

READBEAST

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I'd never told my boyfriend what really happened to me while I was tied to the kitchen table as part of his little rape fantasy. I did tell him that his best friend, Bill, had fucked me while Tommy had been passed out on the chair, oblivious to my situation. Mind you, I enjoy sex and hadn't minded Bill fucking me, but what I didn't tell him was that Caesar, Tommy's big mastiff, had taken advantage of me as well.

Yes, Tommy's fuckin dog fucked me, not just once, but twice. You see, I lost a bet on the Super Bowl and Tommy had tied me to the kitchen table, bent over with my ass to the world. My hands were tied to the opposite table legs and my ankles tied near the floor. It was sort of like I was in a spread eagle position, except my feet were on the floor and my butt was facing out, my cunt available to anyone, or in this case, anything that wanted to take advantage of me.

We started off with our little game with him coming to the door of the house, telling me that he was a delivery man with a package for me. Of course as soon as I opened the door the delivery man overpowered and raped me while joking that he was going to have his friends come over when he was done so that they could take turns. I'd dared him to do it and he just banged me harder and said, "You'd like that wouldn't you, you little slut." What could I say? I like sex, a lot. And though I'd never told him; sex with him wasn't always completely satisfying.

After he finished fulfilling **his** little fantasy he left me tied up while he went out to buy more beer. And that's why Caesar was able to mount me from behind. After the stupid dog caught a whiff of my pussy, hot and sticky from Tommy's cum and my own vaginal secretions; he stuck his big mastiff cock into me and filled my pussy with at least a quart of hot doggie cum.

It was a life-changing experience having Caesar's big cock inside of me. That mutt is a sex machine. And then when he came in my pussy, I could feel his overheated cum as it filled my pussy to overflowing. I'm not ashamed to tell you that I had a mind boggling orgasm as a result.

Fortunately the dog finished before Tommy returned from his beer run with his best friend, Bill.

Bill was obviously delighted to see me tied, helpless and naked, to the table. Tommy was so drunk that he passed out and his best friend naturally took the opportunity to fuck me.

No sooner had Bill left, with his cum dripping from my pussy, than Caesar got a new erection. I think that there was some connection between the smell of fresh cum dripping from my pussy and the dog's libido.

The first time when Caesar mounted me it took him awhile to figure out what to do; not this time. He jumped up and put his forepaws on the table, straddling my hips. The first sensation that I felt was the warmth of his furry chest against my back and buttocks and then he thrust until his canine pole slid into my sopping wet pussy. His thick cock filled me up again and I had an orgasm almost immediately as he hammered his pole into me faster than any man could.

The dog seemed to be in a frenzy as he licked the sweat off of my back while continuing to ride me like there was no tomorrow. Unfortunately I was so wet and he was so excited that he slipped out and jumped down; pacing around the kitchen in frustration.

I could see his big red pole hanging down between his legs as he paced and I was as anxious as he was to have him remount me.

Tommy was snoring loudly, just a few feet away, and was oblivious to his dog's whining as the big mastiff finally lifted his front paws back on the table and tried to get his boner back into my pussy. He lifted up his big paw and placed it on my back and I nearly screamed as his claws scratched the skin. "Oww Caesar, get off of me," I told him and jerked my back and the dog jumped off.

He didn't stay away but started licking my pussy trying to slurp up everything that was leaking out. I had to muffle a scream as another incredible orgasm made my toes tingle. My god this dog was good. He paced around the table a couple of times and I looked down and saw that his swollen doggie cock was dripping a trail of doggie juices across the kitchen floor in his excitement.

"Come on Caesar," I encouraged. "Come here boy." He finally lifted his paws back onto the table. I shifted my butt to line him up and he moved his hips forward and slid back inside of me. "Oh god Caesar," I moaned quietly as he resumed his jackhammer pace. I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out as his big cock filled me up with each thrust of his furry hips.

