting fucked by two cocks at once last night and what it had felt like when Andy had been fucking her hard doggy style.

"You can't have Andy now as first reserve dick, he's gone, we'll have to see what Louis can do to you 'doggy' next weekend," I whispered sexily in her ear. "You'd like that wouldn't you? The feel of Louis's big hard balls slapping up hard against your arse while he fucks you?"

Jill hesitated then whispered back almost inaudibly, "I don't know, anyway Louis probably wouldn't do it would he?"

I could tell she was lost now, becoming more and more excited and almost coming as she imagined it in her head. I got her to come down onto the carpet on her knees and then fucked her hard from the back.

"He might," I leaned and whispered into her ear, "So shall we get Louis onto your back and let him fuck you like this," I said, fucking her really hard. "Well? I croaked, trying to get an answer now she was excited "Shall we let him try?"

Jill just panted hard, starting to come and moaning, "Oh yes, just fuck me now, please, just fuck me fast Luke"

"You haven't answered me," I prompted her slowing down to tease her. "Is that a 'Yes' for Louis to get his cock up inside your cunt?" I whispered as she started to come and I speeded up again and spurted my load into her myself."

"God yes, yes, whatever you want me to do, I just love being fucked," Jill gasped as we both shuddered and came.

She looked sheepish now as she sat up on the couch and retrieved her skirt and top, slipping them on again. I did the same and retrieved my pants, then went to pour us both out a drink from a wine bottle in the fridge.

"Wow," Jill laughed, still looking a bit dazed as she sipped it. "You didn't need any help that time, you've turned me inside out all on your own."

"It's you, you're a fucking sexy Minx, bloody Babycham bottles shoved up your pussy in the pub, whatever next?"

"Are you complaining? Jill laughed."You said Andy was expecting a goodbye treat, I thought I'd give him one. Did you see his face when he bent down for that beer mat and saw that bottle pushed right inside me? He was spellbound."

"You soon pulled it out and closed your knees before that Louis got at you," I laughed, "That certainly panicked you."

"Not quite before," Jill said coyly. "He managed to get a quick lick at me again before I got my knees back together."

"Naughty girl" I teased her, "Letting a dog lick your cunt in the pub, again. Louis will be expecting a quick lick at your bare cunt every time he sees you in there soon."

"That's what I'm afraid of, he's always trying to sniff at me under the table now in there, knickers or

not and even if I'm wearing jeans it makes no difference. God, if I do let him lick me properly next weekend he'll get even worse."

"Just licking you? You were more or less promising to let him try to fuck you too just a few minutes ago," I jokingly complained, trying to get her to admit it. "I suppose I'll now have to take that as a big 'No' then?"

"I say a lot of things when you get me all sexed up Luke, but that still doesn't mean that I really want to do them all." Jill said, suddenly sounding more serious.

"You talked about a threesome with Andy in bed but said you'd never want to do it with two blokes in real life, and yet you soon changed your mind and relaxed when you realised he had joined in with us, you loved it."

"So there you go then Luke," Jill smiled, getting up to fill our glasses from the fridge again. "Perhaps 'No' actually does mean 'maybe', or 'wait and see?'" she called back as she walked through into the kitchen, "Who knows what next week may bring? I mean, last week would you or Andy ever have expected me to be dancing naked in front of the pair of you and masturbating while you both watched?"

"So don't push it then and you just never know what may happen if I'm in the right mood and tipsy enough." Jill smilingly went on as she came back with the drinks.

"A deal" I grinned, "It's your show Jill, just like that night with Andy was, you are always free to say no if you want."

"Good, so that's ok for now then," Jill answered as she turned on the Tv and we both settled down to watch it.

'Wow, it looks like both of us might be in for a rare treat next weekend Louis my lad,' I thought happily to myself.

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Chapter Seventeen

We had a quiet week, despite our hectic new adventure with Andy the previous week we had both seemed to calm down. We had a respite from drinking too much too, any sexy talk or for that matter even sex, apart from a loving sleepy cuddle around midweek. I had as usual taken my cue from Jill. I could now read her quite well, especially her moods. She used to joke that it was only when she was 'ovulating' that she was over demanding sexually but as she couldn't have children I doubt that this was actually the case. Whatever the reason was, during any month Jill might have very horny weeks indeed when she would instigate sex daily. Other weeks she was hardly bothered, especially during the working week. I'd become an expert at reading this from her moods, it wasn't too hard to work out when she wanted to be outrageously kinky, or when she would just be, 'going along for the ride' with me if I did want it. By now I had learned it was always the best sex ever if I just 'took' my cue from Jill's moods, not try to push my own.

This is why nothing sexy at all happened with the dog that Friday night after we had picked him up at the pub. As we had driven home from work en route to the Black Swan I had made some silly joke about us going to pick her new boyfriend Louis up. I'd realised she wasn't amused as she didn't respond or even smile so I didn't push it any further, I wisely just shut up about dogs. We got to the pub and went in but we had hardly settled down with our first drink when a breathless Roger stuck

his head round the door of the tap room and beckoned over for me to come outside.

"I didn't want to come in," he said, quite clearly in a rush. "Louis is over in my car with his bed and stuff, I thought he might get confused about me leaving him if I brought him inside as I'm in a hurry to get off. I daren't even risk a drink either with a long drive." Slipping two tenners into my hand he added, "I appreciate this mate, it's saved me another hours driving to the kennels and back. I'll pick Louis up back here Sunday afternoon about four if that's ok with you."

We transferred an excited Boxer dog on a lead and his baggage from the back of Roger's hatchback to my own car and installed him on the back seat. Roger put his bedding and food into my open boot then hurriedly shot off again. 'Saved an hours driving' I laughed. 'You tight sod Roger, more to the point we saved you half the £40 kennel fees.'

"Where's the dog?" Jill asked curiously as I went back in. I told her that Roger had thought it best not to bring him inside the pub as he would have had to confuse him by leaving without him so we'd just put Louis in our car.

"He's bouncing about like a deranged Kangaroo on the back seat now," I laughed, throwing down the last bit of my pint. "We had better go and get him home quickly before he totally wrecks our upholstery."

Going home Jill sat next to Louis in the back seat to restrain him and knowing her well the dog went wild to see her, jumping about all over her and making her laugh aloud as she desperately tried to calm the young dog down again.

