

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm driving over to Dana's house. Now, going to see Dana isn't all that unusual, but the reason I'm going may well be. I'm going over to fuck her dog, Archie. I guess to be accurate; I'm going over to get fucked by Archie. I've said in the past, when a woman has sex with a dog, she is being fucked. As far as the dog is concerned, it's all about him. You just hold position and take it. They're the supreme male chauvinists, that's the way nature set them up.

Physically, it's one of those things you either like or you don't, there's no in between. Mentally it's the same. To some, it's gross and unacceptable, to a small handful it's exciting and sensuous, one of the ultimate acts of hedonistic self-indulgence. There's no need to point out which group I fall into.

This will be my fourth time with a dog. A over a year ago, Archie proverbially "copped my cherry" when it came to canine sex, he was the first, satisfying a long curiosity about it all. It was an interesting experience, but one that I hadn't intended to repeat. Then I screwed a boyfriend's sister's dog while he watched, then finally I let Archie have me again, it was exquisite. Then there had been a long layoff. The thing is, I still like normal, straight sex. The whole canine thing is a sort of special event. I didn't want to overdo it. Once I started putting it off, I just never got back to it for quite a while.

Now, when I say I enjoy normal straight sex, I should point out that Dana and I have been indulging in a little girl play, if you catch my drift. The thing is I only want to do it with Dana, not with other women in general. I guess that makes me a part time lesbian, since other women don't turn me on. This cost me a boyfriend, he left, not because of the dog thing, he ironically thought that was hot, but because of Dana. He watched me get fucked by his sister's dog and loved it, but drew the line at me playing with Dana. Maybe I should have let him watch that too. Well, fuck him, I've never had all that much trouble attracting male playmates and he could be easily replaced.

Now I don't need an excuse to visit Archie, Dana would have let me do it anytime, but it never came up until she asked me to do her a favor. She wanted to get her husband a special present for his birthday. George was turning sixty-five. He'd married Dana twenty-five years earlier, when she was just twenty. She was his trophy, he was her sugar daddy. At some point he began letting her go out and "express herself" sexually with other men and women as long as she was discrete about it. It was easy, since his business often took him out on the road. She always appreciated the freedom he gave her and wanted give him something unique; me.

The plan was simple, we'd go to a costume shop, rent an alluring outfit, present me to him, and play it by ear from there. If he wanted a good old fashioned three way or to just watch Dana and I have some fun, that was up to him. Dana assured me one Viagra pill and he'd be "up" to the challenge.

The costume we chose was a woman police officer get up appropriately labeled as "Officer Nasty". It was basically a dark blue mini dress with a frilly skirt. It came with a belt complete with a cap pistol, toy handcuffs, and a soft sponge rubber nightstick. A police-style hat, phony badge, and a nametag that said "NASTY" rounded out the ensemble. They recommended wearing a pair of blue tights under it, but we figured a pair of elastic topped stockings and a pair of lacy panties would better serve our purpose. When I tried it on, it was kind of a cute, saucy outfit. Every year at work on Halloween, they encourage us to wear costumes. I think I found the one I'll wear this year, with the recommended tights, of course.

On the big night I went to Dana's. I called her on my cell phone when I was outside to let her know I was ready. I guess she made some sort of bullshit excuse to get away from George and came to let me in. She gave me a kiss at the door and whispered that she and George were partying down in the

game room, that I should wait five minutes then come down. Closing the door, she kissed me again, gave me a pat on the ass, and went back downstairs, pausing long enough to smile and wink her eye at me.

I waited quietly until I figured it was time, then went down the stairs. Before opening the door, I put on a pair of dark wrap-around sunglasses. Opening the door I saw the two of them cuddling up on a newly installed divan.

"OK, what's going on here? There have been complaints about noise and foul language coming from this location," I tried sounding as serious as I could. "Who's responsible for this, you, sir?"

I walked over to the divan, glaring at George. With my hair tucked under my hat and the dark shades, he didn't recognize me. Dana scurried off the divan and moved to the side. George had a surprised and bewildered, yet amused look on his face. He thought this was a routine strip-o-gram.

"This is no laughing matter, sir. I'm going to have to cite you for disturbing the peace and loud and lascivious behavior, for openers."

