

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

Tom and Jean were both on the verge of a mid-life crisis. Recently there had been talk of a divorce, but neither one had committed to it yet.

They had been married for over 30 yrs. They had met in college, and had both come from wealthy families. They live in Florida, in an exclusive community along the shore.

Neither Tom nor Jean could put a finger on just what the problem was. They both still felt devotion towards each other, but it ended there. Tom had been an overachiever all his life, and was now a work-aholic nearing retirement.

Early in their marriage, it was discovered Tom had fertility issues, that prevented them from ever having children. It had never been a problem for Jean. She had been pampered all her life, and only tried to conceive for Tom's sake. Of course a nanny would have raised any child they would have had, but she shuddered at the thought of the toll, a pregnancy would have taken on her body.

Jean's addiction was her social life. She had a large circle of friends, who were her surrogate family when Tom was away on his many business trips.

Fresh out of college, Tom had started an import business. In fact, the idea started while they were on their honeymoon in Bangkok. Soon, they were traveling to all corners of the globe, buying art at local prices, shipping to his warehouse, and distributing it statewide for a huge profit.

The majority of his purchases were gold, silver, diamonds and precious gemstones. Some raw, and others already made into beautiful jewelry. The bulk of his imports were textiles. Anything from the finest silks of the orient to hand woven rugs and tapestries. They made huge profits, and had little overhead. He hardly had a use for employees at all, and when the internet took off his business expanded a hundred fold.

One night, as they returned from one of the rare trips they took together, it was discovered that their home had been burglarised. It looked like a random crime of opportunity. Not like they were a target, the evidence led back to the beach. And recent crimes had been committed up and down the coast in the same manner.

There wasn't much the authorities could do, but they suggested security measures. Something Tom had never given much thought to, being they were in such a secure location. The thieves appeared somewhat unsophisticated, passing up bounty of value, evidently assuming it was costume jewelry, and taking things that could be bought a dime a dozen in foreign markets.

The real crime had been committed against their sense of well being. They both expressed feelings of violation, and had trouble getting to sleep for a few nights.

Right away, Tom had a crew out installing motion detectors, security lights, and cameras all around the estate. Jean wondered about the trench being dug around the perimeter. Tom informed her, that it was for an invisible fence, that activated a collar worn by a guard dog.

Jean was apprehensive, a guard dog sounded dangerous, and it led to several discussions that exposed her fear of dogs. Tom tried to assure her that this was one he had screened personally, and would be trained to perfection.

The day finally arrived when Tom brought home Zorro. A huge Rottweiler, that had a black mask around his eyes. Along with his handler. They put him through his commands, and got him acquainted with the gardener, and maid who both only came once a week. They simulated some trespassing activity with assistants dressed in protective gear. Zorro's reaction was impressive! And they all four learned his "keyword" to backoff.

In a few weeks things were back to normal, Tom was back at work, and Jean back with her social circle.

One day Jean arrived home earlier than normal, and almost walked in on the maid in a compromising position. She had just turned the corner of the hallway, and heard muffled noises coming from the master bedroom. The door was slightly ajar, and she crept closer to peer through the crack. She was also wondering where Zorro was. She soon had her answer.

Zorro was crouched at the foot of her bed, between the young maid's widespread thighs, licking and drooling with abandon at her shamelessly exposed vagina! Jean almost stormed into the room to interrupt this obscene act, but her shock stopped her in her tracks. She felt paralyzed, and her horror turned to lust as the young lady writhed and twisted in throws of passion. Zorro's huge tongue completely covered her whole mound, and the curling tip seemed to twist and penetrate her vulva with each pass.

The young maid was bucking against his snout, obviously on the verge of orgasm, when she rolled onto her stomach. She patted her shapely butt, and coaxed Zorro into rearing on his hind legs and gripping her hips in his muscular front legs.

It was then, when Jean saw his humongous penis, as it swung into position. It was swaying back and forth as he humped the air behind the maid. Each hump bringing his spurting penis closer to her pulsating orifice.

Jean couldn't believe her eyes, that an attractive young lady would willingly resort to a dog. But she also couldn't believe the size of Zorro's massive cock. She almost turned away in embarrassment, but stood rooted in place. One hand stole to her large breast and pinched a nipple, while the other slid into her panties.

Jean could feel her panties were soaked, as she softly stroked her mound, and switched her other hand to her other aching nipple. She bit her lip as the fat, pointed tip of his cock nudged the puffy lips of the maid's pussy. So much fluid was squirting from his tip, that it was flooding her vaginal canal, and dripping off her distended clitoris, and running down her thighs. Her bed would be ruined, Jean thought!

Soon the fat, blunt tip, barged its way into her tunnel, and slowly slid with each hump, further and further, inside. The squeals and moans of the maid was more than Jean could take, and when she witnessed a flood of clear juice gush from the maid's fluttering pussy lips, Jean found the courage to turn away, and sneak silently down the hallway again.

In a trance Jean found herself in her kitchen. She poured herself a coffee, and grabbed the novel she had been reading, and opened it in an attempt to continue her reading. But her thoughts kept going back to the scene she had just left.

Should she fire the maid? How would she explain that to Tom, their maid had been with them for yrs. and was better than any of her friend's maids. Jean couldn't keep her mind off of Zorro's cock. It was huge! Much bigger than Tom's, even bigger than her largest vibrator. She wanted to get in her bedroom and use that vibrator right now, but decided against it. She reached under the table to her

crotch and found it soaked. She slapped it a few times in an attempt to ward off these obscene thoughts. She decided to wait until she could clearly think things through before she told Tom.

After about an hr. she heard the washing machine start, and the maid walked into the kitchen a few minutes later. She was surprised to see Jean sitting there appearing to be absorbed in some novel. Jean asked her what she was washing, and was told the bedding from the master bedroom. Jean said I have some light clothing I'm going to add to the load, and got up and walked hastily to her bedroom.

Once in the room, she took off her damp clothes, and changed into something more comfortable. She noticed a large wet spot on the edge of the pad on top of the mattress. She bent down to smell it and inhaled the strong fragrance of female lust, intermingled with the strong scent of a male beast! When she stood back up, she felt slightly light headed. She put her clothes in the washer, and headed to the pool, grabbing her book on the way out. Once the maid left, she thought, I'll have some wine to clear my thoughts, on how to deal with this situation.

Back in Bangkok, in his hotel room, Tom had his laptop on his stomach. He had just witnessed the most erotic scene of his life, from beginning to end. Even his wife spying on the ordeal, all through the hidden cameras planted throughout the house that Jean was unaware of. Not that he had them installed to spy on her, they were for security, and he just now had the chance to test them out.

The wonders of wifi! Now with his newfound toy, he could explore new uncharted territory in his increasingly stale sex life. He had just shot the biggest load in yrs. all over his stomach and the back of his laptop. He wiped them off and dismissed the 2 transexuals who had been sucking one of his balls each.

As he showered and dressed, he was thinking of other ways he could use this technology to his advantage....

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## **Chapter Two**

With Tom being away from home so often, Zorro's feeding and care fell on Jean.

That afternoon, he had an appt. with the local veterinary clinic to get updated on his shots. The clinic, was about a mile down the road that ran along the beach, and Jean decided to walk there.

She put on Zorro's leash, and they walked along the shore. Zorro enjoyed cavorting in the waves, and the beach seemed semi secluded. It was a nice walk, giving Jean time to think about the morning.

Jean was worried that the maid may have transmitted an STD to the dog! Jean didn't know the maid personally, although she knew she was single, and she appeared healthy. But you couldn't tell what someone could be carrying by their looks. She decided to ask the vet for a thorough examination for Zorro's own good.

Jean was impressed by how well mannered Zorro was during his examination. He submitted willingly to his shots, and gave all the necessary samples and specimens. The vet told her it would be a couple of days before all the results would be available, and she would give Jean a call.