"He's crazy," she laughed. "I'll take him over the road to the moor when we get back and run some energy off him."

"There are other ways!" I joked but again Jill wasn't all that amused, giving me a look that clearly implied, 'Cool it.'

I did, deciding not to joke about dog sex at all. We got in and Louis ran around our place like a whirlwind, exploring everywhere then finally sniffing at his own familiar dog bed where we had put it down in the corner of the kitchen.

"It looks like he's settling in well enough anyway" Jill laughed at Louis's antics then picked up his lead. "If you defrost something from the freezer for our tea I'll take this daft mutt over onto the moor then let him off for a good run."

"Keep him well away from any sheep" I warned her, "He's crackers, if he chases after them he could well get shot."

"What about Rabbits?" Jill winked coyly over her shoulder as she went out with him, "Is he still ok to chase them?"

'Ah,' I thought to myself, smiling now. 'Perhaps all is not lost after all, not if Jill is joking about her 'Rabbit' now?'

Finding a Shepherds Pie I put it onto a very low heat in the oven and settled down with a drink to watch TV. It was at least an hour before Jill got back. She came in breathless, dragging a lead towing an even more knackered Louis on the end of it. He had a good long drink of water before flopping down heavily into his basket, clearly worn out now.

"I see he saw some Rabbits" I laughed at him asleep in the basket as Jill and I ate our Shepherds pie at the table. 'Greedy' Louis hardly lifted up his head when Jill had leftovers on her plate and put it down on the floor for him. He looked over at Jill as if to say, 'Thanks but I'll get that later if you don't mind, I'm totally wrecked at the moment.'

He seemed happy in the kitchen but we left the door ajar so if he could come in and see us if he wanted to. Jill still hadn't made any more innuendos about Louis or sex so taking my cue as usual I did the same. A sleepy Louis did plod through about ten o'clock and he cleverly got our full attention by going over and nosing at the French windows.

"Aw bless him" Jill cooed. "Look, he's telling us he needs out for a wee now." She let him out into our enclosed back garden and he sniffed around for a while then came back in, flopping down at Jill's feet. He clearly liked her a lot.

"I see his bollocks haven't got any smaller," I laughed, "Look at them, they nearly hang down to his knees now."

"I know," Jill laughed. "We passed some hikers on the Moor trail. They said Hi to us but once they had got a bit past us I overheard one of them whisper to the others, 'Fucking hell, did you clock the bollocks on that Boxer dog?'"

"Doesn't look like he'll be using them for action any time soon" I laughed pointing to the now comatose Louis.

"Patience Luke," Jill said coyly. "Everything comes to he who waits. I'm just as knackered as he is after working all today and then having that hour long jog. But no one knows how horny I may just feel tomorrow night, true?"

"You get yourself up to bed if you want," I smiled, "I'll watch the end of this film then put Louis out for one last piss before I come up." She did go up and after the film ended I let Louis go out again, noticing he had finally cleaned off Jill's plate I left him some dog biscuits out and he just flopped down in his basket, seemingly quite happy to be here.

'Hopefully you'll be even happier staying here tomorrow night my lad,' I thought as I closed the kitchen door on him and went to bed, climbing in next to a warm hard asleep Jill who hardly gave a stir as I cuddled up close behind her. I realised it was perhaps not a good plan to prod anything hard in her direction tonight and so just drifted off to sleep.

Waking up about nine o'clock and throwing out my arm I realised I was now on my own in our bed. Usually Saturday morning was our traditional 'lie in cuddle' time so I was slightly disappointed. Calling out but getting back no answer I padded downstairs in my shorts only to find a brief note from Jill left next to the warm coffee jug.

'I've taken droopy bollocks for a walk up to the farm to collect the eggs. x '

Laughing as I got a coffee I then went for a shower. Jill got back with Louis half an hour later as I was getting dressed.

"God, he's a handful" Jill laughed to me as I got downstairs. "He was carrying on alarming in the farm courtyard, I had to go back and tie him up to their five bar gate while I went into her barn shop with Mrs Bray. She told me one of her bitches is in season which is probably why he was whining

and carrying on so much up there. I had to pull on his lead to practically drag him back down the lane with me when we left."

"You'll have to make it up to him tonight!" I laughed. "The poor bugger only wants to lose his virginity and empty those heavy balls a bit, you'll have to do it for him yourself now."

"Don't be so crude" Jill retorted. "And perhaps if you just shut up about it for a while I might be more receptive?"

I took the hint and we just had our normal Saturday, except we took Louis along with us into town. We called first at the supermarket for our weekly shop and then to a nice pub by the river where we had lunch outside. As I stood at the bar ordering lunch Jill walked off into the beer garden with Louis. I smiled as I looked after them as I realised what those hikers had found so amusing when they had passed Jill. From the back his balls really were unmissable. While most Boxer dogs do have prominent balls, on Louis walking they swung about low behind him like a prize bull.

We had a nice walk by the river then went home late afternoon. As we got near the village I suggested calling at the Swan as I had to see a mate of mine about a charity golf challenge I had offered to help promote with advertising.

Jill declined to come with me, "You just go on your own Luke, the dog might wonder what the hell is going on if we take him in the pub and Mavis and Roger aren't there. Just drop us both at the end of the back trail, it's only a ten minute walk home from there, you can go back down to the pub for a pint and sort your golf adverts out."

I agreed, thinking an hour out with Pete on my own might be a good idea. He was well grateful that I was doing all the leaflets from work 'on the side' costing him nothing so he would no doubt get the beer in. I dropped Jill off at the pathway then turned back down to the pub to meet him. An hour turned out to be a bad estimate. Pete was rather fond of his beer and a very fast drinker. As I anticipated he was more than generous in insisting he bought me a pint too every pint he had as we discussed what he wanted printing. After about the sixth pint I had just realised it was almost eight pm and I was pissed as the phone rang. The Landlord beckoned me, covering the receiver with his hand.

"I think you may be in trouble" he grinned, "Are you in? This sounds like your Jill who is asking for you."

I took the phone, panicking. "So sorry," I started to grovel. "I just lost track of time talking to Pete, is my tea ruined?"

"Hell no, I just made a cold ham salad no, yours is fine, it's still in the fridge." Jill came back, not sounding at all upset. "No, I rang up the pub just to let you know that you were dead right."

"Dead right?" I ventured, puzzled. "Err, right about what Jill?"