Dana moved behind me, she grabbed my arm as if she were twisting it behind me.

"OK, officer Nasty, enough is enough."

She pulled the toy handcuffs from my belt and cuffed my wrists together behind my back. Then she put her hands on my shoulders and looked over them at her husband.

"She's ours now, honey, what do you think we should do with her?"

"Not sure, babe," he still wasn't quite certain where this was going, "what do you think?"

"Well," Dana said, I think a good place to start is to check her for any concealed weapons."

With that, she slid her arms around me and began unbuttoning the front of my costume down to the waist. Then she pulled it open revealing my breasts. She cupped them and began massaging them, I could feel my nipples hardening in response.

"Just as I thought," she told him, "they're small caliber, but still deadly, don't you think?"

"She can use them on me anytime," he grinned.

All this time, I had my hands in her crotch, rubbing her pussy secretly through the fabric of her slacks and underpants. George, of course, couldn't see this. Letting go of my tits, Dana unbuckled my uniform belt with all its phony cop stuff and tossed it aside. Then she finished unbuttoning my dress and let it drape limply from my shoulders, open at the front. George actually licked his lips when he saw I was wearing nothing else but the stockings, gauzy lace panties, and the hat.

Dana reached around to my jaw and turned my head to the side and kissed my cheek. Then stretching herself upwards, stuck her tongue out and licked my lips. That sent a shiver down my spine. I guess my fingers against her pussy were having an effect on her. I opened my mouth and our tongues began stroking each other. I could feel myself growing wet with excitement. I was glad I'd agreed to this.

This was physically awkward, since I'm taller than Dana, so she turned me part way around and moved in front of me. This gave George a good view of things. She pulled my head down slightly and

we kissed; an open mouthed probing kiss. Our tongues continued to play with each other. I heard myself groan with passion, then George let out a matching sound; he was really getting the most out of this.

Then slowly, Dana lowered her head and began kissing my breasts and teasing them with her tongue. I was growing weak in the knees, wishing I could at least lean against something to stabilize myself. Then she dropped to her knees in front of me. I felt the tip of her tongue probe into my navel, causing me to bend forward by reflex, emitting another soft moan.

"Damn," George said happily, "is this what goes on when I'm on the road?"

"Just getting her warmed up for you, hon," was Dana's quick reply. "Now, if you want her, she's yours."

"You're serious? I thought you guys were just putting on a show for me or something."

Dana turned me so I was facing him. Standing behind me again, she released the cuff on one hand and pushed my hands around to the front, recuffing me.

"Very serious, she's all yours, happy birthday. Enjoy." With that she kissed me on the neck and stepped back.

George got up and walked over to get a closer look. That's when he first recognized me.

"Well, I'll be God damned. Is this for real? Are you really going along with this?"

I nodded my head, trying to look shy. Dana stepped close again and reached around me, her hand slid into my panties. I squirmed lightly as she began rubbing my pussy.

"Oh yeah," she said looking at her husband, "she's all warmed up and ready. What do you say, George, you want her?"

She pulled off my hat, allowing my hair to fall loose. I shook my head to let it fluff out to its normal state.

"Hell yes, you know it."

"Go for it, my love," then she kissed me on the cheek and went over to a chair and sat down to watch.

"You're sure," he asked, "both of you?"

I assume Dana nodded her consent, I know I did, still trying to play the role of a reluctantly submissive captive, even though the handcuffs couldn't have held a child against their will. George went into action, it was as if he were afraid we'd change our minds. He kissed me hard on the lips. I slid my tongue into his mouth, I could feel his body jerk as he began sucking on it. I was beginning to breathe heavily. His arms were around me, holding me tightly, then I felt his hands slide downward, rubbing my ass cheeks. Now I was really getting into this.

George backed me up to the divan and I sat down, kicking off my shoes. I spun and laid down, my heels on the cushioned surface, bent knees in the air. When he grasped the waistband of my panties I raised my hips up so he could pull them down over my ass. Then I lifted my legs in the air and he finished removing them. I lay there naked except for my stockings, spread eagled, ready and waiting. I watched as he quickly disrobed, revealing his erect cock.