Back at home, Jean fed Zorro, and decided to turn in early. But first she needed a shower to wash off

the ocean spray.

As she undressed in her bathroom, she admired her body in the mirrored wall. She was only a few pounds heavier than when she met Tom. And while she had been chunky or “thick” most of her life, she wasn’t what would be considered chubby.

She stood 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighed between 130 and 140 lb. Had dark hair and eyes, and being full blooded Italian, had a rich olive complexion, that gave her a perpetually tanned, healthy look.

She had long shapely legs, and a curvy body with a nice round butt, and narrow waist topped with big firm breasts. She cupped her breasts and lifted them to her face. She could nestle her face in the cleavage, but they were too firm to bring the nipples to her mouth comfortably, and she didn’t push it.

She let her breasts gently fall back in place, and they stood out jiggling slightly as the nipples stiffened into sharp points. No sag, or cellulite, or stretch marks to be found on this middle aged body. She didn’t know why Tom ignored her so much.

Her hands traced down her body, one cupping and squeezing a butt cheek, and the other stroking her vulva mound. Her mound was very prominent, protruding almost as far out as her firm stomach. She had kept her whole body waxed for yrs. to the point that hardly any hair ever grew back. Her pussy was as smooth and hairless as a baby’s butt. No stubble or rash. She could see her long well developed slit topped with a small keyhole dimple, and thick lips protecting her sensitive clit.

She cupped and squeezed her pussy mound as she stepped into the shower. The quick shower refreshed Jean, and seemed to wash away all the apprehension she felt earlier. After drying off, she put on a soft robe, and wrapped her short, curly black hair in a towel to dry. She went to the kitchen to get a glass of wine to further relax for the night.

As she sipped her wine, gazing out her kitchen window at the beach, she couldn’t help but reflect on the scene she witnessed earlier with Zorro and the maid. She felt a familiar tingle, as she recalled his thick, wet, squirting cock, as it aimed for the maid’s pulsating twat.

She was just about to turn back for her bedroom, to use her vibrator, when she felt a cool, invading breeze, rush under her robe. Before she could turn around, she felt something wet slide up between her thighs, and probe the space between her butt cheeks towards her pussy.

She looked over her shoulder in surprise, and saw that Zorro had stuck his head under her robe and was investigating her female scents. Evidently finding it to his liking, he took another lick, probing deeper and fluttering his tongue tip in the thick soft folds of her mature cunt.

Jean thought, Fuck the Vibrator! This tongue action was better than anything she had felt in her life. Tom wasn’t big on pussy munching, but made up for it in being a good fuck. But he always required her to suck him off. Jean didn’t mind, she was orally fixated, and loved the taste of his sperm. She just wished he would return the favor more often.

Jean slowly turned, and lifted her leg over Zorro’s head so she could face him. This presented Zorro with a wide open shot at her honey hole, and he dove right in. She could feel his hot breath cascade down her thighs, and parted them invitingly to give her dog better access.

Zorro’s whole tongue flattened out and wiped up her entire slit, spreading the thick lips out obscenely. Jean shuddered, and sank to the floor in a sitting position. She realised how the maid had

felt earlier. She wondered if she would dare to go as far as the maid took it....

Jean reached for her wine glass on the counter, and downed it in several gulps. The feeling the wine gave her relaxed her inhibitions, and she slid further on the smooth kitchen floor, and opened her robe until she was spread eagle in front of her beast lover. She tilted her hips up and lifted and spread her legs until her knees rested against her breasts.

Jean offered herself fully to Zorro's oral activity. Zorro needing no invitation, hovered above her and went right for her opened pussy mound. He licked all around her quivering vulva, and slid from her keyhole dimple all the way down to her puckered anus. He expertly scooped every drop of her escaping juices, and buried his tongue deep in her vagina looking for more.

Zorro was becoming aroused, moaning and shaking with excitement. So was Jean. Zorro seemed to take great pride in pleasing his mistress. She stroked his head lovingly, and cooed breathless words of encouragement, between sighs and soft moans.

Jean was writhing, and twisting in passion on her kitchen floor. The sunlight fading through the windows, causing a shadowed, twilight atmosphere. She closed her eyes, and stroked his wide muscular chest. She could feel his frenzied breathing and his quickened heartbeat. Unconsciously her hand roamed further back, to rub along his tapered stomach. It briefly slid alongside his sheath, and the hard firmness of it made her open her eyes in surprise!

Their activities had shifted them into a 69 position, Jean's favorite, and she looked up to see his huge black balls, swaying just inches from her curious face. She reached up and cupped one in each hand, rubbing them together in the sack. Each nut filled one of her hands. She gently stroked his hanging bag, and massaged its length from his thighs, to the plump balls. They seemed full, even if they did service the maid this morning. That bitch!

Jean noticed about 2 inches of his cock protruding from his tan sheath. The bright red contrasting erotically with his black belly fur. Her hand lightly traveled the length of his sheath of its own accord. Jean seemed to have lost control! Her thumb and forefinger made contact with the shiny tip, and Zorro let out a loud moan and turned sharply to inspect what she was doing. This momentarily startled Jean back to reality.

Jean realised that his unsheathed cock must be super sensitive. Zorro thankfully went back to his oral administrations, and Jean decided to pay him back for the pleasure he was giving her. Being she was still concerned that he may be harboring some STD, she decided a hand job was in order.

Jean licked and then spit into her palm, then curling her moistened thumb and forefinger around his cock, slid her hand back until about 6 inches of shaft appeared. Jean was disappointed that it didn't appear as monstrous or fat as it did with the maid. Maybe she didn't turn him on enough? She used both hands to work on his equipment. The dry hand caressed his balls, while her wet hand lightly stroked his cock.

Soon, Zorro's cock was plumping up and thickening into the cock she remembered. Jean spit more into her palm, and slid it back and forth in a jacking motion. Zorro's cock twitched, and he brought his head around and gave it a lick.

Jean thought he was giving her a hint, and she longed to suck his fattening cock, wondering what it tasted like. It was starting to drip, and she felt a few hot splatters on her belly and tits.

Jean caught what she could of his fluids in her palm, and wrapped it around his shaft. It had thickened to the point her fingers couldn't reach around it anymore. Zorro had started a humping motion, and Jean noticed a definite bulge at the back of the sheath, in front of his balls.

At first she thought it was his balls moving forward along his shaft, but they were still swinging in beat with his humping back in his sack! She cupped the bulge in her dry hand, and felt it swell even more. She got her hand behind it and could feel his shaft in the sheath. Zorro's humping caused her hand to make a milking type motion, and the flood gates opened. Zorro's cock was spurting watery fluid across her belly, all the way to her pulsating pussy.

Jean was able to aim his cock backwards somewhat, to spray on her heaving tits. The heat of his sperm felt wonderful on her big sensitive nipples. Jean noticed that while he licked her pussy, he also licked his own juices off her snatch and tummy. She hoped this cross contamination wouldn't transfer anything from the maid to herself.

She also noticed that when spraying her titties, some splashed on her face, and licking her lips, she noticed a salty coppery taste. OMG! she actually ingested a small amount! She would worry until the vet called with results of the test. But it tasted wonderful!

Jean had already had numerous small to medium orgasms, but the realization of his sperm entering her mouth, made her crash into a pussy fluttering, clit spinning, stomach heaving, tsunami. Better than any orgasm she could ever remember!

Zorro's cock seemed to be retracting back into his sheath, and he turned to lick it more, and clean it up. Jean decided she should leave well enough alone until she heard back from the vet. She used her head towel to mop up the large puddle of their combined fluids from the floor tiles. Then she gathered her robe, threw that and the towel in the washing machine, and took another quick shower. After gargling extra good with mouth wash, she fell to sleep in a matter of seconds.

