

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was one of those wonderful summer evenings when sight and smell fuse in total rapture. The rain had died away, but not before drenching my clothes throughout. A subtle breeze was sending light shivers up my spine. I felt so light and dizzy, trying to breathe in the wholeness of the moment, the far-away sounds, the divine freshness of the air... The hell with the damned car, that shit box that left me stranded in this strange neighborhood, lost and wet like a stray cat. I could imagine my girlfriend brooding over the delicious food at Anthony's, wondering what may have come up again tonight. Where the heck was a phone booth around here?

The silhouettes in front of me moved with quiet elegance, a watery-like tremor on the wet grey pavement. Transported as I was, I sensed it more than I saw it coming.

"Sit, Leo!"

The dog's breath was hot and spicy; his massive head, saliva dripping on my chin, was hovering over me. I didn't move. I did not dare move. The beast had knocked me down and was astride me in a quiet but definite menace. Not the best position for arguing. I had to make an effort to breathe. A big one. "Back, Leo! Get back!" Reluctantly, the monster pulled back. Not all the way, no, just enough to let me raise my head and lay back on my elbows. The deep growl wasn't reassuring at all.

"Oh, God, I'm so sorry! Are you OK? Leo, you nasty brute!"

The voice was sooo lovely! I would say that deep and velvety, apologetic, more amused than annoyed. So womanly.

"He's not mean, you know. He just likes to show off his strength, I guess. Especially to men!" This time the amusement was there. "I'm truly sorry. Here, let me help you up."

From where I was, lying on the sidewalk, I could barely make up the face that went with the voice. Still, as she lowered herself to give me her hand, I found myself facing a beautiful pair of knees stretching sheer black stockings and parted just enough to show a stretch of flesh before the shadows took over under the dark trench coat. An intoxicating bittersweet fragrance found my nostrils under her clothes, and I felt faint. I swallowed hard and raised my eyes to meet hers. The glint in her eyes told me she knew I was staring.

Embarrassed, I mumbled something like, "Yeah, I'm OK," and ignored her hand. The woman was stunning!

"My name is Mona. No hard feelings?"

"I'm Michael. No hard feelings."

She smiled. A genuine, mischievous smile. From under the hat, a wide-brimmed, black straw hat. On a summer night! Mona had a medium-built, athletic body, as far as I could tell, wrapped as she was in that Bogart-style trench coat. The cleavage, though, had nothing manly about it. The wide lapels framed a soft, bare white skin triangle, unhindered by any visible top. No jewelry on the gracious yet strong neck. Jet black, shiny, short cut hair. The hat kept the upper half of her face in shadows, and the glint of her eyes gave it an eerie look. High cheekbone. Fine nose. Full, bright red lips. She looked like fine china to me. Costly, antique china... "Look, you're soaked. We can go to my place to dry up a bit. I live right down the street. If it's OK with you, of course?!"

"Well, I don't know... It's nothing. However, I should make a phone call. I got lost here, and my car

won't work. Yeah, why not? I need to make a phone call. Someone right now might worry," I said.

"No problem. As many as you want. Just follow us... We owe you one, don't we?"

The soft laugh was infuriating, but I followed them anyway. Viewed from behind, the woman and her dog made a strange tandem. Her high heels were tacking the pavement while the animal strolled noiselessly alongside, his smooth, man-sized balls bouncing from side to side between the strong back legs. Both were walking head high, back straight, only legs moving. Something exciting about them was a hidden sensuality in their strides that stirred me deeply. I could sense a bond between them that went beyond the appearances. I felt myself grow hard. Mona had perfect calves with delicate ankles, and somehow their rhythmical, shiny motion brought sex into my mind: hard, steamy, exotic sex. My loins were on fire.

I can't remember how we got inside. The light in the hall was too strong for my eyes. I blinked in discomfort. The heavy entrance door closed with a 'thump' behind. Leo came against me and started to sniff up my leg. Have you ever had that feeling when you got a dog's snout in your crotch, scared stiff that he may rip off your balls before his master could stop it? Yeah, right. That's how I felt. "He seems to like you," repeated the velvety voice. No kidding, I thought. Wasn't I lucky?! You see, Leo was a big dog. No, Leo was a huge dog. Never saw anything like it. His head was level with my hip. Thick neck, ridged wide back, all muscles rippling under his short, brownish red coat. As big as a Dane, the darned beast. We moved into the living room with Leo's muzzle up my ass.

