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"Can't we at least talk about this?"

I continued to look into the mirror and scrub the makeup off my face with a thick terry cloth washcloth. I also made a point to shoot my husband a disgusted look.

We had been talking about it for the last two hours, and he won't let it go.

He continued. "I saw some really fucked-up shit this morning and it's been messing with me all day ... and I ... I worry about you, Mel."

There were times when I hated Vince's career, but I knew very early on that being a police officer was his calling, and when we met he'd already been working at the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department for a little over a year. I loved him, so if I wanted to be with him I was forced to accept that very difficult fact.

He had colleagues he could vent to, but they were more like his brothers, and at work he couldn't be anything other than the alpha male. Maybe some things he just needed to share only with me.

I laser-aimed my eyes at him.

"Nothing's going to happen to me, you do realize that don't you?" I said angrily.

His eyes were begging, almost pleading, and I realized just how important this was to him.

I softened my eyes. "I'll think about it."

During our late dinner at Jason's Deli, Vince had told me about a call he and his partner responded to very early this morning. There was a home invasion in western Las Vegas and an elderly couple was tied up and severely beaten while their home was being robbed. Even at this late hour, the couple was still in intensive care and there was a good chance the woman might not pull through.

There was a thick tension in the air and both of us could feel it as we undressed and slipped into bed. Marital counselors say, 'never let the sun go down on a fight,' or my personal favorite, 'never go to bed angry.' I'm sure that's good advice, but that wasn't our marriage.

When we fought, we fought hard, and disagreements could take several days to resolve. We didn't raise our voices as much as when we first met, but both of us were stubborn and finding middle ground was sometimes very difficult.

Normally we both slept in the middle of the bed, together; but tonight, I was on my side and he was on his. I felt the bed move as his hand reached over and momentarily rested on my ass before I promptly pushed it away. There wasn't going to be any sex tonight; he gave up that opportunity a couple hours ago and he should have known it.

He let out a little sigh and flipped over; and a few minutes later his breathing changed and I knew he'd fallen asleep.

With all this talk of home security, him worrying about my safety, and his idea to deal with it ... my mind wandered back to an event that happened during my senior year of high school, an event I hadn't thought about in years. Without warning, my vagina became a swamp as my subconscious played that torrid event back like a movie. My hand slipped between my legs, and moments later my

body was rocked by a very powerful orgasm.

As I drifted off into a deep, dark, restful sleep, I thought, I'll give this to you, honey, but not for the reasons you want.

I woke up the next morning lying securely in Vince's arms. Even though we'd been fighting, we found each other in our sleep. I could feel him stirring and I flipped around, facing him, and our eyes met.

"I don't want to fight anymore," he said solemnly. "If you really don't want this, then we don't have to."

He'd already won the quarrel; he just didn't know it yet. Regardless, we'd fought so hard, I couldn't make it look like I was giving in easily.

"We already have a home security system, and if you purchase one more handgun we'll have to register our address as a national arsenal."

He grinned before his face broke into a serious expression.

"A dog would give us another layer of security and you wouldn't have to run by yourself. I really worry about that too."

He's actually making some very good points.

"I know, but Marilyn's only been gone for three months and ... I still feel a significant amount of loss."

Marilyn was our fifteen-year-old blonde Chihuahua who we lost to cancer. My previous statement was true; her death wrecked me for a while. I had loved her so much the heartbreak was almost unbearable.

He looked at me sympathetically. "We can talk about this later. I know you still need more time to grieve."

I thought for a moment. "I worry too. I worry about you out there on the streets every day and I need you focused on your job, not worrying about me when I'm home alone. So ... I'm going to give you what you want."

I didn't want to appear too over-eager, but I had to admit getting another dog would be a welcome addition to our home.

His eyes lit up. "Really, you'll do this?"

"Yes," I said warily, "but I get to choose the dog and the breed."

"Okay, I can live with that, but it has to be a *real* dog, not another Chihuahua, Shih-Tzu, or Lhasa Apso."

I ran my hand seductively across his chest.

"Oh, those aren't real dogs?" I said teasingly.

He broke into a little smile. "No they're not, it's about time we had a manly dog in this house."

I leaned in and gave him a deep, passionate kiss. "It will be a manly dog, I promise."

We made love that morning with a vigor that I hadn't experienced in months. I knew part of our sexual exuberance was due to the fact that it was make-up sex after our intense fight. Post-fight fucking was something we both enjoyed in an almost perverse way.

But for me, there was the added thrill of what was to come, the result of the plan I would be putting into motion in the following months.

It was Saturday morning and I'd just returned from my workout at the gym. Vince had already left to play golf with his friends and I was sitting at the kitchen table sipping from a cup of coffee.

It had been two days since our fight, and again my mind drifted back to my senior year of high school. Truth be told, I'd thought of little else in the past forty-eight hours.

My friend and I had just returned to her house from a party. We'd been drinking cherry Schnapps and were both incredibly buzzed.

Once we got to her room, we slipped off our little party dresses and put on sleep clothes, which consisted of panties and big, comfy t-shirts. We then got into her bed and slid underneath the thick comforter.

