

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

There is a private animal shelter in our town. It is always hurting for donations and volunteers to help feed the animals and try to get them adopted. I am one of those volunteers. Most of the workers here are young college kids. I could be their mother, but they treat me just like one of the gang. I hear all their boyfriend or girlfriend problems, complaints about their parents and often their sex questions. I don't mind being the older member of our clique and I feel proud that they want to confide in me about their lives.

There are mostly just dogs at this shelter. This city has a no kill policy so some of the dogs have been here a very long time. Those long timers have become our best friends. We feed them and care for them daily and they depend on us for everything. Some of the male dogs are quite large and muscular. I think they are just naturally muscled since they really don't get much exercise in the cages. One of the males we call Spirit. He is a brute, but gentle. He has short hair, and is some kind of mixed breed. He loves to have us come into the kennel with him and rub him down.

One night we were up at the shelter rather late. It was middle of the summer and the night was hot and humid so we were wearing as little as possible to stay cool. We were sitting around trying to dry off after washing out the kennel floor. We always get soaked from the splashing hoses. One of the girls brought out a bottle of bourbon. I did not know this but bourbon is the fashionable alcohol to drink now. I had not had any since my college days and it was always mixed with coke. But these girls were hitting it straight from the bottle. The conversation very quickly became risqué as they started trash talking about old lovers and one night stands. I did not know girls did these things today. Apparently giving a blow-job is as common as a kiss goodnight. The girls love to describe their techniques. I would think, from what I heard that none of their dates would ever leave them after those intense oral sessions. But maybe it was the girls who were the ones looking for more.

One of the volunteers, Debbie, started reminiscing about being in high school and working in the shelter in her home town. She said that she watched one of the other girls sneak into the kennel when she thought no one was still there. Debbie said she heard grunting and moaning in the kennel and she went to investigate. Debbie said she saw that other girl, naked, and on her knees, being mounted by one of the large male dogs in the shelter. Debbie described to us that this dog was humping away at the backside of the other girl and she was making all those groaning noises. Debbie thought the girl was being attacked so she raced in to help.

The other girl completely ignored Debbie as if she wasn't there. She had a delirious look on her face and Debbie suddenly realized it was moaning with pleasure that she was hearing. The other girl did not say a word to Debbie; she just kept making noises and encouraging the dog to fuck her harder. Debbie was incredulous. She had heard of such things but never witness bestiality in person. She stood outside the kennel and watched them until the dog dismounted. The dog's penis was huge. It was several inches longer than any guy's dick that Debbie had ever seen.

Debbie told us that it was the most erotic event she had ever witnessed. The ravished girl was worn out, and limp. When she tried to stand up, her pussy dumped out what must have a pint of clear liquid. Debbie guessed it was dog cum. The other girl quickly gathered her clothes and left the building and Debbie never saw her again. She always wondered what it was like to have been mounted and fucked by a dog.

So, by this time, we were all getting pretty drunk. I told Debbie I did not believe that story. No one would let a dog fuck them. Besides, how would the dog know what to do? The rest of the girls were

positive that it could happen. We started arguing about it and someone made a dare. Whoever was up for trying it tonight would get the Volunteer of the month award.

Well, that started up all kinds of trash talk and dares among us. And we all went over to Spirit's kennel and started talking about him as if he were the likely partner for one of us to mate with. One of the girls, Karen, got in the kennel and started petting and rubbing him. He was very attentive to her touch. She reached down to his sheath and started rubbing him to see if his penis would emerge. When it did we all lost it. We cackled like crazy people as she coaxed his penis out from hiding. We all then went into the kennel with her and watched.

I could not believe I was witnessing this, but more unbelievable to me was I was getting turned on by the thought of being mounted by an animal. The luridness of the act was so extreme that it was making me wet. The bourbon was having an effect on me and I suddenly said "I'll do it!" The girls all immediately went silent as my words hung in the humid night air like a mist. Suddenly I found myself stripping off my clothes. I got on all fours in front of the animal and wagged my ass at him. Spirit, of course, had no idea what to do, but Debbie jumped in and dragged the huge dog up on to my back. He covered me up. Karen took the dog's penis and rubbed it against my naked ass. The sensation must have awakened a primordial urge with the dog and he soon realized what to do.

The dog started humping me, like a maniac. His erection was flailing around all over my ass until Karen guided it into my waiting cunt. When the dog found my gash he immediately speared me with that huge dick. It entered my cunt with one push. I was immediately impaled by that dick as the dog used my back as his platform for holding on to me. He pounded away like a machine. I felt his erection continue to grow in size as he pummeled me. I had no power to control or resist the animal once he started his onslaught. He was dominating me and was using my cunt as his new toy. The girls all just stood there, silently mesmerized by the event. They could not believe what was happening. One of their own was fucking a dog.

It seemed to go on forever. I never climax quickly but this dog's penis was hitting spots that a man's dick had never reached. I climaxed very soon after he entered me and had several more during the session. Then, I felt him start to spurt his cum in me. From what I could tell it seemed like he was pumping a gallon of sperm into my vagina. I was delirious with pleasure. Then I could feel a sudden swelling of his dick. He was knotting up, which I learned later, is what happens when the base of his penis swells up. Dogs knot up in order to trap their cum in the female. This is to ensure his sperm stays in the mate. He was knotting up behind me so he could fully breed his bitch. I was his willing bitch.