I was perspiring heavily and having trouble catching my breath from the surges shooting through my body when I felt his knot sliding into my pussy. I let out a low, guttural groan as my vagina stretched to accommodate the large mass filling it.

And then Caesar quit thrusting and I felt his hot cum erupting into my pussy. I bit my tongue and my body shook like a leaf in a wind storm while he pumped his hot doggie sperm into me. It was all I could do to keep from crying out while another orgasm ravaged through me.

We stayed knotted together for over fifteen minutes while he continued to pump his seed into me without moving his body. The dog was quite happy and he resumed licking my back and panting while I had an almost continuous orgasm as I felt little jets of doggy cum hitting my cervix.

He dropped his head down and licked the side of my face. "Thanks Caesar, I needed that," I said to him as his knot finally shrunk enough to slip out to allow him to dismount. I was exhausted and had I not been tied to the table I think I would have slid to the floor into the puddle of dog and man juice.

Watery cum fairly gushed down my leg and a unique odor permeated the room. Caesar did his best to lick my legs clean and his rough tongue was sending shivers up my spine, but I could do nothing to stop him. Finally satisfied with his efforts, he retired to his mat and began licking his dangling penis before it slid back into its sheath and he closed his eyes.

Tommy finally awoke a half an hour later after I was fairly screaming at him to untie me. I still had to wait while he ran into the bathroom and threw up. It was probably fortunate that he was in no condition to take further advantage of my being tied to the table as I wasn't sure that my pussy could take any more stimulation.

As Tommy untied me he noticed the scratch on my back that his dog had made and I lied and told him that Bill had done it. Tommy wasn't upset that his friend had fucked me. But he did want me to tell him if Bill's cock was bigger than his. I didn't have the heart to tell him the truth so I assured him that while Bill's cock was bigger, he wasn't as good. And then Tommy ran back to the bathroom to upchuck again.

Caesar's attitude toward me immediately changed. Before I'd been tolerated and Tommy was clearly his master. Now he watched me where ever I went and followed me around. The next time that Tommy and I had sex, Caesar jumped up on the bed and tried to mount me while I was on top straddling Tommy's legs. Tommy has gotten angry and tried to drag his dog out of the bedroom, but Caesar had growled and snapped at him. Tommy was furious and said, "Dammit dog, I'm going to have you fixed."

I jumped to Caesar's defense. "Tommy that's not fair." I got up and Caesar docilely let me lead him from the room. I closed the door and returned to the bed. I crawled on my hands and knees between his legs and began sucking Tommy's now flaccid penis. My butt was sticking up in the air and I tried to imagine Caesar fucking me while I sucked his master's cock.

"Damned dog," Tommy said, calming down, "I don't know what's gotten into him."

"Maybe he thought you were attacking me," I teased, looking up at him innocently.

"I was," he grinned, somewhat mollified.

A couple of weeks passed and fortunately there was no more mentioned of getting his dog fixed. I was careful to always close the door to the bedroom for our lovemaking to keep the dog out, but we could hear him pacing and whining out in the hallway.

I almost couldn't wait until my boyfriend had to go out of town on business. He normally went once or twice a month, but hadn't had to for several weeks now and since he worked from home and I didn't, I'd only had one chance to be alone with Caesar. We were out of dog food and Tommy pulled himself away from the computer to go to the pet store.

I knew that it would take Tommy at least an hour so I quickly led Caesar into the bedroom and pulled off my jeans and underpants. The dog watched me intently as I sat on the edge of the bed and spread my legs and then reached down and spread my labia apart.

Caesar's sensitive nose sniffed the air and I called, "Come here boy."

He'd no sooner started licking my pussy, sending waves up electricity through my body when I heard the door open and Tommy called out, "Here Caesar, here boy; I got your food."

"Oh shit!" I moaned in frustration. The dog was still busy licking my pussy and I had to push him away.

"Here boy," called Tommy more loudly.

Thank god I had closed the bedroom door and had time to pick up my jeans and panties and run into the bathroom. Caesar tried to follow me, but I closed the door on him just before Tommy opened the door to the bedroom.