In my drunken haze, the room was spinning as we lay in bed together, and almost immediately our conversation turned to guys.

"I saw you chatting up Dave tonight. I think he's really into you," Elsa said.

"He was definitely trying to get into something."

We both giggled.

"Don't tell me you don't think about getting under him," she said playfully.

"He's a sweet guy, but he's also a player ... I'm not really looking for that."

"Dana said he's really ... you know." A mischievous smile broke across her face.

"He's really what?" I was pretty sure I knew where she was going with this.

"Let's just say he's working with quite a bit in the front of his pants."

"If that's the case, I might just have to give him a try."

I was fairly certain I wouldn't give him any play, but it was always fun to talk and ponder the possibilities.

Just then, her black lab, Chocolate, walked into the room. We'd unknowingly left the door ajar, and that allowed him to enter her bedroom. His tail was wagging constantly as he jumped up onto the bed with us. Elsa began petting him while he used his front paws to dig into the comforter between her legs. I'd been around dogs my entire life, but I'd never seen anything like that before.

"What is he ... ummm ... doing?" I asked.

Her face broke into a deep, crimson blush.

"I've been gone all day, and he's just really happy to see me."

Elsa was a lot of things, but a good liar wasn't one of them.

"C'mon, spill the beans," I said playfully.

"You have to swear you won't say anything to anyone, Mel."

I'd known her since we were in the second grade and she was one of my best friends; we trusted each other implicitly with all of our secrets.

"You know I won't say anything."

"Okay, shut the door and lock it."

Silently, I rose from the bed and walked across the room to secure the door. All the while, Chocolate continued to frenziedly paw at the comforter between her legs. He acted like an animal possessed.

I returned and sat on the edge of the bed, watching the spectacle beside me.

"This is our little evening ritual. When the door is open, he knows he can come in; when it's shut, he knows I'm not in the mood."

It dawned on me that every time I came over to her house she always shut her bedroom door. I had assumed it was to give us privacy.

"In the mood for what?"

She pushed the comforter down and spread her legs wide. As if on cue, Chocolate began lapping at her vagina through her panties.

My mouth dropped open.

Within seconds, the thin material of her panties was soaked through with a combination of his saliva and her secretions. She pushed him away, lifted her bottom up off the mattress, and slid her panties down her thighs before throwing them onto the floor.

Upon seeing her exposed body, Chocolate slid between her legs and began licking her pussy again. By that point in my life I'd had a few guys go down on me, but it looked nothing like this. His tongue was almost three times the length of a guy's and it totally covered her entire vulva when he lapped at her.

I watched as Elsa's eyes rolled into the back into her head. It was as if she slipped off into another world and forgot I was there.

Almost subconsciously, her hands moved to her breasts and her fingers pinched and pulled at her nipples through her t-shirt. All the while, Chocolate continued lapping at her pussy feverishly.

It was too much for me to take. I opened my legs, slid my panties to the side, and dipped two fingers into my soaked vagina while my thumb rubbed my clit.

When I looked over again, Elsa had raised her bottom off the mattress and Chocolate's elongated tongue was now licking her pussy and asshole simultaneously. She was emitting little whimpers and moans, and the smell of her wet sex began to emanate throughout the room.

While I plunged my fingers in and out of my body hard and fast, her body began to shake and she let out little moans as her orgasm consumed her. Almost concurrently, my world went dark as I released.

After we'd both recovered, she pulled Chocolate up to her, hugged him, and told him what a good boy he was. Then her attention focused on me.

"Do you want him to lick you, too? He will if you want him to, Mel."

At that point I was beginning to sober up, and my lust had been temporarily sated.

"Umm ... I think I'm okay for now, but I'm really tired. How about we just get some rest?"

"He can do it another time if you want."

A loud motorcycle went down the street in front of our house, which jarred me back to the now; I took another sip of my coffee. My vagina was hot and wet from having played back the events of that torrid evening in my mind. I knew I'd be touching myself before Vince came home that afternoon.

Unfortunately, I was never able to take Elsa up on her offer of Chocolate pleasuring me. We never spoke of that night again, and I think she was a little embarrassed from revealing that dark secret to me. Regardless, I was true to my word and never told anyone what happened that night.

I never thought I'd ever get the chance to experience that forbidden pleasure for myself, but now, Vince was adamant about getting a dog, a *real* dog, a *manly* dog, as he put it. The opportunity now appeared shockingly close and shockingly real.

I spent the next month scouring the internet. I researched various websites concerning the various breeds of dogs that might suit my purposes. First and foremost, my prospective candidate had to be a guard dog. I wanted to give Vince peace of mind when I was home alone and when I went on my long runs. More than anything, he needed to know I was safe when I was home by myself. Additionally, there was a sexual component to my search, I wanted to find a dog they could do more than just protect me.

While conducting my extensive research, I ran across a website that was devoted to sex with animals. I have to admit I was shocked to discover that cunnilingus was not the only function a dog could serve in a woman's life. The website gave very explicit instructions on how to raise a dog and train him to give various types of pleasure. I wasn't sure yet how far I'd want things to go when it came to the new addition to our home. I decided to take it slow and see how things developed.

