

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Jerry Crispin

I slowly opened my eyes and focused on the clock; 8:10. Shit. I guess I forgot to set the alarm again. It was Monday morning and I had wanted to get an early start on my job search but I felt too warm and cozy to jump up out of bed just yet.

Even without looking, I sensed that Davie was not in bed with me. The love-of-my-life was out getting bagels and the newspaper, I speculated. I knew that he was trying to keep me focused and motivated in my job hunting without being a nag, but I was not always easy to keep focused or motivated. What I was focused on at the moment though, was my raging, morning boner. It was so fucking hard it hurt!

I was lying on my side and scooted a little to the edge of the bed. I lifted the covers enough so that my throbbing hard-on extended its full eight, uncut inches out into the bedroom.

“Come on Max! Lickies!” I called out. Immediately our Black Lab, Max, the other love-of-my-life, jumped up from his post near the foot of the bed and came around to my waiting cock. Max sniffed the swollen and leaky head while he wagged his tail so hard that his rear-end snapped from side to side. Then he gave it a tentative lick.

Now is as good a time as any to tell you a little about Max and Davie and me. You see, I’m a dog lover and I’m not ashamed to admit it. I’m nineteen years old now and have had sex with dogs since I was 12. My lover Davie, who is also 19, had a similar history to mine with family pets. In fact, it was our love of dogs that got us together.

Six months ago I was feeling pretty lonely; no lover, human or canine. So, I placed an online ad in the Yahoo Personals. I ended my ad by saying that I loved playing with dogs. Of course I got a few responses from normal pet owners and a few from guys that were cautiously curious about man/dog sex and then I got a response from Davie. After discovering our mutual interest, we had a steamy online relationship for a few weeks before we met in person. We dated awhile and then decided to move in together and get a dog of our own to train.

Dogs are happiest when they’ve learned obedience. They feel most fulfilled when they know that they are pleasing their master, whom they see as the lead dog. Also, dogs are very sexual animals. They can be trained to engage in sex that is enjoyable both for them and their masters. After Davie and I found a place to live that allowed pets, we got Max when he was a year old from an animal shelter. There may be some dogs out there that are difficult to train, but Max took to it immediately. As a young dog, he quickly learned to lick our cocks, balls and ass holes (there is nothing hotter!) and he learned to accept us fondling and sucking his young doggie-dick. With two patient and loving trainers it didn’t take long before Max was a full participant in our love-making.

Getting back to my main concern: I lie there as Max’s long tongue licked my morning boner hungrily, pushing my foreskin back to expose my leaking and tender cockhead. If you’ve never been lucky enough to experience it for yourself, a dog’s tongue feels like a cross between sandpaper and velvet; a sensual combination of rough and smooth.

“You pervert!” Davie said as he walked into the bedroom. “I leave you alone for five minutes and what do I find? You, forcing my precious Fido to lick your big slimy dick!”

Davie’s response to my laughter was to throw the rolled newspaper at me. I flinched and covered my face with my arm but the paper hit me square in the chest.

Max immediately stopped licking me, turned and jumped up onto his other daddy, stretching his

paws up to Davie's shoulders. They licked each other's tongues and mouths as Davie forcefully stroked Max's back. I watched as my two lovers went through their morning greeting. It was obvious that Max was in the mood for fun because I saw the tip of his pink cock begin to extend out of its sheath.

"Hey, what about me?" I said as I grabbed my stiff cock at the base and gave it a shake for Davie's benefit. "What about you? You go back to sleep while Max and I do some male bonding before breakfast," Davie said as he reached down and began to coax more of Max's cock out to play. Max continued licking Davie's face and throat as he danced around with anticipation on his hind legs.

I grabbed the rolled newspaper, jumped to my feet and attacked Davie with playful blows to the head that he attempted to fend off. This totally confused Max who jumped down and began barking at us.

"I guess we'd better show him that we're not really fighting," I said as I dropped the paper and put my arms around Davie's neck. He stopped laughing and brought his mouth to mine while he grabbed my still-hard cock and began stroking it. As we kissed, I undid his belt and pulled down his zipper. Then I pulled his pants and boxers down to his ankles.

Max intently watched our every move, wagging his tail energetically. I took Davie's hard cock in my hand and joined it to my own, pushing both in Max's direction.

