

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Summer is great in Vermont for a dog lover like myself.

This might not seem like something you would think about, but it has worked out quite well for me in picking up strays. When I say, 'picking up strays' I don't mean the: 'Do you come here often and what is your sign' kind of strays. It's more like the: 'Come here boy, who's your owner?'

It's kind of a scam that I came up with about 10 years ago when I found some bestiality stories on the net. After reading them, my first thought was they were all made up. That said, I couldn't get the idea out of my mind. I was 20 and living in a small town where you either screw every woman in town, or you're too painfully shy too. And it's even worse if you're gay, you think you're never going to have sex. I'm sure I could have found a gay man if I looked hard enough, but small town gossip is just horrible and so it's better to be discrete.

How it all begun was your typical 'being at the right place at the right time', not any genius or planning on my part. I found my first experience when I was driving around on a Sunday afternoon, killing time and taking a break from the heat in my apartment. I lived on the second floor of a duplex apartment building that got kind of warm in the afternoon. So I would hop in my car that had a/c and drive the country roads.

Wandering along a dirt road this day was a collie that seemed lost.

I was in the middle of state owned forest with a camp ground a couple of miles away, so I knew it wasn't a dog that lived in the area. Where ever he lived he was far from home. There was a chance he was from one of the various summer homes in the area, but if that was the case he was likely lost in unfamiliar surrounds. I rolled down the window of my truck and started to talk to the dog. It was hard to tell who was more afraid of who. I stayed in the truck thinking a strange dog was likely to be mean.

He kept his distance from the truck, sniffing. I had a couple Slim-Jim's and guessing he might be hungry I peeled the vacupak off and held it out. Cautiously he came up to the truck and snapped the beef by-product out of my hand. I realised a couple of things right then: the dog was starving and my only danger was he might snap a finger off in grabbing any food from me.

While he gulped down the Slim-Jim he was parallel to my truck and that is when I knew he was a 'he'. When I gave him the second Slim-Jim he warmed up to me considerably. I got out and check his tag to find his name was Ben. It had a phone number on it from Burlington. This was in the days before I had a cell phone, so I had to head back to my apartment to call his owner.

At my apartment it occurred to me this was an opportunity to try out something a little kinky. So I fondled Ben's dog cock in the privacy of my apartment and to my surprise his red cock soon poked out for me to touch and look at. There I was jerking off this collie marvelling it big thick cock. It leaked loads of precum and I couldn't help myself I tasted it. It was pretty good and then as my debauchery progressed there I was sucking this dogs cock. Eventually it blew its load into my mouth and I was hooked from that day onwards.

It was the perfect way to hook up with a dog, since a couple of circumstances prohibited me owning a dog. The main reason was that I was not allowed to have a dog in my apartment. The landlord just tolerates me having a dog in the apartment for the short time it takes the owners to come pick it up. This window of opportunity is when I let my guest fuck me silly. It's a glorious time for both of us and nobody suspects a thing.

Searching for lost dogs was probably not as good as having a furry companion living with you 24/7. I knew that. However as my Grandpa often says, "If you have a rocky life, make a rock garden."

The long and short of it is that in the last five years I found that dogs will mate with a willing human (always having a stash of beef jerky doesn't hurt) nearly every time, unless they're neutered. Finding willing cock that doesn't complain about your lack of housekeeping skills, your personal hygiene, your taste in clothes etc is always a real bonus. Dogs just take you how you are, then if encouraged they just take you.

However, there is no way I could depend on dogs to give me complete sexual satisfaction. I mean I'm a human and I do need human contact too. Just like you. Without going into too many details, a couple times a month I head to the gay bars up in Burlington and hook up with guys down there.

As for women, I do have a number of women friends who are always trying to set me up on blind dates with 'good girls'. I just have never found one I could relate to on a sexual level. They're way too vanilla for me. Gay guys on the other hand tend to like dirty sex which is what I like. Girls like nice, romantic, loving sex which translates to missionary position only. Boring.

Recently this all changed though and it all had to do with a very horny Dalmatian I found lost. It was one of my two out of three weekends off, and it was summer. (Summer has the highest yield when it comes to lost dogs.) I was listening to Vermont Public radio, 'Car Talk' was on. It's my main source for bestial pleasure in the summer because the station covers the state, so it's the place people call to advertise they lost their dog. About 10:30 AM opportunity struck once more and they announced there was a lost Dalmatian answering to the name 'Arrow' in the Northern Arlington area.