It was Sunday morning and Vince and I were on the freeway heading east. We'd just finished eating breakfast in Mesquite and were almost to the Utah border.

"I can't believe you talked me into going to St. George," he said teasingly.

"It was either St. George or Los Angeles, and this is a lot closer."

"And she's an actual breeder?"

"Yes, she only breeds AKC-registered rottweilers."

My original plan was to adopt a puppy from a shelter. God knows there were enough dogs in the Las Vegas area that needed good homes. Then I discovered through my research that most of the violent tendencies experts associated with guard dogs were due to inbreeding, and unfortunately many of those dogs wound up in shelters. I had also originally thought about adopting a mature dog, but the website I read didn't recommend it. I needed a puppy, a blank slate, an animal I could work with and train.

"Why did you decide on a rottweiler?"

"They're fiercely loyal and very protective."

"I like that."

What I didn't mention to my husband was that they were also highly intelligent and very easy to train.

A half hour later, we arrived at a small farm on the outskirts of St. George. We knocked on the door and it was answered by a middle-aged woman. She had friendly eyes and a bright smile.

"I'm Melanie and this is my husband, Vince. I talked to you yesterday about purchasing a dog."

"Of course! Hi, I'm Jan, please come in."

We walked into her living room and it was like going back in time fifty years. The walls were covered in shiplap and there were nostalgic, old-world Norman Rockwell paintings on the wall. The space had a very bucolic, rustic feel that I immediately loved.

"I usually keep the puppies in the mudroom, but I brought them into the living room so you could view them more easily."

About twenty feet in front of us was a small portable pen that contained six little rottweiler puppies. Like all puppies, they were so cute and adorable. They were playing and eating, and one was sleeping.

"Their parents are also on the premises if you'd care to view them."

I watched for a minute as the puppies played and frolicked in the pen. Almost immediately, one puppy stood out from the rest. He appeared to be a little larger than the rest and was very outgoing. He moved from one littermate to another, licking, biting, and generally rough-housing just a little more than the others.

I looked over at Jan.

"May I?" I asked while pointing at the pen.

"Of course, dear."

I bent over, reached into the pen, and pulled out the rambunctious little puppy. Immediately, I was rewarded with 'kisses' all over my face. He was obviously very affectionate in addition to being outgoing and friendly.

I held him away from my face so I could inspect him a little closer and get a brief respite from all the licking.

I turned to Vince.

"He reminds me of your uncle."

"You'd better have never received that many kisses from my uncle," he said teasingly.

I giggled. "No, his appearance; he reminds me of your uncle."

"Giuseppe?"

"No, silly. Salvatore."

Vince took a closer look at the little puppy.

"Oh my God, you're right. He looks just like Uncle Sal, it's like he's his canine doppelganger."

We both burst into laughter.

By this time, I'm sure Jan was questioning some of the branches on my husband's family tree.

"You have a very good eye for puppies," she said. "He's the only show-quality puppy in this litter."

Breeders categorize puppies into two categories. The vast majority of them are 'pet' quality. Those are the puppies that don't carry the best genes and aren't thought to represent the best characteristics of the breed. They are the puppies that will be spayed and neutered because breeders don't want those less-than-perfect attributes passed on to the next litter. Contrastingly, show-quality puppies are thought to best represent the breed, and those are the genes that breeders want passed on.

"Is he still available for adoption?" I said hopefully.

"One of my friends is coming over later this afternoon to look at him, but, you're here first."

"You said \$600 on the phone?"

"That's correct. \$600 for show quality, \$300 for pet quality."

I looked over at Vince. "Pay the lady."

It was a fun ride home. The nearly two-hour drive was consumed by the almost impossible task of keeping a very energetic little puppy under control. It was like trying to bottle a bolt of lightning. Little 'Sal' loved to give kisses; kisses to my arms, kisses to my fingers, kisses to my hand, and especially kisses to my face. Thankfully, after about an hour, he was all kissed out and fell asleep in my arms.

Once we got home, he spent most of the day exploring his new home and playing with the myriad of chew toys I'd purchased for him. On the rare occasion he wasn't frolicking and tearing through each room, he was with me, on my lap.

That night, he watched in curiosity while Vince made love to me. More than anything, I wanted Sal to see me as a sexual being. Just as the website suggested, I ensured Vince penetrated me in the

doggy-style position before we finished in the classic missionary position. I wasn't sure how much credence I gave to this type of 'imprinting' on an eight-week-old puppy, but I also reasoned there wasn't any harm in it, either.

I made a bed for Sal near the edge of ours. It consisted of a big, fluffy pillow and several blankets that he could get under for warmth. Once the room was quiet and I was on the edge of sleep, he began crying and whimpering almost uncontrollably. I sat up in bed and look down longingly at my new, best buddy.

"I know what you're thinking, Melanie, and the answer is no."

I shot Vince my best sexy, pouty look.

"But Marilyn always slept with us."

"She was a ten-pound Chihuahua."

"Sal is about ten pounds," I countered.

"A year from now he's going to be ten times that."

"He's sad and lonely, and he needs me ... pleeeeeease..." I whimpered.