Lying down next to me, George began kissing and sucking on my breasts. While this thrilled me it also confused me. His wife had a better set than I did. Not that mine are all that bad, but they are on the smaller side while Dana's are larger, still firm, and pretty. I guess he liked variety, besides, some guys think small ones are cute, or so I've been told.

His hand meanwhile had moved down to my pussy, stroking and stimulating it. Then I felt a finger force its way into me, twisting and bending slightly as he pushed it in and out, taking my breath away. I spread my legs even wider, giving him completely open access to me. I was now anxiously his for the taking; hot, wet, and more than willing.

I was grateful when he moved between my spread thighs, eagerly waiting to feel his cock enter me. The head of his dick began rubbing up and down my wet slit before probing for the right spot. Then I felt it push in slightly, there was a pause while he adjusted his position, then he forced it all the way in. His stiff prick began moving in and out, slowly at first, then it began to speed up. I'd draped my manacled hands over his neck and wrapped my legs around him, my ankles crossed.

"Give it to me George, hard as you can, tear it up," I whispered in his ear.

He took me at my word and began thrusting furiously; long, hard, fast strokes. It was what I wanted. Remember, in addition to getting laid I was putting on a show for Dana. I hoped she was enjoying it as much as I was. I was sure George had no complaints. I was rocking my hips from side to side with each penetrating stroke of his hard on. For a guy his age, he was giving me one hell of a workout and I was loving every sexually charged second of it. Normally fairly quiet during intercourse, I was sobbing loudly under this sensual assault. Then suddenly, an orgasmic shiver ran through me as I started to come. Even as I was lost in my own climactic spasms, I felt the shudder of his cock inside me as he shot a load of cum into me. The perfect ending.

It had been an exhilarating experience both physically, George had had done a good job on me, and mentally, with the hint of bondage and the voyeuristic effect of Dana watching her husband fuck me. Plus, I've often said any time a girl comes, it's a good lay, but I wasn't done. I reached down with both hands, I was still wearing the silly handcuffs, and felt his cock. It was still erect, then I remembered what Dana had said about giving him a Viagra; better living through chemistry.

I slid off the divan and, kneeling beside it, leaned over and began kissing his glistening prick. It was still wet with his sticky cum and my own vaginal secretions. It was an interesting combination; I didn't mind it at all. I began licking it like some sort of six inch cum and cunt flavored lollypop. I let my tongue run wild, concentrating on the head and its rim but not ignoring the shaft. Finally I took it into my mouth, bobbing my head up and down going as deep as I could without triggering my gag reflex.

When I figured I'd tortured him enough orally, I climbed back on the divan on my knees and straddled him. Gripping his hard on with my manacled hands I positioned myself and slowly lowered my pussy onto his waiting cock. When the head was pressing into me, I let gravity take over and sat down, his dick spearing into my cunt. We both gave a satisfied moan. I began rising and falling on his cock while moving my hips in a circular motion. This grinding motion was causing all sorts of wild sensations in my cunt and I assume it was doing the same for George and his prick. A couple of times I got too lively and his cock popped out of me, but it was easy to quickly shove it back in and continue. Then I heard George.

"Stop honey, get off me a minute, please."

I thought for a minute something was wrong, but it turned out he wanted to change position. It

seems, much like me, George preferred the missionary position, and wanted to finish that way. I was glad to comply, lying back down with my thighs spread wide. He slid over me and pushed his erect cock back in. Once again, my hands were behind his neck and as his cock bored into me, I locked my ankles behind him. His hips were slamming against my crotch, driving his prick deep into me. I could feel a tingling in my spine followed by a shuddering and some involuntary muscle contractions as I came. George sped up while I was coming, until I felt the throb of his cock as he came. I don't think there was much cum this time, he seemed to be depleted from the first time, but an orgasm is an orgasm, no matter how much fluid is involved. He wasn't complaining and neither was I.

We laid there side by side on the narrow divan, breathing heavily, when Dana came over. She bent over and kissed me.

"Thanks, good job, girlfriend." She handed me a towel, then asked George, "So, how did you like your birthday present?"

"Best god damned present you ever got me." Then he patted my cheek, "Thanks, babe, you were great. How'd she talk you into this?"

"It wasn't difficult; it seemed like a kinky thing to do, so I figured what the hell. I had a good time, too."

I sat up and undid the handcuffs and used the towel to wipe myself off, then handed it to George. I watched as he wiped off his still stiff prick.