"He's a Rhodesian ridge-back," came the answer to my unasked question. "My husband brought him as a puppy from a hunting trip in Africa. He's grown quite a bit since, didn't he? They breed them for lion hunting down there. They also make ideal companions."

I bet they do, I thought, taking in the place. High ceilings, soft lights, lots of white, with dark wood furniture set up along the walls. Rich Oriental carpets are hanging down from the ceiling. Several Murano glass vases filled with beautiful flowers. Bronze and antique porcelain on low tables and shelves all over. A lion skin spread in front of a huge stone and brass fireplace. Wow, this place was something! A huge all-glass bay overlooked a ravine or forest at the far end. It was dark then, and the distant trees' contour was back-lighted by the rising moon. I looked at my watch. 9:45 PM already. Shit! "There's a full moon tonight," she said, lighting a cigarette. "The telephone is on the table to your left. Please excuse me for a moment, and I got something to do. Come, Leo, we have to get clean!" She turned on her heels and left through a side doorway, the dog following her eagerly.

"I knew you'd be pissed, but look, Laura... What's so difficult to understand? I was on my way back from the Andrew's residence after I left them the plans for the cottage, and I thought I'll take a shortcut through this neighborhood. It's old and rich, has plenty of inspiration for my work, and besides, you know, the highway it's packed on Sunday night with all the people coming back into the city. I stopped to look at the map, and the next thing I know, the damned bimmer wouldn't start again, so here I am in this lady's house... What? No, she was kind enough to let me make a phone call after her dog knocked me down."

That's when I became aware of some movement to my right. I shifted my gaze. A beautiful three-panel mirror was right across me on a table, one of those silver framed antiques. From where I was, slumped on the deep leather sofa, I could not see beyond the doorway on my right, but to my surprise, the mirror panes were angled in such a way that I could see right through the opening to the end of a small dark hallway that had the bedroom and bathroom doors opened. It took a while to adjust my eyes to the incredible view. The bathroom was a big white room with a raised Jacuzzi platform. Mona was drying the dog's front paws with a towel, sitting on the platform, knees spread apart. The trench coat was open. She was naked underneath, except for a garter belt and the black

stockings. Her heavy breasts were bouncing as she playfully dealt with the task. She threw her head back, laughing, as Leo was slowly licking her upper thighs with long, raspy strokes. The animal leaned on his hind legs as he pushed forward his snout against the prey. Forward. Retreat. Forward. Retreat. Her hairless sex was glistening with saliva. A large tattoo stretched down from her navel to the top of the pouting lips.

“What? N-no, Laura, I’m still here. Yes, I’m sorry for the whole thing, but it’s not my fault... Look, I got to go. Call you when I get home, OK!”

SLAM! Holy shit! My heart was pounding. I could hardly breathe, let alone think. The dog’s head bobbed up and down between Mona’s legs, slurping furiously at her smooth, dark cunt lips. She was now reclining on the platform, spreading them wide open for the licking. Head thrust back, eyes closed, mouth open, dark red fingernails pulling the swollen folds apart, her middle finger rubbing the clitoris with increasing speed. The trench coat had fallen to the sides, revealing the heavy breasts, dark erect nipples shivering in the throes of approaching orgasm. Then, for a moment, her heaving bosom froze in an upward movement, buttocks taking off the edge, as the finger went deep into her cunt.

Her lips formed a perfect ‘O’ while the body looked suspended in mid-air, and then she fell back on the platform, head rolling from side to side. Time was standing still. Leo made a move to mount her. Excited by the licking, the dog’s cock came unsheathed, a long, red, glistening shaft with a ball-like swell at the base. Front paws on the edge of the platform, the dog stood almost erect, his hind legs jerking back and forth, trying to make contact with the wet opening between the woman’s legs. He almost managed to put the tip in when Mona came up and forced him back gently but firmly. From the movement of her lips, it looked like she was soothing him with words, all the while kissing him on the muzzle. She slowly lowered herself from under Leo’s forelegs and, kneeling on the floor, gently took the dog’s cock in her mouth, stroking the shaft while sucking the tip in and out. I watched transfixed as she brought him off in a few moments, swallowing it all!