Vince shook his head. I could see he was resigning himself to the fact that this was going to happen.

"Okay," he said grudgingly, "just keep him on your side of the bed."

I giggled, leaned in, and gave him a big kiss.

"Thank you, baby."

He rolled his eyes and begrudgingly flipped over.

I rose from the bed, picked up Sal, and then lay back down. Immediately, he began sniffing my stomach and breasts. I was confused for a moment until I remembered those were the exact places that Vince had shot his semen just a few minutes before. Even though I'd wiped it up with a washcloth, my husband's scent must have still been very strong on my body and Sal very easily picked it up.

Maybe there is something to this whole imprinting thing, I thought.

Once his curiosity was satisfied, he snuggled up against my breasts and quickly fell asleep in my arms. Vince then flipped back over and slid up against me and spooned me tight.

A little shiver went through my body that seemed to reverberate between my legs. I felt like the center of a sensual, erotic sandwich. Both of the men in my life were pressed up tight against me and I fell into a deep, dark, restful sleep.

I quickly discovered that Sal was very intelligent and very easy to train. Once I showed him his doggie door and where I wanted him to do his business, he only had a couple of accidents before he went outside religiously. He didn't seem to have the stubborn, rebellious streak of our previous dogs, and I wondered whether that was because he was a male; all of our other dogs had been

female.

Over the next year and a half, Sal changed my life in many ways. The biggest change was in my morning routine. Instead of going to the gym, I worked out at home with free weights or went for a run. By the time I completed my workout, Vince had already left for work, which left me alone with Sal.

Once we were by ourselves, I'd take off my clothes, retrieve my large yoga mat, and lay it out on the living room floor while Sal watched as I went through my yoga regimen.

My daily routine also changed in other ways. I purchased fragrance-free shampoo and body wash. I still used antiperspirant, but I now bought the unscented variety and washed it off when I awoke. By the time I completed my morning workout, my body was covered in sweat, and that was exactly how I wanted it.

When I went through my yoga routine, I wanted Sal to smell me, the real me. Humans relate to each other through sight and sounds. When we meet, we shake hands or hug and we listen to the tone in each other's voices as we speak. Dogs perceive the world through their noses. When they meet, they smell each other and read each other's body language. If we were going to relate to each other and play a significant role in each other's lives, I had to modify my behavior to make that possible. Our daily ritual took on the form of a courtship.

My yoga routine was very important in developing my relationship with Sal. It was one of the few times of the day when I wasn't towering over him. I was down on the floor at his level. It also gave him a chance to smell me in my natural state. While I went through my various stretches and poses, it gave him the opportunity to smell different parts of my body: My armpits, underneath my breasts, my stomach, and between my legs. He never licked me, but he loved smelling my pussy and asshole.

Part of our burgeoning relationship also involved him feeling my hands on his body. When I touched him, I ensured he was always standing. To a dog, being on your back is a position of submission. I started by touching the inside of his back legs. This is a very intimate area, of course, for humans as well as dogs, and it took several times for him to get comfortable with me touching him there. Once he relaxed, I began touching his testicles and then the outside of his sheath. It wasn't anything inherently sexual, I'd touch him while he smelled me, but it did help in creating a bond, and soon a deep intimacy developed, one that I know both of us felt.

The mornings were always ours and, no matter how busy I was, I'd always make time to pet him and hold him during my yoga routine. That close proximity also served another purpose; I wanted my smell, my scent, on him. I wanted him to think of me when I was at work during the day.

I'd conducted a lot of meticulous research and I had a blueprint of where I wanted my relationship with Sal to go. However, like all relationships, there were setbacks.

As Sal sexually matured, he became more dominant and, at times, more possessive. I realized the traits he displayed were due to me because I encouraged them. I wanted him to be commanding and assertive, but only around me. Thankfully, because of his intelligence, he caught on very quickly. He learned that he could be the 'lead dog' of the pack when we were alone, but when we were with others he had to let me or Vince take the lead.

As he got older, it became increasingly difficult for Sal to watch Vince and me have sex. It was as if he now understood the acts we were engaging in, and at times my husband was rough with me. During a particularly hard, raw session, I heard Sal growl because he thought Vince was hurting me. We immediately stopped and I vehemently chastised him for his unacceptable behavior, and he

never did it again.

Similarly, when my girlfriends were over, he had to learn that he couldn't smell them in the same manner I allowed him to smell me. He was very friendly and loving with women but I had to teach him the boundaries and rules he had to live by in polite society.

When Sal was about a year old, I began taking him on my morning runs. He loved being outdoors and exercising as much as I did. He was always very aware of his surroundings and especially astute when it came to other people we encountered. Sal seemed to always be on the lookout for threats and I attributed it to his very protective nature when it came to me. This evoked very powerful, deep submissive feelings within me. When we were alone, I was the weak one, the bitch as breeders call them, of the pack. On our runs, he was my guardian, my protector, and he assumed that role effortlessly.

