

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I wasn't surprised to find that, as soon as I sent this story to an editor, the skepticism started.

If I was a real dog — a 100% canine-type-dog, then how was I able to write out this manuscript? I couldn't talk, right? So I couldn't dictate the damned thing into a microphone, right?

And I couldn't type, either, now could I? Maybe a million monkeys could, given adequate time and infinite amounts of Microsoft Word software, eventually come up with the collected works of Shakespeare.

But monkeys got *fingers*, Jack. We dogs, we got fucking *paws*!

So the editor, he wanted to know how it was that I could produce a manuscript, and, Hell, I guess it was a fair question. The answer is, it was damned difficult! I developed the urge to tell my life story long, *long* before I ever figured out how to set it down in print.

You gotta remember that, dog or not, I'm a whole lot swifter than your average, everyday mutt. I watch television (and I can operate the remote, too, so I am not confined to American Idol, even if that's the channel the humans I lived with had left on last). I had noticed, on the Discovery Channel, that there were software programs that could help people with severe paralysis to print out messages — or create voice messages — on their computer. Some of the people using these machines had no use of their hands at all! Compared to them, my paws were pretty damned capable! Anyway, these people could print out messages by just *looking* at letters on the computer screen! Sure, it's a slow, tedious process, but, hey, when you really want to communicate, it's a lot better than nothing!

And it works fine for me, too. I had a devil of a time arranging to get the software purchased, delivered and installed in my own computer, but I got it done, all right. How? Well, it's a long story, and, I'm sorry, but like I said, writing stuff out by this method is a pretty tedious process. I got all this software installed so that I could tell *my* story, and that's what I want to write about — not about the tribulations of getting some nerd to come in and install the software for me.

I got it done — at long last — and you're just gonna have to be satisfied with that.

Now, I may be a dog, and all, but I clearly used to be a human in another life, because I remember how humans live and behave, and I am still *interested* in humans — especially human *women*. I guess I'm a True Dog, though, because along the way I've met a few female dogs that rang my chimes enough so that I hopped on and got me some doggy pussy (so to speak). It felt good — *damned* good — and I kind-of like the Dog Worldview: namely, that if you want to get laid, you just, y'know, go for it. Eliminates a lot of hassle, that.

Still, dog-on-dog sex is kind-of like rape (although I haven't had any complaints from the girl doggies, so far). You just climb aboard like that, and insert penis here. But even if it's perfectly natural, I'm afraid my Other Side — the human being-side of me that doesn't show at all on the surface but which is still highly active in my brain — is far more interested in scoring some homo sapiens pussy.

Needless to say, it's a whole lot easier, when you're a dog, to get laid by a fellow dog. Getting a human-type female interested is real hard going, all the way. It takes planning, patience, and a mature ability to postpone gratification for lengthy periods.

But, hey, nothing's impossible, if you work at it.

First of all, you've got to get Proximity. You've got to find a human female that is interested enough in you — as a dog — to invite you into her home. Now, I have lots of advantages in that area. First of all, I'm a damned good-looking dog, if I say so myself (and I do). I'm a mixed-breed, but it seems to be a German Shepherd/Labrador Retriever mix, so I'm big and muscular and good-lookin'.

More importantly, since I've got brains in my doggy skull that are 'way ahead of any ordinary dog you ever knew, I can use my wiles to make myself more attractive, and to get myself noticed, a whole lot easier than your average run-of-the-alley dog.

On the other hand, having all these human-like feelings disadvantages me a little, too. I mean, It would be a whole lot easier to find a human female interested in a little hanky-panky if I didn't have such high-grade tastes in women. I don't want some boozed-up trailer-park floozy who might be relatively easy for me to seduce. Uh-uhh!. I want a top-of-the-line babe — the same kind of babe *you* want, Jack. The same kind of babe I probably wanted, back when I was a regular human-type guy.

Now, getting in the door isn't that hard. The first woman I saw who looked really good for it was unloading groceries from the trunk of her Honda Accord, which was parked outside her small-but-neat single-family detached. She had a whole slew of plastic bags there, and she took about five of them with her on her first trip from the driveway, through her open garage, into the interior of her split-level. Well, I just grabbed me a mouthful of grocery bags — yes sir, yes sir, two bags full — and fished them out of the trunk and followed her. She didn't notice me behind her until she had unlocked the door from the garage into her kitchen. Then, of course, she quickly figured out that I was holding hostage a portion of her grocery purchase.

What could she do?

She let me in. I cantered into her kitchen, gently put down the two plastic bags of groceries on the floor next to her refrigerator, and scurried past her, outside again, through the open door. She was a little uncertain, but she put down her own bags and followed me, and by the time she got to the car, I had the handles of two more plastic bags in my mouth. The trunk was now empty, and all she had to do was close it and follow me back into the house.

Well, I'd been a significant help to her in bringing in the goodies, and of course she was bemused by the whole idea of a grocery-toting doggie. So I just looked beautiful and ingratiating, there, on her kitchen floor, and I waited for whatever came next. Either she'd try to coax me out the door and send me on my way, or else she'd decide that maybe I ought to be permitted to stay awhile.

I couldn't reach the high cabinets to help her put the groceries away, so I just stood quietly there until she'd done it herself. I appreciated her calves when she had to stretch high to reach the upper shelves of her cupboard. This was some fine girl, here. She was a smallish brunette, but with legs that were gorgeous despite her limited height. She had lovely full breasts, too.

I was hoping this was going to be my new home.

After the woman finished putting away her purchases, I decided the next thing I should do to ingratiate myself should be to demonstrate, once again, that I was No Ordinary Dog. After all, when I had been human, the biggest reservation I'd had about dog ownership was the business of having to Take Out the Dog a couple of times a day, so the pooch could do his thing, out there by the curb.

Figuring maybe that Brunette, here, would be uninterested in dog-walking, I slowing walked into the

interior of her house, hoping she'd follow to assure that I didn't pee on her floor or chew on the furniture or some such. Sure enough, she followed me, right away, and I simply cast about until I'd located a bathroom on the main floor, there.