"Rest up a little, honey," Dana said looking at his erection, "if it's still up by then, I've got a surefire cure for it."

"I'll clean these and return them to the shop," she told me as she began gathering up the assorted costume parts and putting them in a bag. Your stuff is over there."

She pointed to a bag containing a change of clothes I'd left with her when we rented the costume. I dressed quickly, it was basically a sweat suit with some clean underwear. By the time I was done we could hear George snoring.

"Poor dear, you wore him out."

"Yeah, but his dick is still up. I didn't wear that out." We both laughed.

When we went upstairs, she thanked me again, telling me she was sure He'd loved it.

"Be warned though, he may want the same thing next year, or for our anniversary."

"Well, you know where to find me."

"Thanks again, if there's any way I can repay the favor, just ask."

"Well, I could use your game room for about an hour or so one of these days, I have an anniversary of my own coming up."

"Oh, really? Anyone I know?"

"Oh yeah," I smiled at her and jerked my head towards the basement door, "woof, woof."

She broke into a broad grin, "Ready to do it again? You could have had that anytime. Pick a day."

So that's what brings me here today. I pull up in front of her house and get out, walk hurriedly to the front door. I ring the bell as I try to conceal my excitement, I'm looking forward to this. Dana opens the door, with her usual welcoming smile, I'm glad to finally be here. I know within minutes, I can be in ecstasy. We make the usual small talk, she jokes that it's been a while, how much Archie really misses me, and perhaps I should visit him more often. All this heightens my sense of anticipation. I'm in the early stages of arousal.

I follow her down the stairs to the game room, it's warm there. The gas fireplace is on, just like the first time. Archie is in his bed, he lifts his head and wags his tale. He gets up and walks over, he seems agitated. Does he somehow know what I'm there for? Can he sense that he's going to get to fuck me? I don't know, but maybe he can smell the wet odor of an aroused pussy. My heart is pounding and there are butterflies in my stomach; I'm excited and eager to get started. Dana looks around the room then turns to me.

"I think everything's in order. I'll leave you two to your privacy. Guess you won't need the baby monitor this time."

The first time I was here with Archie she left a baby monitor with me in case I had any problems.

"No," I say, "unless you want to listen."

"Wouldn't mind."

So I tell her to go get it. I figure to let her have some fun also. She comes back and sets it by the divan, kisses me and scratches Archie's head and leaves. I am alone with this wonderfully horny dog. I know what I'm in for and I'm thrilled. Quickly I undress. The first time I did this I wore a Sweatshirt to keep scratches to a minimum, this time I'm figuring to hell with the scratches, I want to feel his fur on my flesh when he mounts me.

Naked, I sit down on the end of the divan. The divan is a welcome addition to the game room, the other two times I did this I was on the coffee table. This will be a lot more comfortable. Archie follows me around the whole time whining and barking. I know now he's aware of why I'm there and is as eager for it as I am. I spread my thighs and he moves right in and sniffs around once or twice. His whiskers tickle my thighs and his wet nose touching my pussy is enticing.

His tongue lashes out, it is strong and forceful. He licks across my slit it pulling one lip with it, the rest of his tongue is making contact with the hyper-sensitive inner flesh, it is excruciatingly pleasurable. When he licks straight up, his tongue drags across my clitoris, my stomach muscles contract and I exhale violently. The sensation is that strong. I lean back, my arms behind me. My hands gripping tightly to the edge of the cushions, I can feel an orgasm approaching.

No matter how one feels about actually being fucked by a dog, being eaten out by one is an unbelievable experience, and one that is difficult to describe. Every nerve ending in my pussy is being stimulated almost simultaneously. I am gasping for breath as my body is racked by a crushing orgasm. I'm overwhelmed by a helpless feeling, lost in a world of sensual delight, it is that intense. All the while, Archie continues his oral onslaught, spurred on by my physical reactions. It is almost as if he knows what he is doing to me. I know better, he is reacting instinctively to the scents and taste of an aroused vagina. I don't care, all I'm aware of is the extraordinarily ecstatic feel of my orgasm, nothing else matters.