Back in Bangkok, Tom had just had his second cumming! He couldn't believe that his normally reserved wife would take it this far! He was satisfied that the night vision kicked in, as the unlit kitchen grew dimmer when night fell. All the cameras had parabolic mics. and everything was being recorded on DVD as the motion detectors activated. He couldn't wait to get back to the States, next week, to view and edit what he had recorded. His head was swimming with ideas, and he wanted to put them in motion. After all, he wasn't getting any younger!

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### **Chapter Three**

The next 2 days, Thursday and Friday, were fairly uneventful. Jean did take Zorro on another walk along the beach before it got too hot and crowded. She did run into one of her girlfriends and her kids, sunning and playing there.

They had been impressed by Zorro, and he seemed friendly towards them. Jean's friend Kate asked when and why Jean had suddenly become a dog owner.

Jean explained about the burglary, and with Tom being away so much, how they thought a guard dog was needed. Kate told Jean that Zorro looked like quite the companion, and she couldn't see anyone having the courage to mess with him.

This brought an unconscious feeling of guilt to Jean, and she excused herself to head back home.

Back at home Jean had more time to think, and she decided what took place between herself and her faithful companion, was nobody's business. Not even Tom's. If he was going to neglect her like he has, she had to get used to taking care of her needs herself.

She freshened up, and decided to do a little shopping. When she returned, she went to the bedroom

to open her one purchase. A 12 pac of condoms.

She went to the entry way where Zorro's huge bed was, and dragged it back to her bedroom. Then she kicked off her sandals, and started undressing, she caught herself before she was completely nude, and went back to the door and called Zorro inside.

Back in her bedroom, Jean was shivering with excitement. Zorro sniffed at her moist panty crotch and gave it a big lick. She peeled these off and tossed them aside, and unhooked her bra.

When her big titties sprang free from their restraint, she pushed them together, and offered her twin cones to Zorro's big wide tongue. He swirled it around her nipples bringing them to aching points. The pliable tips were bouncing back and forth, and dripping with his excess saliva. They soon felt extra hot and hard.

Jean leaned back on her lush carpet, and opened her thighs in front of Zorro's huge head. His curious head jerked all over her heaving torso sniffing and licking here and there, like he was searching for a forgotten morsel of food.

Jean sighed and started stroking his huge velvety head. She could feel her juices flowing and got up briefly to drag over a throw rug, and grabbed a beach towel from her laundry basket, to protect her carpet from their fluids. Then she lay down spread eagle to submit fully to his oral assault.

Zorro resumed licking with much enthusiasm. Jean was soon twisting on the towel in the throws of passion. Zorro had been laying between her thighs, with his big mouth right up against her pussy. His tongue was going deeper than before, scooping out her flowing juices with wet slurping sounds. The only sounds, heard in her muffled bedroom, other than the occasional moan or sigh.

After a few good orgasms, Jean could feel her clit getting too sensitive, so she decided to give it a rest. She coaxed Zorro to his bed, and when she started stroking his belly, he rolled onto his back with his stubby tail vibrating wildly.

Zorro's head was thrown back, with his eyes closed, and his tongue hanging out panting. Jean could see his sheath being displayed in all its glory, and his huge black balls rolling around between his thighs.

Jean gently massaged his balls feeling them roll under her hands. She gathered her fist behind them, where his sack attaches to his thighs, and leaned into them to plant a loving kiss. Then Jean stuck her tongue out and swirled it around his smooth almost hairless sack. She opened her mouth wide, in a pointless attempt to get them both into her mouth.

Having failed at that, she tried them each individually, but still found them too big. She thought if she sucked hard, she might get one in, but worried that her teeth might hurt him. And her jaw would get too tired.

She grabbed the open condom laying on her bed, and started stroking his sheath with the other hand. She gripped it firmly in her hand and drew it back towards his sack. She could see about 4 inches of his scarlet colored cock slide from the sheath. Jean moaned, and almost started licking it, but she brought the condom down, and making sure the roll was in the right direction, unrolled about 3 inches.

Jean's hands were shaking in anticipation. She briefly thought, where am I going with this? And answered herself promptly, as far as it takes me. Remembering the huge load he shot three days ago, she pulled on the condom, so there was a loose inch and a half hanging from the end of his

cock.

Zorro's cock had started emerging further out of his sheath on its own, and soon he had 6 or 7 inches laying on his belly. He briefly turned his head and gave it a lick, curious about what was on his cock, but then satisfied it was OK, layed his head back down. Jean rolled more condom down his cock until it was fully encased.

Jean started a slow gentle stroke of his long cock, holding the rubber firmly to keep it in place. Her other hand stroked his sheath, to see if it would slide back further. It did, until approximately 8 inches were exposed. Jean slid the condom down the rest of the way until there was no more condom. She noticed that at the base of his cock, it was beginning to form a bulge on each side. It seemed to be getting bigger, and Jean assumed that's what she felt the other day, only still concealed in the sheath.

Jean could feel his cock fattening under her stroking hand, and could see some fluid pooling in the end of the rubber. She lowered her face onto his belly, with the flopping end of the rubber, and his cloaked cock staring her in the face. It was now or never. Jean licked her lips and opened her mouth around the unusual looking end of his cock. She could feel the heat from the fluid splashing about in the end and his pointed cock head.

Jean pursed her lips, and applied a firmer pressure, that caused Zorro to jerk his hips a couple times. She laid her left arm over his torso, and had her right ankle entwined with his right hind leg. She took her mouth off his cock momentarily to offer a few words of encouragement, and he settled down to enjoy this new treat from his mistress.

As Jean turned back to resume sucking his cock, she saw some streaks from her lipstick along the front edge of the condom. At first she thought it was blood, but it was more of a magenta color, and smeared under her fingertip.

She opened her mouth wider, having noticed his cock getting thicker, and sucked to her hearts content. She felt safe with the condom, being she hadn't heard from the vet yet, and she didn't need any wine to lose her inhibitions either. She didn't like using the condom, but it would have to do for now.

Jean loved how her whole arm was moving, stroking up and down his cock length. She had never been in the presence of a cock so long. And now it was thickening up nicely! It was as thick as her wrist in places, and had a nice curve to it. She also saw that just past the edge of the condom, his knob was bloated to obscene proportions. She touched it softly with her fingers, and it felt like it pulsed under them. It looked like it was ready to burst!

In her mouth, Jean felt the weight and heat of the fluids accumulating in the end of the condom. Some of them ran back onto his cock, causing more lubrication inside of it. She was losing herself in this erotic activity. She wanted to taste and drink that juice, but didn't dare, not just yet. She was glad she thought of the condoms.

In a matter of minutes, Jean felt Zorro's cock thicken and get harder, and the pool of liquid doubled in capacity. She brought her head back off it for a second, and saw that the fluids were bulging, and clouding up somewhat. She brought her mouth back down on it and attempted a deepthroat, with her hand stroking his knot and behind it. Her jaw was stretched to its limit due to his expanding girth.

Suddenly Jean felt a hot flash in her throat, and her mouth was flooded with scalding salty juices. She swallowed the first mouthfull and pulled her head back off his cock again. Before she saw it,

Jean knew what had happened. The rubber broke!

But there sticking out proudly, from the shredded end of the condom, was his bloated cock head. Shiny and wet from his sperm and her saliva! It pulsed and squirted out another jet of runny fluid hitting her in the face and hair. Some going in her nose.

Jean whimpered, and plunged her mouth back onto that spurting monster! She swirled and fluttered her tongue against her lover's squirting dog cock. She worked harder than the most depraved whore, to bring him off in her mouth. She wanted and needed all the sperm his balls had to offer, and there was plenty.

After she had drank what she imagined was a half pint, his cock spurts turned to dribbles. She grabbed the rubber and slid it off of his deflating cock. She could see his knot disappearing back into his sheath. Soon to be followed by his retracting cock.

