

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I

"You know, you should consider castrating him."

I laughed nervously. "I won't take the pride of the dog away, Ann, what the hell." The dog we were both referring to is the one I adopted four months ago. A big, smart and goofy stray dog, who we both named Baxter. "That bitch was on heat, it wasn't his fault." We were walking back to my home after spending the whole afternoon chasing our dog everywhere at the dog park. If there's one thing Baxter has, that thing is energy.

"Right, but look at him," Ann said, pointing to the restless dog sniffing and barking at the silliest things the rope of his leash allowed him to. "Baxter, no, st-AHH!" She said right before Baxter tied her legs and tripped her - luckily - towards my arms. "He wouldn't be so high on his own hormones if he didn't have his balls."

"Oh, you cruel woman," I said, and we both burst into laughter. "It's not his fault, that bitch's owner cock-blocked him. What's the big deal, anyway? They'd make out, be happy and have the cutest pups ready to make other families happy."

Ann righted herself, untangled the rope off her legs and handed it to me, "here, you hold him, I just can't." As she adjusted her hair behind her ears, she looked down at Baxter, whistled at him and gave him a good scratch on the neck. "Also, you weren't paying attention. That wasn't a bitch, I'm pretty sure it was another male."

I smirked and laughed. "So he goes both ways, then," I said as I opened the door to my building. The dog, as usual, leaped over the stairs before us and waited for us at the top. "So do we have a problem, then? It's not like he was going to impregnate that dog."

Ann gave me the side eyes. "Yeah, right. We will have this conversation again when Baxter starts humping chairs, shoes and pillows."

As soon as I opened the door to my small studio apartment, Baxter ran towards the couch and laid belly up, wagging his tail and looking at us. Ann, as expected, walked towards him and gave him much requested belly rub. "Don't tease him too much, or he'll get excited," I joked.

"Ha-ha, very funny, Will." As I reached for the cabinet in search for a glass to pour some water for us, she continued. "Though I didn't know dogs had such big dicks."

"Wait, what? I was concentrated in pulling Baxter away from that other dog, and you were occupied staring at his dick?"

"It's not like I couldn't see it, it was dangling. You didn't?"

I shrugged. "Honestly, no. Your mind in the right place?"

Ann laughed and got up. "Don't start thinking things." She walked past me and towards my cabinet, peeked inside and gasped. "You STILL have not bought anything? What am I going to eat?"

"Ahh, sorry, hun. I'll do this weekend. I'll order us some dinner."

She flipped. "Hell no, I'm fed up with Chinese takeout. At least my home has proper food."

"Come on, we can get some pizza instead."

"You KNOW you can save quite the buck if you cook your own food, right? I'm almost penniless, Will, I'll spend the night home tonight."

I frowned. Ann shared her place with another friend, and it didn't have either the relative comfort or privacy of my own home. Not that I live well, mind you, but a full size bed makes a huge difference, for starters. "Uhm, I'll get some groceries this weekend. Promise, hun."

Ann wasted no time. She quickly grabbed the few clothes she had lying around, stashed it in her backpack, and approached me for a kiss. "Tomorrow night, then?"

I pulled her by the waist and kissed her deeply. "Tomorrow night."

As she left I put some food on Baxter's bowl, refilled his water, took my shirt off and tossed it to the side. I was heading to the shower but then I saw the stash of VHS tapes and reconsidered my priorities. It's not often that Ann spends the night at her own place, so I could be a little lazier than usual and no one would complain. Besides, I like how my body smells after a day of work. Not Ann's thing, but she wasn't there.

I shuffled through the stash to find the next episode of the previous season of *Murder, She Wrote*, then walked towards my VHS player, passing through Baxter silently eating his dinner and put the tape in. In my kitchen there was some stale bread, some crackers, a bit of jam and a few cans of coke, so I was set for the night. I grabbed the remote, undid my pants, slid them down and launched myself to the sofa wearing only my boxers and socks. My body glistened due to the accumulated sweat after work and the heat, but I didn't mind. After grabbing a pillow to rest my head on, I laid belly down and hit Play on the remote.