"About Louis," she went on throatily. "Wanting to lick my pussy, he certainly did, he's still doing it now too, listen."

Over the phone I could clearly hear a distinct 'slurping' sound over the quiet music of 'Simply Red' in the background. "Don't rush," Jill laughed. "I'm listening to romantic music with him, you just take your time getting home Luke."

I'm not sure what top speed an aging 1600 Escort does but that night mine went home like the

'Mexico Rally' version despite its driver being three sheets to the wind. Luckily our local constabulary weren't about at that time, as usual. As I went in surprisingly Louis was in the kitchen and the room door closed but he looked well excited standing by it.

As I went in Louis eagerly followed me through. The music was still on and Jill was sitting on the sofa in her dressing gown, a full glass of Prosecco in her hand, 'probably not her first' I thought looking down at the bottle next to her.

"I thought that phone call would get you home soon," Jill purred. "But I had to stop him doing it to me until you got here. It was getting too intense and didn't want him to make me come without you being here watching me."

I realised she wasn't kidding when she undid the tie cord and opened up her robe, parting her legs wide. She was naked under it and from her swollen red labia it was obvious that she had already been well aroused. Louis shot across and back in between her legs like a bullet, licking frenziedly at the moist cunt willingly being offered to him.

"Well that settles whether he'll do it or not," I croaked. "Hell, he's even more adept at it than bloody Zak was."

"He should be," Jill purred, "He's had a good practise after tea while you were getting pissed at the Swan, he's good, a really gentle pussy lick. His tongue is much longer than Zaks was too, he's reaching up to my bloody tonsils now."

"I suppose you've let him fuck you too you randy bitch?" I whispered shuddering now as Jill kept moaning as the excited Louis continued to lick away at her well opened cunt."

"Not yet," she teased me, shuddering and squeezing her own breasts, "Not on my own. I was frightened to in case he got it stuck fast inside me. I've stroked his cock though, he gets it hard dead quick and he's definitely a big boy.

Shaking now I shed my trousers and shorts and stood beside her chair, pushing my now hard cock into her face until she started sucking it while the dog continued to lap away frantically at her cunt as if it was a tub of ice cream.

"Well I'm here now girl so are you going to let Louis fuck you now?" I asked hoarsely, pulling my cock away from her mouth, coaxing her to answer me but not knowing what I'd get back. I was definitely shocked at what she did say.

"Oh fuck yes, yes. Help him to fuck me doggy. It's not being filthy enough just letting Louis lick me. You guessed right Luke, I'll admit it." Jill hissed, now becoming really excited. "I want to feel just like one of those dirty porn sluts again who love feeling their dog's cock coming up inside them," she pleaded. "Go on, help him, help him get up to fuck me!" Her back was arching right up off the chair as Louis continued to roughly slaver away at her opened wide cunt.

Jill turned and lay face down over the chair, her knees on the floor now. Louis just kept on prancing about behind her, licking at her cunt from the back until I gave his thick cock sack a good rub. The dog looked around, puzzled at what I was doing under him then finally he got the idea, as his cock poked out he started thrusting his hips. I quickly pulled him up towards Jill, lifting up his front legs astride her back.

I got him onto her back then reached under him to guide his now emerging red cock up towards Jill swollen cunt. It may well have been his first fuck but as Jill lurched back against him he knew by

instinct to thrust it right up into her. Once he had it pushed inside her Louis went totally crazy, thrusting his hips at her in a frenzy, like a jack hammer.

'Jesus, bloody dogs can certainly fuck fast,' I thought as Jill yelped, "Ow, ow, ow, ow" in rapid timing with his thrusts.

"Its sexy now he's up into you isn't it?" I whispered in her ear. "So go on Jill, tell me what Louis is doing to you now."

"Oh Christ yes," came a muffled answer. "Louis is fucking me so fast, he's swelling up fucking huge now and spurting inside me already too." Jill gasped. Like Zak had done he didn't keep up the fast pace for very long, perhaps only two or three minutes before he slumped onto Jill's back, just laying still now. His cock was buried deep in her right up to his balls, just twitching and giving an occasional thrust. Jill gave a loud moan, shuddering continually for well over a minute. As she did I bent to look around at her tight closed eyes and the grimace on her face. It was obvious from her look that the feel of his cock spurting hot was making Jill come, just as Zak's had done each time he'd fucked her. "Nice?" I asked, stroking her wet hair gently as she finally stopped shuddering and started coming back down.

"Oh Jesus yes," she panted eventually, "My God, I just couldn't stop coming then, it lasted for fucking ages, if women do have a mystery g-spot then this fucking dog's big cock has just found mine."

Looking underneath him and seeing how stretched Jill was I realised his knot had gone fully up in her, locked fast behind her pubic bone. Even when Louis tried to pull down off her he couldn't pull it out, he was well stuck in her.

"Jesus, he's stuck fast up inside you Jill, I can see his big red bulge lodged just inside your cunt. Are you still ok?"

Sounding calmer now, Jill whispered, "Well yes, apart from this randy bastard slaverling all over my neck. I know full well he's got his fucking bulge stuck in me, I can bloody feel it. Its like a fucking tennis ball just up inside me, I'm stretched apart Luke. Jesus," she added wincing, "He feels too fucking big up inside me now, can't you get him off?"

I tried to get him down but Louis just whined as I pulled him back so I let go of him again. "I'm hurting him," I told Jill anxiously, "He really is stuck fast inside you. Just try to relax your cunt, he might go softer and be able to pull it out."

"I don't think he's stopped trying to give me his puppies yet," Jill giggled, clearly not as worried as I was. "He's still rock solid, it feels like a coke bottle fizzing inside me. He'll start me off again if he doesn't get it out soon, its huge."

After another five minutes or so Louis finally did manage to plop out of Jill and get down off her. After a lick at his own come now flooding out of her he stood looking under his back legs at his swollen up cock throbbing under him.

"Jesus, you weren't kidding about him being a big boy," I laughed, "Whoa, stay there" I added as she started to get up. "You need to take mine now, I want to come in you too girl, I hope you can feel it after that lump of cock meat."

"Let me turn onto my back first then," whispered Jill. She lay back in the chair facing me as I slid into her wet cunt easily and fucked her fast, in just a few minutes adding my own load into her

stretched and now well sodden cunt.