I went into the bathroom, with Brunette following right behind me. Using my long, graceful Shepherd/Retriever snout, I pushed the toilet seat upward until it rested on the tank, after which I rose up on my hind legs, balancing my forelegs on the seat-bottom, and then letting fly with my doggie urine, right into the toilet, man-fashion.

This maneuver was, obviously, a stroke of genius on my part. First of all, any human being is going to be impressed out of his or her mind to see a dog peeing into a toilet. As a secondary side-benefit, I was able, in this way, to get Brunette, here, focused on my doggie appendage. Sure, there wasn't that much to see, just yet, as I didn't have a doggie hard-on or anything, but I was a Big Dog, y'know? And everything was pretty much to scale.

Of course, Brunette wasn't focused, at that point, on any sexual matters involving a canine. This was, obviously, a mature and well-balanced adult female human being. Just showing her my equipment wasn't going to turn her into the kind of dog lover I hoped she eventually might become.

Still, it was a start.

So I finished my highly sanitary indoor doggie urination demonstration, never spilling a drop, and knew that I had no-doubt impressed the hell out of my putative new "owner". But that was only the beginning! I jumped up, hit the handle with my left forepaw, and *flushed the toilet!*

Well, this demonstration of my outsized doggie intelligence (and/or training) was impressive enough, but it wasn't the *exploit étonnant* that I had planned as my ultimate demonstration of doggie genius.

No. That was when I *gently lowered the toilet seat back down!*

Everything had gone absolutely according to my plan. I heard her gasp.

She was sold! I was a keeper!

Things went very well after that. During the next two weeks, I continued to perform magnificently as a house pet extraordinaire. I didn't hesitate to perform additional feats of unusual intelligence (for a canine) although I didn't do anything so outrageously smart that it would motivate her to carry me off to some university biology lab somewhere. I might be smart, but I'm not stupid.

Still, I kept her fascinated by my intelligence. She "taught" me all sorts of doggie-type tricks that I found a little humiliating to perform, but which, obviously, were essential to gaining her trust and confidence. The fact that I could "learn," in mere minutes, to perform tricks-on-demand that would have required weeks of patient training for an ordinary dog was, of course, further evidence to my mistress that I was truly unusual. But no doubt she also assumed that I'd been exposed, earlier in my life, to some of this kind of training.

How else to account for my amazing abilities, and for my being such a quick study?

Brunette was a working woman, so I had the house to myself pretty much the entire day, most days. Since I wasn't really capable of unlocking the doors and leaving the house during the day, I had to content myself with watching TV movies or ballgames, and with lazing around, True Doggie fashion,

half-asleep on the floor. I had enough dog in my nature that I mostly found this lifestyle both hunky and dory.

I did what I could to help her with the housework. You know, dusting, and things like that, but let's face it, a dog, no matter how bright he may be, can only do so much. I couldn't run the vacuum cleaner. I had an awkward time trying to dust, and even when I was able to dust the furniture, I couldn't reach the higher stuff. I could clear the table of dishes, but couldn't really clean off the table effectively. I did what I could, though, and Brenda often would notice — I could tell.

I finally could stop thinking of her as "Brunette" and call her by her name — Brenda. I'd seen some incoming mail on the hallway table addressed to her, and now knew that she was called Brenda Newhouser.

I was also pleased to find that she had no other pets, no husband, children, or roommates. All of those fellow travelers could have greatly complicated my plans for Mistress Brenda — so much so that I might have simply taken the first opportunity to get out of the house and run away, looking for New Opportunities. That's what I had done when I came across The Lovely Brenda in the first place. She wasn't my first human master or mistress, but she was the first one I'd selected with such care.

I'd hit it lucky with Brenda Newhouser. She had turned out to be single, employed, and living comfortably. All that and gorgeous, too.

I was a lucky dog.

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## **Chapter Two**

Well, I was a good dog for the next three weeks. I minded my manners, stayed as clean as I could, and used the toilet for all my bodily functions. I even closed the door while I was in there, and turned on the exhaust fan and turned off the light after I was through.

Naturally, Brenda was amazed by all of this. I think she attributed all my unusual skills to my having been a circus dog or some such. She knew I was smart, but I figured that, like almost all humans, she was working on the assumption that someone, somewhere, had given me careful training.

Nevertheless, I found that, after awhile, Brenda would talk to me in a manner that wasn't much different from the way she would have spoken to another person. And she'd try different things to determine to what degree I could understand what she was saying to me.

One morning when she opened the front door to go out and pick up the newspaper, I kind-of wedged my snout into the opening of the door in front of her and made as if to go outside. I hadn't been outside since Brenda had first let me in with the groceries, more than two weeks back. My ability to use the bathroom facilities had limited my need, and Brenda, whether deliberately or not, had kept me indoors the whole time.

Maybe she was afraid that, if she let me out, I'd run away.

"Do you want to go and get the paper?" she asked me that morning.

I shook my head up and down, signifying a clear-cut "yes." This gesture, alone, was pretty damned impressive, for a dog, but Brenda was past being shocked by such things. She apparently decided that I wouldn't run away if she let me out, and she opened the door and stood there while I retrieved

the paper. I took care not to slobber on it, and quickly brought it back and handed it over.

“Good boy!” she said.

Well, hell. I really *was* a good boy. Sure, I had some untoward designs on Brenda’s fabulous little bod, but I’d made no false moves in that direction. I had been content to wait, patiently, for an appropriate opportunity. What I had in mind was simple enough. I figured Brenda, like any other healthy young woman, was bound to pleasure herself at some point.

Maybe she had, already, and I’d just missed out on it, but I didn’t think so. My doggie sense of smell would have tipped me off, I think, if anything sexual had been taking place in Brenda’s bedroom or bath.