Left alone with her thoughts again, Jean rushed into her bathroom. She flushed the condom, and gargled and drank as much mouthwash as she could handle. She calmed down vowing not to panic at the thought of an STD again. She hastily cleaned up briefly, and threw some clothes back on, and rushed out to her car.

Tom's cock was sore and chafed from the masturbation marathon he had going all morning. And the scene he had just witnessed with Jean and the dog, had mercifully brought him to a final orgasm. Looking at the time on his screen, he realised he had to hurry to catch his early flight home.

Yesterday, he thought he didn't really need to stay any longer, Jean was providing more entertainment than all the whores and trannys in Bangkok! He needed to get home to put his plans in action. So he cut his trip short a few days, and made the arrangements to arrive home early. Wouldn't it be great to catch her in the act?

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## **Chapter Four**

When Jean walked back into her house, she looked disheveled, and panic stricken! Almost like a crack whore looking for a rock. She walked towards her bedroom with a small package in her hand, and laid it on the bed next to the condom box.

Inside the new box was a dozen magnum sized condoms. She chuckled at the thought, that she previously bought normal sized condoms, expecting them to work for such a huge cock. She glanced at Zorro's bed and saw her discarded panties from earlier, soaking wet and tattered in a small bundle. She chuckled again at the thought, that Zorro saved them for his own little souvenir of her blowjob.

Jean walked back to her kitchen, and prepared Zorro's dinner. Then she made a quick bite to eat for herself. Soon Zorro walked in the dog door, and wagged his tail as he devoured his food.

As Jean ate, she admired his strong back and flanks as he maneuvered around his dog bowl. Chowing down lowly. She noticed his sheath hanging down and swaying tantalizingly. She couldn't wait to feel it bunched up in front of her twat lips, while his huge meat pounded her pussy senseless.

Jean wished she would have observed more of the maid's fuck, to learn the exact technique. She assured herself that she had seen enough to get started, and would have to wing the rest. When they were done eating, she went back to her bedroom to prepare for her first dog fuck!

She shed her clothes in the laundry, and decided she would shower afterwards. She would use the towel and throw rug again, but added an old sheet on top, and a large pillow. She was on her hands and knees smoothing everything out.

Zorro had come in from behind and licked her exposed pussy and butt crack in one long drawn out swipe. Jean felt shivers run up her spine and her head tingled. She moaned and told Zorro to lube it up good, although she could already feel her hot juices, cascading from her pussy lips down her thighs.

After a few more licks, Zorro put his paw on her hips, and attempted to mount. Jean sat up and caught him around his chest and told Zorro to calm down. He licked her face and his tongue slid across and into her mouth.

He may have just been searching for leftovers from her lunch, but Jean passionately returned his kiss, with a warm open mouthed tongue snaking kiss of her own. One of her hands had snuck under his belly, and was obscenely jacking his sheath, in an attempt to coax his monster out of hiding.

She was soon rewarded for her efforts, as his thick, broad cock head appeared, and more of his cock slid into view. Zorro was panting and stood as more of his dangling cock swayed back and forth dripping under his belly. Jean hastily reached for the magnum condom box, and again with shaking hands, peeled one open.

Allowing a little extra at the tip again, she unrolled it down the impressive length of his cock. This one seemed wide enough, and longer than the first. She actually got it past where his knot was starting to form at the base.

Jean rose to her knees, and was going to reach for the lube she had in her night stand, when she felt Zorro's hot breath on her neck, and his weight pushing her down on her pillow. She felt his paws painfully grip her middle aged hips and pull them back onto his cock.

His long fat cock expertly slid in on the first stroke, but as Jean regained her balance, it slid back out. WOW! Jean had never been invaded by something so thick and hot! Driving with a force all its own. Jean propped herself with her hands on her bed, and her hips swaying under Zorro, trying to capture his thrusting cock again. After about 3 more humps, they aligned perfectly, and SLAM! He was in again, and bottomed out. That hurt slightly, and took her breath away.

Now Zorro was homed in, and pumped Jean's wet pussy with gusto! Jean let out a bestial moan, and aggressively humped back against his raging boner. Smack! Smack! Smack! Their loins collided, Jean's juices adding to the noise and fragrance floating around them, and providing more than enough lubrication.

Zorro's cock was bloating up, and she felt like a water balloon had been stuffed in her pussy. After a few more rapid pumps from Zorro, she could feel the base rapidly expanding, and stretching her cunt wider than it has ever been opened. Zorro calmed to small deep thrusts, and she could feel his entire length pulsating deep within her vagina. Next she could tell it was his knot, imbedded firmly in her swollen vulva, that was pulsing and twitching with a mind of its own. Zorro gave a lurch and the knot slid further in her belly.

She could feel his big balls pressed against her clit, rising and falling, getting ready to shoot. Jean's clit protruded from her slit and with her bucking, rubbed and mashed against those fat balls, coaxing them to blast.

Suddenly, Zorro took Jean by surprise, and swung his torso around and off her back. His grip

around her hips loosened, and he dismounted turning away from her. Jean could feel the massive knot turning in her belly, and almost fainted. Zorro gave a slight tug, but he was going nowhere. They were locked together by a vacuum tight seal. Jean gave him the order to stay, and relaxed as his cock and knob pulsed on, and on, and on, bringing her to multiple orgasms.

When Jean's gaping pussy hole finally relaxed, Zorro tested the seal again, and being his knot had deflated somewhat, it popped out. As his huge, throbbing boner slowly slid out of her wet hole, Jean rolled on her back and watched. It hung down almost to the floor, weighed by the massive bloated rubber filled to the brim with hot dog sperm.

Zorro turned to lick his cock, but Jean intercepted him and grabbed the condom before it burst all over her carpet. She slid it over his knob, amazed at the size of the organ, and slid it off his cock without spilling a drop. Zorro resumed licking his cock, and Jean brought the condom closer to her face.

First she sniffed inside, inhaling the hot vapors that wafted towards her face. She plucked a couple stray hairs stuck to the edge, then held it up towards the light. The ponderous bag swung back and forth, just like his balls. She cupped the hot bag in her palm, and hefted the weight. She would have loved to taste it and possibly drink from this bag, but she went to the bathroom and flushed it before she could dwell on it any more.

As Jean showered, she reflected on what had just occurred. She had actually fucked this huge dog! She hoped his test results came back clean, so she could experience this again, only without the condom, so she could feel his hot sperm shooting and splashing around deep in her vagina. Deeper than any man could get, and ten times the volume too.

She noticed her pussy felt swollen and slightly sore, but it felt good just the same. When she stepped out of the shower to dry, she was shocked to see a series of scratches across her belly. Just above her vulva mound, they formed a crude but perfect "Z" OMG! they must be from his claws as he gripped her hips. She put some salve on them, and got ready for bed.

Meanwhile, Tom was in London, eating and making some calls stateside. He would take a cab to a hotel, and maybe call home before he tried to sleep.

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## **Chapter Five**

Saturday morning, Jean awoke to the phone ringing. It was the local Veterinary Clinic calling with Zorro's test results. He came back with a clean bill of health!

In fact they hadn't even noticed a single parasite in his sample, which they thought unusual, but recommended using the wormer they supplied anyway, as a preventative.

As Jean listened, she could feel her nipples and clit hardening in anticipation! Upon letting out an audible sigh of relief, the vet. tech. asked if Jean was alright? Jean simply explained that Zorro belonged to her husband, and she was taking care of this business in his absence, and wanted to make sure she did it right. She thanked the vet, and hung up, then turned to Zorro, and gave him a big hug and kiss.

After they ate their breakfasts, she took him for an early walk along the beach again. When she returned, several trucks were unloading building materials, at the back of the property. Jean just gave them a glance and walked indoors with Zorro to keep him out of the way. Jean closed his dog door so he couldn't get out to harass the strangers unloading the trucks.