He saw his dog whining at the bathroom door and asked, "Caesar, what are you doing?" "Come get your dinner."

My heart was beating a hundred miles an hour from the close call. "You got back awfully fast," I said from inside the bathroom.

"Yeah I didn't want to go all the way to the pet store so I just went to the 7-11. It cost twice as much. Come on boy," I heard him say. "Come on, what's gotten in to you?"

I flushed the toilet and pulled on my pants. When I opened the door Tommy was dragging his dog from the bedroom by his collar. Caesar was resisting and turned his head and looked at me sorrowfully. I could see the tip of his big red penis sliding back into its sheath as Tommy dragged him from the bedroom.

Both the dog and I were frustrated and that evening when Tommy was on top of me I kept wishing

that it was his dog's bigger cock rapidly thrusting into me.

Tommy finally told me that he had to travel for a couple of days and in the meantime I had done some internet searching about how to get Caesar to mate with me again. Most of the pictures that I'd seen online had the dog backing up to the woman, but I knew that this wouldn't be satisfying for me because I didn't just want his cock in me; I wanted him to mount me. I finally found a guide from a writer named Rachael Ross that was exactly what I was looking for. Her guide was very informative and she was an amazing author. Although I learned in my research that not very many authors share the same fetishes that I have.

By the time Tommy finally went out of town I had everything planned out. When I got home from work, Caesar was waiting for me, anxious to go for a walk to do his toilet. I was just as anxious to start my seduction of him, but I knew that some things just had to be taken care of.

The dog lifted his leg on the first bush we came upon and then did his number two within half a block on a neighbor's lawn. Being a responsible pet walker I cleaned up the huge pile the big dog left using a plastic bag. Caesar was happy to keep walking and peeing on bushes, but I was getting impatient. We continued on up to the park and then headed back to my house.

When we got back, Caesar immediately went to his dog dish and stared at it. Silly dog, he doesn't know his priorities at all, I thought to myself. "Okay you stupid mutt; I'll feed you first." I went over and filled his bowl with dry dog food and then watched as he ate like it was the first meal that he'd had in a month.

When Caesar finished wolfing down his food and lapping up about a half-gallon of water he finally turned his attention to me and padded over to get his ears scratched.

I knelt in front of him and asked, "Are you ready for a little fun?" as I ran my hand down his smooth flank. I let my hand slide down to his sheath. It was warm and covered with soft fur that felt like velvet to my touch. Caesar licked my face. "You're breath smells like dog food," I complained mildly as I stroked his sheath. More licks.

I kept stroking him while unbuttoning my blouse and then I pulled it off and removed my bra. Caesar licked my right breast and my nipple hardened immediately under his rough tongue. I closed my eyes and groaned as his huge tongue moved to the valley between my breasts and then to the left breast. "God you're good," I moaned. I felt my pussy getting wet and my breathing more ragged.

"Come on boy; let's go get more comfortable." I led the way into the bedroom with him right at my heels. He watched me eagerly while I took off all of my clothes. I knelt down beside him and hugged him. His warm, furry body felt wonderful against my naked skin and I murmured, "Good boy. You're a good boy." He panted happily.

I reached my hand down and gently stroked his sheath and he licked my face. Just then, there was a knock at the front door. I wasn't expecting anyone so I just ignored it. Then whoever was out there pounded on the door. "Oh fuck," I said and got up and put on my robe. I noticed that Caesar's penis was half out of its sheath. "Sit Caesar, stay," I said, and he obediently sat and began licking his red penis. "Horny dog," I chuckled as I headed for the front door.

I looked out the window and saw that it was Bill. Exasperated, I opened the door. "What are you doing here?" I demanded. "Tommy's out of town."

"I know," he said with a leer as he stepped by me.

I said firmly, "Bill leave. I'm just getting ready to take a shower, so leave." I pointed to the open door.