So far, she’d been behaving like a nun. Or, at least, like people imagine nuns behave. Who knows what really happens, inside the nunnery?

Too bad for me, all this good behavior, but I figured it couldn’t last. My master plan was that, when and if Brenda ever did get herself excited, using a vibrator or perhaps just her own fingers, I would wait until she was pretty far gone and then I’d make a contribution to the festivities. With my thoroughgoing knowledge of human anatomy and with my inherited-across-species skills at cunnilingus, I could employ my long, long doggie tongue to tremendous advantage.

Oh, I was well-aware that, in all likelihood, Brenda would quickly push me away and force me to stop what I was doing. But the point was, if I behaved myself impeccably until she had begun an auto-erotic adventure on her own, then two good things *might* happen.

First, Brenda would likely blame herself for having caused me to misbehave. She would surely believe that it was her own lewd behavior that had inspired mine. Accordingly, she would not be unduly angry with me for my transgressions.

Second, it was possible — unlikely, but possible — that if I quickly hit the right spot with my educated and very lengthy tongue, Brenda would be so stimulated that she would hesitate for precious seconds before she allowed her sensibilities to take charge; before she pushed me away and said “Bad dog!” or some such.

Even if I *did* get pushed away, I was counting on Brenda’s remembering how absolutely *great* it had felt, for those few seconds, there, when I was lapping away at her clit and its environs. My master plan was telling me that there would be future opportunities, and that, the second time around, Brenda would push me away much more slowly — if she pushed me away at all!

Damn, it took patience to seduce a human woman! It took patience if you were six feet tall, handsome and drove a Lexis. It took far *more* patience when you were a damned dog! I could have screwed every four-legged bitch in a two-mile radius by now, if I were out there on the street, doing my doggy thing.

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My other big worry (aside from the awful possibility that Brenda might decide to have me spayed) was that Mistress Brenda would eventually hook up with some guy, and I’d suddenly have acquired perhaps overwhelming competition. (I started, for a moment, to say “hook up with some *other* guy,” but most of the time, I remain well-aware that I am “only” a dog, and perhaps would be no competition for a real live human male who was a competent lover.)

So far, Brenda had not exactly been a social butterfly. She was home every night at an hour that suggested that she'd come there directly from work. On weekends, she'd talk to people — mostly other women — on the telephone, and she'd go out in the car, apparently to run errands, but for the most part, she was right there at home, with me. I couldn't have been happier.

Well. Unless...

She had started in, calling me "Fred." Well, that wasn't so bad. It was better than "Rover," or maybe "Fido." I'd never actually run into a dog, in this life or in any other one, who'd actually been called "Fido," but that's the name that cartoonists frequently seemed to give to their generic dogs. Brenda could have chosen to give me a more traditional dog's name. Why she chose "Fred," I had no idea, but I liked it just fine.

I knew that, at some point in the past, I had been an actual human male. I didn't remember details like what my name had been, or where I'd lived — that sort of thing. My name probably hadn't been "Fred," but I liked that name pretty well. Maybe the fact that Brenda had given me a human-style name suggested that she was already thinking of me as something more than an ordinary doggie-type dog.

So the Master Plan slowly moved forward. So far as Brenda was aware, she had herself a stray doggie who required practically no TLC whatsoever. He did his own toilet duties, kept himself clean, and even helped around the house with little chores whenever he was able. The doggie was also big, beautiful and affectionate. He never missed a chance to come near, to submit to being petted, or to lick his mistress' hand with great affection and enthusiasm.

Her hand, however, was the only thing I had licked, and I was careful not to slobber on it or otherwise make Brenda uncomfortable. Instead, I concentrated on getting her accustomed to my ubiquitous presence around the house. She often would shut the door when she was in the bathroom, but if she neglected to do so, I was always around, sticking my nose in and joining her in there.

Same with the master bedroom. Whenever possible, I was hovering nearby wherever in the house Brenda chose to be.

For that reason, Brenda learned not to notice, particularly, when I was in the vicinity during her changes of clothing, or her preparations for a shower or bath. I was there when she was in the kitchen, the living room, or the dining room. The fact that I also followed her to the bedroom or the bath seemed anything but unusual. She'd grown accustomed to my big, dumb-looking doggie face, panting away with my tongue lolling out of one side. I panted a little harder than usual when she was naked and padding around in the bedroom or bath, but Brenda didn't notice.

In this manner, I at least managed, during my long celibate waiting period, to get my eyes full. I learned to my secret delight that my Mistress Brenda was built like a miniature brick shithouse. Everything she ought to have, she had. Nice little perky titties, a tiny, tight, muscular waist, those short-but-sweet legs that seemed, on her tiny frame, to be much longer than they really were.

She was a bona fide *babe*, and it was all I could do keep myself from just jumping up and burying my cold nose in her inviting little twat. God knows I wanted to! But I knew that one false move and I'd be out on my ear on the sidewalk.

Patience, Fred. Patience.

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Well, the masturbatory session that I had been hoping for never came up. Instead, I overheard Brenda one day on her telephone, arranging what had to be a date.

She was talking to some guy, and all the cues I could pick up from her side of the conversation suggested that whoever he was, she liked him just fine. My heart fell. She was developing a relationship with a real man, and I was going to be odd dog out.

Damn!

Friday night came and, sure enough, Brenda got home from work (a little earlier than usual, even) and immediately set about primping like crazy. She was going out. Well, I enjoyed the bubble bath business and the long period she spent naked in front of her mirror, applying mascara and all manner of other potions. I did some strategic squealing and moaning, trying to attract a little attention, but all I got for my trouble were a couple of distracted pats on the head.

Brenda was getting ready to go out. Her new dog, Fred, would be fine. Everybody knew that Ol' Fred could take care of himself.

She fed me but skipped her own dinner. Obviously, this man was taking her out somewhere to dinner. Judging by the outfit she was putting on, it wasn't going to be at Burger King, either.