I still could not move. The dog was draped over my back and his dick was buried in my cunt. It felt enormous. I could still feel spurts coming out of him. The girls asked if I was OK. I could not speak. I vaguely remember looking at them and mumbled something. I could not even form words. They could tell that I just experienced the fucking of a lifetime. After several more minutes, the dog started to dismount. He tugged and his tool finally slipped from my stretched out cunt. A massive amount of his cum then poured out of me. The girls all were amazed by the size of his penis and the amount of cum he had pumped into me.

I lay there on the concrete floor, trying to catch my breath and piece together in my mind what I had just done. I had willingly allowed an animal to breed me. Wow. I could not believe it. I reached back to my dripping snatch and caught some of the remnants of his labor. I brought it to my lips and tasted it. Not bad. I wish I had thought to suck the dog's dick right after he pulled out. It would have been a tasty treat from my new master. I will be doing this again. After all, I am now Volunteer of the month.

Chapter Two

The next morning, after the crazy incident at the dog shelter, I had a bad hangover. I was way out of practice for drinking and not young anymore. I lay sideways in bed with my feet dangling off the side, just barely touching the floor. My husband had gotten up hours ago and was at work. He was asleep when I got home so he did not hear me shower or come to bed. It was a typical routine for us. He worked long hours, and I stayed home and managed the property.

As I began to wake up, I started recalling what happened last night. My tender pussy was evidence that it was not just an amazing and vivid dream. I really did let a dog fuck me at the shelter. I started piecing together the story of how I ended up in that cage, with the dog Spirit on top of me. I hazily recalled the story that Debbie told us of the girl she watched get bred by a dog in the shelter she worked at when she was in high school. And I remembered that we all went out to the dog kennel and ended up in Spirit's enclosure. Karen began stroking his sheath until his cock emerged. All of us went crazy with laughter, trash talk, and dares. And the next thing I know, I am naked and on my knees in the kennel, waiting to be mounted by that beast.

My tender vagina reminded me, this morning, of the event, as it throbbed and tingled, between my thighs. My hand subconsciously crept down there and gently stroked my pussy lips as I reminisced about last night. I could feel the moisture building up inside me as my fingers explored my cunt. The more details I recalled about last night, the wetter my vagina became. It began dripping juice as I plunged more fingers inside. I needed that feeling of fullness again. Since no one was home, the house was deathly silent. Only the erotic slurping sounds of my fingers being jammed in and out of my wet cunt could be heard. My breathing was irregular, and tiny droplets of sweat beaded up on my chest as I used my fist as a pleasure tool. I badly needed a climax but was not going to get it with just my fingers in my cunt. I pulled my hand out and shoved those dripping fingers into my mouth. I greedily sucked them clean as my other hand frantically stroked my swollen clit. I could still taste a hint of Spirit's cum mixed with my juices. I was instantly taken back to the kennel and being fucked by him. That vision triggered a glorious orgasm. I squirted cum out of my cooch, like I did when I was a college slut, as every nerve in my crotch exploded in unison. I quickly used both hands to scoop up the squirt as it dripped from my cunt and I spread it on my face, like lotion. I loved the smell and taste of it. I collapsed back on the bed and fell asleep.

Later that evening I was scheduled to feed the dogs at the shelter. I was both excited and nervous about returning to the "scene of the crime", as my guilty conscious was treating the event. I felt like I had suddenly become a horrible pervert by having sex with animals. I imagined that I should move into a trailer park and go on the Jerry Springer show, to do penance for my bad behavior. But as I walked into the kennel, I heard the cheerful barking of the dogs and was greeted by their wagging tails. All guilt just vanished from me. There was nothing wrong with what I did. It was just out of character for me and certainly not something that polite society expects. But times change. Back when I was dating, a girl did not suck her date's dick as a common practice, but all that has changed. So maybe accepting the idea of getting pleasure from bestiality is not far behind.

My friend Debbie was also scheduled to work tonight, and she had already made the rounds with the food. She was sitting outside the cages, on a bench, as I walked up. "Some night last night, huh?" she grinned.

I blushed momentarily, and then agreed. "Yeh, things got crazy, but it was awesome", I confessed.

Debbie leaned back, with her hands on her thighs. She was wearing a short denim skirt and a tank

top. I turned over an empty bucket to sit on and sat across from her. We continued our conversation about the erotic event. As she spoke, her hands gently caressed the insides of her legs, which were spread apart. I could see that she did not have on any panties, and that her shaved crotch was aimed right at me. I did not know what to think about that, so I ignored it as much as I could. Debbie went on as she described watching my face as Spirit mounted me. She said it was the most erotic thing she had ever seen. It was even better than the first time she'd seen that girl from the other kennel get fucked by a dog. Debbie confessed that she wanted to try it too.

I told Debbie, that since we were the only ones here, now would be a good time to do it. She looked at me with a devilish grin and said, "I was hoping you'd say that".

We turned off some of the harsh lights inside the enclosure where the kennels were. I don't know if we thought it would be more romantic, or less obvious if someone showed up unexpectedly. We both went inside Spirit's enclosure. He was very happy to see us. I guess he had his own memories of last night too. Debbie quickly removed her skirt and tank top and began to pet Spirit. She let him sniff her crotch before she got down on her knees in front of him. I began stroking his sack and in no time his cock protruded from it. I jacked him for a few moments, and he got very excited. He crawled up on Debbie's back and began frantically hunching the air. I guided him to be right in front of her snatch and he quickly buried his dick inside her. Debbie gasped and groaned loudly. I was afraid he'd hurt her, but immediately she indicated her pleasure. She muttered "oh my gawd. He's so big!" and a few other nasty comments that were unintelligible. But I knew exactly how she felt. I was jealous of her as she received his thrashing.