"Come on boy... lickies!" I said as I looked into Max's face. He understood perfectly. He did not need any coaxing as his hot tongue began working our two cocks. Davie closed his eyes and let out a long sigh.

"Jer, I think we have time for a quickie before I have to get to work," he whispered in my ear and then gave it a wet lick that made me smile and sent a pleasant shiver through me.

"Come on Puppy," I said as I pulled Davie by his fat cock to our bed. He had a little difficulty walking with his pants around his ankles.

By the time we got to the bed, Max was already there, standing on top with tongue hanging out, panting and about an inch of cock extending from its furry hiding place. He just loved playing with his daddies in the morning! As Davie sat on the edge of the bed taking off his shoes, Max began licking his neck.

"You're sure frisky this morning, Max," Davie said as he scrunched up his neck. He turned around to see me on my back with my head between Max's rear legs, sucking his cock.

"Well, now I see why!" said Davie laughing.

Davie stood at the edge of the bed, bending over with his legs spread wide. He pushed his hard cock back between his legs as far as he could. Max always loved this! He forced his nose into Davie's ass crack, licking and sniffing like a Bloodhound on a mission, until Davie began shaking his bone which attracted Max's attention and he turned his tongue to his daddy's dick.

By this time, Max's 7-inch cock was fully engorged and extended to its maximum size. Most guys would be proud to have a cock that big and that pretty! I wrapped my arms around Max's hindquarters, lifted my head and slowly took his whole length down my throat.

A dog's cock doesn't get quite as hard as a guy's. Maybe the best way to describe it is 'firm and spongy.' Also, as soon as it becomes erect, it begins producing a watery pre-cum. To me, it doesn't

taste good or bad, just different. But it's definitely thin and watery and a little brownish. In time, one actually acquires quite a taste for the stuff!

I pulled my mouth away from Max and looked at Davie. He was bending over with both hands on his ass cheeks, spreading them as wide as he could. He let out a low moan as Max tried to force his huge tongue into Davie's anus. The sight of this made me all the hotter to get back to swallowing the swollen and dripping dog-dick in front of me. I stroked my own steel-hard cock as I slurped and swallowed Max's.

"I need him inside me," said Davie as he moved and positioned himself on the bed on his back. He put two pillows under his ass to raise it to the right height. I reached under the bed and pulled out three large towels because dog fucking is a very juicy event. I lifted Davie's ass some and spread out two of the towels, covering the pillows and that part of the bed. Max was humping the air as he positioned himself between Davie's legs.

I got behind Davie's head. He lifted his legs and I grabbed him by the ankles in order to "steer" his ass to meet Max's thrusting cock. (Doing this sometimes reminds me of what it must be like guiding the Mir Space Station when a module is docking. I wonder if NASA would accept this as experience if I ever applied to be an astronaut!) I pushed down Dave's ankles slightly which raised his butt... ah! penetration!

"Oh, YES!" Davie said under his breath as he closed his eyes and his face noticeably flushed. Max covered his face with big, wet doggie-licks and started his rhythm of hard, deep jabs into Davie's ass. I quickly moved around behind Max after having grabbed the KY on the night-stand and squirted a big glob onto my fingers. I positioned myself behind Max, lifted his tail and began gently massaging his tight ass and then penetrating him with my index finger.

"Good boy! Good boy!"

This was the hardest part of Max's early training. He actually bit me twice and Davie once while we played with his butt hole. Challenging as it was, however, he now fully accepts having a man's thick cock pumping his doggie-ass. My personal observation is that it actually makes him cum more.

Since Max's humping is basically instinctive, once he started screwing my lover, I just stayed stationary after having pushed my rock-hard cock halfway into him. I let Max do the work. I always love the way his thick, black tail runs up my tummy and chest while he fucks himself on my cock!

I knew that if this was to be a quickie, Davie could not afford to get "tied" with Max. I think the shortest time one of us was tied was 5 minutes and the longest was 40. To prevent this, I held Max at the base of his growing knot, not allowing it to enter Davie's hole. The three of us were so hot I could tell that we would all be shooting within a minute or two and I was right.