Fortunately I'm prepared for lost dogs. I keep treats in my in car and usually have some hamburger in the freezer. Today was special since I had a steak I'd thawed out for supper. Also I made good use of a sporting goods store where they sold 'Redi\*Doe' deer lure. Deer lure is a dog aphrodisiac, it's basically oestrogen laced deer piss. It's used to train hunting dogs to hone their sense of smell into finding deer.

I use deer lure sparingly, since if I spray it on around an 'active' dog, it's hard to settle him down for the ride back to my place. Worse still, if you get some of this on yourself in a multiple dog situation it can get a bit frightening. Not to mention when you're out in the wilderness around wolves, it's best not to smell like a deer.

I do have a reputation though, a good reputation for connecting lost dogs with their owners. When a master or mistress gets their dog back they're always surprised at just how how sedate the dog is. Largely due to the three or four orgasms I have induced in the beast before calling the owner, but they never know that of course. No one has put two and two together to know I mainly only go out looking for dogs, not bitches. However be it man or beast, sex does has a calming effect.

The DJ announced there was a \$200 reward for the Dalmatian in question which was another perk of finding strays and reuniting them with their owners. One of the tricks I've learnt in the last couple years was to find the shortest distance home for the dog. I know it sounds far fetch, but dogs always head for home when they get lost. If the dog is from Florida and gets lost in Vermont, it will head south, and vice versa. Since the owner apparently was from New York City, I knew Arrow would be heading south, south-east.

I was thinking of Mrs. Jones (my old high school geometry teacher) as I triangulated where I thought Arrow might be. My truck was loaded with dog treats and oestrogen. I knew if the dog did stud service he would go crazy over any female scent and eventually if I was wearing that scent, I would

get laid too.

I found Arrow about ten miles from where he had been reported lost, and sure enough it was south, south-east and he was walking in the direction of NYC. I had with me the steak I was going to grill for dinner and I dropped it by the front of my Subaru Outback and backed up, giving him room to check it out. (I was saving the deer lure for my place). He hadn't been lost for very long so his appetite wasn't that big, but it is hard for any dog to resist raw steak. Three sniffs later and his craving for red meat took over. In a low soft voice I started to talk to him.

Once he had devoured my dinner, I grabbed his collar, attached a leash then checked the dog tags. This was Arrow, if I had any doubt. On the tag was contact information. His owner had a stud farm the name of the place was: 'Nottingham Farms Dalmatian Breeders'. I laughed how Nottingham wasn't really referring to a place but a code word for knotting, which is what a dog does when he breeds a bitch. Arrow was truly a stud. Sex was a regular part of his life, that was clear. That was promising.

I started to play wrestle with him. The contact gets a dogs comfortable with wrapping their front paws around my torso and thumping. You know the saying: 'friends first makes the sex better'. A Dalmatian would not be my first choice for a lover, even with a nice cock like Arrow had. I know it's stupid but the spots, especially around the eyes, make the Dalmatian look like a psycho to me.

I wondered how many pups this guy had sired. Within five minutes of vigorously rubbing his belly his cock had peeked out of its sheath and there was a lot to peek out. What a treat, but I had no lube or I might have let him sodomise me right there on the side of the road. I was tempted to suck him off, but I knew there was a certain risk. As a dog sex predator, I have learned not to count (i.e. fuck) your booty until you're back in the hideout.

When it's been announced that a dog is lost, it means people (especially the owner) are naturally looking for it. Since it was Saturday, there was a chance the owner was still in the area. Holiday cabins can be rented out seven days a week up here, but most occupants this time of year are weekender's. They arrive Friday night and leave Sunday afternoon so they can be home for work on Monday morning. So the owner was probably still driving around frantically searching for their beloved pooch.

Not a good idea to have them drive up beside you while their dogs cock is buried up your ass. They don't seem to like that for some reason. I led Arrow with the leash into the back of the Outback, giving him a piece of rawhide to pacify him on the ride back to my apartment. He was a friendly dog and well trained by the looks of him.

I'm not sure if it was a metaphor or an allegory to drive back to my place hearing Arrow gnawing on the chewy. It was like sexual angst gnawing at my desire. You can't force a dog to stick his cock up your ass if the dog doesn't want to. Fortunately for me, usually it's an opportunity that few dogs want to pass up as long as you set the mood right. I was good at setting the mood.