When we both sat up again we both laughed at Louis, laid on the rug happily licking away hard his own red cock, which was still swollen up and probably ejaculating a little.

"Looks like Louis really enjoyed his first fuck," I laughed, "He doesn't seem to want his dick to stop coming now."

"It seemed he was never going to stop spurting inside me too," giggled Jill. "I thought he was going to be stuck fast there all night until he emptied those balls. I could feel them slapping away hard under me at first. They were really banging up hard against my clit when he first got it in and went crazy, and they kept on banging against me until he stopped and lay still. That's probably what made me come so quick, that and feeling him flooding up into me."

"Who's a dirty girl then?" I teased her, "Taking that poor dogs virginity. So did he enjoy it too then? I think he did."

"Oh fuck yes," Jill smiled, pulling her robe back around her and pouring what was left of the bottle into her glass for a drink before going on. "I just love being fucked so hard, and Jesus that certainly was as hard as it gets. Louis went mad at first then even when he had stopped I felt his bloody cock still swelling up, wedged inside and stretching me."

"Bigger than Zak?" I prompted, as usual happy to hear any kinky descriptions from her. Unusually these tonight were being offered from Jill while we were sat just having a drink after sex, not our sex talk during it.

"Not at first" She answered shyly, "It only felt small and hard at first the same as Zak was but once Louis had swelled right up I thought he was going to split me apart. I can remember Zak feeling bigger at the end but never that bloody big, I don't think Zak ever got his cock wedged up inside me for ages like Louis did tonight either, did he?"

I agreed and tried to prompt her for more sexy details but Jill suddenly decided I had heard too many confessions for one night, she said she was going up for a shower, "I need one," she laughed, touching at her pussy inside her robe then showing me her very wet hand. "Poor pussy is flooded out thanks to you two. I'll come back down in a while," she added as she went upstairs. "You go get your meal from the fridge." Minutes later I heard the shower start up.

I went out into the kitchen to eat, passing a happy dog now laid in his basket but still licking away at the end of his cock which had finally shrunk enough to slip back in his furry sheath. "Looks like your audition for Zaks vacancy went quite well Louis" I smiled to the dog. "I think you've enjoyed your first fuck my Lad, I know that my Jill certainly did!"

I went through to watch TV and Jill eventually came down again and snuggled up against me on the couch. Louis heard her and came through, after nuzzling her hand affectionately he flopped down next to her bare feet, giving them an occasional lick.

"You've had it now" I laughed, "I think Louis has fallen in love."

"That's what I'm a bit wary about," Jill mused thoughtfully. "What if he gives the game away in the pub, trying to hump me or whatever? I'd die if he made it obvious that he fancies me sexually in front of Roger or Mavis."

"I can't see it really," I reassured her, "Old Zak had sometimes fucked you more times all weekend

than I had and he never gave anybody the slightest hint when we went in the pub did he? I think dogs realise it's for a time and place."

Jill slapped me playfully but did agree Zak hadn't been a problem. She cuddled close and watched TV for a while. "You seem a good bit happier about it this time," I commented as Jill affectionately laid her head onto my shoulder. "I don't know about happy," she answered, "But 'well fucked' and 'satisfied' could be descriptive. I'm both of those."

I laughed and left it there. Jill gave Louis an affectionate hug before she went up, leaving me to let him out for his last sniff about outside. The dog seemed happy, just as 'well fucked' and 'satisfied' as Jill was I laughed to myself.

Jill was asleep when I went up to bed but quite early, around seven am I woke to the feeling of hardly discernable movement next me. I turned over onto my side towards Jill, still feigning sleep. Squinting from my pillow I saw that she was on her back with her eyes closed but I could see the quilt cover over her was moving about very slightly, just around her crotch area.

Putting my hand out I caught her fingers gently rubbing her cunt under the covers. I whispered, "Are do you doing what I think you are doing under there you naughty dirty girl?"

Jill gave an embarrassed laugh, "Yes, ok, you caught me out, I thought you were fast asleep."

"No prizes for guessing what you were thinking about," I laughed. "Shall I go down and get Louis up here?"

"No," Jill laughed, putting her hand under the covers and getting hold of my hardening cock, "But this will do nicely."

"So you are not denying it then?" I teased her, "Wanking while remembering Louis's dick spurting up inside you?"

"I didn't deny it did I?" Jill whispered, "But I'd like a nice slow human fuck from the back now while I play and you tell me just what a filthy bitch I was being last night?"

I certainly couldn't refuse my wife her conjugal rights! Whispering softly in her ear as she lay on her side I fucked her gently from the back, verbally replaying what she had been saying and doing with Louis. With her fingers rubbing her clitoris too she came hard in a minute or so but as I didn't come I just carried on gently fucking her while whispering in her ear about last night and what a slut she had been. Soon she was catching her breath again for her second helping and this time we both shuddered and came hard together, shaking and gasping for air.

"God, I think I really am a Nymphomaniac," Jill muttered as she sat up before going to the bathroom. "I came twice then, I just adore being fucked, I can't help myself these days. If I'm not bloody doing it I'm still thinking about it."

"I know," I shouted through after her, "Like Andy said after fucking you, I'm a lucky bastard, aren't I?"

We got up and had breakfast in due course. Jill was reassured about Louis when he behaved perfectly normally around her, apart from showing her lots of affection that is.

She took him out for another run on the moor while I sat and prepared some sample leaflets for Pete. Jill got back at lunchtime, again the dog came in knackered after their run but Jill was fine, she

was quite fit, she often went jogging.

"He's goosed, they will wonder what you have been doing with their dog when they pick him up" I laughed.

"Just so long as they don't guess!" Jill smiled, pulling a face. "He certainly came back to me when I called a lot faster after last night than he did when I called him back yesterday," she laughed. "He won't want to go back home!"

"He was probably wondering if you were going to whip your knickers off for him again," I laughed. "He's in love with you now, I well remember my first real fuck, it zapped me too."

"Well I'm not whipping them off, I'm all climaxed out for a while," Jill quipped, walking through to get changed. "Mind you, he might well need looking after again," she called back cheekily over her shoulder, "Never say never."

"You have to give Mavis some lessons on obedience training," I called after her, "She might enjoy it, well Louis would." But I got no answer except a raspberry.