As expected, as soon as Baxter heard any sound coming from the TV, he went straight to the sofa to lay beside me. Unfortunately for him, I spread my body all over the sofa, including the spot he usually would curl up and take a nap while I watch my favorite series. He crawled up, tried to find a spot to sit comfortably but didn't find any. "Sorry, bud, I guess it's the floor for you today."

Baxter, perhaps, was spoiled by the nights spent with me watching TV. Ann would reclaim his spot when she was with me but I didn't mind he slept on the sofa, or on the bed with me when she wasn't around. He's just great to cuddle.

Surprisingly, Baxter decided to lay on top of my legs, in his usual spot. Baxter was fairly big, so his weight definitely did not go unnoticed. Considering the heat that night and his fur, I started sweating more than usual. It was okay, though. He was comfortable, I was comfortable, we were good, so I kept watching my episode while Baxter found a way to nest himself among my legs and use my butt as a pillow. It felt somewhat weird to feel his junk resting dormant against my calf, though it didn't feel as big as Ann's impression of it from earlier.

My moment of peace didn't last long, though. My boxers were glued to my skin due to my sweat, and I felt Baxter's nose probing my butt crack down to my perineum. Now, I adopted Baxter on a whim and never had any pets before, but even I could see that a non-neutered dog in presence of certain stimulant scents would get horny. His head was close to my junk, so I wasn't surprised he caught my scent. That it did turn him on, that surprised me.

Then again, dogs often hump chairs and pillows and stuff.

Not for a split second I considered stopping him. In fact, I was getting strangely aroused by it. I

wasn't sure when to stop, so I just let it go its course and see where it would lead us. Baxter's nose and breath felt somewhat cold to the touch. He was fixated in digging deeper into my ass crack, often going down to sniff my perineum and balls. I let a faint moan escape when he tongued my balls under my boxers. His tongue felt wide, coarse and hot to the touch.

Perhaps most people would've stopped after their dogs licked their private parts. Me? I raised my butt just a little, by instinct. I felt like Baxter knew what I wanted, even if I didn't. He started digging his muzzle deeper between my butt cheeks, sniffing and licking all of it, completely soaking my underwear. I raised the volume on the TV and moaned discreetly as Baxter worked my ass as best as he could. My dick was too uncomfortable being pressed against the sofa, so I reached my hand to pull it out and stroke it a bit.

It felt too good. Oddly enough, my mind was racing. I do recall some stories of people fucking animals in farms when I was a teenager, but I wasn't sure if I ever was into it. It didn't gross me out, sure, but I never fantasized or masturbated to things like this. Yet there I was, completely given to my own dog for our own mutual pleasure.

Baxter focused on licking and sniffing what he could of my balls. Poor dog was doing his best with my underwear standing in the way, so I let my smelly balls dangle off. I was afraid Baxter would try to bite it, but he limited himself to licking them clean, instead.

It came to mind that I did wake up some times in the middle of the night with Baxter humping something. They'd often be one of our used clothes, either mine or Ann's, that he'd bring and lay on top of his favorite pillow. Smart boy, smart boy. Ann never figured that out, strong as she sleeps, so I always hid the proof of the crime away. It was only natural that, given access to the original source of the scents, Baxter would take advantage of it.

It's been a long time since I got rimmed. It's not Ann's thing, and Baxter was so focused on my ass, I thought why the hell not? I put my thumbs in the boxer's waistline and pulled them down just enough to reveal my hairy ass, raising my butt and angling my back enough to taunt Baxter to his prize. Exactly how Ann does with me, mind you. As expected, Baxter first sniffed my whole ass crack and licked my asshole vigorously.

I wouldn't even dare to imagine what would happen if Ann, who has the keys to my home, came back to find her boyfriend on all fours raising his ass to be eating by his own dog.

Sometimes fate is on our side. Besides, the risk only made the situation that much more exciting.

My moans were muffled by the loud TV. I stroked my cock vigorously as Baxter gave me the best rimming I could expect in years. His whiskers deliciously tickled the insides of my butt cheeks as I stroked my cock ever so vigorously. I was ready to cum.

But I didn't. Whenever I got closer to the edge, I stopped and calmed myself. Why?

What does a dog do when he's horny enough? So, yes, that.