The juicy sound of Max's violating my lover's ass let me know that he was pumping him with dog-cum. By now, Davie had his legs wrapped around his handsome lover and was arching his back. I was firmly holding Max with both hands at the base of his tail and seriously ramming my eight inches all the way in. Just as I was about to cum, I pulled out and moved up to Davie's head, pushing my cock into my lover's mouth while I blasted my load. At the same time, Davie shot several long ropes of cum onto Max's furry chest. Then he forced half my jizz out of his mouth which always drives Max wild! Max frantically licked my cum, Davie's mouth and my cock all at once. All this while he was savagely pumping his dog-cum deep into my lover's ass with short, hard jabs.

After the thrusts lessened, Davie pushed Max hard with his feet until I heard the familiar sucking sound and "pop" as Max's dog-dick pulled out of his ass. Davie had taken the knot. This was followed

by a flush of cum squirting onto the towel.

Max was lying at the side of the bed now, licking his still-swollen, red cock. Davie gave my cock a final suck before he pushed it out of his mouth and said, "I just love the taste of dog on your dick when you fuck my face."

I smiled and held his head in my hands as I leaned down and gave him an open-mouthed kiss, licking his spermy tongue. Davie was out of breath and his face was still flushed.

"It's 9:00, you're late," I said, after looking at the clock.

"Shit!" Davie said as he jumped up. "I've got to jump in the shower, then I'm out of here."

I threw on my robe, made coffee and toasted the bagels while Davie showered. He came into the kitchen tying his necktie, looking like the hot young stud that he is.

"Thanks Pup," Davie said as I handed him his coffee. "Did I tell you that I met a dog lover online last night? His name's Rob."

"Local?" I asked.

"Oh yeah. Get this... he runs a kennel down on south second street."

"That's down where all the auto-wrecking yards are... real classy neighborhood. A kennel? Hmmm, this is starting to sound interesting!"

"He's very anxious for us to come down and pay him a visit. He sounds like a nice enough guy. He suggested next Saturday night. That sound OK to you?" Davie said and then sipped his coffee.

"Let's do it! Just imagine, a whole kennel of dogs!"

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"So what happened to the rest of South Second Street?" I asked Davie as we came to a "T" in the road. He looked puzzled and turned the windshield wipers on. The wipers where in desperate need of replacing and just smeared the glass rather than improving visibility.

"I don't know," he said, rubbing the fogged windshield with the sleeve of his jacket. "I think if we just go around this junk yard, South Second will continue on the other side. The kennel should be another two blocks."

It was after 6:00 and all the businesses in this part of town were closed. It was mostly auto wrecking yards, scrap metal dealers, a few auto shops, and fences with who-knows-what behind them. There were no other cars on the road. The only cars we saw were the occasional abandoned junkers.

"I can't believe you don't have a city map in the car, and I can't believe you haven't replaced those wipers."

"Let's not get started," Davie said in measured tones as he turned and gave me 'the look.' I knew enough to back off.

We were now on a street that was more potholes than pavement. The drizzle had changed to a light mist and Davie turned the wipers to intermittent. It was dusk and the few streetlights there were, came on. The rainbow colors of oil on the asphalt and puddles showed in the headlights and

streetlights. Davie turned the corner and we could see the sign for South Second up ahead.

"You haven't told me about what kind of kennel this guy Rob has. Does he rent out studs to guys that want to 'do dog?'"

"I don't know about that, but if so, maybe we could surprise Max on his birthday with a big, butch Shepherd or something," Davie said as he rolled down the window to see the addresses better. "Wouldn't you love seeing Max get it on with another male dog? There's no doubt in my mind that Max is gay and just as big a cock-hound as we are."

"And you know Max is very generous. He'd gladly share any doggie-friends with his two daddies," I said as I adjusted my growing cock. "There, that's better," I muttered under my breath.

Davie glanced down at my lap. "Talk about 'cock-hound!' Just mention 'dog' and you pop a boner."

"Keep your eyes on the road!" I said as I playfully punched his arm and then gave my needy cock a quick rub.

"Here we are," Davie said as he pulled the car up to a locked chain-link gate about 2 car-widths wide. He honked the horn.

"Ron said to pull up to the gate, honk and wait for him."

A huge, black German Shepherd flung himself onto the gate from the inside and barked ferociously, bearing long, white teeth that shined in the light of the headlights.

"I'll tell you one thing right now," I said, "I'm not taking my dick out of my pants anywhere near that dog! He'd tear it off like it was a Polish sausage."