We took Louis to the pub mid afternoon and he did seem a bit puzzled at first that he was there without Roger and Mavis but made a huge fuss of them later when they did both arrive about four pm to pick him up.

They sat with us and chatted about their trip, obviously asking us if Louis had behaved himself and we assured him he had and been out for lots of long runs. Mavis told us he was getting hard to control and she was surprised Jill had been able to let him off the lead and call him back so easily. When she said, "I'll have to get some obedience training tips from you Jill" I nearly choked on my pint and Jill could hardly keep a straight face.

"The Vet said he'll calm down a lot after he's 'done' next month," Roger reminded his wife. When I asked what he meant he laughed, "He's a young dog and feeling his feet, especially when he gets the scent of a girl dog. He's been booked in to lose those wind chimes dangling down behind him, they look dead embarrassing now anyway. We're killing 'two birds with one stone' next month, or two stones in Louis's case, he's getting em off soon, neutered.

I laughed but saw a chance to 'explain' any humping or naughty habits he might develop after his stay with us.

"That's the only time Jill had any problems controlling him," I said seriously. "When she went up for the eggs to Brays Farm and took Louis with her. Once he got the scent of one of her bitches on heat she had to drag him out and tie him to the gate, didn't you Jill."

"Well yes," Jill smiled, looking at me hard. "But its only nature isn't it? It seems a drastic cure for the poor bugger."

"What he's never had he wont miss," laughed Mavis, "To be honest it's embarrassing walking him, you can hardly miss his bits hanging like Xmas tree baubles, other dogs don't look like that do they, I'll be glad when he gets done."

"Jill won't," I thought to myself as they drank up and left and Louis had to be practically dragged out away from Jill.

We finished our drinks and left not long after they did. "Poor bugger," Jill said thoughtfully on the

way home. "Did you hear Mavis say, 'What he's never had, he'll never miss'? I couldn't keep my face straight when I looked at you."

"Me too," I laughed. "See, that was your good deed for the day last night. Louis has at least had one fuck in his young life and my God it was certainly a good one for him wasn't it?"

Jill agreed it was, "And if you want to slowly remind me all about it again when we get to bed tonight you can," she laughed. "I think I came more with you talking about it to me this morning than I did him actually doing it!"

This was the case for a while, with no actual threesomes with anything or any body for a while. Poor Louis did come in the pub again and always made a fuss of Jill but as prophesised he was now a much calmer dog, and you couldn't miss that something had disappeared from underneath his tail. Seeing Louis always sparked a good result from Jill once we had got home however, so all was not completely lost, he clearly featured high Jill's mental 'replay' library.

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## **Chapter Eighteen**

Although we never had Louis to stay again or any contact with a dog over the next few months the bedtime dog fantasies were nevertheless becoming more frequent. She had been hesitant to talk about Zak but since Louis she had changed. I started to wonder about Jill's well being as it was now she who was instigating weird fantasies in bed. Whispering about strangers from contact magazines, calling on us with Great Danes. Letting stray dogs in off the street to fuck her, getting kidnapped and made to perform as a dog porn star, etc. Far from Jill being guilty now about dogs she was now happily fantasising about them in bed, or regularly making joke comments if we saw a dog.

While the fantasies were all harmless in themselves and unquestionably sexy at the time that we both shared them, they were, in all honesty beginning to worry me. Not the fantasies, weird or not but fear that Jill was probably now mixing up reality with fantasy, subconsciously merging both. Especially when I heard her offer to look after a friend's dog if they went on holiday then back pedalling about dates when she found its name was Sheba. I was starting to get worried, more so as I couldn't possibly seek advice from anywhere or talk to anyone about what to do about it next, only Andy knew about Jill and he was now over in Venezuela. To me everything had now got way out of hand.

Not for the first time I wondered how, having started this in the first instance, I could end it without consequences. I knew for sure that both of us taken this fantasy much, much too far and Jill's initial 'guilt' holding us back had to all intents and purposes now vanished. She was probably 'into' this now even more than I had been when I initially told her about Rosie with our dog. For a start she was now never 'shy' as she'd previously been about innuendos or a dog joke in a comment if we saw anyone walking a Newfoundland or Irish wolfhound etc. She would now whisper to me something outrageous like, 'Bloody hell, keep them talking while I kidnap that big boy for an hour.' I'd laugh but inevitably Irish Wolfhounds or whatever would then feature in one of our bedtime 'whispers' fairly soon afterwards.

Jill never had any physical health problems until the third and last time that she had sex with a dog, a Collie. It was a total mistake from start to finish. This is why this final chapter contains this, the warning promised in this long story.

That final time for us was just a one off. We were playing games with a stray dog that neither of us knew. It was a sort of hairy Border Collie who we saw hanging around our back door when we got

home late one Saturday night after a good drink at the pub. The dog may not have been an actual stray or homeless, it's more than likely it was just out scrounging for food. Lots of dogs were allowed to roam loose back in those days, but we certainly didn't recognise him by sight from the village or the pub. On reflection he was probably a farm Collie who had wandered off too far south over the Moors from one of the upland hill Farms. He was friendly enough as we got out of the car and saw him just stood there in the dark, as he came over to us to say hello when coaxed. Once we went inside Jill opened the fridge and took him some food scraps outside which the stray dog accepted gratefully. I plainly saw Jill checking that he was in fact a male and 'intact'. It was following this check up the suggestion came we coaxed him in. "Poor thing, look, he seems well hungry. Let's just get him to come inside the kitchen and I'll feed him properly."

"Oh yes? Did you just say, 'Well hungry' or 'Well hung'?" I asked sarcastically, looking sceptically at her, "I just saw you checking out his wedding tackle first."

"Well he looks both actually but I was thinking more of giving him one of those two tins left over from when Louis was here. But hey, now you mention the subject, why not?" Jill answered seriously, looking at me with eyes hard.

I started to apologise but Jill interrupted, "No, listen Luke, you happily bring this subject up and get well horny in bed about it, prompting me to tell you just how it felt with Zak or Louis fucking me, so why all this sarcasm now?"

"I know, but I'm getting confused about things myself," I stuttered. "I just think we are getting into this a bit too far."