Since he was a large dog, his back feet were able to grip the concrete floor even though he was all the way on top of Debbie. This gave him more power to thrust his dick into her willing cunt. He was eagerly pounding away. I could not fight the temptation to join her any longer, so I quickly stripped off my clothes and was completely naked also. I got down on my knees, right behind Debbie, so I could witness, up close, as his cock disappear inside her snatch. It was a beautiful and nasty sight. Her snatch was frothing with dampness as he pummeled her. I could feel droplets splatter on my face and could smell their combined aromas of sex. After his knot swelled Spirit was lodged inside Debbie, tightly plugging her opening. He stopped hunching and laid his weight on her back. Debbie was mumbling more de*****ive curse words, but I could not catch what she said since she was kneeling head down, with her face smothered by her fore arms.

I could not resist the urge to taste her. I flipped on to my back and scooted up underneath Debbie's crotch. I positioned my mouth so my tongue could reach her cunt. I extended up and began lapping her lovely clit as she squirmed in delight. In no time, I could tell she was close to a climax, so I eagerly continued my assault. Debbie told me to keep going....she was almost there...."don't stop! Oh gawd...! Ohhhhh, yyyeeesss

Debbie's orgasmic spasm jettisoned Spirit's cock out of her cunt. The trapped sperm that he had pumped into her came pouring out, drenching my face like a pornographic facial. I was able to catch much of it with my open mouth. It was a sensual brew of dog sperm and Debbie juice. I have never tasted anything more stimulating. I slurped at her cunt as it continued to drain their fluids. Then I felt my own snatch being attended to. Debbie has shifted slightly and was delicately tonguing my swollen pussy lips to return the favor of my attention to her. I was already super stimulated by the sight, sounds, and tastes of the two sex partners, so when her tongue made it to my clit, I soon exploded with my own orgasm. I was caught by surprise and climaxed while sucking on Debbie's clit. My face involuntarily mashed into her wet crotch as my spasms hit. My gasps of pleasure were muffled by her pussy.

Both Debbie and I just laid there, spread out on the rough concrete, like rag dolls, until we could

recover from our orgasms. She looked at me with complete satisfaction and said "Wow.... that was everything I thought it would be". I nodded in agreement. She continued: "I don't know how it could have been any better. It was the most erotic experience of my life".

We helped each other up and paused to kiss. Her hands held my face as she placed her lips on mine. My bare breasts were crushed against hers. I could feel her warm, prominent nipples against my skin. It was an intimate conclusion to our evening of debauchery. We rinsed off with the kennel hose and let the air dry our skin before dressing. Not much was said. We relished this secret event silently, then turned the remaining lights off and left for the evening. I smiled at her as she climbed into her car. She blew me a kiss, winked, and drove home. It was an evening I will never forget. Now I guess there are two of us who are Volunteer of the month.

Chapter Three

During my next scheduled workday at the animal shelter, I learned that someone was in the process of adopting Spirit. One of the adoption criteria is for the animals to be fixed so that they cannot breed more offspring. I was crushed. To think that Spirit would be gone from here was sad enough, but to know that he would never be able to perform sexually was just awful. I had to get one more session with him before that happened. I could not get the thought of his massive cock out of my mind. I wanted to feel him inside me one more time. I wanted to be dominated, knotted, and bred by Spirit.

I had the keys to the kennel, of course, so that meant I could come and go at odd hours if needed. I decided to come in that night after I knew everyone had gone home. I needed one last tryst with Spirit. I did not tell my husband or anyone who worked at the shelter that I was going there. It had to be my little secret. I knew that it would be a much more intimate experience if I was there completely alone. I did not want any distractions. I unlocked the kennel gate and turned on a few lights. I did not want the place all lit up since no one was supposed to be there at that hour. I walked to Spirit's cage and spoke to him thru the mesh wire. I told him how much I loved him and what a great lover he was. I wanted him to know that I would never forget him or the pleasure he had given me. And I just needed one more session with him. I hoped he wouldn't mind being used as a fuck stud, but I think he liked it too.

I stripped out of my clothes and unlatched his gate. He quickly stuck his muzzle into my crotch and licked me. I spread my legs and let him lick me. His long, hard tongue could reach from my taint to my clit with each long lick. It felt amazing I turned around and bent forward so he had full access to both my holes. I had never had a lover lick my asshole before now and it was mind blowing. I could have had him do that all night, but I was here for one thing, to be fucked as his bitch.

I reached under him and grabbed his sheath, as we had done before. He soon exposed the tip of his cock and started to get very excited. I plopped down on my knees onto the hard concrete. I had not thought to bring a blanket this time to kneel on. But it was not important. A real bitch is only there to give her mate a place to shove his dick and deposit his load and should not be concerned about her own comfort. I was ready and willing to be Spirit's bitch and anxious to be impaled by his giant cock. My pussy, all wet from his tongue and my juices, was ready, so I got down and assumed the position. I now know firsthand why it is called "doggie" and I love it. I feel so dominated and subdued when in this position.

I patted my butt and called him to me. He started to lick my ass again, so I reached back and grabbed his front legs. I wanted him to get the message that it was time to mount his bitch. He soon

figured it out and eagerly jumped on my back. His hips were stabbing at me and I could feel his shaft jam against my backside. He was hunching me but not hitting his target. I started to release his front legs so I could reach back and guide him in when he managed to get closer to the target. I relaxed too soon because his hard shaft ended up at the entrance of my butt hole instead of my cunt. His penis found the entrance to my tight hole and suddenly he was embedded in it. I howled in astonishment and pain. He did not know the difference in holes, so he punched his tool straight into me. I was not ready for that. I tried to break away from him, but his weight and strength were too much. I was pinned underneath Spirit and he was in complete control.