Man, she looked *good*! She was excited, too. I could tell, with my high-powered doggie sense of smell, that there were pheromones in the air already, and the bastard hadn't even arrived to pick her up yet!

Well, she was making me hot, and she wasn't even trying.

I had enjoyed the preparations, and loved the way Brenda looked — all dressed up sexily for the first time since I'd arrived as her extended houseguest. But I was sick at heart anyway, because none of this was for my benefit.

Some other dude was about to get lucky — or, at least, he was going to lay the foundation tonight, if not Brenda herself.

Me? I was staying home with my dish of dry dog food. OK, so after Brenda left I could maybe break into the refrigerator and help myself to some of the leftovers — at least the ones I could sample without making a mess — the ones that weren't in covered glass dishes.

But it wasn't the same as what Brenda and the Lucky Bastard she was going out with would be doing.

He arrived at 8 o'clock sharp and when he came to the door to pick her up, my heart fell another foot. The bastard was a cool-looking dude. I'd been hoping he would be the human equivalent of a Mexican Chihuahua, but, no. He was one of those Alpha Males — the human equivalent of a Great Dane.

Damn!

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Chapter Three

The two of them were gone for a couple of hours, which couple of hours I spent thinking about all the nasty, evil things he might be doing to her. But, probably, they'd just been out to a restaurant, because when they got back, Brenda was still looking as cool and neat as she had been when she'd left.

And so was Mr. Beefcake. Whatever he was going to get tonight, he clearly hadn't gotten it just yet.

They got cozy on the living room couch, and the way they were talking, I knew this wasn't any first date. Brenda got up once to get them glasses of wine. I laid low and made sure I didn't become the focal point of attention. I was afraid Brenda would want me to demonstrate my bathroom etiquette to this asshole, and I'd be faced with the choice between embarrassing myself — by demonstrating what a "smart dog" I was — or embarrassing Brenda by pissing all over this guy's \$200 slacks.

If I stayed out of the way and didn't call any attention to myself, I figured they'd leave me alone. I reluctantly decided that if the two of them started making out on the couch, I'd have to just let it happen. After all, Brenda had taken me in as an act of kindness — *not* for her protection. Besides, her body language was telling me that she didn't *want* any protection. She was hanging all over this guy, and the only one who seemed the least bit reluctant to get it on was this Alpha Male.

Maybe he was a Beta male. Jesus, he'd have to be *gay*, I was thinking, not to respond to the come-on he was getting from my beloved Brenda!

Well, he *was* responding — sorta. I mean, I could see he had a first-class boner growing in those slacks. Brenda could see it, too, and she wasted no time clamping her right hand over it and giving it a friendly squeeze. She might as well have had "Fuck Me" embroidered on a ten-gallon hat, the signals she was transmitted to this dunce.

But it wasn't that he didn't get it. He, evidently, was being honorable, or something. Finally, he just got up — boner and all — and hastily backed away.

"I'm sorry, Brenda," he said. And, I gotta admit, he really *did* sound like he was sorry.

"I — I hope I didn't lead you on," he said, "but we just — we just *can't*! I'm getting married in a matter of weeks — to Joyce — and you and I both know it just wouldn't be right!"

"Go ahead and marry her," Brenda said, her voice husky. "But, for tonight, Ron, for God's sake — let's get it *on*!"

Wow! I'd never *seen* her like this! Brenda had always *looked* hot, but tonight I was finding out that she was, indeed, *hot*! Not for *me*, unfortunately, but for this loser, "Ron," who somehow thought his heart belonged to this Joyce person.

But Brenda had already *told* him, right out, that, Joyce or no Joyce, marriage or no marriage, she wanted him to slip her the bone — right now! Obviously, the guy could understand English.

So what was his *problem*?

He must be a goddamned Mormon, or something. Maybe a Muslim. A fucking Baptist? No, certainly not a *fucking* Baptist. Whatever the hell he was, he was one idiotic homo sapiens, I knew *that* much.

Well, he finally came back and leaned over and laid a kiss on Brenda's lips that I thought for-sure meant that he'd changed his mind, had come to his senses, and was prepared to fuck her brains out.

But, no. It was just his farewell smack.

Oh, he was overheated, his own self. The bone trying to get out of his pants hadn't gone away, and I had to admit he looked well-equipped for the job at hand, but he still wasn't unzipping anything. He did cop a semi-accidental feel on Brenda's lovely little breast, there, and she gave out another responsive little gasp that told me she was on the very edge of coming — just from *that*!

Then, damned if that stupid bastard didn't grab his coat and scurry right out the front door! He was talking, the whole time, going through a litany of apologies and promises-to-call-sometime and what have you.

But, unmistakably, the fool was *leaving*!

My super-sensitive doggy nose could tell that Mistress Brenda was extremely ready for action, and this, this *guy* — this *cretin* — was leaving her high and dry.

Well, not dry. I could tell that she was soaking wet from her cooze to her knees.

That guy ought to be arrested!

I felt so bad for my poor abandoned mistress that I almost hoped he'd come to his senses, come back inside and proceed to give her what she so obviously was ready and willing to receive.

But my empathy didn't last long. Pretty soon I started thinking like the man/dog I was: *This* might be the opportunity of a lifetime — for little old Fred!

I figured the next stop for poor, frustrated Brenda would be the bedroom or the bath, and she didn't disappoint me. She made a beeline for her bedroom, trying to slam the door behind her as she went, but I was ready for that possibility and I rose up on my hind legs to block the door. I took the blow, lost my balance, and went over backwards in the upstairs hallway outside her room, but I had accomplished my purpose: The bedroom door was still ajar.

I slipped inside and kept close to the wall of the room so as not to arouse any undue urges, on Brenda's part, to shove me out again so that she could be alone with her thoughts — and her fingers.

She had already stripped down to bra and panties, and the panties came off so fast I hardly had time to get one of my too-rare looks at the sweet little dark curls on her pussy.