Jill looked hard at me. "Get lost. I didn't even mention sex but you did Luke. I also have a bloody good idea what you would really like to see happen despite your sarcastic remark," she retorted, sounding exasperated. "But I really was only intending to feed the poor dog, not fuck him." When I hesitated she added, "Why not just face it Luke, it's just me being a lot happier now about all this kinky sex with Andy and the two dogs and admitting that I enjoyed it that you are now struggling to come to terms with. You seem to want to be the one holding the Ring Masters whip, now everything we do sexy seems only at your instigation. It seems it's all what you want, when you want it, not me."

"You've had quite a bit to drink Jill," I said hesitantly, "I just don't want you to do anything you may regret later."

"I didn't bloody intend to but what I don't get is that if I did let him come in to make friends with me then doesn't it all still all rather depend on what you decide to see what he will or won't do to me? You've correctly guessed that I don't mind it going either way these days, mostly as it clearly excites you more watching your wife getting fucked than you actually doing it. You can't just turn me on and off with a switch when you feel sexy Luke. I'll readily admit our threesomes with the dogs and Andy excited me and it still does now, thinking what a kinky slut I've been, but that's your own cross to bear, not mine, you bloody started it, I'm not a porn CD to just watch when you feel sexy."

I looked at Jill hard, wondering what the hell I'd started. Here she was, threatening to act out a kinky fantasy that she was now 'dirty' enough to even let stray dogs in off the street to fuck her if I wanted to see her do it. I knew that was exactly what she was thinking because she had 'made up' a dog fantasy on exactly those same lines only a few nights before and we'd both imagined the sexy details as I screwed her. Tonight, after one or two drinks too many and my comment to her she seemed more than willing to call my bluff and act out this made up 'stray dog' fantasy for real.

My caution was that if we were here acting out this fantasy, where to next? My worry was that Jill

had now clearly wound our mutual 'kink' about dog sex up a full notch. By now I was having quite a few misgivings about having ever got her into all this in the first place, wondering just where we were now going with it all. It was, after all also illegal. I also knew that any public exposure or even scandal rumours heard would be a career disaster for the both of us.

My own problem was it excited me a hell of a lot too. Now just seeing Jill petting a dog, any dog, really turned me on. It had honestly been my private fantasy ever since the time I'd witnessed my ex wife Rose being licked by her dog, I'd been well and truly hooked ever since, even just seeing it on Porn tapes. Now Jill was quite happily doing it live too, but not only being licked. It was quite obvious that Jill had enjoyed our kinky sessions with her being fucked by Zak and Louis in front of me too, I'd say even more than our session with Andy but I felt it had got well out of hand now.

When that stray Collie was hanging about and Jill suggested letting him in my head kept shouting out to me that this wasn't a good idea, yet my cock was still getting hard just thinking what Jill might be contemplating doing with him.

"But it's not my body is it?" I mumbled eventually. "You just do what you want to do Jill, and ok yes, I do admit the thought of you even letting a stray dog come in and fuck you turns me on, I'm shaking just thinking about it but I still don't want you saying it was all my idea and blaming me if you feel guilty about it later when you do sober up."

"I won't," Jill laughed. "To be honest I wasn't even imagining this at all when I suggested feeding him but as you are going to blame me anyway and I'm calling the shots now for a change. I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

Jill then tempted the dog to come inside. When he did come in the kitchen I stuck my head out behind him and looked around, checking that a passing car hadn't witnessed our 'K9 kidnap' before bolting the door behind him.

Jill gave the hungry Collie dog some dog food to eat from a tin while I went through and checked all the curtains were tightly closed for obvious reasons. I got myself a drink and sat down, contemplating my forthcoming live sex show. After five minutes or so Jill came back through from the kitchen with the fed and happy dog padding after her. Straight away she took off her jeans and stood in her pants, patting her crotch to try and entice the dog towards her. From her attitude Jill was clearly 'ready' for action but the Collie dog was just standing there looking at her really puzzled. He didn't seem interested in licking her cunt at all, even when Jill pulled her knickers aside for him. Finally he just gave her a quick smell then walked away. Jill actually looked quite crestfallen that this new dog didn't seem interested in her sexually, she had obviously expected the collie to be just as 'turned on' by her body and want to lick her cunt as eagerly as Zak and Louis had both done, her disappointment that he didn't seem interested was obvious.

I told her to drop down onto her knees and she slipped out of her knickers as she did so, now presenting her naked arse up to him. As he smelled at her I briefly masturbated his cock and he reluctantly started bucking his hips a little. I pulled his front legs up astride Jill's back and once on top of her eventually he did half get the idea, probably as he'd felt the heat of her cunt lips touching up to the pointed red tip of his penis. He started thrusting and it did slip briefly into her, poking inside her labia. Each time Jill felt his dick touch against her cunt she would eagerly thrust herself back at him, trying to get the dog's cock up into her properly but this only seemed to puzzle him further and things now were just not working out.

Jill was being far too eager to fuck the dog, pushing back hard at him and it made him mess about and jump back down. I kept lifting him and she did manage to get the very end of his cock just inside

her once or twice but again it just slipped back out of her and again he jumped down off her back, seeming even more confused. I suspect that while Zak or Louis had almost certainly never mated with a real dog bitch, and their first experiences of mating with a female had been with Jill my guess was that this farm dog was a different story. If he was from a farm he may well have mated with several Collie bitches already. All the local sheep farmers regularly bred their new pups from each others best working dogs and as a sheep dog not a house pet a human female behaving like a dog bitch would now obviously be alien to him. Whatever the reason, this dog was clearly nowhere near as happy about fucking Jill as she was trying to coax him to by thrusting back onto him. It had totally confused him and put him off humping at her.

The dog was now looking around for an exit, getting more confused about this human female acting like a dog bitch. Seeming distressed now he just walked into the kitchen and started whining to get out of the back door. I got up and followed to let him out. As I did so he went and didn't hesitate or seem to be lost at all now. He appeared to know exactly where he was as he set off at a trot. He crossed over the lane then headed away north over the common Moorland. He finally disappeared off through the scrub, up towards the distant outlying hill farms a few miles away. 'He would certainly have a good tale to tell to his doggy mates when he did finally get home,' I laughed to myself.

I came back in to Jill. She smiled and made a weak joke about not even dogs in the street fancying her pussy now. "Never mind," I laughed sympathetically. "I still have a real boner on, I'll take his place," and I did. I gave her a bloody good fuck bent over the couch. You guessed it, doggy style. It didn't feel sloppy following a dog this time as I don't think our mystery stranger had got much cock inside her at all. Whatever, her fooling about with a dog again had clearly wildly excited Jill and she responded with enthusiasm as I fucked her as hard and fast, whispering what a filthy bitch she was by letting dogs in off the street to fuck her cunt now. Jill loved all the filthy talk, coming hard.