Again, he was very intelligent. He seemed to instinctively know that women and children weren't a threat or that they were less of a threat than a man. Men who we allowed to come into our home were given a pass because he knew we wanted them there. He was always very social, friendly, and loving with everyone who came to our house. However, he was always acutely aware of men we didn't know, especially when we were out on our runs. His eyes tracked them intently until they were safely out of our sight.

Vince's plan for my safety had obviously come to fruition because men didn't approach me. Of course, this was due to Sal's very menacing look and demeanor. By the time he was a year and a half old, he weighed one-hundred-thirty pounds and was twenty-seven inches tall at the shoulder. He had very thickly muscled front and hindquarters, which meant he could keep up with me on my long runs without getting winded in the slightest.

It was the end of May, and summer in Las Vegas had hit. Vince got up early this particular Saturday for a round of golf, and I knew he wouldn't be home for several hours. Sal and I got up shortly after Vince left to go on our run, and the temperature had already hit ninety-five degrees by the time we got home a little before eight. My body was dripping in sweat from our six-mile run, and I went to the refrigerator to grab a bottle of water as I heard Sal lapping furiously at his water bowl. Once we were both rehydrated, I stripped out of my drenched running clothes. Sal followed me to the closet and watched as I pulled out my yoga mat and laid it out on the living room floor.

I had begun going through my yoga routine when Sal started sniffing me. Of course, I'd conditioned him to smell me, so I didn't think anything of it. Then, to my surprise, he licked a large patch of sweat off my stomach. Aside from giving me kisses, it was the first time he licked me somewhere other than my face.

"Good boy, Sal," I said lovingly while petting him.

His tail began to wag and I knew he was happy with my response. I continued to pet him while I touched my neck, effectively showing him where I wanted him to lick me next. Immediately, he complied by licking the drops of perspiration that had collected there.

This simple act felt very forbidden to me and extremely erotic because my neck has always been one of my primary erogenous zones. Vince learned very early on that the best way to initiate sex was to kiss or touch my neck.

"That's a good boy, Sal," I cooed while touching another part of my neck.

Following my cue, he licked the droplets of sweat in the exact location my finger had just been. Unexpectedly, I felt my nipples become hard and erect. I continued to lovingly talk to him while I lay down flat. It was a very erotic feeling, being on my back with this huge dog towering over me. While I continued to pet him and talk sweetly to him, submissive, subservient feelings washed over my body. Despite his size, I knew he would never hurt me, and when we were alone I was his.

I continued to gently stroke his head and speak softly to him, giving him soothing, gentle words of encouragement that he easily picked up on. He started licking the beads of perspiration off my arm, and when I raised it he smelled, then licked, my armpit.

My nipples were now painfully erect and, almost subconsciously, I used my fingers to rub and gently pull them. Sal noticed the change in my finger position and his tongue immediately moved to the hard little buds ... and he began lapping the sweat off of them.

I placed my hands at my sides and continued to give him words of encouragement. I let out little moans of pleasure as he spent the next minute licking the perspiration from my swollen breasts and stomach. It felt so erotic, so forbidden, as my canine lover bathed my upper torso with his tongue.

My pussy was a hot swamp and my mind traveled back to that erotic evening watching Chocolate pleasure Elsa. I sat up, pulled him to me, and lovingly wrapped my arms around him.

"Good boy, Sal, good boy," I romantically cooed.

He was furiously wagging his tail and licking my face affectionately like he always did. But this time, I parted my lips and his tongue playfully entered. I could feel his saliva enter my mouth and drip subtly on my face.

"You're such a good boy, baby."

He continued to give me numerous kisses while his tail wagged continuously. I knew he was having just as much fun as I was. I scooted the yoga mat back several feet so I could lean my back against the couch. Then I guided him between my legs.

"Look Sal ... look..." I said while moving my finger down to my navel.

His eyes trailed down my stomach and I felt his tongue enter my belly button, which sent shivers through my body. Unexpectedly, he stopped and froze while his nostrils expanded and contracted. He began sniffing furiously and I knew he'd caught the scent of my pussy.

Then I remembered it was the end of the month and I'd be starting my period in the next day or so. Not only was I incredibly wet, but I knew I had to smell different to him because I would soon be starting my cycle.

I opened my legs wide, pressed my index finger against the lips of my sodden vagina, and patiently waited. I couldn't force him to do this. Of course, for me this was intensely sexual, but to Sal we were playing a game and I had to make it fun for him.

"C'mon, baby," I said encouragingly, "you can do it."

Sal gave me one more deep sniff before extending his tongue and lapping at the lips of my pussy.

Lightning bolts shot through my body.

I tried to keep talking and encouraging him, but it was as if the power of speech was taken from my body. His tongue was so long and thick, and it felt like it had tiny little nubs. It was nothing like a human tongue.

My hands moved to my breasts. I rubbed and pinched my nipples while he continued to lap at me. My secretions seeped out of my body, and I could feel his tongue split the lips of my vagina as he began to lick my pink inner folds. The experience was quite different and nothing like being with a man, or even a woman. He couldn't push his tongue inside me, but the sheer volume, the pace at which he was licking me, was inhuman.

I pulled my nipples hard as Sal continued to caress me. His tongue covered the entire length of my vulva and my juices leaked out at an astonishing rate. Undeterred, he kept lapping at me relentlessly, the nubs of his coarse tongue massaging my clit and pushing me closer to the edge.