The bra was next, and it went flying, too. Brenda was on her back on her bed, both legs bent at the knee, feet still planted on the bedroom floor, knees spread well apart. She had a good half of her left hand buried between the lips of her pussy, and the squishing noises she was making told me that, already, she wasn't far from fruition.

She came faster than a 13-year-old boy at a competitive circle-jerk, and she let out a mournful-sounding cry when the orgasm hit her that sounded halfway between pure pleasure and call-the-doctor pain!

Then she pulled her soaked fingers — all four of them — out of her steaming cunt and just lay there on her back, crying her eyes out.

Obviously, this idiot who had just abandoned her wasn't merely some guy from the office, and they hadn't been out on their second or third date. Brenda and Ron The Asshole obviously had some History. Maybe he was her high school or college sweetheart, and when he'd come to town, and

called her up, she'd thought that maybe an Old Flame was going to be rekindled.

Who knows? I'd heard enough conversation to know that something of that sort had been in the mix, but the details, probably, would never be made known to me. What was I going to do, ask Brenda for her Life Story?

So I just came a little closer — trying to give my Mistress a little comfort and compassion, and also getting a closer-than-ever look at her steaming twat. God, it hadn't cooled down at all; still quivering, there; the wetness still evident.

And the scent! She smelled incredible! For the first time ever in Brenda's presence, my doggie bone was in full flair — as wet and pink as the trembling interior of her perfect little recently roughly handled quim.

She was still bawling and she hadn't as yet noticed my presence, there, beside the bed.

Well, I'm a big dog and I was at perfect eye (and nose, and tongue) level with her little lightly coiffed treasure, there, between her thighs. It wasn't quivering now, but it was kinda bouncing up and down slightly, as the sobs wracked Brenda's supine body, making the bed, and everything in it, move in a continuing motion that closely mimicked a moderated version of a couple, on a bed, Doing It.

I stopped scheming and thinking. I just got up close, right between her still slightly spread thighs, and gently slipped my tongue in there as far as I could make it go.

Well, I could make it go in there pretty damned far, and although I was being as gentle as the proverbial lamb, I was mouthing that warm, wet, welcoming snatch of hers with all the devotion of Man's Best Friend.

The fact that I was more interested in being *Woman's* Best Friend is beside the point.

It took a little while for Brenda to realize that Something was happening, down there in the Amusement Park area. Or maybe she just wasn't all that interested in examining the "why" of what was happening, because it felt so good. For whatever reason, I got in several earnest full-service licks before she finally looked down between her legs and saw me there, boldly going where no dog had gone before.

I redoubled my efforts, knowing — regretting, already — that momentarily she would surely scream out in protest and roughly shove me away.

Until she did, though, I was working on it! I kept it gentle, but I was in there deep, Brother. I was deeper than any practitioner of the art of cunnilingus had ever been before. Hell, there probably hadn't been any *penises* that had gotten in there that deep!

"Fred?" she said, finally — still not pushing me away. "Fred? What are you *doing*?"

Well, that was a dumb question on so many levels. First of all, she *had* to know what I was doing. I was licking her tonsils from the interior side — *that's* what I was doing.

And, second, what did she expect me to do, in response to her question? Stop licking while I explained to her about interspecies oral sex?

But I was encouraged by the fact that — many moments later — Brenda's hands and arms had *still*

not been extended downward to push me away from the Honeypot.

“Stop that!” she said, finally.

But — still no hands pushing me away.

Well, to be fair, Brenda had become accustomed to talking to me and being able to have some confidence that I was understanding her. A dog who could do his duty in the toilet, and then flush afterward was, to say the least, no ordinary street mutt. Besides, I had heard — and obeyed — any number of pretty complex oral instructions from Brenda in our several weeks of living together. I wasn't merely an obedient dog; a good dog; an accommodating dog. I was a dog who was perfectly capable of following instructions from my Mistress to the letter.

So why shouldn't she be able to terminate our current connection, not by roughly pushing me away, but by merely telling me, in her best commanding Mistress' voice, to “stop that!”

Well, she *could* command me to stop — and I'd *do* so, too. But only if I thought she really *wanted* me to stop. Sure, she was saying “stop that!” but her pussy was conveying a whole 'nother message to me the whole time. Her pussy was saying “Oh, yeah, doggy — *DO ME!*”

And so I resolved that if she gave me even the feeblest-possible shove with an outstretched hand, I would obey and step away from the quiff. But if *all* she was going to give me was a weak verbal “stop that!” I wasn't going anywhere, anytime soon.

She said “stop that!” again, a few minutes later. She even made it sound reasonably convincing. But I didn't even slow down, because at the same time she said it, I felt both her legs wrapping around my neck.

I was enjoying my little trip through Brenda's soft, dark curlies, and she tasted as good as she looked. Pretty soon I relaxed, knowing that there was no remaining danger that she was going to get conscience-stricken and push my head out from between her legs. She was just going to lie back and enjoy it.

It was, of course, my first time, giving head as a dog. But I had those same “memories” of having done a little yodeling in the gully in my past life (lives?) as a human. I kind-of missed being able to reach up with both hands and grasp Brenda's perky boobs for leverage. I definitely missed being able to make skilled use of human fingers to augment the tonguing that was going on.

But I knew my old human tongue couldn't do the tricks I was doing now. As a cunt-lapper, I figured that we canine types were pretty close to peerless.

I kinda hoped that Brenda turned out not to be the shy type. Maybe she'd loan me out to her friends!

I had to learn the ropes as a cunnilingust in my new doggie role, but it didn't take me long. I just paid close attention to the reactions I was getting from Brenda to all my moves, and when something obviously was working, I'd keep on doing it until her responses told me she wanted me to go on to something else.

I kept at it a long time (doggie tongues can go for many laps), and nobody seemed to be in any hurry for me to stop. When Brenda started to come, I just kept right on licking, bouncing around with her as her whole body went nutso from the waist down. She raised her butt so far off the bed I was afraid she'd get too high for me to reach, but when she felt my magic tongue starting to lose traction, she came right back down into range again.