There was a msg. from Tom on the answering machine, saying he would be home later, and the deliveries were for a project he was starting immediately.

Jean wondered what he meant by "home later", and what his new project was. He had a pretty good business sense, and his projects over the yrs. had always been profitable. The only thing was, he had promised he was retiring soon, and Jean took that to mean he would be spending more time with her, and possibly saving their marriage.

She contemplated having a long, sex session with Zorro, before Tom arrived, but was uncertain of the timing. Also, what if the someone from the crew outside came to the door for something. She might not be able to answer the door.

So she walked back to where they were just finishing unloading the last truck. It appeared to mostly be pallets of bricks, bags of cement, and boxes of various construction materials, that she was unfamiliar with.

She was greeted by the apparent leader of the crew, and told that it was the last load. She signed his work order, after he had read off all the contents, and assured himself everything was there. When she asked him what it all was for, she was told some kind of brick building, that they sold in mostly pre-fab type kits.

Jean assumed maybe another storage facility for his overseas shipments. She almost ran back inside to get busy with Zorro! She figured Tom probably meant he would return later tonight, so she had at least a couple hrs. to play uninterrupted.

She went back to her bedroom and undressed. The towel, sheet and throwrug were still in place. She put the 2 boxes of condoms in her dresser drawer, next to her vibrators. She adjusted a large dressing mirror so that she could see herself in it when on the floor. Then she called Zorro.

She could hear his claws clicking on the floor in the hallway, as he trotted closer. They stopped at the doorway, and as Jean was seated on her pad with her back to the door, she saw his reflection in the mirror, with his head cocked, and his tail wagging. She beckoned him closer, and as they met, she offered Zorro a warm open mouth kiss.

Zorro whined, or moaned in response, and returned her affection, by licking her face and mouth. Then he turned his attention to her bouncing breasts. She offered each one up to his mouth in turn, with both hands, pinching and twisting her pointed nipples to get them harder.

She thought, sometime she would try some kind of liquid treat on them, so he would lick them for longer periods. She brought her hand to her pussy, and ran her fingers through the slit gathering fluid, and spreading it on her wide areolas. Zorro, greedily lapped it up, and when it was cleaned off, directed his nose down her heaving belly, to the source of the nectar.

As he began licking her gash in earnest, she reclined under his belly, and gazed up at his swingnig genitals. She couldn't resist stroking his big hanging balls, they looked full and plump, hopefully with a huge load of sperm for her enjoyment.

Next she caressed his tan sheath, that already had the red juicy head poking out. She brought her head up against his warm stomache, and scooped his cock head in her mouth, while her hands massaged his sheath back towards his balls. As more of his cock was exposed, she could feel it squirting prelude in her mouth.

Jean drank what she could, but some dripped out of her working mouth. She doubted if it would be

needed, as she was flowing an unusually large quantity of her own. Of course Zorro was making short work of whatever fluids escaped her hole.

Before they wasted too much time on foreplay, Jean wanted Zorro to mount her, so she could be knotted as long as possible. She assumed the position (doggy style) and leaned on the foot of her bed. Zorro continued to lick her from behind, but when she patted her round womanly ass, and said "UP Zorro", he mounted her hips, and gripped around her waist in a bear hug. Jean grabbed an edge of the beach towel, and brought it up between his forelegs, and her stomach to prevent more scratches.

Jean turned and looked in the large mirror, and watched as he humped the air behind her moving closer with each hump. Her bald pussy was becoming drenched in his squirts of pre-cum. His cock looked to be about half as thick as it was going to get. In a few jabs he hit paydirt, and rode it home in a smooth, stroke that made Jean cum, on every ridge and contour of his raging boner!

Wet squishing sounds were prevalent, then a steady slapping sound, as his balls smacked into her quivering vulva. Jean could feel his knot just starting to inflate as it slid in and out of her clutching hole. She started rocking her hips back in a motion to match his humping.

Her mature pussy relaxed, and opened as wide as it could to make his cock as comfortable as possible. It felt hotter than when she used the condom the day before. And the quantity of juice was truly amazing! She reached underneath and caught some in her hand and brought it to her lips. She sucked her fingers as she felt her pussy being plowed by his thickening cock.

Soon, Zorro seemed to have reached the farthest reaches of her vagina, and she could feel it being stretched slightly further. Next, his cock rapidly ballooned, and swelled to its normal breeding size. It barely had room to move or expand any further. Then, she could feel the longed for swelling at the base, as his knot started inflating further. It was already well past the entrance to her vagina, and was blooming like some exotic night blossom.

Jean's pussy started to spasm around the knob, and her whole body started to shudder and convulse, as she could feel the blasts of his sperm, shooting deep in her cunt! Her pussy clutched tightly around the base of his cock, and of its own accord, started milking it for more and more sperm.

She was riding high on the wave of a major orgasm! Zorro, seemed to be putting more effort into the fuck, than the previous day also. Their moans and groans rang out in the silent house.

Zorro was the first to quit, laying his full weight on Jean's back, panting in exhaustion. Jean caught her breath, cumming down from her climax, and savoured the throbbing and twitching of their over heated genitals.

It was over all too soon, and this time Zorro didn't reverse position, but simply pulled out after a few minutes. The dismounting made a loud suction sound, and Jean rolled onto her back, and saw his huge dripping dong, swaying above her.

Zorro layed next to her, and started cleaning his equipment. Jean rolled next to him, and looking in the mirror facing his back, was able to observe herself licking his cock alongside his own tongue. Their combined juices tasted marvelous!

Zorro got up first, and she could hear him in the kitchen, drinking from his water bowl. Jean wearily got up, with a flood pouring from her stretched and still twitching twat. She made it as far as her bed, and fell into a deep mid-afternoon sleep.

Some time later, maybe after a couple of hrs. Jean started to awake to the sensations of her pussy being licked.

But not as boldly, as Zorro usually licked, but more tentatively. At first she thought it was Zorro, and said "Zorro, I don't think I can take any more so soon!" But as the words were leaving her lips, she opened her eyes in surprise to see, a naked Tom between her widespread thighs, licking up any juices he encountered in her soaked crotch.

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## **Chapter Six**

Tom stopped licking momentarily, and looked up at Jean and asked, "What?"

Jean told him she must have been dreaming, but she couldn't remember what it was. She then quickly asked Tom when did he return home, and what were the trucks unloading?

Tom told her he returned a little while ago, then slid up her body to bury his cock in her hot wet cunt.

Jean couldn't refuse Tom in one of his infrequent attempts at intimacy, she spread her legs, and welcomed him with open arms. The wet slapping noises returned, as he slammed his normal sized cock into her stretched out vagina.

Jean could feel the juices left behind, from Zorro and her last session, slide out on Tom's downstroke, and pool under her ass. She started getting into it, when Tom pulled out and quickly straddled her chest.

In the same old routine that was the finish of all their lovemaking, Jean squeezed her large breasts between her hands, and Tom slid his boner between the quivering globes. On the upstroke, Jean applied her lips and tongue, until Tom came in a splattering, heaving gush all over her face and tits.

Tom offered his cock to Jean, who licked all the juices off the sides, and squeezed his balls in her hand. As Tom calmed down, he commented on Zorro's bed on the floor. Jean told him that she felt more secure at night, with him sleeping in the same room as her. She started with the bed of throwrug, towel and sheet, but he wouldn't use it, so she brought his regular bed in.

Tom then said, the rug-bed felt wet when he stepped on it, and Jean replied that they had been at the beach, and dripped all over it when they got back. Trying to change the subject, Jean asked again about the building materials delivered that morning.

Tom got in a boastful mood, and said he would explain it over dinner.