It wasn't conscious, though. I was just instinctively driven to wait until the right moment, though I still wasn't sure if it would get any past that. It's been too long since I got a dick in my ass, and if Ann's words were anything to believe on, chances were I wouldn't be able to take Baxter on my first try.

It didn't take too long before Baxter finally decided to stop licking my ass and try to mount me. My butt cheeks rubbed against each other, and I felt the stickiness of his saliva. He leaped forward,

towards my head, and clamped his front legs around my body as I raised my butt higher to match with his cock. He started humping me, and for a few seconds all I felt was a hairy nub rubbing against my butt.

Until... "Ouch," I said loudly when I realized Baxter had scratched my side abs. "Well, that'll be easy to hide," I whispered in jest as I touched the new bruises with my fingers. "Easy, boy, easy," I said, trying to calm him down, but his cock was already leaving its sheath and finding its way among my butt cheeks.

For a few seconds, I stuttered. I clenched my butt around his cock to better gauge its size while at the same time I tried to rearrange his front legs to stop his claws from scratching me any further. It was, indeed, big, probably had the same girth of my own cock at its thickest, but wasn't as uniformly thick. I felt the tip trying to invade my asshole but got afraid it was too much for me on my first try. Not without a lot of lubrication and perhaps some stretching, and I didn't even feel the knot yet!

So I lowered my butt so his cock was now better angled to hump my butt crack. I would generally use the term "dry humping" but it doesn't apply well here: my butt was soaked with his saliva, and his cock was incredibly wet and slippery as well. I kept one hand awkwardly adjusting his front legs whenever needed, and with the other I pressed his cock against my butt to make sure it wouldn't either slip out, or in towards me.

As far as first experiences go, this one was exhilarating. Baxter was growling and panting heavily as he humped my ass, his dangling tongue dripping saliva in my back, while I, sweaty as I was, stood there with my legs open, clenching my butt cheeks as tight as possible around his thick cock. Every thrust of his moved my own cock like a pendulum, hard enough for it to hit my belly with a distinctive "thud" sound.

I wasn't sure if I would hold myself for long enough until Baxter finally came as I finally felt his knot getting out of its sheath. In comparison to us humans, dogs cum a whole lot, and he shot his cum far enough to hit my neck and paint my whole back, with most of it pooling closer to my waist. At the same time I came myself too, a few huge spurts like I haven't come in months. Hands free, too, and that's a first for me.

Breathless, Baxter unmounted me and I laid to my side with a leg in the air to appreciate what just happened. Baxter just sat beside me and licked his own cock. To feel it is one thing, but to see it is something else. It was huge, beautiful, crimson in color. The tip was somewhat thin but it got thick way too soon for it to be considered smooth. The base was slightly thinner, but the knot was, well, worthy of beast of his size.

I was panting, massaging my own, still hard cock, then I got up. The sofa was an absolute mess, with my own cum and Baxter's after I changed positions and accidentally rubbed my back in the sofa back. "I wonder what that will smell like tomorrow," I thought, then rubbed my hand in my butt cheeks and smelled my fingers. It smelt pungent, strong. Reminded me of my own sweat, but also something else. Baxter's own fluids, I imagined.

I considered grabbing Baxter's cock to see how it feels in my hand, but unfortunately most of it was already sheathed and Baxter got up to drop off from the sofa and do something else. "So you can't stand as much as us, right bud?" I said as I scratched his head with my hand on my other hand.

After Baxter went to finish his dinner, I tried to recompose myself. Took off my wet boxers, wiped most of the sofa the best I could, then walked naked towards the bathroom. I stopped at the door, looked down at my underwear in my hands and put it in my face to once again smell us both,

together.

"Damn," I thought, then changed direction to my bed. I laid there as I was, then covered my face with my underwear, smelled it and licked it as I masturbated to what had just happened.

My days as a construction worker are often uneventful. I tend to be the quiet one of the bunch, only often talking during breaks and so. No false modesty, I'm also usually the most productive as well.

Yet, I'm sure you could understand why my mind wasn't in the right place. I was still processing what had happened the previous night. I wasn't getting judgmental, mind you, it was something else: I wanted to learn how to best take advantage of my moments with my own dog.

With some luck, my best buddy, coworker and the biggest slacker of them all would help me in this. He's often the one to take the most pauses to light a cigarette.