He grabbed me and kissed me while pushing the door shut before pulling my robe open. His hands were all over my breasts and I could smell the alcohol on his breath. I pushed him away. "Bill, you're drunk. Leave right this minute and I won't tell Tommy."

Bill seemed oblivious to my threat as he tried kissing me again. He pulled the robe off of my shoulders and grabbed my wrists. The robe slid down my arms as he tried forcing his tongue into my mouth. "Bill," I hollered, "I'm going to tell Tommy."

"Tell him," he said smugly. "Your boyfriend told me that you told him I'd scratched you when I fucked you last time. Then we had a beer together and laughed about it. He wanted to know if I thought that you were a good fuck and wanted to know if I interested in a three-some."

"You're both bastards," I said. I was feeling extremely vulnerable as he let go of my wrists and my robe fell to the floor.

"You know you want it," he said as he leaned his head down and sucked my right nipple between his lips, making my groin tingle.

"Bill no," I protested weakly as he slid two fingers into my dampening twat. I started to think about a threesome and I was about to give in to him.

He pushed me back and I fell onto the couch and then pulled his pants down around his thighs. He was fully erect. I eyed his hard pole and felt myself getting wet in anticipation of it sliding into me.

He just started to take a step toward me when Caesar came bounding out of the bedroom, growling. The dog launched himself at Bill, knocking him down and pinning him to the floor. Hot saliva dripped from the growling dog's jaws onto Bill's face. "Oh Jesus!" said Bill, his voice quaking. "Get him off of me."

"You'll leave?"

"Yes, just get him off me," he begged.

"Caesar down," I said taking the dog's collar and pulling gently.

Caesar obediently got off, but kept growling that low, terrifying rumble from deep in his throat.

Bill scrambled up and pulled up his pants. I noticed that his erection was gone as he backed his way to the door. Caesar barked and Bill was out the door like a shot, leaving it wide open. He tripped on his unzipped pants as they fell around his knees and he went sprawling onto the sidewalk with his hairy butt up in the air. He slowly got up holding his balls; grimacing in pain. He didn't bother pulling his pants up as he wrenched his car door open and climbed inside.

I was laughing uncontrollably as I closed the door. I got down on my knees and hugged Caesar. "You're my hero," I said. I could swear that the dog was grinning as he licked my face; I certainly was.

Caesar jumped up and put his paws over my shoulders. It was all that I could do to keep from falling over. I was laughing and stroking him. He licked my face as I let my hand slide down his side and

found that his penis had already emerged from its sheath.

His red member was hot in my hand as I said, "Oh you naughty boy." I think that he was expecting a reward for saving me and I was ready to give him one. "But first we have to put something over your paws to protect me." I got up and after going back to the bedroom with Caesar at my heels; I pulled out a pair of thick, wool socks from my dresser and roll of tape that I'd hidden there earlier.

I knelt down in front of him and lifted one of his big paws. But the dog was impatient and lifted his torso up and put his front legs over my shoulders, knocking me onto my back. His legs straddled my chest, pinning me to the floor as he began licking my face. I felt his hot doggy cock on my stomach, but I was pretty sure that this position wouldn't work.

I was pretty well pinned down as the big mastiff weighed more than I did, but I finally managed to roll over and push up until I was on my hands and knees with the assumption that I could get out from under him. But Caesar had other ideas. I felt his jaws clamp down on the hair on the back of my neck and I realized that I was now in exactly the position that he wanted me in.

I tried to crawl away, but stopped when he growled. He was no longer the pet. He was the alpha male; I was his bitch and he fucking well planned on breeding me. I felt his hard penis against the side of my butt cheek. I was hot and sweating, but I was in heat now too and moved my butt to give him a better angle.

He started humping even though he hadn't penetrated and his cock slid up and down the crack of my ass, tickling my buttocks. But I knew I didn't want that big cock in my ass, so I reached between my legs and managed to pull his throbbing pole down toward my swollen vulva.