"Ben!" Rob snapped in a firm voice as he approached the gate holding an over-sized key-ring. The dog immediately stopped barking and started wagging his tail, eyes fixed on his master. Rob unlocked the gate, pulled it open, and motioned Davie to drive in.

Rob was tall, maybe 6'2", and lean, with reddish-brown hair. It was impossible to guess his age; somewhere between 35 and 45 I'd say. He was wearing snug, worn Levi's and a brown leather jacket and had the look of a man who had worked hard all his life, most of that being outdoors; his face was a little weather-beaten. Oh, another physical characteristic: running down the inside of his leg was an obscenely large bulge. Fuck. It looked like he had a trout in his pants.

The tires made a crunching sound on the muddy gravel as we slowly pulled up and parked in front of the "office" which was a medium-sized trailer. Rob lead us up the steps. Of course, I checked out his butt and then looked over to Davie who said "ride 'em..." under his breath. This was our secret code for "cowboy ass," meaning, flat. Not my favorite.

The interior of the office was gawd-awful: cheap, fake wood paneling, orange shag carpeting, a swag lamp, acoustical tile ceiling, and filing cabinets and boxes everywhere. Oh, and what looked like the entire collection of those prints of dogs playing cards in cheap, guilt frames lined the walls.

We both introduced ourselves and shook hands.

Rob sat behind the big, cluttered desk and we sat in the two uncomfortable chairs facing him. For a moment it felt as though he was the used car salesman about to talk us into a deal and Davie and I were the naive couple in the market for a cheap car.

Rob slouched down in the chair, extended his legs straight out and interlocked his fingers, stretching them across his flat tummy. I assumed that he chose this posture because sitting upright would have caused a major bend in that monster he had in his pants.

"Pretty boys," Rob muttered with a slight edge in his voice.

"What?" Davie asked.

"Oh, nothin'. It's just that I wasn't expectin' you guys to be so... young."

"I think someone wants in," I said, trying to change the subject. I could hear whining and scratching at the front door.

"Why don't you turn around, Jerry, and open it. My boys are curious to meet ya."

As I opened the front door, three dogs came bounding in: a Golden Lab, a red Setter and a Dalmatian. I felt much more comfortable as I watched Rob greet his "boys" with full-mouthed licking and kissing. The Lab jumped up onto Rob then the Setter began to push his nose into the bulge running down his thigh. After greeting Rob, the Dalmatian ran around to our side of the desk and shoved his muzzle hard into Davie's lap.

Having the dogs there made Davie and me feel much more at ease as we played with them like they were our own. By the way they were licking our crotches, it was clear that they knew there was something tasty hidden under the denim.

"So, Rob, what kind of facility is this?" Davie asked, trying to be sociable.

"Well, there are usually 20 to 30 dogs here at a time. Some are being boarded; short- and long-term. Also, I have a contract with the County, so I handle any overflow from the County Pound. I do some specialized trainin' here too. There's a network of dog lovers and I have a reputation for bein' a good trainer. Oh, and I keep my own six dogs here as well. You just met three of 'em.

"Well, these three boys are real cuties," I said as I aggressively scratched the Lab's ears while he pushed his snout hard into my crotch. I raised my leg slightly because I could tell he wanted to get his nose and mouth closer to my ass. Of course all this canine attention had given me a major hard-on.

"I hope you guys can stick around awhile and put in some time with my pups. I can tell they're real anxious to get better acquainted, and the other three are just as friendly," Rob said with a sly grin on his face.

"We were hoping for that," Davie said as he rubbed the Dalmatian's underside and winked in my direction.

"Rob. Do you live nearby? Do you have employees? I asked.

"I live in a trailer at the end of the lot here, behind the pens," Rob motioned the direction with his head.

"Next door is a used hubcap yard. The old geezer who runs it lives there in a trailer with his 15-year-old grandson who works for me. He's like my right hand. The boy cleans the pens and dog runs; bathes the dogs and pretty much does any of the shit work that needs doin'. And I mean that literally. I'm also tryin' to break him in as a trainer." As Rob talked, the entire length of his sizable

bulge was getting wetted by the long tongue of the Setter. I couldn't take my eyes off it.

"Wolfer is the boy's name. I don't know if that's his real name or just what he calls himself, but he either thinks he's a dog or wants to be a dog. He even wears a collar! I actually caught him on all fours eatin' dog chow outta the bowl!" At this, Rob threw his head back and let out a howl. All three dogs turned and gave him their full attention.