"It's not like you to join me, Will," Matt said, taking a cig out of its box. "Want one?"

"Not now, thanks. Hey, huh..."

"There you go, you wouldn't stop working if it weren't to ask about something," he said, smiling and laughing. "What's bothering you?"

"Right, ahem," I paused, looked away and then continued. "So I overheard you talking to Terry about this rental shop."

"Yeah," Matt said, scratching his chin, "yeah, I remember. During lunch time, a few weeks ago. What's with it?"

"Well." At that time I was sure I heard either him or Terry mentioning, and I quote, you can even find some dog on woman kinda porn there, and how the other person who was with them was disgusted by it and wanted to leave. If I wanted to continue having fun with my own dog, I had to research a bit. "Didn't you mention there were some bondage videos there?"

Matt is my best friend but I had no idea of his thoughts on this matter. I couldn't risk it.

"Yeah, there is," he answered between whiffs of his cigarette. "Lots of BDSM related stuff and a few specific fetishes. What do you need?"

"Leather, perhaps. Me and Ann are trying some new things in bed."

Matt dropped his cigarette, faced me and smiled. "Leather is my thing, Will. I can drive you there after work one day or the other."

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## Part II

I held a half empty can of soda in my thighs as I gave a last whiff on my cigarette. It was my second as I sat in the hall in front of the VHS rental shot. I had promised Matt we'd come together Friday after work but I wouldn't risk him knowing my true intentions.

Taking the name of the place out of him was hard enough, Matt knew how to be inconvenient

sometimes. After some sweet talking he slipped it, Video Gallery. Finding the address on the White Pages was easy enough, and the place was as inconspicuous as the name implied: just a boring white on black logo on the facade with a single obscure movie poster on the front door.

Matt might've fooled me in the end but who knows, I had to try.

Once I finished my third cig and didn't see anyone close by, I walked towards the place. I looked to the sides once more as I grabbed the doorknob to make sure no one would see me - yes, silly, I know - breathed in, and opened the door.

There were only a few shelves full of tapes perhaps one or two years old at the earliest. As soon as I entered the counterman nodded to me and continued reading whatever he was reading behind the counter. He wore some obscure indie band shirt, some punk band, I figured, had dyed bright green and spiky hair and more than a handful of piercings. I thought I wasn't one to judge, but he looked misplaced.

I gave the place a 360 and couldn't find anything remotely closer to what Matt had suggested. They didn't even have adult movies or an adult aisle, so to not look like an idiot I grabbed whatever movie that was in front of me and walked towards the counter.

"You'll only take this one?" He asked.

"Yes, thank you." He grabbed the tape and pulled a book and a pen, and then I figured out: the counter was sitting on one of these small stools you'd find in a bar, with little space to spread his legs or do much body movement. "The place looks bigger on the outside."

"Yes," he answered, looking down at the registries in his book. "Twice as large as this area, actually. We have another room for pornographic tapes, right over there," he added, pointing to the door behind him with his thumb.

I opened my eye lids wide. "And what's in there?"

He stopped flipping pages at his book and faced me. "Were you referred by someone?"

"Mattison Curry," I answered right away. "He told me about this place." I felt bad for name dropping him after the fact, but it was better than having him in my tow, truth be told.

He nodded. "Right. Matt's a regular."

"Is that it, then?"

He shrugged. "Were you expecting something else? We just don't allow people we don't know to get in, it often gives us a bad rap, so as long as you're referred by someone we know, we're fine. Did Matt explain the rules to you?"

I nodded. "Wouldn't mind a refresher, though."

He opened a cabinet and grabbed a blank cover, then raised the flap door, ushered me in and handed the cover to me. "You can choose anything, then you take the tape out of its cover and put it here. Put the original cover back in its place. Then you pay, leave and bring it back in up to a week. We won't know what you're renting."

"And the price?"

"15 bucks."

Ouch. I grabbed the tape and nodded to him. "Got it. Can I have more covers, please?"

The counterman shook his head. "You can't, we don't allow newcomers to rent more than one pornographic tape at a time."

Damn it. I'm sure I'd have found a way to get more if I had Matt here. Doesn't really matter now. "Okay," I pouted, "fine."