My body began to convulse as my orgasm overwhelmed me and took my breath away. My world went dark for several seconds.

"Come here, Sal," I said while trying to catch my breath.

I took him in my arms and held him while he gave me kisses all over my face. I opened my mouth again and his tongue went inside. I could taste my juices on his tongue, and I noticed my secretions were all over the hair on his face. I continued to pet him and talk to him in a soothing, loving voice.

"You're such a good boy, baby ... you made me so happy."

His tail wagged and I knew he loved our new, fun little game. I spent the next several minutes petting him and telling him how much I loved him. He needed to know that I approved of what we were doing and that I appreciated him and this new part of our relationship.

"Let's get a washcloth and clean up your face before your Dad comes home," I said tenderly.

Over the next several days, my relationship with my two men was put on hold. 'Aunt Flo' came into town the following morning and I didn't want either of them between my legs during that time of my cycle.

After my morning workout, Sal licked the sweat off my body while I was going through my yoga routine. I was wearing panties and a tampon, denying him the area he appeared very intent on licking. However, I did let him smell my inner thighs, and I knew my scent had to be different to him than it was the day before.

I felt so bad. I was in the process of training him to perform this sensual, erotic act and I knew he couldn't understand why I wanted him to lick me one day but denied him my most intimate region the next. In time, I was hoping he would associate this smell with my time of the month and he'd know that when my panties were on we wouldn't be playing.

I spent extra time with him that morning, petting him and loving on him, because I didn't want him to think I was upset and set back the training. I conveyed to him that I still loved him and he didn't do anything wrong.

"It's okay, baby," I cooed. "Mama will be back in business in just a while. You're such a good boy."

He appeared to be very happy. His tail thrashed around while I rubbed his ears and hugged him. He gave me many dog kisses, which of course I happily accepted with my open mouth.

By Wednesday, Vince and I were able to make love again. I left the lights on so my other lover could watch me suck my husband's cock before he penetrated me in the doggy-style position. I still wasn't sure if there was any validity to the whole imprinting thing, but Sal watched intently while Vince put me through the paces.

By Saturday, I was ready to resume my training with Sal. Vince had left early to be with his friends. They restored classic cars during their free time, which I knew would give me several uninterrupted hours with Sal.

He watched, semi-patiently while I went through my free weights workout. Once I had completed it, my workout clothes were drenched and sweat dropped off my body.

"C'mon, baby," I said sweetly. "Let's go do some yoga."

His tail wagged vigorously while I laid the mat down in the center of the living room and removed my sports bra and tight yoga pants. When I sat down on my bottom he started licking me all over, my arms, my neck, my stomach, and my breasts.

It felt so erotic, his tongue traveling over my body, bathing me and caressing me with his urgent kisses. I let out soft, gentle moans while lovingly encouraging him and telling him what a good boy he was.

My nipples became erect when his nub-studded tongue lapped at them over and over, and I could feel my vagina begin to moisten.

"Maybe we'll just skip yoga today, honey," I cooed while rubbing his ears.

I lay down flat in the center of the yoga mat and spread my legs wide. I could hear his heavy panting and noticed his tail eagerly wagging. I pointed at the insides of my thighs, effectively telling him where I wanted to be licked next. He quickly moved between my legs and began licking the sweat from my inner thighs.

Little strings of saliva formed at his jowls and his breathing could only be described as a labored, heavy pant. It was very evident that he was just as excited as I was concerning what was going to take place next.

I moved my finger to the top of my pussy and his tongue immediately followed.

"Oh, Jesus..." I moaned.

That tongue. That amazing tongue. He licked and lapped at my vagina over and over and over until my eyes rolled into the back of my head. My hands moved to my nipples and I pinched and pulled them for added stimulation. When it came to cunnilingus, Sal was like nothing I'd ever experienced and there was simply nothing to compare it to. His stamina, his endurance, and his willingness to lick me for an extended period were nothing short of amazing.

I could feel myself rapidly approaching release, and in that hedonistic moment my mind again drifted back to Chocolate and Elsa and I remembered her lustful, libertine move.

Slowly, I raised my bottom off the yoga mat a couple of inches, and Sal didn't miss a beat. His long

tongue snaked underneath me and he began licking my asshole and pussy simultaneously. I'd had my ass and vagina licked in the past, but never at the same time. The additional impetus, combined with his loud, slurping noises coming from between my legs, pushed me over the edge. I closed my eyes and my body convulsed violently as my orgasm washed over me.

When I came back down, Sal was licking the secretions that were dripping down the insides of my thighs. I pulled him to me and rubbed his ears, something he always loved. He and I exchanged many open-mouthed kisses, something I'd really begun to enjoy.

"You're such a good boy, baby," I said lovingly. "You take such good care of me."

His tail thrashed about and I could see how happy he was. I loved that he was enjoying himself too, but I wanted to take things further. I didn't want our time together to be just about me. Slowly, I slid back down onto my back and moved my body so my torso was underneath him.