As they ate, Tom looked at Jean, and proceeded to tell her of his new plans. It seems that part of the deal when they bought Zorro, was that the previous owner, a younger man named Dave, who was also the trainer that delivered him, needed to get a breeding out of Zorro.

Tom entertained visions of turning him into a stud dog, to recoup some of his money that he had invested in Zorro. Well, Dave told him that he had a lucrative client base, but was running out of room to accommodate any increase in business.

Dave offered Tom half partnership in the kennel, if he would build a facility in Florida to expand in.

Dave would come down and get things started, and come down several times a month during crucial training and breeding periods.

He said the breeding typically occurred in spring and fall, and the actual birth of pups around 6 weeks after each breeding. He said he had clients, all over the US and Canada, and was getting interest from Europe as well.

Jean said it sounded like a lot of work, to which Tom replied that he had found a buyer for his import business, and would be spending all his time at home now. He figured that it wouldn't be that hard, and if it got too physical, he would hire some part time helpers.

Hearing that, made Jean happy that he would finally be home on a regular basis, and apprehensive for the same reason, in that it would interfere with her and Zorro. Then she wondered if it was morally right to continue with Zorro, now that Tom was making an attempt to be around more.

She decided to bring things down a notch, until she saw how things worked out. Maybe, just oral sex with Zorro from time to time.

By the following weekend, all the foundations and plumbing had been constructed. The walls were being erected by a team of bricklayers, and large sheetmetal roofs were being erected. Most of this was being overseen by Dave, who was staying at a nearby hotel. Tom had been busy getting the necessary permits for construction, and the business license as well.

Being they were the last house, on the main drag, through their community. And with nothing between their property and the nearby vet clinic except beach, the housing committee for their neighborhood, didn't have any problem granting the license. The one stipulation was to keep it low key and blended into the surroundings. No billboards or neon signs etc.

Tom had a separate dirt road graded to lead from the main street, around the edge of their property, leading to the back. Midway around the side, the road passed through a stone arch, with iron letters on a sign saying "Baskerville Kennels".

When Jean first saw it, she commented, wasn't that the title of a horror movie or something? And Tom replied, that it tied in with the guard dog nature of the business. He wasn't running a puppy mill, offering poodles, and pekinese. Being it wasn't visible until you were actually on their property, it seemed OK to Jean.

Tom also established a work account with the vet clinic, and had a special state of the art, septic system installed to handle all of the animal waste. Within the month it was finished, and Tom allowed Jean to buy some furniture for the waiting room, and some used furniture for the training room. He had a garage built in the back of the building, and was busy building dog crates, whelping beds, and several benches and tables to Dave's specs. It had its own kitchen, bathroom with shower, and was completely, centrally air conditioned.

Tom was beaming with pride, as he gave some new clients the grand tour. Jean had helped with painting and decorating the interior, and made sure that she took Zorro for a long walk every day, especially Wednesday, when the maid arrived.

After the tour, Dave returned to his home in Tennessee, and returned a week later. In the back of his enclosed truck he had several dogs. Tom was gone, so he asked Jean to help bring them into the kennel.

Three were various female dogs to be bred. And three were male stud dogs, 2 were huge white

german shepards. Their fur was blinding white as they were unloaded in the bright sunlight. Dave told her their names were Johnny and Edgar. Next he led out a huge black fluffy dog that looked like a big St. Bernard. Dave said his name was Admiral, but they called him Addy. Addy was a newfoundland.

Addy trotted over to Jean, and his head came up to her chest! She extended her hand, and patted him on his fluffy huge head. Zorro stood by her side and didn't react at all. Jean noticed this and commented on it. Dave informed her that they were all old friends, raised together as puppies. Also, they had been thoroughly trained to interact with out any drama, and were all on the same level of pecking order.

Jean thought for a moment, and asked, isn't one of them the alpha male? Dave solemnly replied, "I am the alpha male, or Tom. You are the alpha female of this pack. The females we unloaded are all beta level, but allowed to breed, same as these males". Jean thought to herself, I hope I haven't ruined the training of Zorro...

Dave then took out of his truck, a case that looked like some kind of safe, and several boxes of equipment. He warned Jean that this case, was a storage tank loaded with liquid nitrogen. It was used to store semen for artificial insemination.

Then he took Zorro into the training room, and had him hop onto one of the low tables Tom had built. From his box he brought out an instrument that resembled a rubber funnel with a glass attachment, like a test tube. At the bottom of this was what looked like an industrial strength condom. He said, the female that I need to breed to Zorro is still in Tennessee, she's not in heat yet, but I'm going to try to get a sample to bring home for later when she is.

He reached under Zorro and slid the funnel over his sheath. His other hand retracted the sheath until about six inches stood out. Then he moved his hand back to where his knot would be, and gave it a gentle massage.

While he was working he looked up at Jean and met her gaze. His face turned red, in embarrassment, and he told her that he never really gets used to this part of the business. Especially in front of an attractive woman. It was Jean's turn to blush, and she offered to help. She said if it's just Tom and me here when you are gone, if we ever have to do this, well I can see Tom having problems.

Dave agreed, and offered to train her in how to milk the semen into the collection sleeve. He held it up to the light, and Jean could see a small quantity in the condom tip. Dave seemed to think it was enough, but Jean thought it was only about a teaspoonful. She knew Zorro was capable of producing a much larger load. She got bolder and said let me show you how to milk semen out of a boner.

Dave chuckled, having overcome his embarrassment, and said knock yourself out. He went to hand the sleeve to Jean, but they bumped hands in mid air, and it fell on the cement, shattering. Dave said wow, that's the only one I have, and Jean said sorry. Then remembering her stash of condoms in the bedroom, said I think I got something in the house.

She left, and returned shortly with the box of magnums. She slid one over Zorro's boner, and milked him expertly into the magnum. When it looked to be about half full, she slid it off and handed it to Dave.

Dave seemed impressed, and took the condom, and poured it into a special container in the case, then he attached a label, and closed it. He moved the case into the kitchen so a dog couldn't tip it. Saying he didn't need any more accidents.

Just then, Tom returned with several bags of dogfood in his van. He loaded them in the bins, and came in the training room, asking what did I miss?

Talking businesslike, Dave said he and Jean had just gotten a sample of Zorro's semen for back in Tennessee. Tom said really, sounding interested as hell. He then asked what about the bitches in the kennels? Dave said, we may as well give them a try. The males were whining on the way down here. I think at least one is in full heat now.

First they brought out a black german shepard female. And one of the white males.

Dave said it was Edgar, although at this point, Jean couldn't tell them apart. He had Tom hold the female, and led Edgar up to her rump. Edgar sniffed around and whined, and licked her, but she tried to turn and snap at him. Dave said I guess she's not ready yet. We'll try the other shepard bitch.

Tom brought the black one back, and returned with a black and sable bitch. Her vulva was noticeably swollen and a dark purple color. As she stood small drops of fluid dropped on the floor. Edgar showed interest, but seemed a little shy after his first hostile encounter. After several attempts, and Edgar not making any progress, Tom got impatient, and asked Dave what the problem was.

Dave explained that these were all virgin male dogs, and hadn't mounted a bitch yet. The bitches were all seasoned, and were expecting more aggression than these young dogs knew how to display. The problem was that they needed to learn to mount, and we were running out of time. That bitch might even be out of heat tomorrow, and then it's another 6 months until she comes back in.

Jean asked could they be milked the same as Zorro? Dave said yes , that solves only half the problem. They still had to learn to mount, and the sooner the better.

Dave was looking at Jean with a strange look in his eyes, and she looked to Tom, and saw he was looking at her with the same look. This was almost a dream come true for Jean, but she had to play her cards right. At first she acted as if the idea was absurd.

As the two men tried to reassure her, and explained how she would be safe etc. she finally acted the good sport, and while she started disrobing, she said to Tom, your going to owe me big time for this.