"His grandpa's pretty mean to him sometimes so he spends a lot a nights over here sleepin' in the pens to get away from him. I told him he's welcome to sleep in the trailer with me and the boys and sometimes he does, but I think he prefers socializin' with those pups from the Pound. A lot a them have been abused like him, so I think that's why he likes given' 'em a little love and affection, if you know what I mean."

"Wow," said Davie. "when I was young I thought I was the only guy who ever messed around with dogs. Then I met Davie, and now there's you and Wolfer and you said there's a whole 'network' of dog-lovers. I'm totally blown-away!"

"For every guy out there who does it, there's 20 who think about it and would do it if they had the chance. I do my part, I guess, by training as many dogs as I can," Rob said.

"I hope you boys don't mind, but River here is pesterin' the heck out a me to get at my cock. I'd hate to have him start whimperin' for it in front of guests. When I'm alone I usually have it hangin' out anyway, so that's what they're used to." With that, Rob pulled his zipper down, reached in with his fist and pulled out the biggest, semi-hard cock I'd ever seen. Twelve inches, I'd guess. River, the Setter, began sniffing and licking and wagging his tail so hard I was afraid he was going to knock himself over.

"Mind if we do the same?" I said as I pulled my zipper down. Davie already had his fat cock in hand, offering it to the dog, which eagerly accepted it. "What's the Lab's name?"

"Mr. Gold," said Rob, "and the other one, the Dalmatian, is Cubber."

By now Rob had a big smile on his face as his monster was getting expert service from River. "Your Max is one lucky pooch," Rob said, "to have those two nice lookin' dicks to lick everyday!"

Davie and I both thanked him for the compliment, but my hard cock had never looked so small to me before with Rob's horse dick there to compare it to.

"I'm sure you're tired of hearing it, but that cock of yours is fuckin' awesome!" I said to Rob.

"Yep, it's big all right. It's a lot a fun, of course, but there are times when it really gets in the way," Rob said as he wrapped his fist around the base and waved it at us.

Davie had slipped his pants down a little in back and put his legs up on the arms of the chair so Cubber, the Dalmatian, could push his snout into the small part of Davie's ass crack that was exposed. I knew what was on my boyfriend's mind!

"Let's not get too carried away just yet. We got plenty a time to play tonight," Rob said as he stood up, with cock swinging. "I want to give you a tour of the kennel first. I'm sure Wolfer's there so you can meet him too."

As Rob got up and came around the desk, I watched to see if he would put his cock back into his pants. I wanted to be sure to be a good guest and follow the host's lead. I was glad to see him go out



the front door with cock flopping back and forth as he walked. I gave Davie a look and smiled as we followed behind, touching the furry heads of our new companions.

We followed Rob around the end of the trailer and he opened the double-doors to the kennel. We flanked him and he put his arms around each of our shoulders. I must admit, this was a real turn-on. I never gave older men much thought until then, but there was just something about this man, who was old enough to be my father, that got all my juices flowing.

"You boys stay out here. You can come in and play later," Rob said to the three dogs as we pushed through the doors. They froze in their tracks, tails wagging. I swear, they understood every word he said!

When Rob flicked the lights on, I could see a hallway, lined with roomy cages. The lighting was dim, the floor was well-worn, and the overall look was shabby, but at the same time, the space looked and smelled clean. As we entered, I suddenly had the feeling that Davie and I were kids starting our first day of school and Daddy, with hand on our shoulders, was dropping us off for a new adventure.

Some cages were empty but the dogs that were there jumped to their feet, wagged their tails and a few barked when they recognized Rob. Rob acknowledged each dog as we slowly walked down the aisle. With some, he put his mouth up to the wire bars for doggie-licks, with others he pushed his cock through the bars for frantic licking and whimpering. He talked to most by name and spoke in a very tender way.

There was even a beautiful Black Lab he called Shadow that actually turned around, pushing his ass hard against the bars, hoping for some anal attention.

As we continued to walk, all three of us, by this time, had our rockhard cocks projecting out of our pants. Rob put his arms back over our shoulders.

"You boys in the mood to play with some dogs!" Rob asked.

"No," I said. "We always walk through a kennel with our hard-ons sticking out!"