Once I opened the door and entered the room, the counterman closed it from behind me. All the walls had shelves, and each had a certain theme. Plenty of bondage material, lots of graphic sexual torture and a curious shelf dedicated to tapes with obscene religious imagery. At the wall behind me and beside the door, there were two shelves dedicated to bestiality porn, and that was varied in itself. There were a fair number of Asian porn with octopuses, horses and mares, pigs, bulls and, of course, dog porn. Luckily for me there were as much dog on woman as there were dog on man tapes. "Bless you, Matt," I thought to myself.

I only had one tape, so I took the time to review each back cover to find the best one for me. A perfect option would involve a dog of roughly Baxter's size, and I found just the one. The dog was actually bigger, and it had a monstrous cock to accompany too, but the video had everything: the man sucking the dog's cock and then getting fucked in various positions. One of the images on the back even had the man fucking the dog's ass while another man fucked him. Perhaps that was too wild for me to do, but I was curious to see it anyway.

I grabbed the cover in my hands and felt my cock stretching the fabric of my pants. I've been half hard ever since I left work to come here, but now that I have what I want in my hands the adrenaline and horniness was almost enough for me to unzip my fly and cum right there, staring at the pictures in the back of the cover.

I had no time to lose, though, if I wanted to watch it right away, because my girlfriend Ann would certainly crash at my place after she was finished with work. So I put the tape under my armpit, clumsily rearranged my dick in my pants, then finally took the tape out of its original cover and put in the empty one I carried, just as the counterman instructed, then left the room.

"Your name, please?" The counterman asked me as he reached for a pen.

I stuttered for a quick second and then answered, "Brent Talcott." In hindsight, I have no idea why I chose the name of a real person, and someone I knew at that, but it didn't matter then, I haven't seen Brent - Ann's ex, and a lifelong friend of mine - in years.

"Okay, Brent," he answered. As he hovered the tip of the pen on top of the record book, he looked back at me and added, "Just so you know, we're going to call Matt after you leave and ask him about you. If you're lying to us, you will be banned from renting other tapes."

I swallowed cold and stuttered "Will! Sorry, it's William Hendershot, then."

He smiled back at me. "That was a joke. Matt fell for that too when he first came here, you and him are the few who are using your real names, as far as I'm aware. You can call me Dominic, by the way."

That bastard.



Dominic then wrote "William Hendershot" in the book with the current date, followed by a comma and "Mattison Curry" next. "All done. That'll be fifteen then, Will."

I paid him in cash, grabbed the tape and waved goodbye. "You must return it in up to one week. See you next time, Will," Dominic said, waving back.

"Until next time," I answered, and hastened towards home.

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I calculated I had about three hours to myself before Ann would appear. It had to be plenty of time to watch a bit how it's done and perhaps play a little with Baxter. As soon as I entered home, I kicked my boots to the side, tossed my shirt on the sofa arm and put the tape in the player right away.

As I sat down with the remote in my hand, I saw Baxter laying in his usual spot with his favorite blanket, chewing at one of his toys. With my cock already throbbing in my hand, I whistled at him and called him to sit by me, but he decided his toy was a better use of his time. "Damn you," I thought, "Whatever. I'll seduce you later, then."

My pants were still by my waist, so I pulled them down to my ankles along with my boxers, then spread my legs to have unimpeded access to my balls and lower areas. I clicked on the Play button, tossed the remote to the side relaxed my back and played with the precum oozing out of my cock, spreading all over my shaft as the video got past the opening credits.

The first video started with a Caucasian man being filmed entering a bedroom wearing only some loose, ragged sweatpants, and crawling the bed where a playful Great Dane happily waited for him. Despite the unkempt appearance, the man was oddly attractive. His body was in a sense like my own, covered in hair and with well defined muscles without looking like a freaky gym rat. His skin was much paler than mine, of course, but he had well tanned arms contrasting with his white belly.

As he got around the dog, it joyfully welcomed him by sniffing him and licking him all over, including his face. I couldn't help but notice the man didn't shy away from the dog licking his mouth. He appeared to enjoy it, in fact, without actually fully engaging in it. The dog was beautiful. It appeared to be well fed and well treated, looked quite heavy and even his knotted dick was a sight to behold. Baxter still looked good in comparison, of course, but lacks that "wow" factor, so to speak.