As soon as we were back to my place I let Arrow out and he instantly lifted a leg and sprayed out a gallon of piss. Then he yanked at the leash trying to inhale the neighbourhood.

Once inside I knew not to rush him. I unleashed Arrow and let him sniff out every room in the place two or three times. It's a small place, but this Dalmatian was hyperactive. Knowing that a way to a man is through his stomach, I opened a can of dog food from my cupboard and put it on a plate (might as well let him feel like a king). While he devoured the food, I was able to put snow booties on his front paws. The booties are to protect animals feet in the cold weather, but I put them on to

protect my flesh. I could probably endure the rough play, but it is harder to explain to people why you are covered with scratches, especially the owners.

While he finished his meal, I went back to my bedroom disrobing as I went. In my room I took the deer juice and sparingly dripped a trail from my cock to my greek rose. I sealed the Redi\*Doe in a zip-lock bag. I took some lube out of my night stand fingering my rosebud with lube.

I knew he had a sizable cock and I wanted it. I wanted to be ready to take it and as hyper as the Dalmatian seemed to be, I knew there wasn't going to be much foreplay. I was able to squeeze all my fingers into my opening. I could hear the food bowl scoot across the kitchen floor. Then I heard booty pads tapping in the hall.

A moment or two later Arrow strolled into my boudoir. One appetite had been satiated and his belly was filled, now his nostrils were grabbing onto another appetite. I patted the bed and he jumped up on the bed, licking my face at first. His cock was slipping out of his sheath and rubbing against my cock. I had the proverbial instant hard on. Arrow found his way to my erection and he sniffed at the Redi-Doe. He began licking my cock, crotch and ass. I was pleased to see he took a certain delight in the juices that was dribbling from my penis. I returned the favour and reached down this erection, grabbing some of his doggie precum.

He nipped my cock and I regretted putting the lure on my penis. Like a good lover though, he licked me back to comfort. My cock was erect and I was excited, but I was nothing compared to Mr. Pedigree. This dog was all about sex, he was a fucking machine. As he inhaled the deer lure and licked it up, his hips were humping air.

The good news was he was ready to copulate, the bad news was fellatio was out of the question during our first go 'round, until he ejaculated into my ass at least once. I rubbed his ears as he licked me and screwed air.

"You want to fuck a man," I cooed and he looked up. It kind of surprised me. "You like to FUCK?" I asked.

He fucked his hip more and barked. He knew what 'fuck' meant. He knew what it meant very well. He had been trained with that word. I wondered why someone would train him to fuck on command as dogs never have any issues around a bitch-in-heat. They're dogs after all. When they're hungry they eat and when a bitch starts excreting her pheromones (indicating she's ready to mate) they're as horny as hell.

Something did make me nervous, it seemed that Arrow was a 'barker'. As I mentioned I do not have a place that allows dogs. My landlord tolerated 'overnight stays' since I had explained to him my hobby of looking for lost dogs, but I'm sure if the dogs ever made too much noise that would be the end of it. I almost had enough saved to get a house in the woods, but until then I needed to be careful.

However there was no slowing this guy down though. He was humping me in the missionary position, without even getting close to my ass. The cock to cock action was stimulating and I could feel his precum seeping onto my belly. His back was nearly folded in half as he was dry humping my pelvis and he was panting. It was a weird position I could not remember being in before, but I wasn't enjoying it.

A couple of things weren't working for me. One was that with his tongue out, swivelling his hips over me he was drooling all over my face. The second was only about every 10 thing hump was he making contact with cock. As exciting as that was, it wasn't worth having my face covered in slime.

I pushed Arrow back and he jumped off the bed. Oddly enough he just kept humping air, I was thinking this guy was horny! (Thank you Redi-Doe!)

"Come'ere boy," I called him and he jumped back on the bed.

I had rolled over and crouched down on my knees with my face against the bed. I pulled my ass open with my hands. Arrow sniffed my asshole, then started to lick it. I didn't want him to lick away the lube so I gave him some verbal encouragement.

"Come on boy, fuck me, fuck my ass."

Again, the word 'fuck' got him excited. Just as Reddi\*Doe an aphrodisiac for his nose, 'fuck' was erotica for his ears. He was on my poking his cock at my ass like a sewing machine.

