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Susan was a very attractive dancer, exactly twenty-five years old. She was a tall, graceful brunette, with a firm abdomen, grapefruit-sized breasts, taut buttocks, and long, svelte legs. She had sex appeal to spare, but she worked hard to keep her body fit. Lots of professional dancers did this, and she was no exception. On this particular Sunday in April, Susan was taking a break from rehearsing a ballet with her company.

She drove her Ford Taurus car out to the country, with a picnic basket, blanket and her pet golden retriever dog Pointer in tow. Pointer was a big, handsome dog; he was five years old, and was about five feet long from his nose to the tip of his tail. He had been a very faithful and loving companion to Susan, ever since she adopted him from the local animal shelter. He was the most consistent male in her life, especially since her painful break-up with Gary, her last boyfriend.

It was a beautiful day, out in the countryside. Susan was wearing a yellow dress that went up to her knees, rubber sandals, and no underwear. She parked her car, and walked around to the passenger side. She opened it, and her dog quickly leapt off of it, onto the white pebbles on the road. She then got the big cloth blanket and her picnic basket out of the back seat. She led the way to the picnic spot, which was in the shade of a giant oak tree, and just a stone's throw from a crystal clear lake. Pointer followed her, his four furry legs keeping pace.

Susan laid out the food on the picnic blanket, which had a red-and-white checker pattern. Pointer sat beside her, as she feasted on grapes, cheese with crackers, and sparkling cider. Susan fed Pointer a few doggie treats she had bought along with her. The warm air and sunlight was very relaxing to the both of them.

Susan gazed at the sparkling blue water of the lake ahead of her. She sighed softly. If only Gary was with her, to help her share this beautiful day... But Gary was out of her life. She had to accept that. Susan was grateful for her dog's loyal company, to help ease the pain of Gary's absence. Having her loyal dog for company helped to ease the sadness she felt inside. "I could really go for a swim right now..." she mused out loud.

She looked around, to make sure that no one else was around. The reason was that she was in the mood for a nude swim. Susan realized that she and Pointer were alone, so she was safe to take off her clothes. She was often nude in the privacy of her home, so having her dog see her in the buff wasn't a big deal to Susan.

She kicked off her sandals, and slipped her dress up and over her head. The dress' fabric brushed against her hair and face, as she removed it. Her dainty fingers let that dress fall to the grass. Susan was naked. She loved feeling the faint spring breeze caress her body. It was very sensual and liberating for her. She tiptoed down to the edge of the lake. She heard footsteps following her.

For a brief moment, she was afraid. She turned to see Pointer following her. Susan's fear subsided as quickly as it came. She hadn't considered that her dog would want to follow her to the lake; but she saw no reason why he couldn't cool off in the water, along with her.

Susan stood at the edge of the lake. It wasn't very big, maybe a square half-mile in size. Lots of green bushes and a few pine trees dotted the edge of the lake. The sky above the lake was a brilliant blue, with the warm sun piercing the very top of it. She stood there pondering the lovely scenery for a long moment. Pointer wasted no time - he dashed right into the water, eagerly taking to it. His paws stirred up the dirt on the bottom of the lake.

Within a minute, he was in water over his head. He paddled his furry golden-brown legs steadily, to

keep afloat. Susan smiled - she was happy that her beloved dog was enjoying his trip outdoors so much. She tiptoed into the water. It was just cold enough to make goosebumps form on her skin. She stepped further, her lithe legs disappearing under the lake's rippling surface.

Pointer was happily swimming about sixty feet ahead of her, but was keeping his eye on her. His attractive owner then dove completely under the water. Her nude body made a big splash as she immersed herself in the refreshing lake. She closed her eyes as she swam forward, pretending that she was in a tropical ocean. She popped her head above the water's surface, to take a breath. She kicked up her legs, and began to float on her back.

Susan spread out her arms wide, and kept her legs slightly apart. Very thin rivulets of water slid down the soft white hills of her bosom, while her rosy pink nipples kissed the air. She felt gloriously alive - more happy and carefree than she had been in a long time. The cool water surrounded and gently rocked her body. Only the sounds of Pointer swimming close by reminded her of the trappings of her daily life.

After half an hour or so of floating upon the lake's surface, Susan felt ready to go back to shore. She did a leisurely breast-stroke back to shore. She got up out of the water, and used her fingers to brush some of the excess water off of her skin. Pointer followed her out of the water. He shook his furry body, sending many tiny drops of water into the air. Some of them landed on Susan's upper thighs. Susan glanced at Pointer.

"That was one great swim, wasn't it, boy?" she asked. She began to walk back to her picnic blanket. Her dog trotted closely behind. She lay down on the grass, preparing to let the warm sunlight dry her off. The dog was a bit restless, after his invigorating dip in the lake. Unlike his owner, he was hardly in the mood for rest.

Susan lazily put her bare arm over her eyes, relishing the sensation of the warm sunlight beating down upon her naked body. She could hear Pointer trotting around the grass, near her. She was hoping he would take her cue, and lie down next to her. But instead, the dog - attracted by Susan's ripe feminine scent - poked his cold black nose into her pussy.

This was the first time that Pointer had ever tried anything that intimate with Susan. Her body tensed up, unsure how to react to this strange sensation. She drew her arm back, and looked down at her dog. He sniffed her thick brown bush of pubic hair, and then licked her again.