Spirit got into his rapid pace of humping as my rectal muscles slowly began to relax. I could feel my asshole open up and accept his size. The pain turned to pleasure as he rapidly stroked in and out of me, just as he had done when he fucked my pussy. I reached back and found my vacant cunt and smeared my juices on to his shaft to help with the lubrication. I then frantically rubbed my clit. I wanted to cum before he did so I could concentrate on his orgasm when it arrived. In no time, I got myself off with my fingers, and had a breathtaking orgasm. Spirit never slowed down and kept pounding away during and after I had climaxed. But my orgasm was not important. I was here to give him his last one.

My rectum had finally relaxed enough for me to comfortably tolerate Spirit's cock in my ass. I knew he was getting close to finishing. I began to feel soft spurts of jizz as he unloaded into my bowels. It was a tighter fit there, so it was even more sensitive. I was in bliss. He was filling me with doggie cum. My bliss soon turned to panic as I felt him try to shove his knot into my relaxed asshole. I started squirming, and yelling at him to stop, but it was no use. He continued and soon buried his knot in my butt. I was in pain and could not move. I could feel his cock pulsing in my ass and with each pulse of his organ, more sperm was being injected into me. So, here I was, with a huge dog knot stuck in my ass. My colon was full of dog dick and sperm, and even as the pain was subsiding, I was helpless and trapped. The idea of being too full of cock and cum suddenly induced another explosive orgasm. That last climax sucked all the energy from me, and I collapsed underneath my hairy mate. As I lay there, Spirit continued to shoot tiny jets of cum, with every pulse, into me. Eventually he was played out from his exertion and rested his head on my shoulder. Now, all I could do was wait for his knot to deflate.

I lost track of the time and don't know how long it took before Spirit pulled out of me. When he did, it sounded like a cork coming out of a bottle. I had one last bit of debauchery yet to perform on Spirit before the night was over. After he pulled out of my ass, I flipped over on my back and scooted under him. I positioned my mouth in front of his huge dick and lovingly began to suck it clean. The taste was pleasant considering it just came out of my ass, so I guess the doggie cum must mask any other taste. Spirit obediently stood still as I licked and sucked him. It was my last act of servitude to this wonderful K9 lover. I can't believe this is our last time together. I will miss him. I finished cleaning his cock with my mouth and got up. I did not rinse off, on purpose. I stayed naked and drove home. I quietly crawled into bed, still dirty and naked, and snuggled against my husband. I was hoping he would detect a new aroma on me when he woke up. I was ready to share my deviant behavior with my husband to see if it re-kindled his sexual interests. I can hardly wait for morning.

Chapter Four

The readers will remember that I found out that Spirit, my new dog lover, was in the process of being adopted out by the shelter that I volunteer at. This was heartbreaking news to me. Part of the procedure for adoption is to have the animals neutered before being taken by the new family. I could not imagine Spirit no longer living at the shelter, and worse yet, fixed so that he could no longer

have sex. That had been why I snuck back into the shelter late Thursday night to have another experience with him. It was a glorious session of intense bestiality. As I left the shelter, I stayed naked and did not hose off on purpose, to add to my debauchery. I drove home and crawled into bed with my sleeping husband, Frank, to see if my aroma and freshly fucked condition would stir him up when he woke.

I spooned against Frank and rubbed my bare ass against his crotch. His jockey shorts separated me from him. I was just too buzzed to fall asleep. The wetness of my abused asshole and excited cunt was dampening his shorts and the sheets. I laid there re-living, in my mind, how wonderful it had felt earlier this evening when I was being impaled by Spirit's dick. The visions in my mind were making me all hot and bothered again and I had to get some relief.

I slipped my hand into Frank's shorts and found his flaccid penis. I cupped it and lightly squeezed him. I gently stroked him until I felt it growing in size. I had not held Frank's penis in my hand for months. He had just not been interested. So, I was encouraged that my light touch had begun to stir his arousal.

I fished his hardening dick through the opening in his shorts, then shifted my hips so that his dick lined up with my crotch. I spread my legs a bit and then began stroking my wet gash with his shaft. It felt glorious to re-live my sex romp with Spirit by using my husband's hard prick as my sex toy. I was lost in thought and kennel imagery when suddenly Frank woke up. His body tensed up as he realized that he was being rubbed against my cunt with my hand. His sleepiness suddenly left him as the pleasure he was feeling began to sink into his brain. Frank began kissing my neck and nuzzling me as I continued to use him as my toy. He reached around and grabbed one of my breasts and found the nipple. He knows how sensitive I am, and he began tweaking it softly. He whispered hoarsely into my ear asking what had gotten me so stirred up. I broke off my grip of his manhood, pushed him on to his back and crawled on top of him. I impaled myself on to his stiff dick and eased down on it to fill my cunt, which was gushing with my wetness.