I'm moaning uncontrollably, interspersed with suppressed giggling; shivering with euphoric glee. It's every bit as good as I remember it being. I surprise myself hearing my own voice speaking words of encouragement through clenched teeth to Archie. I'm begging him for more, to keep going. What

is Dana thinking, listening to all this on the baby monitor?

Archie stops lapping me, I know it's time. He's looking up at me, whining. He puts his paws on my thighs, raising himself up. I slide as close to the edge of the divan as I can, with one hand I put a cushion that Dana has left there for this purpose behind my hips. Archie rears up, his paws are against my chest as he leans against me. I fall backwards bringing him against my pussy. He adjusts himself and starts thrusting his cock at my cunt, he is already dribbling pre-cum and it is splattering on my crotch with every thrust.

I'm tempted to try and guide him into me, but I resist; Archie, after all, is experienced and needs no help. I feel his cock jab into me, it is a welcome feeling, it has been too long a time and I'm glad he's back. His forepaws are under my hips in the space between me and the divan left by the cushion I'd placed there. He is hanging on to me tightly, I can feel his claws scratching me. It is all a part of the experience.

He is still pumping rapidly, trying to get all the way in. They don't do it like a man who usually goes in all in one push. His cock moving back and forth in my pussy is strangely erotically comfortable; it is far from fully engorged and between his pre-cum and my own juicy secretions I'm well lubricated and he moves easily in me. I know what is to come, he will keep thrusting until he is completely in, including the knot.

Each time he pulls back, his prick is wet with our combined fluids, each forward motion deposits some of this on my pussy lips, preparing them to receive the knot. It doesn't take long, seconds actually, until I feel it hitting my cunt. It is stimulating my clitoris, I'm sobbing in ecstasy. Archie speeds up his torturous attack on my cunt, slamming himself harder against my snatch desperately trying to shove the knot into me. He forces it in, it sends a shot of obscenely elegant pain through me. I raise my legs and pull my knees as close to my chest as possible. Archie gives a couple of more hard jabs assuring his cock is as deep inside me as he can get it, then stops.

Once he stops I feel his prick expanding inside me. It is a unique feeling that I've come to adore. The stretching, the tightness, and the unaccustomed pressure inside me are all a part of it. I'm in a sexual paradise, a happy state of bliss. His cock is quivering as his cum flows into me, the knot is causing an extraordinary type of stress on my clitoris. I'm coming again. It's my fourth time fucking a dog, I've had multiple orgasms every time. It's no wonder I love it. Something is missing, however. I remember the baby monitor.

"Dana, are you listening?" My voice is labored and breathless.

"Yeah, hon, go ahead."

"Can you come down here?"

"Sure, just a second."

I hear her on the stairs, then the door opens and she comes in. She comes over to me, ignoring Archie. It's as if she doesn't notice a dog is fucking me.

"What is it, honey, something wrong?"

I reach out my hand to her and speak between gasps, "No, nothing, I just wanted you here with me."

She puts her hand in mine. I pull it to my lips and kiss the palm. She kneels beside me. Archie is as oblivious to her as she is to him; he is too busy getting his rocks off inside me to care about anything as long as it doesn't interfere with sexual conquest. Every once in a while he gives a violent forward

jab with his hips. I don't know if it's an attempt to go in deeper, which is impossible, or he's worried the knot will pop out before he's done, which is highly unlikely, or just an attempt to get my attention, which is unnecessary.

I turn my face towards Dana and she leans over and kisses me. I'm in a state of complete euphoria; Archie's swollen cock deep in my pussy, flooding me with cum, Dana's tongue in my mouth, stroking and enticing mine. It's heavenly in a hellish sort of way, almost unbearable. I don't know if orgasm is the proper word for what I'm experiencing, the storm of sensations I'm facing is overwhelming, I'm lost in a fucking carnal universe and I don't care. It is glorious.

Archie is attempting to turn around, I lower a leg to make it easier for him. I feel his back leg scratch my belly as he turns. His shift in position, the tugging and jerking of his cock causes a change in the sensations I'm experiencing. Dana is taking advantage of the fact that Archie is no longer on top of me. She is kissing a trail down the side of my neck, across my throat, down to my breasts. Her hand is rubbing my abdomen as she begins kissing my breasts. She begins sucking on them, the tip of her tongue teasing my nipples. Archie's cock is shivering inside me while my vaginal muscles are constricting tightly around it.