I'd learned that Sal, like most dogs, didn't like having his testicles touched. I'd run my fingers over his furry sheath before, but only for a few brief seconds. I wondered if he would let me take things further.

I could feel him tense up when my fingers grazed his hairy covering. Unlike in the past, this time I began to gently rub. He stood motionless and began to pant. I continued to rub his sheath, and slowly his cock started to become visible. When about two inches of his cock was exposed, I continued to rub his sheath while gently running my tongue back and forth over his exposed penis.

His cock looked like something you would expect to find on an alien being. It was dark red with small white patches and the head had an indentation that almost looked like some type of deformity. However, I knew from my research that Sal had a normal dog penis.

This was the moment of truth; this was what I had fantasized about, but now it came down to reality. I paused a moment, and my lust overtook me. I raised my head, extended my tongue, and placed the tip on his cock and licked down his exposed shaft, running it back and forth continuously.

The more I licked, the more pre-cum oozed out of the head, and I was a little shocked by the sheer volume. I'd read about the quantity of ejaculate that dogs can produce, but I was in no way ready for it. His pre-cum leaked onto my face, into my hair, and onto my breasts and stomach. Some of it also went into my mouth, which I swallowed.

Again through my research, I'd learned that the taste of dog ejaculate was unpleasant, but this was a vast understatement. The article I'd read described it as having a very salty, iron flavor, and I found that to be a very accurate description. Additionally, unlike Vince's semen, Sal's had a very watery consistency, which made it easier to cover my body. The act I was performing felt so taboo, so naughty ... it more than made up for the disagreeable taste.

While I continued to fellate him, more of his penis appeared out of the sheath and it was quite impressive. I'd read that the size of a dog's cock is proportional to his weight and his body size, and Sal was a very large dog.

What was also impressive, and honestly just a little scary, was the 'knot' that was beginning to form at the base of his penis, right below his testicles. It looked like a small ball, perhaps about the size of a baseball.

Sal was panting very hard and his pre-cum was leaking out all over my body at an astonishing rate. I continued to run my tongue over the length of his cock and now over the knot. I had no way to be

certain, but I knew he had to be getting close to release.

I took a deep breath, placed my mouth over the head of his cock, and ran my tongue through the indentation. He was panting, whimpering, and letting out little moans ... and then it hit.

In an instant, my mouth was flooded with his semen. I was able to swallow once before the remaining fluid ran out of my mouth, onto my face and down to my breasts and stomach. Thankfully, his cum tasted much less pungent than his pre-cum. Regardless, the sheer volume alone was mind-blowing. It had to be at least three to four times the amount of Vince's largest loads when he'd been out of town and hadn't seen me for a week.

It was an incredibly lewd, bawdy feeling, lying on the yoga mat underneath Sal and covered in his cum. Once I'd somewhat recovered, I slid out from underneath him, hugged him tightly, and was rewarded with multiple kisses all over my face.

"You're such a good boy, baby," I cooed lovingly.

His tail was strenuously wagging while I talked to him. I wanted to make sure he knew I loved what we'd just done. Even though it was sex, to him it was also a game, and I wanted to be sure he knew how much I loved playing this game with him.

"You know it's polite to give a lady a warning before you do that," I teased.

I spent the next half-hour cleaning. I scrubbed down the yoga mat and Sal's face, then my hair and body when I took a shower. Even though we'd both gotten off, my lust for him hadn't yet been sated. I looked at my watch; I still had at least three hours before Vince would return home, and that was more than enough time for what I was thinking about doing.

I went to our bedroom and pulled out the large tube of Astroglide from my bedside table. I wasn't sure if I'd need it, but if I did I didn't want there to be a break in our play to retrieve it. I also got Sal's 'running shoes', the small rubber coverings that I put on his feet to protect his pads from the hot pavement when we ran. Today, they'd serve another purpose.

I hadn't put on clothes after I got out of the shower and I sat down on the yoga mat that was still lying in the middle of our living room. Sal approached me, and I spent several minutes petting him, loving on him, and talking to him.

I knew he could sense when I was nervous or anxious about something, and his loving presence calmed me. He seemed to know when I needed kisses from him, which he gladly gave.

When I first hatched this plan a year and a half ago, I wasn't sure how far I'd let it go. I knew I wanted to give and receive oral sex with Sal, but the possible last step on our taboo journey was very daunting and I felt very unsure of myself.

I'd always been a person who loved exploring sexually. Before I'd met Vince I was with a very dominant older man during some of my college years. With him I'd explored many aspects of a BDSM relationship. Even though he was very rough with me at times, he ensured our play remained in the realm of safe and sane. I had safe words and used them on two occasions when our play became too intense and I needed to tap out.

For a submissive, the ultimate aphrodisiac is giving up control and being used fully and completely

by one's partner with no safe words. I likened this idea to an acrobat who performed daring moves hundreds of feet off the ground. However, those performers often worked with a safety net, so if they made a mistake or lost their grip they wouldn't fall to the ground.

Having intercourse with Sal was akin to performing without a safety net. I wouldn't be able to tell him to slow down or stop if the act became too intense. I would be at my dominant's mercy, with no way to tap out.