“Here is a bathrobe, Michael. I’m sorry, I almost forgot about your clothes. There’s a bathroom down the hall where you can change... Michael, are you OK? You’re so pale. I hope you’re not going to catch a cold now!”

I looked at my watch. She’s been in only a few minutes. It seemed like an eternity to me! She sounded and looked like nothing had happened. I thought I was dreaming! “N-n-no, no, I’m fine. I... I think I better go now. It’s late, and I don’t want to intrude. After all, you don’t know me from Adam. I’m calling a taxi right now and...”

“Look, don’t be foolish! I don’t have anything planned for tonight, and your clothes will be washed and dried in no time. You’ll have to iron them yourself, though.” That laughter again. “Unless someone is waiting for you at home, you shouldn’t worry. I can take care of myself; besides, nobody takes chances with Leo around. And he’s always around.”

She was exhaling smoke as she spoke, now looking me straight. Head tilted to the side. Eyes half-closed, she appraised me, measuring me from head to toe.

I felt like a fool. *Damn you, woman! Who the hell do you think you are.* But then I caught myself; after all, the lady was trying to be nice, and why should I care if she’s getting it off with her dog? Suddenly, I realized I was hard as a rock. There was no use denying that this woman and her habits excited me beyond words, and I would have given anything to hang around here for a while. You know, to see what happens next.

“Deal!”

I couldn't believe the sound of my voice. Like listening to someone else talking! She nodded, smiling. Raising her eyes from my crotch – the erection was obvious! She pointed the way with the hand holding the cigarette. Leo's eyes were boring holes in my back as I went down the hall.

It was the same bathroom. All white. Everything was shining clean and neatly arranged. No trace whatsoever of the previous frolics. It could have been a dream, except for the heat in my groin. Shaking my head, I stripped naked. My linen shirt and pants were quite dirty. I splashed cold water on my face and upper body and rubbed hard with a white towel. I took a look at myself in the mirror. My face was red now, but otherwise, the same boyish features I met every morning. Nothing spectacular, just fine, regular lines. The body was OK, a little flabby at the waist, but what would you expect from a guy that spends his life hunched over a drawing board and, more recently, 19" monitors.

Besides, I never was the athletic type; the power of the mind was far more fascinating for me. For a 40-year-old guy, I looked OK. The only problem was my throbbing cock. It stood out at full length, the skin almost bursting below the engorged purple head. I had difficulty resisting the temptation to stroke it and splash my come over the big mirror. Later, I told myself, all you have to do is close your eyes. I thought and decided to put the jockey briefs back on. The dog was giving me the creeps, and I didn't want to be further embarrassed by a hard-on popping through the robe when you least expected it. Folding my stuff, I took a last look at myself in the dark blue terry cloth robe and shook my head at the image in the mirror.

She was sitting on the couch in the same spot I'd been earlier, looking out to the starry night sky, smoke rising gently from her cigarette-holding hand. Since I was coming from behind, I had a three-quarter view of her back. The jet black hair, cut straight and short, looked like a feathered cap in the soft white light. Her other hand was petting Leo's head with slow, gentle strokes. She had changed into a heavy, black kimono that parted slightly over her crossed legs. The stockings were still on, but now she wore black pumps with stiletto heels.

“I assumed you must be hungry, Michael, so I prepared some cold cuts. I'm hungry too, stranger. Beautiful night, isn't it?”

Before I could reply, she turned around, facing me. She had incredible green eyes, deep and streaked with gold. Emerald eyes. Her gaze shifted to the mirror on the table and then to me. I froze in my tracks. She smiled again. A strange, half sad, half-amused smile. That's when I knew that she knew that I saw them. She got up. Leo, of course, stood up too. He stretched and yawned, baring evil-looking teeth.

“Let's go eat. Here, give me those clothes. I'll take them to the laundry,” she said.