We never did see that Collie around the area again. Later Jill made a joke that she can't have been half as good a fuck as his regular bitch was, as he only did it for ten seconds and never came back for more! I laughed but pointed out that she was probably right about him having experience of his farm bitches in season. If he had, it would explain why he hadn't got his head around knowing what to do with a human female, and why it must have confused him.

When Jill joked that it hadn't put Zak or Louis off that she didn't have a tail I reminded her seriously that we knew for sure from Mavis that young Louis was a Virgin, and that as Mick had got Zak as a puppy and had never let him stray then unless Annette took Zak's virginity before Jill had neither of her 'boyfriends' could have had a fuck before her?

"I did honestly wonder about Zak myself though, once you put it into my head," Jill said thoughtfully. "Louis was a bit stupid at first until I had showed him what I wanted by holding his head there, but right from the start Zak was onto me and trying to lick me as soon as he caught the first sight of me naked. Do you really think he could have done something sexy in the past with Mick's wife Annette before he first saw my own pussy?"

"Well the cap fits doesn't it?" I smiled, "I mean Zak didn't exactly act like a virgin around women like Louis, did he? If Annette had I bet she wondered how the hell Zak had got more experienced with women when she'd got him back?"

"True," laughed Jill. "Bloody hell, it's not just me that's kinky with randy dogs is it? It seems everyone is at it, what about those old black and white photos Andy found hidden. Oh yes, I forgot, what about your bloody ex Rosie too?"

We both joked that 'Mans best friend' was now getting far more of their girlfriends pussies than man was but soon after it turned out this wasn't a laughing matter now. It transpired those brief thrusts of that stray dog's cock inside Jill's pussy lips had been enough to cause her problems which give us the scare of our lives. That was the last time Jill ever let any dog near her sexually. The possible repercussions from that third dog episode frightened her to death.

It was just a month after this 'stray' episode when we went to bed one night and Jill asked me to 'look at' the inner lips of her vagina, (which I obviously did with much enthusiasm) but she wasn't being at all sexy, she said she could weirdly feel something 'odd' just inside her pussy, like a little lump. I did look and it was a small wart, a bit like a boil about the size of a pea just inside the left inner part of her fleshy labia. It didn't have any 'head' on it and she said it didn't hurt at all. She hadn't had any discharge, pain or discomfort so neither of us thought it was anything serious.

After a week or two it definitely appeared to be getting much bigger, I could easily feel it with my fingers when I was playing with her pussy, then eventually even with my penis when we had sex. I told Jill so and she looked at it with a mirror this time, holding her Vagina lips wide apart. After looking really closely she agreed with me that it did seem to be increasing a lot in size, yet said there was still no pain or discomfort for her with it.

She eventually went to her Doctor about it. He examined her Vagina, (I bet he did, now that's a job I'd like!) He said it was just a small and harmless genital wart, which were fairly commonplace and nothing very much to worry about. He mentioned that although harmless they could sometimes be spread further up just by having sex, so it might perhaps be a sensible option to just freeze it with a local anaesthetic and surgically remove it with a scalpel. He said while this might sound alarming it would be quick and painless and should stop it spreading. He told Jill it was just a minor surgical procedure he had performed many times himself when he was a hospital doctor. Due to his previous experience then rather than book a clinic he told her he was happy to do it himself at his surgery. When she agreed he arranged for an appointment a week later. She attended and the brief procedure lasted barely ten minutes. It worked fine just as the doctor had said, no pain or problems at all. A tiny speck of blood was there to dab for a few minutes afterwards but Jill said it healed completely in a day or two. It had worked, a clear pussy now and Jill never ever got any recurrence of any genital warts ever again. Great. Problem solved, but sadly that was NOT the end of it.

A confidential letter from her Doctor arrived for Jill only two weeks later.

It was headed, "In Strictest Confidence. - For the Addressee only."

The letter explained that purely as a routine precaution against cancer the Doctor had sent off the wart tissue he'd removed from her vagina to the analyst lab. As expected those test results had come back a week later as negative. The analysis biopsy sent had definitely tested, 'Benign and harmless.' Jill read the good news, relieved all was ok.

However her Doctor's letter carried on to say, "While benign and not presenting any real health risk I am still bound by ethics to make you aware that the removed tissue sample could not be matched to any medical generic data. It was finally identified as a common penile wart. Unfortunately the generic viral cross match was identified from data held at Liverpool's Veterinary University. The analyst's report had been that the genital wart tissue he tested was clearly not human in its generic match. He concluded it had been identified as, 'Almost certainly Canine in origin.'

The letter went on that, as her GP, all her treatment was totally confidential to him and the biopsy report would never appear on her medical records, likewise neither would this single copy letter typed by him personally. The only thing recorded on her file was, 'A minor surgical procedure and

biopsy of a benign genital wart.' Any tissue sent off for analyse remains anonymous and only identified by a surgery code until it's attached onto a file and hers would not be ... Jill's letter said in conclusion that its intention was simply for her information and guidance as to her future sexual and mental health. The Doctor concluded he was always available for his professional advice if she ever did want a discussion or advice in the strictest confidence on any issue of sexual practise which may or may not have been the cause of the canine genital wart that he had removed.

Jen was mortified, like us her Doctor clearly KNEW just how she had got the wart in her vagina, obviously from a dog. I then remembered that on the night we had let in that stray Collie I'd felt some small pimples on the outer sheaf of his cock as I'd tried to help him get it up inside her, but I'd thought nothing of it at that time. The pimples must have been wart growths on his cock sheath which had then obviously been sexually transmitted into Jill's vagina lips.

Jen never answered his letter. His surgery was way over in town near her school so she changed to a local doctor near us, ashamed to ever face hers again. She knew well that her doctor had realised that a canine penile wart could not have been transferred into a human vagina, except by the most obvious way, some sexual contact of her vaginal labia with a dog's penis. She was mortified that someone at the surgery seeing the letter might know her by name, "Jesus," she panicked. "I think one of my kids mothers works there on the reception, what if she's bloody seen it?"