"HEEL." I commanded, and like an obedient soldier, he stopped. It's funny how all that obedience school training hold a place in a dog's brain. It doesn't supersede copulating, but most times it will slow him down. It gave me a chance to grab Arrow's cock, slide my hand to his knot and aim. I knew I wasn't going to get him to enter me slowly, but I wanted him to make it

As soon as his cock was lined up with my anus, Arrow became an obedience school drop out. To make sure he knew what to do I whispered: "Fuck fuck fuck," and he got the hint.

He did what dogs do best, copulate hard and fast. Until you have been truly fucked by an over-zealot canine, you don't know the definition of feather-brained, where your mind (and body) floats away on a downy cloud of pleasure. The dog was a pro, he knew how to use that cock.

Arrow surprised me though. I thought he was going to drive into me like a a maid churning butter, but he didn't have that consistency. He would hump me in random thrusts: 10 times then a pause; two times and a pause; then 30-ish (one loses count in the excitement of the game) and a pause. The inconsistency was part of the pleasure, the anticipation and know know when he would plunge into me was driving me mad.

His fucking was so deliciously wonderful I didn't even realize I was still holding his cock in my hand. It might have been the explanation for his erratic thrusts, it did keep me from being tied. I took my other hand started stroking myself and came hard in just a minute.

My sphincter, in harmony with my dick spasms, started to clench.

This kind of startled Arrow and he let out a little yelp. I thought I might have hurt him somehow, but this big brute was also getting off. I could feel his knot starting to swell. He stopped humping me, but continued to push forward, trying to get the knot in me. I held him out and he gave up. He must have been spent because he pulled out and jumped down from the bed. I dropped flat, exhausted, to the bed. I was just able to lift my head up to see Arrow cleaning himself.

The sun had set while we romped. My rectum was stretched and filled with Arrow's spunk. It was nice to just lay there and let my body tingle. I knew I should get and call the number from Arrow's tag, but I couldn't let a sweet nookie stud like Arrow go after only one act of carnal delight.

My time with Arrow, or any dog for that matter, is limited. I can't keep pets where I live and eventually I owe it to the owner to return his or her animal. The longer I keep a dog, the harder it is to return it. After a day or two of copulating with a four-legged friend I have an erection when ever the animal comes strutting into the room. Not a good look for an owner. Also dogs do start to attach themselves to you if leave it too long.

I'm sure it becomes a little difficult for them, since very seldom do they get to go back home with a lover who is as easy as me. Of course, with Arrow, that might not be true. Since Arrow lived at the Nottingham Farms Stud Farm, he might get laid on a regular bases.

I had gotten to know Arrow quite well in two days.

After finding him on Saturday, I waited until Monday to call the number on his tag. It is a trick I have learned. If I call the day or next day I find the dog, often the owners are still in the area. Two or three days of looking for a dog can wear you thin and cause you to lose hope. Often the reason they can't find their loved one, is because the dog is busy fucking me. It also means the reward check is a bit larger if the owner has gone through the throngs of loss over their dog for a few days.

By Monday I knew quite a few things about Arrow. I knew he liked dry food over canned; he loved his balls held when I sucked him off; and if you said the word 'fuck' around him he had an instant hard on and expected nookie (which I always provided). I could only assume that his owner used fairly coarse language around Arrow. I envisioned that every time this Dalmatian was filling a bitch with sperm, his owner was encouraging with: "Fuck her, come on Arrow fuck the bitch."

I would've used that language too had I not worried about offending the neighbours. I did experiment both with the word and the action. I would say something like, "Do you like geese? how about ducks?" or "Do you like does or bucks?" and you can guess which word he would get excited on. More importantly for me, when I said anything that ended in 'uck' he would get excited and end up on me. Considering how I live in a small apartment that doesn't really buffer noise as well as I would like, I had to be careful in playing my rhyiming game.

Knowing how well trained Arrow was as a stud, it was pretty tough making that call to his owner. It's always tough, because dog will go back to his owners, never to be seen again. Sure the owners tell me if I was ever in the neighbourhood I could drop in, but that would be maddening. To see a ex-lover who wants you and you want him, but all you can do is scratch his ears. For me it is just better to spend the time I can and try to remember the loving, but forget the lover.

A woman answered the phone when I called: "Knottingham Farms."

"Hi," I said. "I think I have a friend of yours with me."