She came hard about four times before she finally — very gently — took my head in both her hands and, with seeming reluctance, pushed me away.

“Oh, Fred!” she said. Fortunately for me, Brenda had become accustomed to talking to me as if I was a person, instead of a mere dog. I had given her plenty of cues, over the past weeks, to convince her that she wasn’t just wasting her time in doing so. She let herself collapse on her back, limp as a dishrag. “Where did you learn to *do* that?”

I gently moved back into range between her legs and gave her a light lick on the extreme inside of her thigh, just outside the Magic Box. That still-sensitive area, unattended during my lengthy licking of her tender twat, still could appreciate, and respond to, tactile stimulation. Brenda jumped a little, giggled, and relaxed once more.

“God!” she said — not to me, perhaps, but to the room at large. “I wish there were someone I could call and just *tell* them about this! That’s the *nastiest* thing I’ve ever done — and it was amazing!”

Well, I could think of something even nastier that Brenda could do, but I was too smart a doggie to rush her into anything. I remembered my own attitude, back in my Past Life as a human, toward male dogs and their shiny, raw-looking, fiery red penises. Those things were off-putting; foreign-looking appendages that didn’t bear a sufficient similarity to human male organs to make one feel entirely secure.

If that had been my reaction to them, as a fellow male, I hesitated to think how a human female would respond to seeing one pointed in her direction and heading her way.

Maybe when the time came for trying *that*, I should make certain the bedroom lights were turned way down.

Well, it wasn’t going to be today. Maybe — just maybe — I could crawl on up there and slide it on home before Brenda knew what was happening. What could she do? Prosecute me for rape?

But I wasn’t that kind of a dog. When — if — I ever got it on with Mistress Brenda, it was going to be strictly consensual. Besides, right now, she was satiated with a capital “S”. I’d given her the licking of her life, and she was still trying to come down from it. I had a big pink doggie hard-on that was in bad need of attention, but I was keeping it well below the level of Brenda’s bed, figuring it would just scare her if she saw it.

One thing about being a dog. I could give myself some excellent relief later — in private.

Look, Ma! No hands!

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## Chapter Four

For the next several days, Brenda was very careful, when she went to bed at night, to be certain that I was somewhere in the house *other than* her bedroom, and that her bedroom door was tightly closed.

The door wasn’t *locked*, and although Brenda probably didn’t know it, I was able — with some difficulty — to get closed doors to open, when I was of a mind to. But I wasn’t going to try to get into her bedroom uninvited. I was going to keep on being smart about this seduction.

She wasn't angry at me. She still spoke to me in the same sweet way she always had, and she always made sure I had all the food and water I needed. But it was as if what had happened — hadn't happened. And she was being super-careful that whatever hadn't happened wouldn't happen *again*!

Well, I knew she had enjoyed it. Oh, yeah! But she was bothered by it, too. Why wouldn't she be? She'd be conflicted, at this point, for any number of reasons.

I suspected that one thing Brenda was probably afraid about was my future behavior around other people. I mean, just about every human has had the embarrassing experience of being "humped," or nuzzled in their most private place, by an obtrusive canine. Brenda might well be afraid that I'd try to give her a cross-species tongue-job at some terribly inappropriate moment — like while she was seated with her best friend in the living room — having a spot of tea.

If I could have afforded her reassurance that such a thing would never happen, I would have done so, but of course my ability to communicate with Brenda was quite limited. Oh, I could demonstrate doggie joy, lick her hand, jump around excitedly, and so forth — but I couldn't just say "Don't worry, Babe, I'm not going to go down on you in public."

At least, I wouldn't do something like that unless she *asked* me to.

I figured that this meant I'd have to demonstrate — over time — that I wasn't going to just assault Brenda, willy-nilly, whenever I was feeling a little horny. Oh, it was tempting. One evening, she was leaning over the kitchen stove, wearing only a long T-shirt and some scanty panties, and from my low-level vantage point, I could see London *and* France, pretty clearly. The temptation to walk over and nuzzle that tender little bundle under the T-shirt was pretty strong.

And I had reason to believe that the nuzzling wouldn't have been exactly unwelcome, either. I knew from my wonderful Recent Past Experience that Brenda's engine was pretty easy to start!

But if I were to do such a thing — in her kitchen — even while we were alone, Brenda would undoubtedly be scared to death that I'd do it again when she had company in the house. After all, humans aren't famous for trusting to the good judgment of their household pets.

So, painful as it was for me, I abstained from any out-of-bedroom sexual come-ons with the splendid Brenda. I might be a tiger — given a chance — in the bedroom, but I was Nice Doggie everywhere else in the house.

At least, I was for now. Maybe, after Brenda had become convinced that I was safe around company, we could have a more colorful sex life together, when we were alone. Maybe I'd eventually christen every room in the house, including both bathrooms and the pantry.

We doggies like to mark our territory.

As I've already mentioned, Brenda wasn't very social. She'd had very few visitors, and no houseguests, in the time I'd been living with her. "Me and Brenda are living together," I thought to myself, deliciously. I knew that, despite our single incident of intimacy, Brenda didn't think of it in exactly that same way. It didn't matter. Let me just think my doggie thoughts. Let me just think of myself as a four-legged Hugh Hefner.

All I needed was a pipe and a smoking jacket.

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Finally, however, Brenda had two of her friends over on a Friday night after work. They were both females, both in the same approximate age-range as my Mistress. I figured them for co-workers at Wherever Brenda Went on Weekdays, and their conversation around me soon confirmed that I was correct in this surmise. They were all three laughing and joking about some male idiot at work — evidently a man who thought he was God's Gift, but whom all three of these young women were finding substantially less than irresistible.

Brenda was keeping a close eye on me. I figured she was still fearful that I might run my snout up under her dress, thereby shocking her visitors to their core.