I took a deep breath and ensured Sal's shoes were securely on his feet. The flexible rubber covered his sharp toenails and made certain he wouldn't scratch the sides of my torso, which would be all but impossible to explain to Vince.

It's time, I thought ... now or never.

Hesitantly, I flipped over until I was on my hands and knees. I was already wet in anticipation of what we were about to do, and Sal immediately caught my scent. I reached underneath my body, between my spread legs, and began rubbing my pussy.

"Here, baby, look here..." I said sweetly.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He moved behind me, extended his tongue, and began lapping at my exposed vagina and asshole.

Shockwaves coursed through my body. His long, flexible tongue lapped at me over and over, and in no time I could feel my secretions dripping down my inner thighs. It was almost as if that incredible nubbed tongue could make me come at will. I tried to hold it back because I wanted to prolong the experience, but that was an exercise in futility. My body began to shake and convulse as I released.

As I was coming down, I looked between my legs and noticed that his cock was fully out of its sheath. I put my head down on the yoga mat and raised my ass in the air, presenting myself to him. Next, I reached around and tapped my bottom. For a moment he looked confused, but then his instincts took over.

His front paws came off the ground and locked around my torso as he mounted me. I could feel him thrust wildly, and his penis repeatedly hit the cheeks of my ass and the backs of my thighs. He felt so heavy as I supported a portion of his weight on my back. Our bodies shook together and I struggled to reach between my legs, and after several attempts I was able to guide him into my pussy.

It was as if I'd lost my breath. In an instant he was rutting inside me with a calamitous force I'd never experienced before. I raised my head and fiercely worked to remain on my hands and knees so I wouldn't fall over as he violently pounded me.

During my research, the author stated that she recommended a dog that was three-fifths of a beginner's body weight. However, Sal weighed as much as I did, which gave him an almost unbelievable amount of torque and thrusting power that was almost more than I could take.

I couldn't hold myself up any longer and my breasts touched the yoga mat as he continued to savagely hammer me. His powerfully muscled hind legs were thrusting so hard it was like being hit by a locomotive. I struggled to keep the air inside my body, and each powerful thrust made me feel as if I would lose consciousness.

I'd experienced very rough sex in the past, but it paled in comparison to what he was doing to me. I'd never been raped, but surely that experience had to be similar to this.

His cock was so long and thick, and it was penetrating me so deep and hard. In this position, it was rubbing perfectly against my clit. My orgasm hit without warning, and as it subsided another quickly overwhelmed me.

Just as I was coming down, the intense thrusting stopped. I could feel him inch towards me and his knot slipped inside my body. Over the next several seconds, I could feel him expand inside me and we were locked together. I was thankful that I had time to catch my breath and somewhat recover.

A canine's knot is nature's way to ensure pregnancy. During mating, the two dogs are locked together so the bitch can't get away, effectively forcing her to accept the male dog's semen.

For me, it was the ultimate act of submission and something I'd long wanted to experience. I couldn't get away from him and I was his. We were locked together and he was in total and complete control.

The feelings of my submission to him and his dominance over me were nothing like I'd ever experienced. I could feel the tip of his cock in my cervix and his knot in my vagina. His body temperature was four degrees warmer than mine and I could feel him pump his hot semen into me.

Those feelings and his intense dominance were overwhelming, and I reached between my legs and rubbed my clit. His weight on top of me, his knot locked deep inside me, the feelings were just too much, and my body shook as another powerful orgasm overtook me.

We remained motionless, and about after twenty minutes I could feel him begin to lose rigidity inside me. Slowly, his knot began to shrink, and he scooted backward and released me. Instantly, I felt a flood rush down between my thighs as his semen poured out of me.

I collapsed on the yoga mat and flipped over on my back. Instantly, my lover rewarded me with dozens of kisses all over my face and in my mouth. I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him tight while his tail wagged energetically.

"You're such a good boy, baby," I cooed lovingly. "Such a good boy."

A few hours later, the three of us were in our backyard. My two men were splashing around and roughhousing in the pool while I lay on one of our chaise lounges, catching some rays in one of my little bikinis.

"I think I could use a beer," Vince said while clinging to the edge of the pool.

"Come over here and sit with your wife for a while, then."

I watched intently as he climbed up the steps of the pool. I couldn't help but admire his tall, toned frame while he approached me. He reached into the cooler, grabbed a beer, and then sat down beside me.

"Is your leg feeling any better?" he asked.

"It's still a little sore, but I'll survive."

I was walking with a very pronounced limp when Vince got home. I told him I'd pulled a muscle while I was on my run the day before. A running injury was much more palatable than telling him the

truth.

Sal approached me and shook vigorously to remove excess pool water from his coat, effectively soaking me.

"You know, I really didn't need that, boy," I said, giving him a big hug and scratching his ears affectionately while my husband looked on.

"I think we could use another dog," Vince said teasingly.

I grinned. "Oh, you think so?"

"I think you need to call Jan and ask her if she has a puppy that looks like Uncle Giuseppe."

We both burst out in laughter.

"I don't think I could handle living with three men."

"I bet you could."

"Well, you may have a point."

The End