"What?" the woman sound a little annoyed.

"Actually, he is licking my face right now," I told her.

"What the...your face, O MY GOD, YOU FOUND ARROW," she bellowed. "Where are you, O God I can't believe it. Is he okay?"

"He is fine," I consoled her. I wanted to add that he probably had never been happier, but I couldn't really get into details.

"Where are you?" she asked and I could tell she was walking around the house, probably grabbing her keys.

I explained where I lived and how to get there. She was more than two hours away from me, but I suspected she would make that trip in lightning fashion.

This is the difficult time for me, knowing that I will likely never see the stray again and still having him in my possession. With Arrow, it was even more difficult. Unlike other dogs, he could not get

enough sex. Not to mention Pavlov's dogs might have salivated when they heard a bell, Arrow wanted to fuck when he heard the command 'fuck.' I decided I needed to find out what that was all about. I knew I couldn't just ask up front, but maybe I could work it into the conversation.

Arrow had not had enough sex, nor had I, but there was no way I was going to risk the chance of having one more go 'round. I'm pretty adept at keeping dogs from tying up with me, but I didn't want to risk being tied to Arrow and the owner at the door. Yelling through the door, "Come back later as your dog's dick is stuck in my ass right now," is not a very good greeting."

Instead I took Arrow for a quick walk. It's better when a dog's bladder is empty when his owner arrives. I wouldn't want an accident on my carpet. My neighbour was putting a suitcase in his car as I walked up the side walk.

"Oh hey there, I thought I heard another dog barking in your apartment. He's a good looking dog that one," he said giving Arrow a scratch behind the ear.

"Yeah found him on Saturday. Just got through to the owners today and they're on the way up here to pick him up now. I hope he wasn't too noisy for you as he is an energetic fellow," I said apologetically.

"Nah... I heard him a bit but it didn't bother me. I'm not a tight-arse like the landlord is. But I'm glad I ran into you though. I'm heading down to New York for a few weeks and wondered if you wouldn't mind checking the mail for me while I was gone?" he asked with a smile.

"Sure," I said with a smile.

When I got back inside I realised there was still an hour left before the owner would arrive. I called Arrow over and rubbed his ears and he was looking up at me. "Gonna miss you boy," I told him. "You're the best."

All I could think of was how I could be enjoying raucous bestial sex with him right now, had I not called the owner. He whined like he knew we would soon be separated. He laid down at my feet, rolling on his back. Most would have thought he wanted a belly rub which is what I started to do, but already his cock was slipping out of his sheath. I knew what he wanted. Knew and was willing to deliver.

The Dalmatian wanted me to suck him off. I knew I was cutting it close, but I also knew I loved sucking his dick. I worked my hands along his belly. His cock continued to expand; he knew a sucker when he saw one. I licked the shaft to his fur and that was all the coaching his penis needed. He was out and ready. I took him into my mouth. He was sweet, salty and pungent. He was, in a word: delicious.

I bobbed my head up and down using my tongue to lick up his precum that continued to stream out. He was wiggling on his back, as if he was trying to roll over. He was trying to hump my mouth, but from his back he could barely thrust up. I could feel his knot expand and he was again enjoying my lips.

I held him steady by holding onto his ball sack. It was bitter sweet to be sucking this wonderful dog shaft, knowing Arrow would soon be gone. But I still had this chance.

Oh fuck, someone was on the porch.

Just as I was getting the head motion going there was a knock at my door and we both jumped up, I



wasn't sure who was more startled, but I'm pretty sure that Arrow looked just as guilty as I did.

I tried to brush as much hair off me as I could, but it was a losing effort. When I opened the door there was an attractive young woman standing at the door with a leash in one hand and dog treats in the other. My first thought was she is too young and beautiful to be Arrow's owner, but Arrow lunged out to her.

"Hi, I'm Sharon," she said with Arrow's paws on her chest, "I guess he missed me." She cuddled and kissed him speaking to him in doggy talk. Then she pushed Arrow down. She was cooing to the dog in an embrace that hundreds of men must dream about.

She was dressed in a pair of clingy hip hugger shorts and a red t-shirt that said, "Nottingham Farms." I had not envisioned someone so young (about 22) and so attractive. She looked like Brittany Spears pre-babies, though her chest was a little smaller. She must have been about 5' 2", with nice flat stomach and nice legs. Even though she had long pants on, I knew she had nice legs because the pants clung to every curve of her lower torso. So much so, you could see the 'camel toe' of her labia, as she stood there hugging her dog.