The dining area was adjacent to the living room, sharing the same glass bay to the back. The view was magnificent. There was an expansive deck with a pool overlooking a flower garden, and beyond that, the steep slope of a ravine with giant, old trees filling the horizon, all washed in the eerie light of the full moon. I couldn't help but like this house and its surroundings. So cozy and warm, opulent yet discreet. After all, it was my professional territory.

“What do you do in life, Michael?”

This woman was telepathic. “I'm an architect, Mona. I have a small practice downtown. Nothing big, really, mostly houses. Keeps me off the welfare line. My compliments, by the way, I'm sincerely impressed with your house.”

"Thank you! A friend of my husband designed it for us after his accident. We lived downtown in one of those expensive condos overlooking the lake. It was close to Mauro's clinic, convenient for his odd hours at the hospital. But after the accident, we decided to move out here. He couldn't stand the city anymore. I still miss the closeness to shopping sometimes."

"Mona, I know it's none of my business, but you mentioned your husband twice now, and here I am roaming around your house, clad only in a bathrobe."

"Defensive again, stranger? No, Michael, don't worry; nobody will chase you with a gun around here. Not anymore, that is. Mauro, my husband, died almost two years ago. He couldn't stand being a paraplegic for the rest of his life, so he ended it with a hunting rifle."

"I'm sorry, Mona, I didn't mean to..."

"It's all right, Michael. The worst is over now, and I've learned to accept my life as it comes. No expectations, no regrets. Just the present. To the fullest. Will you pour the wine, please? I always liked having a man do that for me."

The food was delicious. I needed it. Yes, she was right. I was hungry as hell. These recent emotions must have done it. I sipped some of the rich red wine. Just perfect. I started to feel more at ease. Somehow, this strange woman seemed so reassuring and familiar!

"Are you married, Michael?" she asked, looking at me from above the rim of her glass.

Man, those eyes drove me nuts! "No, Mona, I'm not. I mean, I was, but it didn't work too well. We separated after 17 years. I'm seeing someone lately. More friends than lovers, though. Can't take another emotional responsibility so soon. My work is taking most of my time these days."

"Let's take our coffee in the living room," she said, feeding Leo some last bits from her hand.

The dog sat quietly at her feet, with Mona hand-feeding him throughout the meal. She got up from the table, and I followed them into the living room. Mona moved with royal grace. She had a high, firm behind with amphora-like hips. Her buttocks were stretching taut the shiny fabric of the kimono. A large, red, fiery-looking dragon, embroidered across the back, sparks flames at the onlooker. My hard-on was back.

We sat in silence for a while, me looking around the house, Mona smoking and gazing at the huge yellow moon. She was reclining in leather and chrome Corbusier lounge chair next to the fireplace, the lion skin between us. Leo, as usual, was lying at his mistress' feet, his eyes closed and looking asleep. This time I knew it before it came out.

"Did you enjoy the show, Michael?" she asked softly, still looking away.

I didn't answer at first. What the hell was I supposed to say anyway? I didn't know what she was talking about, or maybe their unnatural act gave me the biggest hard-on of my life, and yes, I was fascinated by it?

"Did you find it... repulsive?" she asked again, looking at me.

Time to be frank. "No, Mona, I didn't find it repulsive at all. Quite the contrary, I can't remember being so aroused in my life. It's just that it's so... unusual to witness it in real life."

"As opposed to?"

“Well, as opposed to reading about it or seeing it in porno mags or movies.”

“Have you?”

“Yes, I saw a couple of Swedish ones and read some books with bestiality. Even that famous classic one, ‘The Golden Donkey’ by Apuleius, where the main character is changed into a donkey by a witch while performing a sexual act with a woman. To be honest, I’ve always been fascinated by the subject but never expected to deal with it more than with a fantasy.”

“Are you afraid of your fantasies becoming a reality, Michael?”

“Well, some of them better remain imagination!”

We were silent for a while. She kept on smoking with long, deep drags. The kimono fell aside as she uncrossed her long legs, revealing her stockings’ top and smooth flesh to mid-thigh. She didn’t seem to mind. I lighted a cigarette myself. For a few moments, we were again outside time. Everything was so strange. Let’s face it, how often does one have the chance to talk about things like these, if ever? And with a stranger, for that matter.