I thought Rob was going to split a gut, he laughed so hard.

"You got me there, Jerry! Rob said. "Well, tonight I think we'll see if my six boys are in the mood to have some fun. The three you haven't met yet are in the room up ahead: two Great Danes, Blackstone and Earl; and Ben, a German Shepherd."

As we reached the end of the hallway we turned into a small room. There we saw two mattress pushed together on the floor. On one was lying a naked boy wearing a black dog collar, sleeping on his side, sandwiched between Blackstone and Earl. The two dogs looked identical to me. Both were awesomely beautiful Great Danes. The boy's face was buried in the neck of the one he was holding while the head of the other rested on the boy's thin arm. And then there was Ben, the black German Shepherd that gave us such a warm welcome when we arrived, resting his head on the boy's feet.

"I'm afraid of that one," I said to Rob in a low voice as I wrapped my arm around his waist, pointing to the German Shepherd with my foot.

"Gentle Ben? He's the biggest sweetheart of the bunch. He loves spendin' hours just cuddling and kissing. You'll see. Oh, he also loves gettin' his ass plowed."

"So that's Wolfer?" Davie whispered.

"That's him all right," Rob said as he stepped up and nudged Wolfer on his naked ass cheek with the toe of his boot. Wolfer stirred and lifted his head sleepily.

"Hey, get up. Our company is here."

The boy raised himself up then turned to face us, kneeling on all fours. He was thin and pale with shoulder-length, mousy-brown hair. He had a long nose, bright, brown eyes and a little, pretty, uncut penis hanging out of a scant patch of brown hair. Though it was soft and small, his cock was quite thick. He was not handsome, but he was not ugly. He looked a little warily at us, but by the way he cocked his head, I could tell he was curious.

"Hold your hand out to him. He wants to sniff you," Rob said to us.

Davie and I held the backs of our hands out and Wolfer rubbed them with his nose and then a pretty, pink tongue appeared and cautiously began licking. A quick tingle shot up my arm and down my back. I liked this!

"Wolfer. This is Davie and Jerry. They like to play with their dog, Max. I think they want to play with our dogs. Do you want to play too? Have you been a good puppy?"

In answer to both questions, Wolfer let his pretty, pink tongue hang out of his mouth while he panted and shook his little ass from side to side. I bet he would have given anything to have a tail!

"I think you know what the rule is," Rob said in a serious voice. With this, Wolfer stopped panting and shaking his butt. "The rule is, after our doggie games, you'll talk to us and be a young man. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," Wolfer said in a very teenage voice.

"I think there's room for all of us on the mattresses," Rob said as he turned to Davie and me. "Let's get naked and get some dog!" Rob said as he started unbuttoning his shirt.

By now, all three dogs were awake and on their feet, not wanting to miss out on any of the fun. In no time, my clothes were off and I had one of the Danes licking my hard cock with his long tongue. Wolfer had his head down under the same dog, and from the sound of it, he had a mouthful of juicy dog-dick. The other beautiful Dane already had his front paws around Wolfer's skinny frame and was trying to find his asshole with his growing cock. I looked over and my lover was naked, on his hands and knees with Rob holding him by the head, forcing his massive cock into his mouth. At the same time, the black Shepherd was trying to penetrate Davie's ass with his oversized wet tongue.

Then Rob let out one of those loud, shrill whistles that only a man knows how to do. Immediately, I could hear doggie-nails pushing open the double-doors at the end of the hallway and then the clatter of three running dogs heading in our direction.

"My boys don't like feelin' left out, so make sure they get some fun," Rob said.

"Don't worry," said Davie stroking his cock, "I'll give Cubber all the fun he can handle."

Cubber, the Dalmatian came bounding into the room and went right to his buddy Davie's swollen and leaking dick. Davie was able to reach Cubber's half-exposed cock for a little manual play. Rob had already forced a good two-thirds of his cock down Davie's throat. River, the Setter began licking his Master's cock and Davie's mouth at the same time, while Ben was trying his best to violate Davie's butthole with his tongue. I knew by lover was in heaven: two dogs and one hung stud all at

once!

My buddy, Mr. Gold, the Lab, made a bee-line right for me. While the Dane licked my dick, Mr. Gold pushed his nose and flicking tongue hard and deep into my crack. I helped him out by spreading my cheeks as far as a could. I was transfixed, though, by what was happening in front of me: The huge Dane had successfully mounted Wolfer and was mercilessly ramming his little white ass with the biggest dog cock I had ever seen in my life! How could such a small body take that much abuse... thrust after thrust after thrust.