The two visitors were both attractive young women, and I had active fantasies of running my snout up under their dresses — as well as Brenda's.

But I resisted all urges, and performed as the Ordinary House Pet I was supposed to be. After awhile, Brenda's confidence in me grew, and she seemed to relax.

I wasn't being entirely ignored by the visitors. I am, after all, a damned good-looking doggie, despite my mixed heritage. I am clean, beautifully behaved, flea-free and decorous to a fault. And I'm capable, should my Mistress call upon me to do so, of showing these women some tricks they'd never seen a dog perform before!

No, I'm not talking about *that* trick. Brenda's not about to call upon me for *that*!

You know! I'm just talking about such things as the flush-the-toilet-and-put-the-seat-back-down trick. I was sort of glad she didn't ask me to demonstrate that one for her friends. Oh, I would have performed on demand. I didn't want to embarrass my Mistress by suddenly playing dumb and refusing to do my "trick". But, let's face it: Peeing into a toilet bowl on demand, and then doing the flush-and-put-the-seat-down routine? For an audience of young women? Well, that can be a little bit humiliating.

But Brenda didn't call upon me that evening to demonstrate what a super-smart doggie I was. After the initial round of admiring comments and gentle head-pats from the two visiting babes, I had to be content with staying in the background and avoiding doing anything to call undue attention to myself.

These three women were all hot, however. Whenever I felt my libido trying to take over — whenever my pink protrusion started wanting to come out and play, I'd simply get up from my spot in the corner and head for the semi-darkness of the kitchen-and-pantry, where my doggie dish and fresh water awaited me. After the guests were gone, if Brenda closed her bedroom door to me again tonight, I could — if necessary — relieve the tension in a way that only we doggies can.

And don't you wish that *you* were that flexible!

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There were a couple of rounds of drinks consumed that evening in Brenda's living room, and lots of pretty graphic girl-talk going down. One of the little extra advantages of being a dog (besides the huge advantage of not having to go out and work for a living) is that humans don't give you much credit for having the intelligence to follow their conversation.

Brenda knew that I was an Exceptional Pooch in many ways, and very smart — for a dog. But she was no more aware than any other human that I was able to follow conversation and file away data with every bit as much alacrity as any human male she'd ever met. So I got to hear an evening of

frank Girl Talk of the sort that virtually no male (outside of, perhaps, a few gay guys who were considered as practically one of the girls) ever got to hear.

They discussed all manner of stuff: The guys in the office that they had done, or would be willing to do; the relative skills, as lovers, of men known to two or more of the three. They discussed the fact that somebody named Barry apparently was “Barry Barry Well-Hung,” as the woman they called Nancy confided, amid much raucous laughter.

All of this was interesting. And fun. Brenda, it seemed, was the most reserved of the three of them. I surmised that she was perhaps slightly older and slightly senior to the other two at their place of employment. But she was far from stuffy. My Mistress Brenda was no party pooper. She was in there, laughing and joking with the other two, and evidently having an excellent time.

Oh, the conversation occasionally swerved off into the kind of girl-talk that might make a male (canine or human) get bored. Whenever that happened, I’d wander around the house — almost out of earshot — until their tone and their laughter suggested that they’d returned to Topic A — some variation of their earlier discussion of men. There was plenty of ridiculing of various men, but I gathered that all three of these women were practicing heterosexuals, and that not *all* the men they were talking about were considered to be entirely ridiculous.

Brenda’s two visitors, it turned out, had each been to bed (on separate occasions) with the same man — known to all three of the women — as “Jesse.” Jesse, it seemed, was considered a pretty competent lover. Both of the girls gave him high marks, and they seemed to try to outdo each other in describing Jesse’s techniques, and his apparent willingness to spend long periods of time “down there” preparing the garden, so to speak, for plowing.

These descriptions were so artful, and so graphic, that I had to shift around in my corner of the living room floor so as not to call attention to the fact that I’d been visibly turned on by the conversation.

I watched Brenda closely, and could easily tell that she, too, was turned on.

“I thought that sonuvabitch was going to stick his tongue all the way up into my cervix!” Nancy said, bursting into laughter. Brenda and the other woman laughed, too, and Brenda cast a meaningful glance over my way. I had the distinct impression that she half-way wanted to tell her guests that she could call them, on *that* story, and *raise* them!

But of course she didn’t actually say *anything*, right out loud, about tongues-that-could-reach-cervixes. *Our* story — Brenda’s and mine — would have been too scandalous by half! (My half.)

Both visiting women got pretty graphic, playing “can you top this” about Old Jesse, and I think all three of them got their panties a little damp during the ensuing discussion.

Finally, after Brenda and Nancy enjoyed one last drink, and the other visitor (who, I hope, was the one who was driving) turned down her nightcap in favor of coffee, the three of them eventually made their way — slowly — to the door, talking the whole time and giggling like schoolgirls.

They were, I thought, a little tipsy.

After the company left, Brenda went straight to the bathroom that adjoined her bedroom and stripped for a long shower.



She hadn't closed the bedroom door, so I took the opportunity to follow her. There wasn't much for me to see from outside the shower, so I retreated into her bedroom and took my place — unobtrusively — on the floor. I was inconspicuous but I did *not* hide myself from Brenda's view. When she came out of the bath, it would be a simple-enough task for her to escort me out into the hall and close her bedroom door.

That is, if that was what she wanted to do.

She came out, eventually. She was completely naked. She pulled back the covers on her double bed and prepared to climb in. That's when she saw me there, on her floor.

We made eye contact. "Good night, Fred," she said — rather sweetly — and I gave her a little understated moan in response.

She pulled the covers back even farther than she had originally, but instead of getting between the sheets, she got in bed and settled herself, on her stomach, on top of all the bedclothes. Her ass was raised — tilted — just slightly, so that it protruded upward. Her bedroom door was still open and I still hadn't been banished to the hallway. The bright bathroom lights had been left on, casting light across the room to the bed.