She slowly faced me and spoke again. The sad, mellow look on her face broke my heart. “I don’t care if you or anyone else judges me. You see, Michael, Leo is very precious to me. I love him beyond words. He’s my ecstasy and agony at the same time; in a way, he represents my husband’s legacy and the ordeal that came with it.” Silence again. “There’s a bottle of Remy Martin and cognac glasses in the bar behind you. Would you be so kind as to pour for both of us? I think I need it to go any further.”

I got up and poured generously in two baccarat tumblers. I bent over to hand her hers, and there was that bitter-sweet fragrance again. My head went spinning. “Eau de Soir,” she said, guessing me again. “Mauro loved it.”

I sat back facing her. I felt like a little boy under the Christmas tree. What a woman!

“Do you want me to continue, Michael? You can still refuse and go out of here, remembering this as nothing more than a bizarre incident that got you aroused on a summer evening. A spicy story to tell your male friends sometime, although I count on your discretion to never disclose my true identity or the location of this house. Also, I want you to give me your word that should you choose to listen further, nothing of what you shall hear or see from now on will be made public in any way. Because Michael, before I’m through in sharing my life with you, you’ll never think the same again. As a male, I mean... Gentleman’s word?”

I looked at her; you know, that look from-deep-down-inside when you load your soul power into one long, hard, penetrating gaze as if you’re trying to convince them you’re worthy of something. I nodded slowly. “I promise, Mona. Yes, I would like you to go on. I believe in experiencing all things in life. Why me, though? You hardly know me.”

“I feel I can trust you. Call it woman’s intuition if you want. Also, you happen to be in the right place, at the right time. Even Leo likes you, and that doesn’t happen too often.”

Mona swirled her glass before taking a delicate sip from the cognac and making it last in her mouth, head thrown back, eyes closed. She worked a little lever on the side of the chair and brought it down to a lower position. Her crossed legs were facing me now, and I had an unobstructed view of the underside of her thighs down to where the buttocks rested on the leather seat; the black sheath of the kimono fell to reveal the birth of a perfect ass. Nestled at the base of the stockinged thighs, her

naked sex was peeking out just a hint above the black leather. Oh, God! I swallowed hard on more cognac. Leo sighed in his sleep.

"I met my husband twelve years ago. At an orgy. One of those skin parties where everybody made out with everybody. Sort of a high-class restricted sex club. They were fashionable in the late seventies. No AIDS scare in those days. A couple I knew introduced me to the swinging scene, and since I was trying to cope with a recent emotional breakdown over some jerk, I went at it full force. You see, Michael, I got a very sensual nature and knew no bounds for sex. It's something I had to fight to control all my life. Yes, I was pretty wild back then...

"Mauro seemed so out of place there, standing alone in a corner, glass in hand, watching people fornicating! Getting out of some heavy embrace, I went straight to him. Half an hour later, we were out of there, laughing like children over a delicious dinner in a small Italian restaurant. He told me it was his first time in such a place, and he never intended to return. One of his doctor friends has insisted he give it a try to break the monotony of the long hospital hours. He was a working maniac, a perfectionist. Whatever he did had to be perfect.

"By that time, he was already one of the top heart surgeons in the country. I was fascinated by his intensity. A driven man was the opposite of my self-indulgent drifting in life, like night and day. It was love at first sight. We got married after three months. We were the perfect match. I gave him warmth and affection, the best sex he ever had; he gave me a sense of purpose and worthiness. We started to travel quite a lot. His skill and expertise were in high demand all over the world. Medical conventions were fighting to get him as a guest speaker.

"He took me everywhere with him, these being the only times we could be together. I was on the top of the world for eight years, literally. We had a mutual understanding relationship. I never interfered with his work or complained about how little time we spent together. Instead, I made the best of what we had, happy enough not to be cornered into a suffocating marriage. Many envied him for having such a wife. Some of them knew about my hectic days and came strong at me whenever possible. With all the traveling and reading, I became quite a sophisticated lady.