It is all literally breathtaking, my diaphragm and stomach muscles are contracting and I can only breathe in short gasping breaths. I'm panting. The thought is running through my mind that Dana and Archie supplement each other perfectly. Each is giving me something the other can't. Archie, the damned perpetually horny dog, is providing the living throbbing cock and the seemingly endless flow of warm cum that Dana obviously can't. It is the physical and mental thrill of forbidden and exotically exciting sex. I love it.

Dana, my beloved second cousin, is furnishing the personal human touch; the kisses, the gentle caresses, the feeling of loving warmth and passion. It is something no animal can even understand, let alone supply sexually. She is the heart and soul of this act, Archie is the physical end, the ready and willing penis waiting for a chance to fuck. Separately, each is good, great actually, but together they are spectacular. I am in a state of rapturous bliss.

I feel Archie's prick beginning to deflate, it is almost over. Dana is working her way back up towards my lips. Then she is kissing me on the mouth again, my hand is behind her neck, holding her while my tongue pushes out, searching for hers. Locked in a passionate kiss with Dana, I feel Archie's cock pull out of me. There's a quick feeling of erotic discomfort as his knot, reduced in size but still swollen forces its way past the lips of my pussy.

I raise my legs up again and wait. Archie is turning around, now I feel his tongue forcefully stroking my cunt. It is the final touch, and it is exquisite. Archie's tongue is in my pussy violently ravishing it. Dana's tongue is in my mouth at the same time, softly caressing mine. I'm on the verge of tears. Dana moves up and sits on the side of the divan, leaning over me. I wrap my arms around her, clinging tightly to her.

Archie's course tongue is still roughly stroking my pussy, but it is slowing down. I know he is almost finished with me. He stops and I hear his claws on the floor as he walks away. I'm lying there, breathing heavily, still holding Dana in a loving embrace. There is that proverbial warm afterglow to the whole thing, largely enhanced by Dana's presence.

I slide my hands from her back downwards, slipping under the elastic waistbands of her slacks and underpants. I can feel her ass muscles tighten as I massage them. She kisses me again, it is wonderful. I know I'm not finished with her, I want more. We untangle ourselves from each other, and both sit up. I'm on the end of the divan, she's sitting on the side. She is looking over her shoulder at me questioningly. Wordlessly, I get up and come around, kneeling in front of her.

She knows what I'm about to do. Leaning back, she raises herself up slightly so I can pull her slacks and panties down. They are down around her ankles and she raises her feet out of them. I push her thighs wide apart, she is already wet, aroused by what has already gone on. I can smell the rich musky odor of her excited pussy as I kiss the insides of her thighs, working my way towards her waiting cunt. I am as excited as she is, if not more so. I don't know or understand it, I have no great desire to go down on other women, but Dana, oh Dana, I want to give her all the pleasure I can muster.

I'm working my tongue back and forth across her slit in a figure eight pattern, I can taste her secretions. They are the proof she is enjoying all this. Gently, I spread her swollen outer lips apart with my thumbs exposing the soft delicate interior. I'm using the tip of my tongue to trace a path up and down, back and forth before concentrating on her clitoris. Glancing up, I can see her stomach muscles tightening and undulating as she orgasms. I push a finger into her pussy and begin turning and twisting it inside her, but continue to concentrate on her clitoris with my tongue. The thought that I'm making her come is exciting me.

I'm not the only one who's excited; I hear Archie whimpering behind me. Obviously the scent of Dana's pussy has reawakened his interest. His recuperative powers are amazing. I turn around and sit on the floor, leaning against the divan. My one hand is on Dana's knee, I gently tug on it, indicating it's her turn. She understands and gets off the divan. Kneeling in front of me she leans forward with her arms around me and her head on my shoulder. I am supporting her upper body, my cheek is resting in her hair lovingly.

Archie is wasting no time, as soon as her pussy is presented to him, he moves in. It makes no difference to him which one of us he gets to fuck, as long as he gets his dick into a wet and waiting cunt. As I said, a dog is the ultimate in male chauvinism. I feel Dana's embrace tighten as he begins lapping at her. Her breathing gets heavier and deeper as his tongue assaults her pussy. I know every feeling and sensation she is experiencing from here on; the torturously pleasurable ecstasy that is enveloping her. I know from here it is like one prolonged orgasm; there are highs and lows, but it is never ending.