I calmed Jill down by showing her again that the doctor had assured her that he's sent a single copy letter, typed by him personally. "He's obviously trying to tell you it won't be seen by anyone but him, or ever go onto your medical records." When Jill realised I was right and looked relieved I added. "The man knows full well what you have been up to but he's not going to 'out' you or report it to police knowing it would destroy your career. Just thank God he's a decent bloke not some stuffed shirt. He's just sent you a warning. I think we would both be wise to bloody heed it."

We did. Thankfully nothing was ever heard about it again and next we went off for a long road trip up to the Horton General Hospital in Oxford where we were both able to get anonymous STD blood tests. Phoning for our results with an ID code happily proved both of us were negative for all Viral STD wart or Chlamydia type genital infections. Phew.

This is WHY I've added this end to a sexy story as a warning. At the time this happened Jill was disappointed that the stray dog only messed about and didn't fuck her properly. She would have been happy if the dog had managed get his penis all the way inside her and ejaculated into her like Zak and Louis the boxer dog had both done. Had this stray Collie dog done that too she might have easily had far more serious internal problems. Multiple Canine viral warts spread inside her Cervix and Uterus would definitely have been be a far more serious and embarrassing problem to explain and have possibly needed hospital surgery, unlike the one genital wart her own Doctor had removed for her. As I'd followed the dog inside her Vagina I could easily have ended up with a share of Penile warts onto my dick too.

Just imagine as a woman the embarrassment of having to explain to hospital staff and the Consultant Gynaecologist exactly how identified Canine penile warts could transfer from a dog to get deep up inside to your Vagina? As these are transmitted only by body fluids then the only way these viral warts would possibly get anywhere your Cervix is from a dog's penis ejaculating up inside you. That's a fact, just like aids or STD's any blood virus won't be transmitted in between humans if the sperm is caught in a condom. Unfortunately, dogs don't usually wear them.

If you do practise this 'kink', then my sincere advice is to stick to your own 'healthy' dog who you know for sure is clean and well. Get him checked out regularly. Evidently there is a blood 'test' vets will perform for you if you just say you intend to mate him with a friends bitch. Say you just want to

guarantee to them he has no genital issues that he could pass on to their female dog or pups via mating with her. All Vets will happily do a simple blood test for you.

Perhaps it's best just to fantasise about dogs or your sexy memories instead? That's all Jill and I ever did after this narrow miss health scare. It was still sexy memorising about dogs in bed and it quite clearly continued to excite Jill as we often watched porn together or 'remembered' what a kinky bitch she had been in the past with Zak or Louis. It was sexy and still exciting but neither of us ever showed any inclination whatsoever to want to try it in reality again.

Andy never did come back to the UK as he had no relatives left alive over here and was soon promoted higher in the US oil exploration company he worked for in Venezuela. He started working ashore for them and eventually he had become an executive in total charge of their 'Off Shore Marine Operations.' making mega bucks. That first year he was gone I'd had to spend a week at his empty house at his request sorting out all the tradesmen calling there to fix stuff, professional cleaners and decorators to get it all ready for a sale. I took Andy's faded old Polaroid photograph from my wallet and it felt quite strange as I held it up now in that empty lounge, as if a ghost was in there. The old Bay window in the background behind the naked wife cavorting with her dog compared almost exactly to what I was looking at now in the empty room. Clearly it had been taken from that exact same spot all those dozens of years ago!

When his house finally sold I was pleased when Andy's solicitor in town rang and said he was sending me a cheque as per his client's instructions. House prices had risen dramatically that year and the solicitor had been in touch with Andy in Venezuela, he'd been amazed at just how much 'profit' he'd made in two years over what he'd had to pay settling off his mortgage. I did expect a few hundred quid as a thank you but I was totally amazed when the envelope arrived and saw the cheque was for five grand. I rang up and evidently Andy had instructed him to just deduct all his legitimate sale expenses, pay of the mortgage then make the surplus over to me as his agent. I was gobsmacked, this was one HELL of a lot of money back then, equivalent to about six months of Jill's salary and easy enough for us to buy a decent new car with, which we eventually did. I contacted Andy by letter first to check it. In his reply he said that yes, he knew the final figure left from the sale but as he owed nothing in the UK and now he was making silly money over there himself on his company oil bonuses he didn't need it. All he had expected or wanted to do was sell up to clear what he owed and he'd now done that. He finished the letter by saying we both deserved the five grand anyway just to share in his own good luck. 'Get something nice for Jill, she deserves it.' he ended, with a smiley face!

I joked with Jill that Captain Andy must have been more than impressed with his going away 'present' from her if he gave us five fucking grand after it. Wow. We did buy something nice for Jill however, we got a car, a brand new one.

Andy did still keep in touch, but only usually in the form of Christmas cards with a short letter in. These were, quite soon after signed from Andy and Maria, obviously he had married. A year or so after that a 'baby Carlos' was added to the cards best wishes. Andy never did come back to England and eventually his Xmas cards stopped coming too and we lost touch. I think his Oil Company eventually moved him and his family to USA as we once got our Xmas card returned from his old address saying that. I assumed he'd lost our address in the move? We did still get Xmas cards from one of Jill's other lovers though, with a French stamp on, 'Lots of love from Mick and Annette, kids and Zak' ... It always made Jill smile a lot as she read that. By now Louis had long since vanished from our local pub scene too, as Roger and Mavis had left our area some time ago, moving about 40 miles away. We never did find out if he ever developed a habit of pinching Mavis's used knickers from her washing basket to cuddle, I think it's quite probable.

Life went on, and now, quite a few years later with Jill in her late fifties she is much, much less sexually 'demanding' than she ever was before. It does seem however that since the emergence of computers and the internet Jill does occasionally like to 'reminisce' about her doggy lovers in private. She never admits this to me these days but thanks to my discovering how to check out deleted browser history I suspect my naughty 'old Lady' does occasionally still like to have a play with herself over her naughty old doggy days. Seemingly while watching a whole new generation of 'kinky bitches' enjoying their doggies too, very much in the same manner as she did herself many years ago!

Despite our 'scare' it seems everything did finally end up well after all, for everyone involved. My only regret is that, (her clitoris apart) I have spent many years since that time searching for that mystery 'G-spot' up inside Jill's Vagina. That one Louis located with his huge bulge and made her toes curl on his first and only fuck! Sadly I never did find it!

**The End**