I got up, walked slowly over to the lower end of Brenda's bed, and looked at her nude body, her feet toward me, lying there, legs spread slightly, her naked cunt, unshaven but only very lightly coiffed, there for me to see in all its considerable glory.

"She wants me to climb up there and do her," I thought.

There really wasn't a whole lot of doubt about it. She'd had ample opportunity to send me away and close the door, and she had made the conscious choice not to.

She could have worn something to bed, but she had made the conscious choice not to.

She could have gotten into her bed and covered herself, preparing for sleep, but she hadn't done that, either.

No. She wanted us to Do It Again. The door — her *other* door — had been left wide open. I could smell her. She smelled freshly showered and flowery, but above and beyond that, she smelled like a female who wanted to have sex.

God, that's a wonderful smell! You poor 100% humans — you can barely smell *anything*! Doggies have it 'way better. Brenda smelled incredible.

My only question was, what, *exactly*, did she want? She was lying on her stomach, with her pussy as accessible as a handicapped parking space, and with her aroma saying "Come and get it!"

But did she just want me to tongue her again, the way I had a few days earlier?

Well, clearly, she wanted *at least* that. The real question was, did she want *more*? Did she want me to mount her, doggie-fashion, and slide my hot pink pecker all the way home?

If she didn't want that Ultimate Act, I might really screw things up by going after it, right away — even though her posture on the bed almost... *almost*... convinced me that was exactly what she wanted.

Maybe later, I decided. I jumped up on the bed below her, careful to make the leap as graceful and as non-aggressive as possible. Quickly, I was between her slightly outstretched legs, and my snout was back again, nuzzling her warm wet crotch. This time, the angle was opposite from our earlier encounter. She was marvelously accessible to my tongue, and I quickly engaged fully.

Nancy's story about Jesse's legendary tonguing, reaching all the way to her "cervix" came to my mind.

It probably came to Brenda's mind, too. Because what the tip of *my* tongue was feeling, at that delicious moment, might very well have been the entrance to her cervix.

I don't think I had judged Brenda wrong. Maybe if I had just mounted her, doggie-fashion, to start with, she wouldn't have resisted; but she certainly wasn't resisting *this* assault, either. She rose up onto her knees to give me greater access, and I lapped everything I could reach — which was everything either one of us thought was worth lapping. Brenda was soaked with her own juices and with my slobbering slather, and she started coming almost immediately, and kept on reaching one orgasm after the other until I was afraid she might faint.

When she finally relaxed and collapsed on her stomach, I licked her ass, top to bottom, bringing on a few extra little quivers from her still hyper-responsive body.

She seemed exhausted, but I doubted that it was going to be a long-term condition. She was hot and wet and, I thought, probably still ready.

Now seemed to be the time.

Hey, what was the worst that could happen? She could be terrified — repulsed — and could jump up, holler "Bad dog!" and exile me from her bedroom.

She could. But I didn't think she would.

My hot, wet doggie dick was fully extended and I knew — both my human and my canine natures knew — exactly where to put it. Brenda's box wasn't really open for business, in her present posture. She wasn't "presenting" at that moment. But my penis — not as large as most human males, but plenty large enough for the job at hand — was long enough to reach her hidden entrance and to invite itself inside.

This was the moment. If I was going to be repulsed, now was the time. Otherwise, Brenda was going to get fucked — by her faithful dog, Fred.

And we were going to do it, doggie-style.

She rose up on her knees slightly, spreading them in the process. Suddenly she was fully open to me, and just as suddenly, I was fully inside her, feeling her hot, wet interior on all sides of my straining doggie dick.

Oh, wow! I had already tried this equipment out on some of the female dogs I'd met in my brief career as a canine, and everything had worked just fine. But Brenda — oh my! This was the best!

Kinky, too! What would my doggie pals say, if they could see me now?

I grabbed her with my forepaws as best I could and gave her all the beef I could get inside her. She was responding, so evidently, it was enough. I felt myself getting awfully close to a climax and — like

any human male lover intent on pleasing his mate — I tried my best to hold off and make it good for her.

Judging by the intensity of her moans and gasps, I was doing pretty-much OK.

The whole thing happened awfully quick, I'll admit. I couldn't last very long in there and I pretty soon blasted off inside Brenda's pussy with the Mother Lode. It was hot, and she had an intense orgasm, putting enough tightening pressure on my doggie dick to let me know that she was spasming right along with me.

The bed was a mess, and my drained dick was redder and wetter-looking than ever. I thought maybe it was best that I not give Brenda too close a look at my post-coital canine cock, so I partially retreated from the bed, keeping only the upper half of my body visible. Then, in a nice closing-out move she probably never got from any human lover, I licked her pussy clean from clit to asshole, giving Brenda several apparently very pleasant aftershocks in the process. It wasn't exactly a hot washrag, but it definitely got the job done.

To my absolute delight, Brenda turned over on her back, grasped both my furry shoulders with her hands and pulled me upward in the bed until I was alongside her. We cuddled pleasantly there, my whole doggie body stretched out along her left side, my tongue occasionally giving her closer breast a languid lick. I also nuzzled her neck, bringing forth giggles and reciprocal tickles and scratches, from both her hands, to the whole area of my own furry, muscular neck.

To my surprise, Brenda reached into her bedside table and extracted a pack of Virginia Slim 120's, lighting up a post-coital cigarette.

I'd never before seen her smoke, in all the time I'd been living with her. Evidently, she only smoked after sex.

Well — she smoked *during* sex, too! Damn!

I kind-of wished I could have a cigarette, too. Evidently, in my past life, I, too, had smoked. At least after sex. I remembered that there was nothing quite like it.

Well, with or without the cigarette, it had been quite a day. I'd managed to convince Brenda, evidently, that I could be trusted not to embarrass her in front of other humans. In return, I'd lost my doggie cherry (human division) and taken Brenda's (doggie division).

Something tells me this is going to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship!

**The End**