Her weight shifts against me; Archie is on her back, mounting her. It is difficult to see anything from this angle, but I can tell he is thrusting his hips rapidly, slamming his cock against her. He is highly experienced at this and I hear Dana's sharp inhale as his cock goes into her. Seconds later she begins moaning while he tries ramming his knot into her. Dana emits a gasp as it goes in. One or two hard thrusts and he stops. I hear her moaning as his prick begins expanding inside her. I know firsthand he's starting to cum. In my mind I'm reliving the feeling of his swollen prick quivering inside me when he filled me with his cum.

"He's fucking you for me," I tell her, "think of it that way. If I had a dick, it'd be me cumming in you, but I don't so Archie is doing it for me."

I feel her head rise up off my shoulder; she kisses me on the neck then lays her head back down. It's her way of acknowledging what I've just said. I hold her tightly as I listen to her sobbing, moaning, and sighing in ecstasy. There's a strange, erotic sounding groan as Archie turns around, it's the classic ass to ass position. I know well what she is feeling as his knot moves and pulls inside her as he does this turnaround. It has always heightened my orgasm and I hope and assume it is doing the same for Dana. Her throaty moans lead me to believe it is.

I continue to hold her close as she waits for Archie's cock to reduce. I know she is enjoying this, the full, warm, wet feeling of his cock in her. It is something that can't be described other than to say it is a unique turn on. Eventually I see Archie shake his hips slightly then move forward; he is pulling out of her. He turns around and begins licking her again.

I've read dogs do this instinctively. With a bitch in heat, it causes her vagina to close tighter holding semen in, nature's way of assisting impregnation. It has no such effect on humans beyond pure unadulterated pleasure, the perfect ending to a good fucking. It's a final shot at one more orgasm, I can tell from Dana's moans that it's having a good effect on her.

Archie is finished, I watch as he walks away and I think to myself he must be exhausted. He heads to his water bowl and begins lapping at it loudly, probably dehydrated by screwing both of us in such quick succession. Dana releases her hold on me, turning around and sitting on the floor next to me. I slide my arm around her and kiss her. It is a warm passionate kiss, the type I like to get right after I've been laid, she seems to be enjoying it. We sit there snuggling against each other; two tired, dog fucked women. Archie heads to his bed for a nap, ignoring his two conquests. I guess we've worn him out. I wonder if he'll be dreaming of human pussy. Finally Dana recovers her voice.

"I liked what you said about Archie fucking me for you, did you mean it?"

"Certainly," I tell her. "I do love you, you know. I don't feel that way about other women, just you. Maybe it's because you awakened me to my open, sexual side, I don't know, there's no other explanation."

She hugs me in response.

"Do you know when I figured out I was bi?" she asks. "When we were on that family picnic right after we graduated from high school, we went into the bath house to put on our suits to go swimming. You undressed, it was the first time I really saw you, pubic hair, breasts and all that. I looked at you and wanted to kiss you all over. I thought of you ever since every time I was with another woman. I was thrilled when you told me about how you were fantasizing about having sex with a dog. I wanted to share it with you. I guess Archie was fucking you for me too, though I never thought of it like that."

I am dumbfounded, it's one hell of a confession. All I can think of was all the time we'd wasted, the lost opportunities, the fun. But then, I figure better late than never.

"Did you like our little party with George?" she asks.

"Of course I did," how could I not, I think to myself. "It was a lot of fun, I had a good time."

"He loved it. He said he never thought you were that kind of girl."

"Well, I wasn't until I came under your influence. Why, does he want to do it again?"

"More than that, he said we have a guest room that we never use. It's yours if you want it."

"You mean move in?" It's a thought I'd never considered, but it's an intriguing idea.

"Yeah," she says, "if you'd like, or use it for extended visits. I like the moving in thing best. It doesn't make sense for you to live alone, maintaining that apartment, when you could live here."

"Yes," I tell her, "I can see that. So, we'd be here, one big happy family? Just the three of us?"

"Well, four, actually." She says flashing me a wickedly saucy grin. "Woof, woof."

And so it goes, ain't life grand?

The End