Tom assured her, that anything she wanted was hers. All she had to do was ask for it. Jean told him, she would let him know when she had the answer. Then, when she stood before them completely nude, she chuckled and said, let's get this show on the road.

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## **Chapter Seven**

Dave handed Jean a condom, and she coaxed Edgar's cock out of its sheath and rolled the condom on as it appeared. She kept a steady, gentle massage on Edgar's meat to keep it hard.

As Jean knelt next to Edgar, she noticed a few drops of fluid on the floor in front of her. They had dripped from the last bitch. Jean wiped one with her fingertip, and rubbed it at the top of her ass crack. She hoped that the smell would get his attention.

When Edgar started humping her fist, Jean said one of you men help him up on my back. Both Tom and Dave approached to help her out, and Jean said hold him back there and let him sniff and lick for a few minutes.

The drop of heat juice seemed to do the trick, Edgar wanted to hop up right away, but Jean coaxed him into licking for a few minutes to moisten her vagina. When she felt it was wet enough, she said let him mount, but let him try to find my hole himself.

Edgar humped the air a few times, and moved all over her back, in an amateur attempt to breed his bitch. Jean was giggling, and told the guys to go ahead and help him line up. Dave was the one to guide Edgar's hips, so Jean asked Tom to get a towel to put across her back.

With the towel in place, Jean didn't have to worry about his claws so much. Edgar finally found his mark, and gave a sigh of relief, as he sank his boner into the depths of Jean's pussy. Then he established a rhythm, and the high speed sounds of balls smacking bald pussy filled the room. The men were speechless.

Edgar humped Jean's ass relentlessly, and as his knot started inflating, he tried to bury it inside her pussy. Jean could feel it stretching her hole, and asked one of the guys to push on his hips slightly, to help get his knot inside.

Jean could hear the men muttering behind her, as Dave explained to Tom about the knot and its function. It finally popped in and began to fully inflate. She could feel his cock thickening up also. When she felt fully stuffed, she told them to let him turn on her, as he had made a couple attempts to do so already. Soon they were butt to butt, panting, as his cock and knot twitched inside Jean's twat. He pumped a large quantity of hot dog sperm into the condom.

All too soon it was over, and Tom was amazed at the size of Edgar's cock, and that Jean could take it all. As Dave collected the semen sample from the condom into the vials in the case, Jean planned how she could take control of the situation.

Jean was super aroused from putting this little show on for these men, especially her husband. Why even bother trying to get the other 2 dogs to mount the bitches, when she could take them on herself. She had had several regular orgasms with Edgar, but needed something more to push her over the edge. She thought a K9 gangbang would do the trick.

Jean also noticed the men sporting big hardons through their shorts, and hoped this could work in her favor. While Dave was still busy bottling and labeling, Jean asked Tom to bring in Johnny. She massaged his cock the same as Edgar's and put the condom on. Then Dave came back to help. Jean noticed both men were still hard, and had moist spots in their crotches, from leaking precum.

Dave asked if she was still up to collecting semen samples, and Jean told him Johnny was ready to go. It was almost a repeat of the performance with Edgar, except, it took longer for Johnny to mount, but once he did, he found her hole quicker.

This time, Johnny's knot inflated too far to get it in Jean's pussy. No matter how much they tried, it wouldn't fit, and Jean was afraid of the rubber tearing. She was also starting to get tender from all the banging outside of her twat. She reached back to get her hand behind the knot to help. When Tom asked if she needed help, she told him to hold his hand firmly behind the knot to make Johnny feel like it was inserted.

When he did, Tom noticed how wet her pussy was, and asked if the rubber was leaking. Jean said she didn't think so, and in a minute she could feel the familiar twitch and expansion of his cock. as he unleashed a huge load of baby batter.

As the long cock slid out of her pussy and hung down, they could see the condom was full to bursting with jizz. Jean slid it off and handed the swaying sack to Dave.

Tom sat there amazed, and told her he couldn't believe she could take a cock so huge. He was rubbing his cock through his pants, and said it was turning him on big time! Jean rubbed her soaked pussy, lewdly in front of her husband, and told him that they would take care of that when the work was done.

When Dave came back in the room, Jean told them I need a little break. Both men started to feel a bit let down, until she came out of the kennel area leading Zorro.

Dave said we don't need another sample from Zorro, I already have enough for 20 to 50 bitches. Jean said I just need something for my pussy, so it doesn't start to get dry and painfull.

Jean reclined on the couch, and got Zorro to start licking her pussy. He was exceptionally tender and gave it long slurpy licks that echoed off the walls as Tom and Dave, sat across the room and watched while rubbing their aching hardons.

In a short period of time, Jean knelt on the couch and leaned across the back of it, presenting her round quivering ass to her favorite lover. Her head was thrown back, and she moaned, as his toungue sank deep into her gaping pussy hole.

On the upstrokes, her round womanly ass cheeks bounced and jiggled. She reached back and spread them wantonly, trying to give Zorro better access to her honey hole. Dave commented that dog is giving me toungue envy. Tom had to agree, and noticed that his business partner had his shorts half down his thighs, and his boner was saturated with precum. Tom, not being shy at all, pulled his shorts and boxer briefs completely off, and stroked his fatty with abandon.

When Zorro rose up on his muscular haunches, and gripped Jean's hips, the men watched as his thick throbbing meat expertly hit home on the first lurch. Jean let out a loud sexy moan as Zorro hit pay dirt, and threw her ass back, to grab as much meat as possible on the first deep hump.

Zorro was filling her vagina with pre-cum, and all the excess was running down her thighs. Jean's hands were wiping this up, and rubbing it on her butt, tits, and face. When she started sucking it off her fingers, it was more than the men could take. Tom walked towards his wife from behind, and jerked his head towards Dave to join him.

They walked behind the couch, and stood to each side of Jean's face, jacking off their their cocks, both leaking a large quantity of pre-cum themselves. Jean looked from Dave's nice youthfull cock, to Tom's mature meat, and looked up into Tom's eyes. Tom gave her the look she was so familiar with, that meant she was to finish him off in her mouth.

Jean grabbed a cock in each hand, and drew them closer to her face, never letting up on the feverish pace the men had established. First she licked Tom's big wet red cock head, then she turned to Dave's and licked the juices pouring from his piss hole. She engulfed his throbbing cock head and gulped down his excess juices. Then she returned the favor to her husband.

She had a thick throbbing boner in each fist, and brought them together so the cockheads were bumping, then closed her mouth over them both at once. With Zorro now locked tightly into her pussy, Jean groaned out of her cock stuffed mouth, and closed her eyes. She gripped each of the men's ball sacks, and pulled them closer until the cocks slid further into her mouth.

The men watched as her cheeks bloated out obscenely, and her toungue swirled around, and between their cock heads. It was more than they could take, and both men blew off almost simultaneously, filling Jean's mouth to overflowing. She gulped as best as she could, but there was too much, and slowly glob after glob of thick white sperm poured out of her lips, and ran down her chin. Jean was going to ask Tom for a pearl necklace, but she got her wish without saying a word.

Zorro had turned on Jean's ass, and was now pumping her nonstop from the rear. It felt awesome being filled to the brim with hot sperm. Jean briefly wondered if the sperm would meet in the middle, and had to laugh at the thought.

When Zorro eventually pulled out with a pop and splash, Jean rotated on the couch so her head was hanging over the edge, and her butt was lifted over the back. She called Zorro, before he could walk off to lick his cock, and captured his still spurting penis in her mouth. She didn't know if this was going too far, but she wanted to put on the ultimate show for these men. She gulped as his flow started to diminish, and licked from his pointed twitching tip, to his still bloated knob.

Tom and Dave watched the spectacle, while they stroked her widespread thighs, and massaged her swollen pussy mound. They both inserted fingers in her hot hole, and pulled them out coated with puppy paste. They each licked their fingers, and Dave started to go down on her cream pie. After moaning, Jean said save some for Addy!