"The poor fools thought my husband neglected me. If they only knew what refinements in the art of love I've picked up from all our travels to keep my husband happy. Men are so blind. Sometimes it's pathetic! They couldn't see I was in love with Mauro and the way of life he'd handed me on a silver platter. I didn't need their little adventures. I was a fulfilled woman. Until the accident."

Her voice got very sad. Leo jumped up instantly, pricking his ears and growling uncomfortably. He was watching me. I froze again, startled.

"Shhhh, Leo! It's OK. It's not his fault. I just got sad with the memories. Sit now!"

Leo wasn't too convinced but sat down anyway, to the left of the tempting view. Taking another mouthful of cognac, I zoomed in again on the fleshy peach in front of me. Behind closed eyes, Mona was seeing her world.

"One night, walking home from the hospital, he got hit by a car. Some drunk teenagers are having fun with a stolen car. I was in Paris at that time for a spring fashion show. They got me at the hotel just as I was going out the door. I took the afternoon flight back home. He was in the intensive care unit for about a week. One of his best friends looked after him, but there was nothing they could do to give him back the feeling of his legs. He was to remain in a wheelchair for the rest of his life, paralyzed from the waist down. For the next ten months, he tried every recuperating technique available.

“Nothing worked. He gave up, and something died inside of him then. Sadly for him, he lost all hope and got into self-pity. We started to discuss our future. He knew I was hot-blooded, and sooner or later, I’ll have affairs, although he also knew that I loved him enough not to do it without his consent. We were considering alternatives, but I knew he would hurt inside if another man were to replace him. He wasn’t jealous, but Mauro was a very proud man, and being challenged out of his territory was too much for him. Our heaven became our hell. Then, one day something happened that solved this problem but brought others much more challenging to deal with.

“I still remember that day as if it was yesterday! It was a hot summer afternoon, and I was sunbathing nude by the swimming pool. As you can see, this house has total privacy. No neighbors on the sides, just wild nature. Anyway, I was always naked by the pool, and Mauro liked that quite a lot. He used to worship my body, especially since I got this dragon tattooed on my belly a few years back for one of his conferences in Singapore. That’s when I had my pubic hair removed permanently too. A little present for him from his ever lustful wife. Thai art; is painful but fascinating.

“He used to look at the dragon for hours on end. So there I was, applying some tanning lotion on my body and then lying back to bask in the afternoon sun, legs spread apart. As I was dozing off, Leo came out of his cool hideout under the deck and, attracted by the powerful caramel smell of the lotion, started licking me between the legs without any warning. And he was doing it vigorously, excited, even more, I presume, by the strange-looking thing on my belly. I cannot describe that feeling. When caught between pleasure and surprise, I hesitated to react immediately.

“Leo was still a puppy in my eyes, just a little over one year old. As fate would have it, Mauro was in the shadows of the living room, watching me intently, as he often did since he got confined to the wheelchair. I knew he liked to ogle me. After all, I was the one to tease him sexually; he only had to make choices from a wide variety of show-offs. That’s how I got to wear only dresses and stockings with garter belts. Silk only, of course. Anyway, he urged me not to move!

“The tone of his voice made the situation even more bizarre. I didn’t see any apparent reason not to comply: the dog didn’t know any better, it gave me pleasure, and if Mauro wanted that, it was OK with me. Leo kept licking my naked pussy like no tomorrow, sending me to the sky and back. I finally opened my eyes, and the big dog’s sight going down on me made me even hotter. His penis was out of its sheath, and I was intrigued by the size and shape. Almost human, except for the odd swell at the base.

“I looked up at Mauro, unsure what to do next. What I saw in his eyes left no doubt about his desire. He nodded silently and looked at Leo’s engorged tool. Still, I turned around and held that strange-looking cock. I thoroughly examined it and slowly slipped its tip into my mouth. It tasted a little funny but not unpleasant. Leo was always immaculate and well taken care of. A rich man’s dog. As soon as he felt the warmth of my mouth, he started humping rapidly, pumping in and out like crazy. I almost choked when he came, flooding my mouth with hot, bitter-salty squirts of sperm. It took me by surprise, and fearing I’ll choke again. I swallowed it all. I still get hot thinking about the first time.”