I looked down at Frank from and told him the whole story of my crazy experiences of having sex with a dog at the kennel. As I relayed the story, I slowly raised and lowered myself onto Frank's cock. It was harder and stiffer than I ever remember it being, as he silently absorbed the story of my sexual deviancy. He was dumbstruck at the tale and had not uttered a word to interrupt me. When I got to the part of the story where Spirit knotted me and filled me with dog cum, Frank suddenly came alive. It was if he had an electrical charge go off in his brain. He flipped me over and crawled behind me. He got into doggie position and shoved his large stiff cock back into my waiting cunt. My face was buried in the sheets as I urgently growled out for "Spirit" to fuck me. Frank took the cue and viciously pounded his manhood into my gushing slit. I have never felt Frank's cock reach so deep inside me. It was as though he were in competition with my dog lover and had to re-claim my cunt for himself. I did not care what Frank's motivation was, because for the second time tonight I was receiving the fucking of a lifetime.

Frank grabbed a fistful of my hair and used it as leverage to forcefully tug my body back against his dick. By this time, I had lost count of the orgasms which had erupted from my loins. I was exhausted and could hardly support myself on my knees as Frank's body pounded into me. I could feel his intensity increase and knew his climax was pending. He erupted inside me with a splooge of cum. I could feel several spurts of spunk hitting my vagina walls. His orgasm was as intense, as when he was 20 years old. He hoarsely barked out some incoherent profanity as the last of his jizz was deposited in me. We both collapsed, entangled as one, and our heartbeats pounded together in unison.

Those lovely moments of Frank draped over me, and our sweat and sex juices co-mingling, brought

back intense memories of how our sex life used to be. I had missed this fun that we used to have. I did not know if it was my story of fucking a dog that turned Frank on so much, or if it was just the novelty of me taking charge. As Frank's shaft began to soften, it slipped from my slick cunt. My pussy began oozing out the spunk that Frank had injected into me, along with my own cunt juices. My asshole was leaking some of Spirit's remaining cum which dripped down and blended in with my pussy juice. My fingers slipped into my opening, and I dipped out the mixture for a quick taste. It was delicious.

Now the tricky part. Frank was laying there on his back, trying to catch his breath. I leaned on my elbows and kissed him deeply. I pulled back and hesitantly asked him what he thought of my nasty story about the dog in the kennel. Frank looked at me and said, "Emily, that was the most erotic tale I have ever heard". The fact that I had the courage to tell him, and then come home and fuck him right after I had been fucked in the kennel, was mind-blowing. He wanted to hear the story again, with more details this time. It was a huge relief for me to hear Frank talk about it so positively. Frank and I both have discovered a new kink that neither of us even knew about.

I re-lived both evenings at the kennel as I told Frank the entire story of what led up to the carnal activities at the kennel, and tonight's fucking at home. I told him that I felt uncontrollably compelled to go back to the kennel when I learned that Spirit would soon be neutered. Frank started to get physically aroused again as I described stripping off my clothes and slipping into the kennel. He groaned audibly, as he imagined me naked in the concrete enclosure. Frank was mentally with me, moment to moment, from the time I began to get Spirit aroused, to when he speared me with his beastly shaft. When I told Frank that Spirit had fucked me in the ass rather my cunt, Frank uttered an oh my gawd under his breath. Frank always wanted to get me to do anal sex, but he was too timid to ask. And a dog beat him to it. But because of that dog, Frank knew he now had free rein to fuck my ass. The night was just getting better and better.

We both were exhausted and fell back into our pillows. Frank was wearily staring at the ceiling fan as it rotated, and just casually said, "Good thing there are no security cameras in the kennel....right?"

Chapter Five

Frank had inadvertently come up with a question about security cameras that had not occurred to me. I did not know if there were any cameras anywhere. It had never come up in discussions with the paid staff of the shelter, and I had not bothered to look for any cameras on the walls. Panic slowly began to creep in on me as I thought how damaging to my reputation it could be if the management of the animal shelter found out about my tryst with Spirit. And if there was digital video evidence of the event, it was even worse.

I slept fitfully, even though I was exhausted. When I did manage to drift off to sleep, I began dreaming about the entire city finding out about a volunteer having bestiality sex with one of the dogs. I dreamed I was the subject of a TV newscast which went on for several broadcasts. I was scorned and derided as a perverted slut. It was an awful dream.

I woke up. It was early Friday morning. I let the cobwebs of sleep slowly evaporate from my brain as I thought about what Frank had said. What if there were security cameras at the kennel, and the animal shelter had footage of my sexual activity? I fretted over this until Frank woke up. I told him about my fitful sleep and that upsetting dream. Frank said we had no choice but to go to the shelter this morning and look for any cameras that might have recorded the event. We got dressed and

headed directly to the shelter. We walked back to the concrete enclosures where the big dogs were. Frank nudged me and discreetly pointed to a security camera located on the wall inside the kennel. My heart sank. I felt my knees go weak. I held on to Frank for support as we slowly walked out of the area.

“What are we going to do, Frank? We can’t risk having a film of me fucking Spirit seen by anyone who runs the shelter. I am so ashamed.”

Frank reassured me that we would figure something out. We just needed to see the security tape from last night. It was still early, and the shelter was not open for the day, yet. But the Director’s car was in his parking spot. I knew I had to speak with him about the security system to find out if the camera was working or not. I did not know what kind of story I could tell him to find out if they were operational, but I would have to think of something.