Pointer had a very long, pink tongue. This time, a shiver of pleasure ran through her body. His tongue was very stimulating. Her mind raced - should she let her dog do this to her? In the whole three and a half years she had owned him, she had never considered having any kind of sexual contact with him. But now that this was happening, she was wondering why this idea hadn't crossed her mind. The dog licked her labia twice in a row. Susan squirmed, her pussy starting to get moist. She cautiously put a hand to the dog's head. Her fingers lovingly stroked his golden fur, as he buried his nose and tongue in her succulent honeypot.

Then, Susan remembered the remainder of her picnic lunch, still lying in the wicker basket. "Why not add some food to the fun?" she asked herself. She gently nudged the dog's head away from her groin, and crawled over to the picnic basket. Pointer sniffed around the edges of it. Susan pulled out a carton of butter, and put a few doggie treats in front of Pointer. While the dog wolfed down those delicious snacks, Susan used her fingers to spread the creamy yellow butter all over her upper body. She was trembling a bit. She was feeling very aroused now, and was very eager to spend more time allowing her dog to explore and please her body.

"Here, boy!" Susan lay down on the grass again, her torso glistening with butter. She patted the ground, making sure to get her pet's attention. He eagerly trotted over to her, and stood right to her left. He leaned forward, and began to lick the butter off of his mistress' body. Susan swooned with delight, as her dog lapped up the butter. He began with her heaving breasts. His pink tongue slid over each vanilla mound, scooping up every last bit of butter covering them. Susan especially liked it when the dog's tongue grazed her very erect nipples.

Once Pointer had completed cleaned her bosom, he moved his head down to her stomach. He licked up the butter off of her soft white belly, with the same care he had licked it off of her breasts. "Oh yes, Pointer, you are such a good doggie..." Susan moaned softly, loving what he was doing to her with his tongue. She cautiously put a hand to the dog's head. Her fingers lovingly stroked his golden fur, as he licked her belly clean. His legs were grazing her midsection now. The fur tickled her bare skin.

Pointer nudged his head against Susan's pussy, which was practically pulsating with erotic tension. She had slathered an extra coat of butter on her pubic mound, to ensure that her dog would lick it extra-hard. His cold, wet nose and long pink tongue gave Susan great pleasure, as her dog eagerly licked her pussy, which was covered with a thick bush of light-brown hair. "Ooooh, yes, Pointer!" Susan groaned, as she thrust her hips to meet his busy mouth. The dog took a great liking to the taste of Susan's pussy coated with creamy butter. Her clit grew longer, and Pointer's tongue pressing against it made it throb with pleasure.

Susan got very aroused, as she lovingly stroked Pointer's head, keeping it at the one place she needed it the most. He lovingly lapped up every bit of butter from her crotch. She used her free hand to reach down and spread her ass cheeks apart. Susan gasped with orgasmic pleasure when Pointer's tongue licked her pussy and asshole both at once. Within seconds, her dam exploded. She bucked her hips, and writhed and moaned like a wildcat as honey flowed from deep inside her.

"Oh yes, yes, YES!!!" she cried, relishing the sweetness of her animal-induced orgasm. Pointer loved his owner's tangy pussy juice, and ensured that every last drop of it went into his throat.

Susan was now ready for something even sexier than letting her dog lick her pussy - namely, letting him go all the way with her. She gently removed his mouth from her drenched honeypot by pushing his head away with her hands. She gazed down at her pussy, to admire Pointer's sexual skill. Her twat was very wet, a combination of dog saliva and her own juices sticking to her pubic jungle like moss. Her labia were very swollen and pink, and she could see her clit standing at attention like a soldier on duty. She was very hungry for her dog to take her completely.

Susan spread her slender white legs as far as she could, offering her dog an irresistible invitation. The dog's penis was now quite stiff and ready for action. He mounted his owner, his furry golden body pressing down firmly onto Susan's flushed skin. Susan pushed down on his hindquarters, and the two of them, working in tandem, managed to squeeze Pointer's erection inside Susan's vagina. The dog began to frantically work his hips, sliding his rubbery cock in and out of her hot and slick vagina. He grunted and whimpered with pleasure, as Susan met his thrusts with her own. "Oh god, this feels so good!" She cried. "Fuck me hard, you dirty, horny animal!"

Pointer thrust hard into his owner, his ballsack slapping the small patch of skin between Susan's pussy lips and anus. Susan felt alive with pure lust, she so loved the sensation of being filled with hard canine cock. Her sharp fingernails dug into the dog's furry body, as she felt another orgasm quickly approaching.

She squealed with delight, as her vaginal contractions milked Pointer's cock. He howled as his balls

sent out thick ounces of fresh dog cum. Susan swooned as that hot cream filled her womanly parts. She was so in love with her dog, she wouldn't even have minded if his sperm knocked her up.

A very horny Pointer kept his dick inside his owner, while waiting for the swelling to go down. He licked Susan's face clean of the beads of sweat covering it. She playfully licked his mouth with her own tongue.

"Do you realize you're the best lover I've ever had, you big doggie stud?" She told him, running her fingers along his back. She could have kicked herself for waiting so long to discover the pleasure of dog-fucking. Now that she had a taste of it, she wasn't going to go another day without it.