In front of me, the thighs were squeezing the nested peach lightly, its velvety lips getting moist and swelling as she spoke. Under the robe, my throbbing cock twitched painfully. Holy shit! I wondered, in a flash, if she was doing it on purpose or if she cared at all, immersed as she was in reliving her memories.

Before I could decide, she spoke again. “Everything changed since that moment. That night, Mauro had me on my hand and knees on this very lion skin, buttocks up in the air, ready and thrilled with the anticipation of the forbidden thing. Leo’s training was about to begin. We talked it over that

afternoon, and I confessed to him that the idea of having Leo for a lover excited me tremendously, provided he could be trained to satisfy my needs.

“Also, I felt my husband would be more secure knowing my sexual needs were catered to by a dog he loved rather than by a competing male. Mauro was alive with excitement! Realizing the dog was initially stimulated by the smell of my tanning lotion, Mauro had prepared a mixture of honey and caramel sauce, which he spread generously over my exposed genitals. He knew how to get me hot, and I was going wild under his probing fingers. My juices started to flow, adding to the sweet mixture of the ointment. Mauro called Leo over and let him lap at my behind for a while before helping the dog mount me and putting his prick in me with his hand.

“I went berserk with desire, but Mauro told me to hold still and allow Leo to find his way in and get used to me. And that he did, pushing in that massive cock in one stroke, whining and starting to hump furiously against my buttocks. Leo kept plowing me for what seemed an eternity, bringing wave after wave of maddening orgasms. I cringed in pain when the bulge went in, stretching my vagina like never before, but the pain soon became a pleasure. Unspeakable pleasure! I was in heaven, fucked by a dog!

“I remember looking back in a haze from under my arms to see Mauro watching us transfixed, his wheelchair only a few feet away. I felt something growing inside me, stretching me to the limit and figured it had to be the knot at the base of Leo’s cock. It felt huge, and I realized he would be stuck in me for a while, when jets of hot liquid gushed inside and down the inside of my thighs.

“We stayed like that for a while, me panting and overwhelmed and Leo awkwardly trying to dismount me. It took a while, but we got a part, and I loved how he licked us both clean. Mauro wheeled over, kissed me on the lips, and told me we had found a solution to our marital problems. We had indeed. It took about six months to train Leo to be a true replacement for Mauro. And what a perfect lover he became, learning all my needs, sensing all my moods, and obeying all my wishes! As Leo did in the bathroom, how many males would have given up getting it in after being aroused? How many can a woman talk out of it when she doesn’t feel like having sex, Michael?”

It became too hot all of a sudden. I had trouble breathing. I couldn’t believe this was happening to me. I just wanted to jump on her and get lost between those sleek thighs when she uncrossed her legs and, spreading them wide open, looked at me over her knees with those emerald eyes, head straight, elbows propped on the chair.

“Do you still want me, Michael, now that you know that the object of your lust is a dog’s mistress? A few others gave it a try after Mauro’s death but gave up when they were told Leo would be part of the deal because a few others from the many wanted to have me. Some of them freaked out only seeing Leo. They all lasted for a few days, one-night stands in posh homes or hotel rooms since I could not have sex in my house with Leo around. He’s very possessive and seems to appraise people far better than I can. Judging by the way he accepts you, I think he likes you. And so do I, Michael. Are you game?”

I couldn’t take my eyes from her superb vulva. The darkish smooth lips, swollen by arousal, were parted slightly, showing the moist inner flesh as the glistening clitoris came unhooded between the teeth of the strange-looking dragon. It stood erect and twitched in the soft light. She brought her hand down, the red-nailed, long, nervous fingers dipping into the wet folds of her cunt, and started tracing slow circles around her love bud.

I almost leaped forward to sink my teeth in the tantalizing flesh when Mona warned me huskily: “Don’t, Michael! Not until Leo gets to know you. He can get very aggressive if you touch me now.

Have patience and let him get used to you. Otherwise, he might jump you. There's a jar of honey labeled Leo in the kitchen. Bring it to me and sit back and enjoy. We got a show for you!"