John was the Director. He loves all the volunteers, like me, and we were very chummy. I walked into his office, as I often did, and struck up a conversation. John is a tall man who is very fit. He has gleaming blue eyes and a broad smile that just melts the hearts of some of our younger volunteer ladies. I was more immune to his handsomeness, but not by much. I asked John if the security system was working. I had been near the kennel last night and saw an intruder. I wondered if we had a record of it that I could look at. I presumed John would tell me to go into the office that housed the security system, and I could look at it alone. But no. John said, “Let’s go look at the footage.” My heart sank. I suddenly said, “wait. I know who I saw. It was Karen. I remember she said she would stay late to finish cleaning out the kennel. We don’t need to check the security footage”. “OK,” said John, with a puzzled look on his face. “Whatever you think”. I felt immense relief. I knew that a typical security system would record over the same recording tape after just a few days. I knew that if no one looked at the tape the images would be erased soon. I walked out to the car and told Frank the good news. He was as relieved as I was.

The rest of that day was uneventful. Frank and I, having re-ignited our sex life, spent Friday night fucking each other’s brains out. It was wonderfully exhausting. It was mid-afternoon on Saturday when everything changed. I got a call, and it was John, the Animal Shelter Director, on the line. He did not sound like himself. He stammered and hesitated, then finally got to the point. He needed me to come to the Shelter. He said, “come after closing time, there is something we must discuss in private.” My heart sank. He must have seen the security tape. Oh, my gawd.

I did not tell Frank anything. I mentioned I was meeting my sister at the mall, which was my excuse to leave. I changed into a short, thin summer dress, and did not bother with a bra. In the back of my mind, I thought if I could distract John, it might help me get out of this situation.

All the cars were gone for the day at the shelter, except John’s, of course. I walked through the front door and hesitated before heading towards John’s office. The door was closed. I knocked timidly. John’s voice, from inside said “Emily?” “Yes”, I squeaked. “Lock the front door and come back here to my office”. Oh shit, that does not seem good.

John was sitting behind his desk. He had an opened bottle of bourbon on his desk with two glasses. One glass was half full, which his large hand was holding. He silently poured me a drink. I took it, also without saying a word. I downed it and put the glass back on the desk. He did not hesitate and poured me another, which I again drank quickly.

He sipped his drink and said he did not know how to deal with this. “After you and I spoke yesterday, my curiosity got the better of me and I pulled up the security footage “. The camera and recording system were new and state of the art. The images in the kennel were crystal clear. He said he saw

everything.

My heart sank. I reached for the bourbon for another glassful. I needed some strength to deal with this scandal.

John said "I have never seen anything like that before. Does anyone else know about this"? I told him my husband was aware. John's eyes perked up. "Really? What did he think about it?"

"My husband was very aroused about it. In fact, we have been fucking non-stop since I told him."

"Interesting..... I want to see for myself the situation that led up to your activity. Emily, let's go out to the kennel."

The kennel was quiet except for a few barking dogs that were in other cages. John and I did not say a word to each other as we walked slowly back to the scene of the crime. The glaring afternoon sun was nearly gone, and the light was softer and more subdued. When we got to Spirit's kennel, John pointed out the security camera on the wall. "That is what captured your activity from the other night", he said in a manner-of-fact way.

I was surprised to see Spirit still there. "I thought he was going to be neutered and adopted?" John said it was scheduled for Monday. "Spirit may have another night of fun yet". What? Did John just hint about something? I looked at John with a questioning expression. "You seemed to really get into having a dog fuck you, so I want to see for myself how it is. Why don't you get undressed and get him excited".

I am sure all the color left my face as I realized what he wanted to watch me do. He wanted to see me fuck Spirit in person. I just stood there. "Emily, don't you think this is the least you can do to keep me from releasing those security tapes to the public?"

He could tell by the expression on my face that I was not happy with this scenario. But after a moment, I untied the shoulder sash to my summer dress, and it silently fell to the concrete floor. I stepped out of it, then hooked my fingers into the waistband of my panties. I pulled them down and lightly stepped out of them and handed them to John. I figured he'd want them as a trophy. He smiled and took a big sniff of them before slipping them into his pocket. My chest was beet red from embarrassment, and my heart was racing. I was totally naked in front of the Director, and he was about to witness me fucking a shelter dog.

I paused a moment and looked at him with a pleading expression. "Go ahead. You know what to do, apparently", he said with a bit of a sneer. I got down on my knees and began to pet Spirit. He was happy to see me, and I knew why. I rubbed his belly and found his scrotum. I stroked him until his prick began to poke out of the sheath. I was intent on getting Spirit aroused and was startled by John's voice. "You should let him lick you a little, first". I looked up at John, then exhaled and lay down on the concrete with my legs spread. My shaved pussy, already getting wet from this odd situation that I was in, was an instant target for Spirit. He promptly lay down in front of my cunt and began lapping with gusto.

"That's it. Let him taste your lovely cunt. It looks delicious. I can see why Spirit likes you. He is a lucky dog. But not the only lucky one". With that, John pulled off his golf shirt and unbuckled his pants. He dropped them and his underwear near the shirt. He kneeled with his crotch near my face. John's erection was stiff and engorged with blood. It was quite a bit larger than Frank's and had a menacing look to it, if that is possible.

"Go ahead. Suck it while the dog is licking you" John said with satisfaction. I took his manhood in

one hand and guided it to my mouth. The velvety head of his penis barely fit inside my mouth. I delicately licked it and nibbled the tip. Spirit's tongue was doing wonders to remove my inhibitions and so I began to wholeheartedly suck off John's beautiful member. I would pull it out and run my tongue down the length of it and reverse, to pop it back in my mouth. I lost all concern for time and space as my ass, cunt lips and clit were being burnished by Spirit's slick tongue. I was focused on the cock which I had my hands and lips around. Without warning, the sensations in my loins peaked and I climaxed with an unexpected orgasm. I even squirted and coated my thighs giving Spirit more fluid to lick.