Author's note: Whew! I almost lost my typing again, but carefully followed the instructions, and it was saved. (save all ,copy, relog in, & paste) I don't think I would have had time to retype that whole mess... beerchug.gif

After a few minutes rest, and a couple imported beers each, Tom brought Addy into the fuck room. Tom's older cock was getting hard again, and Jean noticed Dave's younger cock, had never gone completely soft. Her well fucked pussy felt like it was all hole. She had to put a paper towel in her panties to hold Zorro's sperm inside. Her clit was tingling, as she watched the big black, fluffy dog prance around, and sniff the various drops of fluid that had spilled on the floor.

Jean coaxed the Addy on top of one of the low, carpet covered tables, Tom had constructed last week. She reached under his belly to cup his huge nuts. Both of her hands couldn't contain his whole sack. She commented that he really felt full!

Dave answered that he was a total virgin, and Dave needed all his seed for the orders he had for guard dogs in the colder climates. Jean started slowly stroking his soft black sheath, that was the size of, and reminded her of a hand warming muffler. It easily slid back, and exposed the biggest cock any of them had ever seen.

Jean moaned in admiration, and both men gasped. It looked like some kind of red club, with a wide flared head like an inverted funnel. A sharp pointed tip, stuck out of the middle, like a red dripping finger. Beckoning her closer. It took both of her hands to wrap around it, and remembering how sensitive Zorro's unsheathed cock was, she gently slid it down until the beginnings of the knot was exposed.

Addy's knot was just forming, and already it was almost the size of Johnny & Edgar's. Tom told her she didn't have to take this on if she felt uncomfortable. But Jean ignored him and leaned in closer to give the giant cock a lick. It tasted wonderful, and made her pussy hum. Her clit was painfully hard at this moment, and Jean didn't dare touch it yet.

She tried to engulf his cockhead in her wet mouth, but it wouldn't fit. She gently nibbled on the ridge, and her tongue had a fencing duel with the tip. More of Addy's juices poured from the tip, and pooled in the cupped head. It overflowed the edges and ran down her hands. She used this hot fluid to lube her palms and fingers, as they lovingly slid up and down his length repeatedly.

Jean was having serious doubts that even one of her magnum condoms could fit this freakishly huge weapon. But she opened one anyway, and applied it to the head. It took a few tries, but she got the head capped, and slowly rolled it down the thick shaft. After about 4 inches were covered, she pulled

some off the end to create a resevoir.

Addy's cock was only a little over 8 inches long, including the knot, which wasn't fully inflated yet. But it was about 8 inches thick at its widest point along the shaft. Then it tapered to a more manageable, approx. 4 inches before it met his knot.

Her pussy was drooling in anticipation, just handling this masterpiece! As the condom stretched and rolled past the knot, Jean felt satisfied. Somehow, she was going to have to try his cock without the rubber. Jean then coaxed Addy off the table, and climbed up on it herself. She peeled off her soaked panties, and asked the men to help get the heavy dog in place.

After Addy sniffed the discarded panties, and held them in his mouth like a trophy, he started sniffing Zorro and Jean's jucies pouring out of her red gaping gash. Jean's pussy flared open, with the swollen lips hanging down between her thighs, waiting to be stuffed by something huge. Thick cream was sliding out of her open hole, and dripping off her stiff clit boner, that was guarding her clutching hole.

Addy seemed impatient, but didn't know what to do next. Jean said they were ready, and Tom and Dave lifted Addy up on Jean's back. Jean groaned at the extreme weight, but when his forelegs came down to rest on the table, she had enough clearance to scoot back under his belly.

Dave scooped up the throbbing, condom covered, cudgel, and aligned it with Jean's squirting pussy hole. Clear fluid was spraying out of her piss hole to coat the rubber wrapped, pussy wrecker. Addy tried climbing higher on the table, but Tom gently restrained him, and when his cockhead nudged her spasming pussy, he gave a mighty hump.

Jean let out a loud groan, and Tom said I don't think it will fit! Jean said I'm not ready to quit yet. Then she took a few deep breaths and tried to relax her still squirting twat.

Jean was panting like a woman in labor, and with each breath tried to grab more of Addy's meat with her pussy. She could feel her pussy lips and tits dangling and shaking with each of her movements. She asked the men to give Addy a slight push, and when they did the fat end finally popped in. Jean relaxed for a moment, but Addy renewed his vigor and tried to plunge into Jean's cavernous cunt.

Jean squealed out to hold him back, but Addy had already buried about 5 inches in her hole. It was so fat, it was dragging her cunt lips in with it, and had her clit riding along the top edge. Addy reared back for another lunge, and Jean thought this must be what giving birth feels like. Eventually he slid all of his cock inside, and the knot rested just outside of her stretched vagina cavity.

Dave asked if she wanted the knot? And Jean thought about it for a second as her pussy hole adjusted to the invasion. She knew once it was in there was no turning back, but she didn't know it's full size yet. It slid in once, and then twice, getting bigger each time. It was almost too big to come back out the second time, and Jean told the men to grab him behind the knot, and keep it out. She was too scared!

His cock swelled fatter, and even longer, and Jean's pussy was painfully stuffed. She thought there probly wasn't enough room to contain any sperm. She slowly rocked back and forth, sliding along the thick cock. Dave gripped the knot, that was already way too big to pop in anymore.

The knot was so swollen, that it completely blocked her whole vaginal area. Small quantities of Jean's juice seeped out to run around the edges of the bulging knot. Dave could see Jean's pussy expanding around the huge meat, trying to accomodate even more of it, in a futile attempt to bury the knob.

With each pump back on the dog's cock, Jean was having a major orgasm. Her whole belly was spasming around the throbbing boner. Finally, after about her 10th cum, she felt her whole abdomen heat up, as she could tell he was filling the condom with his sperm.

Jean gently tried to calm down so it wouldn't pop inside her. She wished she would have thought to use 2 condoms, but it may have been impossible to apply the 2nd. After a moments rest, she tried to move forward away from his cock. Even without the knot inside, she seemed to be locked onto it.

The Pressure and suction was too much, and she had to remain still for about 15 min. until his cock softened enough. Then, Addy just slid back and his cock came out of the condom. Except the condom remained in her clutching vagina, with the neck of it, dangling out the end like a tassle. Dave asked Jean to relax, so he could extract it, without her muscles squeezing the fluids out onto the floor.

Dave clamped on the end, and gently and slowly pulled, until he had a huge bulging water balloon. He held it up for them to see, as it swayed back and forth. He cupped the bottom and brought it to the kitchen, to process the semen sample.

Jean and Tom stared transfixed at Addy's huge cock, as it slowly retracted into his sheath, while he licked it. Jean sat back on the couch, facing Tom on the other couch across the room. Her thighs were wide open and her pussy gaped lewdly at Tom. As she lightly touched her flaps, a huge squirt of her juice flew straight in Tom's direction. Then her pussy started the long process, of slowly closing back to normal.

Jean walked over to Tom, and they hugged and exchanged some loving kisses as they relaxed. Jean stroked Tom's hard boner, and told him that she thought of what she wanted. Tom asked what? and Jean said, buy Addy from Dave before he goes back to Tennessee.

Tom said he thought Dave would agree, but might need something to sweeten the deal. Jean asked what he meant, and Tom said how about fucking us both? Maybe with your pussy so wide open, we can double penetrate you.

Jean thought for a couple seconds, then said, well I could get into that, I mean I've just been gang fucked 5 times by large dogs, what harm could two men do? But you will have to sweeten the deal too. Tom asked what? with a devilish gleam in his eye. Jean's devilish gleam matched Tom's, as she replied, that she wanted Tom to build her a small stable, as she has wanted a stallion, all of her life.