Caesar was still pumping though; too excited to realize that at least one of us was not going to be satisfied if he came all over my ass. "CAESAR STOP!" I commanded. Surprisingly he did, just long enough for me to direct his penis to my womanhood. And then I felt his penis slide into my pussy and I screamed in delight as he pushed it deep inside of me.

Again I felt his saliva drip onto the back of my neck as his hips began thrusting his cock in and out of my pussy. "OH GOD!" I moaned as an orgasm hit me almost immediately. "OH GOD, OH GOD CAESAR, DON'T STOP!" I screamed as wave after wave of delicious electricity arced through my body.

But then I felt his knot slip inside and he stopped thrusting. His knot seemed to expand; filling me up and I screamed again as it stretched my vagina. I could feel his balls expand and contract as he pumped my pussy full of his watery canine sperm and I felt a little dizzy as my climax reached a crescendo. "OH CAESAR!" I screamed.

We remained knotted together for another ten minutes and I felt his furry chest on my back getting heavier and heavier. I couldn't hold my arms straight down any longer and dropped to my elbows. It must have made quite a picture; the big dog, bigger than me, standing with his body over mine with my ass up and my head on the floor. Caesar started licking the sweat off of the back of my neck and I felt my vagina trying to contract against his knot as his tongue sent shivers down to my groin.

Caesar's knot finally shrunk enough that he could pull it out and he started to dismount. The knot was still fairly good sized and it hurt a little as it suddenly popped out, followed by quite a bit of doggy juice that spilled out and ran down my leg onto the carpet. "Damn," I said. I had planned on doing this with at least a big towel under us, but the dog's agenda had been different than mine.

The big dog curled up in the corner and began licking his red member as it slowly slid back into its

sheath. He was panting happily; obviously pleased with our mating. I wondered if he cared whether or not that we would never have any baby Caesars.

"Well I need a shower," I said to the dog. "I don't suppose you want to join me do you boy?"

Caesar just laid his big mastiff head on his paws and gave out a loud satisfied yawn.

"Typical male," I said to him as he closed his eyes. "You get your rocks off; then you just roll over and go to sleep and I get to clean up the mess."

The next couple of days our lives developed a pattern. Each day, after I got home from work I would take off my panties before I took him for a walk. And then, when I bent over to pick up his pile, I purposely would bend over at the waist to expose my ass crack to anyone who happened to look.

One time I felt the presence of someone behind me as I was bending over and look around and saw an old guy taking a picture of my butt with his cell phone. I pretended not to notice and just continued walking our walk. I knew that no one would dare molest me while I had my protector with me.

After our walk I would feed him and then he'd get frisky and would start licking my face and smelling my crotch which, by now, was always damp in anticipation. We both knew what he wanted, but before we went any further I would tape the thick socks over his front paws and heavy towels on the floor. And then I would start stroking his sheath.

After we had sex I would clean up the wet towels, but purposely not clean myself up. And then I'd sit naked at the kitchen table to eat my dinner with my legs spread wide and the smells emanating from my pussy drove the dog crazy. While I ate, I encouraged him to lick the dried secretions on the inside of my thighs and by the time he got to my pussy, my dinner forgotten, I would enjoy the massive orgasm he would give me with that huge tongue. And after dinner we would usually repeat our normal ménage à deux in the bedroom.

I started letting Caesar sleep with me on the bed. I wasn't sure if this was a good idea, but it was nice to have a warm furry body to snuggle up against. The second night of this arrangement I awoke to find him jerking in his sleep. I assumed that he was probably dreaming about chasing a rabbit until I saw that his penis was outside of its sheath and fully erect. I thought about giving my new bedmate a blowjob, but the thought of taking his big red penis into my mouth didn't appeal to me. I did wonder how his doggy cum would taste, I knew that there was no way I would be able to swallow it all when he came.

Caesar continued to twitch and started to whimper. I thought about waking him up and having him mount me, but you know that you're always supposed to let sleeping dogs lie. "What the hell," I thought and slid down in the bed and took his swollen penis into my mouth. He stopped whimpering and twitching right away and it didn't take long before I got my first taste of doggy cum. I didn't even try swallowing it; I just changed the bedding in the morning.