John said "good girl. Squirted is so hot! I guess you do that for all the dogs who lick you" as he grinned sarcastically. I did not care. That was a fantastic orgasm, and I wanted the dick I was sucking to cum for me too. John did not disappoint me. I could feel him tense up as cum was boiling up from his balls. I jacked him off and aimed the end of his dick at my open mouth. John gasped as his shaft suddenly erupted with a rope of thick, creamy jizz. It missed my mouth and blasted my cheek and nose. I managed to get my mouth around the second blast of cum and kept my lips wrapped around him until his orgasm had ended. His sperm tasted incredible. What landed on my face felt warm and slick. I smeared it into my skin like lotion.

John sat back on the bare concrete and gestured for me to continue with Spirit. My cunt was boiling with desire, so I did not have to be asked. I flipped over on to my knees and Spirit took the hint. He leaped up on my back and anchored himself on me with his front paws. His rear legs danced around as his cock probed my crotch to find its target. He quickly found his mark and I felt his cock spread apart my pussy lips and squeeze inside me. Spirit suddenly began thrashing about behind me, stabbing me relentlessly with his shaft. It was as if he knew he was never going to get to fuck again after today and gave me all he could. I was delirious with pleasure. I never felt this full, or this used. I was Spirit's bitch and had John witnessing everything. I should have been ashamed but instead I was excited to get another chance to feel Spirit inside me.

Spirit's hind legs were stuttering about, and his claws kept scraping the backs of my thighs. I could feel a tiny bit of blood rising from the claw marks. I instantly knew that I would have scars from this encounter, and the thought of being permanently marked by a dog fucking me gave me another unexpected orgasm. My voice cracked as I called out Spirit's name, and just said "oh yes, yes".

Spirit's knot was now growing. I could feel it pounding against my pussy lips. He thrust harder and suddenly the knot was inside me. Spirit began shooting his cum in me and his dick was entirely trapped inside my womb. I was on my knees with Spirit on my back. I could feel him pulse as he injected several streams of cum inside me. I could feel it hit my cervix. I was in heaven.

After Spirit ended his orgasm, he stayed knotted inside me. I knew that this situation would not change for several minutes. John scooted up to me to have me service his dick as we both waited for the knot to subside. I gladly took John back into my mouth and continued slurping on his velvety tool. I loved the texture of his cock and was determined to have it inside me after Spirit was done. I had to get John nice and hard so he could pound me into submission.

After several moments, Spirit was able to pull out of me. It sounded like a cork being pulled from a bottle. And it felt to me like a bottle had just been pulled from my cunt. The dog sperm flooded from my hole and splashed on the concrete. I looked down and watched the remaining drips from my cunt hit the floor.

I swung my hips around and presented myself to John. I knew he would be ready to fuck me and I was really ready for him. I was ready for that big cock to be in me. John took the hint and rubbed the end of his dick on the gooey juice that was oozing out of my cunt. The combination of dog jizz and

my squirt, made a slippery concoction for fucking. He swabbed the lube onto my asshole. I could feel his penis probe against my rosebud and then felt the pressure of it as his dick slowly penetrated me. I guess John did not want sloppy K9 seconds, because he did not hesitate to go for my ass. This was the second anal sex session that I was getting because of Spirit. I am a lucky girl.

John slowly penetrated my backside. It felt like he was jamming a rolling pin up my ass, but I took it like a good slut. He paused to let me get adjusted to his size, and then slowly pulled almost all the way out. He repeated the process of shoving it into me, pausing and nearly pulling out again. My rectum finally relaxed, and I felt the glorious fullness which comes from having a large dick up my ass. I could feel him shove it in, balls deep, and leave it there to savor the moment. I reached back and tickled his balls to let him know that I was fully on board with getting pounded. He read my signal well and grabbed my hips. He launched into a barrage of strokes, bottoming out in me, and almost pulling out each time. My ass was so tight on his dick that it felt like he was pulling me inside out. I wanted more of it. I heard John grunting my name each time he speared me. I looked back over my shoulder and could almost see his shape as he exploded inside me. I felt his spunk fill up my bowels. It suddenly was slicker for his cock to slide in and out of me. He finished unloading his sperm in my colon. I could detect the spurts waning but did not want him to pull out. I was savoring this slutiness.

The sweat pouring from his head and chest dripped on to my back. I was awash in his body fluids, inside and out, and was loving it. As his member began to retreat from my asshole, I readied myself for a new position. As soon as he pulled out, he collapsed onto his back. I quickly rotated around. His shaft was shiny with his cum and my butt juices. I did not hesitate to suck him clean. The slime smelled like ass but I was so turned on that I wanted that aroma all over my face. I smeared his slime covered shaft all over my face and neck. I sucked out the remnants of his spunk from John's wilting shaft.

Both of us lay sprawled out on the concrete reveling in the fantastic sex that we had just experienced. I don't know about Spirit, but I did not think it could get much better. John looked at me and just said "wow, You are fucking unbelievable". I just smiled back and said, "you aren't so bad, yourself".

Chapter Six

John and I got dressed without any further conversation. I guess we were both kind of in shock from what we had just done in the kennel. We both went our separate ways, after awkwardly kissing goodbye. I drove home slowly, to give myself time to process my current state of affairs. Having sex with a dog was still new to me and now on top of that, I fucked John too. This was almost too much to process. I had been in a nearly sexless marriage just a week ago, and now I have become a K9 slut, an insatiable sex partner with my husband, and now a cheating wife with my boss? Wow, what a turn of events.