I got up in a trance and brought the big jar back into the living room. Leo was already between her legs, aroused by the sweet smell of her dripping pussy. He was whining and sniffing, trying to get a better hold of his prey. She calmed him down, kissing his wet nose and whispering lowly. Mona stood up and untied the kimono, letting it fall at her feet. Her statuesque body was glowing in the soft light, the heavy breasts sagging just a bit, the large dark nipples quivering with excitement above a narrow waist, and the flat belly below. The fiery-looking dragon was pointing downwards, his open jaws about to bite the top of her labia. She winked at me as I sat back on my armchair, taking my throbbing cock out. I just wanted it to last forever. Mona got down on her knees on the lion skin, her side towards me. She took some magic honey from the jar and rubbed it on her pussy, slowly working her fingers in and out of those puffy outer lips.

She brought her chin down to the furry skin facing me, eyes half-closed, buttocks raised towards the ceiling. She gave a short twist to the spread with her knees, and I got treated with a three-quarter view of the fingers sliding in and out of her asshole, the relaxing sphincter engulfing more and more of the honey-coated intruders each time. I was having a hard time slowing down the rhythm of my pumping hand. Leo was circling her, whining and panting like a caged beast, oblivious to my presence. I was afraid he might change focus and take interest in infection for a moment. He seemed to wait for a signal. This ritual was a well-orchestrated play between the woman and the dog.

"Come, Leo!"

Mona was ready for action. The dog went instantly between her spread thighs and started licking the anointed goodies. His back almost brushing my knees, Leo went at it with delicate thrusts, lapping the honey off the glistening openings. Mona's increasing moaning and writhing under the invading tongue were long, strong licks punctuated. The dog's huge purple cock was out now, standing ten inches. My God, what a tremendous tool! Hard to believe Mona could take all that. Still, I started pumping my erection furiously.

"Now, Leo, put it in me, darling! Let me have that gorgeous cock of yours, my love! Now!"

Obeying readily, the dog retreated and, leaning on his hind legs, mounted Mona, his front paws coming to the sides of her arched back. The tip of his penis brushed against the woman's buttocks, but her hand came over to help, aiming it directly at her waiting cunt. I stared in disbelief at how the slippery cock went in without effort, the ugly knot butting against the stretched lips. Leo pumped madly, and in a few strokes, he was all in! Holy fuck! Whining loudly, the dog went humping at high speed, an incredible fuck-machine. He would pump furiously for a few minutes, slow down, and pick up the pace again. Chin buried deep into the lion's skin, eyes closed on a face distorted by a pleasurable pain.

Mona wailed like a wounded animal. "Ooohhh Leo, fuck me, darling, fuck me hard. Yyesss, fuck your nasty bitch Leo, fuck me gorgeous, yyyeesss, give it to me baby, ooohhh..."

I was about to spend myself all over them when she called out my name. She had to repeat it for me to understand her words. "Come here, Michael, let me suck you out of your pain... Aaargh, come, lover, I want that cock in my mouth now!"

I was above her face in a flash. She didn't even open her eyes when she engulfed my throbbing shaft, bringing her face up and straightening her arms in one fluid motion. I just went with the flow.

My mind was blank. There was nothing outside the incredible pleasure her mouth gave me, lips sliding up and down the shaft, playing hide and seek under my glazed eyes. There was no time, no space, no nothing except the in and out. The whole world was the size of my cock, stretching hot and moist between its tip and her tonsils in an incredible journey of wet advances and retreats.

That's when my brain exploded, and in the blinding light, I came like never before, the hot geyser erupting from depths I've never known, never imagined... I could have died right then and there, with no regrets, no farewells. My knees gave under me, and down I went, my cock still in her mouth; her lips clamped tight around the shaft. She was sucking the dear life out of me and moaning to death as her orgasm hit her, wave after wave of dog sperm flooding her insides.

Leo was the first one to come out of it. He dismounted Mona and dutifully licked both her and himself clean. When done, he came around and licked her gently on the cheek, his eyes full of gratitude. He sniffed for a while at my limp penis and then lay down next to the fireplace with a dull look.

The End