Nearly every day when I got home from work I would find that Caesar had raided the dirty laundry and had pulled out my panties and piled them in his corner.

After our walk and his dinner I decided to reward him. After we'd had sex, I put on my panties right away and wore them, letting our sexual juices soak thoroughly into the cotton. That evening while we watched TV on the couch with me wearing the smelly panties, Caesar's nose was working overtime and he frequently licked his sheath.

He followed me eagerly to the bedroom and watched me undress, all except for my soiled panties. I sat down on the bed with my back to the headboard and spread my legs. Even I could smell the odor rising from my crotch and as soon as Caesar jumped onto the bed he came right over and began licking the crotch of my panties.

My juices were soon flowing freely and I interrupted him long enough to pull off my panties and toss them aside. He was momentarily distracted as he watched my panties land on the floor. I don't think he could decide which odor to follow so I pulled his head down between my legs again and he was soon sending shivers up my spine with his tongue.

The last day before Tommy was due back I decided to try something different and after our walk, his dinner and my preparations, I laid down on my back on the bed with my feet on the floor and most of my ass hanging over the side. I spread my legs wide and Caesar lifted his front paws on each side of my waist. This seemed much more personable and I rubbed his ears. But the dog wasn't in the mood for any foreplay and I saw that his penis was fully extended and swollen.

This seemed like a very workable position as his unsheathed tool was just inches from my pussy. It was kind of fun to look up at his big mastiff head towering over me. After a little difficulty I was able to direct his cock between my pussy lips and he thrust it deep inside of me and I groaned in pleasure. He started plunging into me at his usual incredible pace and I was trying to prolong my orgasm when a blob of smelly doggy saliva dripped onto my face.

"Oh Caesar, fuck," I complained as I turned my head to the side to avoid the next glob. My initial ardor was dampened drastically and my urge to climax subsided. But that didn't stop the big mastiff, he continued his frenzied pace. Despite the doggy saliva dripping from his jaws, I felt an orgasm beginning to build again so I just squeezed my eyes shut and let him ride me until I felt his cum spurting into my pussy. I came along with him and he dismounted immediately. Only then did I realize that his knot hadn't slip inside of me. That was a little disappointing; but still the sex was good.

Two things down worried me about Tommy coming home. One was my decision to let Caesar sleep on the bed. How would I break him of that when Tommy came home? The second was that the dog had developed a fetish for my dirty panties.

I wasn't in any hurry for Tommy to get home, but the day arrived. He got home a little later than I expected and I smelled alcohol on his breath as he gave me a perfunctory kiss. He must have stopped at the bar on his way home from the airport.

Tommy continued drinking while we ate dinner and by the time that bedtime arrived he was snickered. I closed Caesar out of the bedroom and despite our being apart for several days; Tommy couldn't get it up besides my best efforts. I finally gave up and started to roll over when he said, "We have a problem."

"You'll be alright in the morning," I said. But I was disappointed.

"No it's not that. It's about us."

"What?" I said alarmed.

"Well, it's about Caesar too."

Oh shit, I thought, he's somehow found out his dog is fucking me.

“Well,” he looked away and said slowly, “my company wants me to relocate to Atlanta.”

“Atlanta? We can’t move to Atlanta.”

“Um, you don’t have to, but I do.”

“Oh Tommy,” I said looking dismayed. I’m going to lose my boyfriend, but more importantly, his dog.

Tommy didn’t seem upset about me not going to Atlanta with him and then he added, “I’m going to have to give Caesar away too. I will be traveling almost full-time so I can’t take care of him anymore.”

Relief flooded over me. “Tommy, why don’t I take Caesar?”

“Would you?”

“I love Caesar. I think that this last week he and I have developed a special bond.” Fortunately Tommy did realize that I hadn’t expressed any sorrow that **he** was leaving.

The End