I was sticky with sweat and cum. Both my pussy and my asshole were sore and tender. I had dried ass juice mixed with John's cum on my face and neck. My hair was a wreck. I looked and probably smelled like a crack whore after a night of partying. And now I owed my husband an apology for lying to him about meeting my sister at the mall. However, I knew he would be relieved to learn that I would not be getting blackmailed by the shelter's Director about the security camera footage. Well, at least I ASSUMED I would not be blackmailed by John. After the crazy and intense fucking he and I did at the kennel, I cannot imagine he would try to coerce me into anything further. Although, it was not like I would mind fucking him again. John was quite a lover.

I pulled into the driveway and went inside the house. It was dark and quiet. I found Frank sitting in the living room with a half-finished bottle of scotch in front of him. He stood up shakily as I entered the room. I knew I looked like I had been road hard and put up wet, but he and I needed to talk without delay. I would clean up later. Even in his drunken condition, Frank could tell immediately that I had not been 'shopping'.

I gave Frank a quick summary of where I had been and why I could not tell him about it before I left. Frank was relieved but upset that my boss, John, had taken advantage of the situation and 'made' me fuck the dog again. I skipped over the details of my session with Spirit, and instead focused on the part about John fucking me too. It was important not to keep this part of the story from Frank, and to reassure him that we did not need to worry about the security footage. So, as I continued telling Frank about the rest of my evening at the kennel, he began to have a change in his attitude. He asked what it was like to suck John's dick, and then to fuck him. When I told Frank that John fucked my ass, he went silent. Frank sat there, now realizing that a dog and another man had each fucked my ass and he still has never gotten to. Instead of being angry with me, he was angry with himself. "What a wimp, what a fucking loser I am. Everyone gets to do you in the ass, but I am not man enough to even try".

That was too much for me to take. I pushed Frank backward on the couch and began kissing him passionately. "Frank, you are the most important thing in my life. I want to please you. You can fuck me any way you want, any time you want". I stood up and peeled off my dress and began kissing Frank again. I worked my way down his chest, undoing his shirt as I went. I unbuckled his pants and slid them off him. His hard-on bobbed out of his boxers and I latched onto it with my wet lips. I suddenly was ravenous to have him.

After we were both naked, Frank pushed me down where my knees were on the floor but my chest was on the couch cushion. He got behind me and began feverishly licking my sore butt hole. His tongue felt marvelous against my hole. His fingers explored my pussy lips and he slipped two into me, curling them at the right angle to tickle my G-spot. He forced his tongue back inside my asshole, which was still gaping from John's prick being in there. Frank's soft, tender tongue made me completely forget my soreness. I felt a climax creeping up on me but wanted Frank inside my ass before I came. I looked back over my shoulder and pleaded "Fuck me, Frank. Take my ass. It is yours".

Frank grunted in agreement and shifted his position so he could use what he had always wanted. Frank's tonguing had gotten me all slicked up. He lined up behind me. I felt the head of his dick lightly touching my rectum. I held my breath as he eagerly slipped in. Even though my asshole had been reamed out thoroughly by John earlier in the evening, there was no pain from Frank. He eased into me, balls deep, and held that position for a brief moment. He grunted, then pulled back out, holding on to my hips and began to slowly stroke in and out. I reached around with each hand and pulled my ass cheeks open so he could penetrate as deep as possible inside my rectum. I suddenly felt bonded to Frank as never before. The intimacy of having Frank fuck my ass was indescribable. I had a crushing orgasm.

Frank reached under my chest and grabbed a breast with each hand. He used them as handles to forcefully pull me backwards. Each time he pulled on my breasts, my sensitive nipples would get squeezed and I would have a mini climax. I could feel his erection throbbing. He kept pounding me mercilessly. I buried my face in the couch and savored every stroke. He carried on like this for several minutes, then let go of one breast. I soon felt two fingers slipping into my asshole along with his dick. I had no idea there would be room for more of him in me but he managed to do it. I felt incredibly full, and this made my inner slut really come out. I leaned back and hoarsely barked out "Fuck me Frank! Fuck my ass! Fist me, Frank! Fist me!" Then, accepting the challenge, he slipped

two more in me. He was now fucking me with his dick and four fingers. Sliding them in and out of me in unison. It felt incredible. I came again, this time squirting all over the couch. I felt my squirt juices dripping down my thighs.

He kept going, almost like it was a revenge fuck, until he had a fierce orgasm. Frank tensed up then blew his cum into my rectum. I could feel each spurt as he ejaculated his sperm inside me. I had one last climax, triggered by his, and I totally collapsed. I was like a rag doll that he continued to hunch, in order to release his pent-up fetish of taking me anally. He pulled his fingers out as his shaft continued to pulse inside me. He reached forward and stuck his fingers in my mouth and said, "here, bitch, clean them". I did so eagerly.

He pulled his dick from my ass and stumbled to the couch next to me. I looked in his eyes and could tell he was now totally satisfied. It was like a giant weight had been lifted from him. I looked down at his penis which was still pulsing slightly. There was still a bit of cum dripping out the tip so I crawled off the couch and took him tenderly into my mouth. I gently cleaned him off as I ran my tongue up and down his shaft. I now love the taste of my ass since I associate it with incredible sex. It was the least I could do since I had done the same to both John and to Spirit. And to think, Spirit was the spark that re-ignited Frank's and my sex life. I will always love that dog.

The End