I invited her in to get re-acquainted inside before they made the drive back home. When she sat down Arrow was licking her face and his cock was ready to go again. He was trying to hump her leg.

"Arrow is one lucky dog," I said and when Arrow barked and turned to me. I realised I had rhymed 'uck' and got him excited. I decided to have some fun. "He really enjoyed riding in my *Truck*."

The comment was out of context, but it made Arrow bark and dance in a circle. Better yet, Sharon's face turned red.

"Did I say something wrong, your face is as red as a fire *truck*," I added with evil malice and Arrow barked.

"No, I'm just happy to see Arrow," she said ignoring his excited state. She might be happy to see him, he was aroused.

"How did you lose him, did he chase a *duck*?" I asked and Arrow yelped. "Wow, he must really like *ducks*."

I was pure evil. Not only was Sharon speechless with apparent embarrassment, but Arrow was climbing up and trying to mount her.

"Looks like he really misses you," I said and then taunted her: "Does Nottingham Farms have a kennel or do your dogs sleep with you?"

"Well, um.... Arrow, get down, DOWN," she said, being very firm with the Dalmatian. She was able to push him off of her and onto the floor. "Nottingham is basically Arrow. I have a room, well where the studding takes place, but yes he sleeps with me."

She said it in a way that confirmed to me that 'sleeps' is a euphemism for sex. She used a tone (or tried to use a tone) that implied there was a little mat on the floor for Arrow.

"That's good, it's nice know that someone *tucks* my little buddy in at night," I said causing Arrow to burrow his snout into Sharon's crotch. This was great fun. I pretended not to notice the amorous intent of the Dalmatian. "I've always wondered about stud services, can you make a good *buck* out of it?"

Then I noticed something that was kind of funny. Sharon shifted in her seat. Arrow was excited, you could tell by the way he was fidgeting and barking, but Sharon was also excited, there was now a damp spot between her legs on her pants.

Any word that rhymed with 'fuck' made Arrow horny, but it also made Sharon horny. Or at least being embarrassed about her dog getting off on the sounds of words that sounded like 'fuck' made her wet between the legs.

I forced a laugh, "Oh look, Arrow got you wet between the legs when he stuck his nose there."

If someone could die of shame, this would have been the moment for Sharon. I didn't say anything for a bit, letting Arrow try to mount Sharon. She was trying to push him away, without seeming to excite him more. I waited for my moment.

"So.... how often do you and Arrow do it," I asked with a slow, measured tempo.

We stared at each other for a tense moment, I think she was calculating how much I knew or if she should just ignore it all. It must've been tough on her. All the emotions of losing a lover, finding a lover, the taboo of the lover being a dog and sitting right there is a guy who has outed you.

"D-D-Do what?" she asked.

"You know," I prompted.

"We don't 'do it'," she responded, but just the fact that she was saying 'do it' with the understanding of what 'doing it' meant, said that she did fuck her dog. As I looked at her, she seemed to tremble slightly.

"You don't *fuck* your dog? Hmmm, he really seems like he knows what *fucking* is all about," when I said this her face contorted with terror and Arrow barked, trying to mount her again.

"*Fuck fuck fuck fuck*," I kept repeating it, wondering how far Arrow would go and how far Sharon would let me go. The dog was barking and climbing up to get the goods. Normally I would be freaking out with a dog barking like that, but with the upstairs tenant gone, I didn't care.

"Stop it, STOP IT STOP IT!" she screamed. It wasn't clear if she was saying it to me or the Dalmatian that was on top of her in the chair rocking his pelvis. Both of us backed off.

"Alright we... we..." She was searching for the word and when I started to say it she yelled, "Please, don't say *that* word. Yes we... 'do it'. Alright?"

I didn't say anything, I just looked back at her.

Finally, she said after a big sigh, "What do you want from me?"

"Nothing," I said and she squinted at me not believing or trusting me. "Nothing you wouldn't do anyways. I just want to watch."

"You're disgusting," she said and started to hook the leash to Arrow's collar.

"Maybe I am," I said walking over to my phone. "But a lot of people would think making love to a dog is disgusting."

She stopped and looked up at me trying to figure out if I was serious or just some loser she could

steamroll.