While the Dane pumped Wolfer's upturned ass, the boy had his head pressed against the mattress. His face was flushed and he was clearly having trouble breathing. It looked as though he was on the verge of passing out. I could see now that the Dane had his huge knot inside the boy's rectum so they were tied for who-knows-how-long. I could tell that the Dane was starting to pump his dog-sperm deep into the boy's bowels. With each of the dog's hard jabs, I could see Wolfer's short and fat, uncut cock bounce. A long string of clear pre-cum extended from his semi-exposed cockhead to the mattress.

I reached behind me and grabbed the loose skin of Mr. Gold's neck and pulled him off my ass and around to my cock. The Dane continued licking and didn't seem to mind sharing my leaking cock with Mr. Gold. Finally one of my fantasies had come true: two dog tongues working my dick at once.

I could see that Ben was now probing Davie's ass with more than just his tongue. Davie was getting dicked from both ends! Rob was fucking my lover's face with a passion while the handsome black German Shepherd had mounted him and was prodding him hard and deep.

"Fuck yeah!" Rob cried out as he threw his head back, pulling Davie's head into his cock. "Take my load!" Thick strings of cum poured out the corners of Davie's mouth as he gagged on the creamy explosion taking place in his mouth.

Hearing that was probably what pushed Wolfer over the edge. I watched as his pretty little penis shot four volleys of sperm hard into the mattress. By the expression on his face, I think he was delirious. The Dane had stopped pumping but was still tied to Wolfer who had collapsed and was now flat on his tummy.

Both of the dogs on my dick could tell that I was about to shoot and moved their attention to my cockhead. Those long, broad tongues worked the sensitive head until they got their reward! I cried out and wrapped my arms around their thick, furry necks as they lapped up every drop of jizz that was pumping out of my cock. After they licked their last drop, I collapsed onto the mattress.

I guess I must have dozed off because I opened my eyes and all of us were in a pile... fur, arms, tails, legs, paws, cocks and balls... I never felt so relaxed and contented in my life.

"Are you there baby?" I said in a soft voice, eyes closed.

"I'm here," Davie answered.

"You doing OK?"

"Oh, yeah. I've got Rob's cock in one hand and some dog's cock in the other," Davie answered in a dreamy voice.

"There's just one problem," I said.

"I know what it is: It's Max."

"That's right. I miss him and want him here!" I said. "We should really go before it gets too late, but I don't want to move. I have my hand on a very nice ass. It must be Wolfer's."

"Your hand feel good there," Wolfer said. "You both must love Max a lot."

"Oh we do. Normal people would never understand the special love we share, but I know you do," Davie said.

"Uh huh," Wolfer said. "Me and Dad too... er, I mean Rob. He gets mad when I call him Dad, but I want him to be my Dad. He's trying to get the court to take me away from my grampa because he hurts me bad. Rob wants to adopt me. He's so good to me. We both love dogs and we both love each other so much."

I could feel tears starting to well up in my eyes as I reached out for Davie's hand and Wolfer's hand. If people could just love each other and their animals more instead of hurting one another.

I must have drifted off again because I woke up to the sound of sucking. I lifted myself up to see Rob bobbing his head up and down on the massive red cock of the beast that had screwed his son-to-be, Wolfer.

Rob caught my eye and winked, "There ain't nothin' like a Dane!"

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(Six months later...)

Rob and Max and I were lying on the rug in front of the fire, intertwined, in a post-sex glow.

"I'm so happy that Rob is finally Wolfer's legal guardian," I said as I gave Davie a kiss on the neck. "But there's one thing that really surprised me."

"What's that?"

"Remember when your court reporter friend said that Judge Jenkins, who heard Rob's custody case, was the toughest Judge around when it came to unrelated, single men wanting to adopt teenage boys? Why do you think he granted Rob custody?"

I looked at Davie, who had a big smile on his face.

"Remember the first time Rob took us through the kennel and there was a Black Lab named Shadow who was pushing his ass against the bars wanting some of Rob's attention?"

"Yeah, I remember," I said.

"Well, Shadow is Judge Jenkins partner!"

*The End.*