"I'm pretty well connected with the SPCA, since I am always bringing in strays," I explained to her, picking up the phone. "I would be glad to let them know of the weird behaviour Arrow has exhibited since he has been in my home. I think they'd believe me too, and once they test for themselves what happens when you say *that* word you'd be well and truly busted."

Again there was the long stare. She was breathing slow, deep breaths. On the third inhalation, she breathed in long and slow, then grabbed her shirt and took it off, under her red t-shirt was a red lace bra. Arrow knew what was up and started licking her chest. She removed the bra, so he could lick her erect nipples. Except for when the t-shirt was over her face, she kept her gaze on me, ignoring the randy dog.

After she had stood up and removed her shoes and pants, she stood looking at me. She was naked, except for a pair of white ankle socks. Arrow's nose was between her legs licking, she spread some so he could gain better access. Clearly there was pussy juice between her legs.

As bizarre as things were at that moment, they were about to get stranger.

She got down on all fours and Arrow dance behind her, the tell tale wet spot on her pants had made it clear she wouldn't need foreplay. As cold and steely as she was, Arrow was opposite. He was jumping around, licking away at his prospective lover, as I had seen him do many times over the weekend.

"What are you thinking?" she asked and it caught me off guard. I didn't think she was going to talk, and found it weird she would be asking me that question while her dog prepared to slam into her.

"How attractive you are," I told her. It seemed like a plausible answer and for the most part true. Arrow jumped up on her, with his hips humping at the space between him and her pussy.

"No that isn't it. What are you really thinking?" she prompted things had become so freakish. Reaching between her legs. She must have directed the dog's cock to her opening and Arrow thrust into her and she let out a little sigh.

"Well... honestly?" I asked and she nodded her head. She was nodding to my question, but she could have been nodding to the thrusts of her dog. "I'm thinking how lucky you are to have that dog."

At first it didn't sink in to her that I was also in love with Arrow. That not only did I love Arrow, but I was longing for his cock to be rocking in me, not her. She must have thought I was avoiding the question.

A moment later another change appeared on her face. She softened some but the intensity was still there. She crawled over to me. It was a funny sight, her on all fours creeping to me and Arrow hopping and humping to stay with her. When she got to me, she grabbed my belt, in a motion that made me think she was trying to stand up.

"Down," she said, speaking to me

I got on to the ground and she undid my pants, pulling them and my underwear off. She licked my dick, which was soft, but becoming excited. Then she slugged my chest.

"You bastard, you slept with my dog! I can taste it on your cock," she shrieked at me.

"I... I... um," and she slammed her fist down on my chest again.

"I hope it was good," she said with a shrill and I thought she was going to hit me again, but then dropped her face to my crotch. She pressed her forehead against me not moving.

"Fuck!" she said lifting her head and looking at me. Hearing the word, Arrow started to hump harder. "uMMmmm — uMMmmm, you... you.... had to didn't you."

She grabbed a hold of my cock and I put my hands over her hands for protection.

"I'm sorry, but... but," I didn't finish and she licked the head of my cock. I flinched thinking she was going to bite me. She continued to lick the tip of my penis and I relaxed my hold on her hands. She took all of my cock into her mouth, wetting it with her saliva. I thought she had started to bob up and down, but it was only a motion caused by Arrow pushing into her.

She held on to my cock with her hand, but her body moved forward. It was more like she was holding the horn of a western saddle and not to stroke me sexually.

"Mmmmmhhh, mmmmmhhhhmmph," she groaned, then for a few moments neither Sharon or Arrow moved.

"Arrow... Arrow," she whispered and it sounded like she was crying. As if to answer her, Arrow whimpered. I was touched, there is no way these lovers should be separated.

Her face was pressed against my stomach. She started to pump her grip up and down my cock and I could see what had happened. Arrow was now beside her and had managed to tie himself inside her with his knot. He was panting, the satisfied pant I had seen a couple times. Sharon lifted her head from my stomach.

"As soon as Arrow's knot deflates, you owe me," she said, while she was jacking me off with her hand. Now she was not just holding on, but playing with my pleasure.

"Owe you?" I was bewildered.

"Yea, it's your turn to let me watch you get fucked," she said and Arrow let out a tired bark, but it was clear the 'fuck' was out of him, at least for the time being. She looked at him noting his tiredness and said, "Although I think he has probably fucked you many times in the last few days, you slut!"

*The End*