According to the spoiler in the back of the cover, this man was supposed to be fucked by the dog, and I was so anxious to see it that I almost grabbed the remote to forward the video a fair bit, but these thoughts were interrupted when the man got up in the bed and took his pants off in a single swing, letting his cock spring up and hit his belly loudly. A beautiful, thick, hooded cock. The sound of it made the dog immediately switch focus. He started licking his hairy, big and dangling balls while the man jerked off.

Before the dog had the chance to move up and lick the cock a little - which, by the way, made me wonder if dogs giving proper oral to humans was actually a thing - he sat down, laid on his back and raised his legs to expose his puckered asshole.

And as he did, so did I. I raised one leg, wet my index finger with my saliva and started playing with my asshole as the dog started whiffing and licking the man's asshole. We've done it before, me and Baxter, and my mind was burning on repeating what was on the TV with my own dog. "Hey, bud, com'ere, huh?" I tried to call him again, but to no avail. Perhaps if I got up and stuck my finger close to his nose he'd be more willing to participate, but I also didn't want to take any attention away from

the screen, so whatever. "We'll have our time later, then, bud," I said in between moans with my eyes glued to the unfolding scene.

The movie wasn't trying to rush anything, so it lingered on that specific foreplay for a little longer, then the man changed positions and got himself under the dog with his legs still spread, then started jerking the dog's sheath. His cock was timid to get out, despite the dog getting a hell of a kick by lubing the man's asshole. It was just a tip, at first, but when it came out, oh my it was worth it. Without seeing the knot, it was perhaps at least as big as the man's own cock, though perhaps not as girthier.

To tell the truth, at that point I had already forgotten about Baxter and was fully committed to enjoying myself and to cum hard watching the tape. The man on the video was making rounds on the dog's cock with his tongue, and when they moved apart and the man finally laid on all fours with his asshole wide open for the dog to mount him, I hear horns, and a voice.

"Will, you lying fucker!" Said the man in the car, waiting outside.

It was Matt. Fucking damn it all, Matt paid me a visit, and at that moment of all times.

"Wait up!" I yelled back at him from the window, shirtless. He still wore the same clothes from work. Pretending I wasn't home wouldn't work, I was certain he could see my living room being illuminated by the TV from outside. My pants on the ground were all tangled, so I lost my patience to wear them again as Matt continued hitting his car's horn. Instead, I held them by my waist, along with my shirt, then took the tape and the blank cover and went to my bedroom.

Clothes were tossed aside the bed, but the tape was hidden on top of my wardrobe, below the suitcase where I keep most of my old junk. Still naked, sweaty and with my dick still at half mast, I grabbed an old gym shorts I had, wore that and went down to greet my nosy friend.

"Why didn't you wait for me, man?" He asked as he left his car and walked towards me. "I could've shown you my favorites!"

"Huh, it wasn't intentional. I was just walking nearby and decided to give it a go."

Matt greeted me with a handshake and, as he usually does, pulled me closer for a hug. My sweaty, almost naked body against his soft body under his work clothes. After we parted ways he looked at my body from neck to feet, then asked, "and what did you choose?"

"Tsc," I muttered. "Let's get inside. I'll fill you in."

After I closed the door Matt went straight to the fridge to grab some beer. On his way back to the sofa he was greeted by a very effusive Baxter. "Oh, what's up, good boy!" He said to him, petting his head and scratching under his neck.

If only he knew what I was up to with Baxter, literally minutes ago.

"So, what was it? You didn't tell," Matt insisted after sitting down and opening his can of beer, with another one - my own, I supposed - being held by his thighs. He rested his hand in the free spot by his side and pressed against it a bit. "This sofa is kinda damp, you know that?"

That was the spot I was sitting on, naked, jerking off to the TV. "Beats me. I left the window open before work, perhaps it was that."

"Huh," he said after wiping his slightly wet fingers in his pants. "Anyway, so?"

I reached for the beer on his thighs. He let go of his grip as soon as I touched the can, making it fall between his legs and forcing me to dig my hand to grab it. "So what?"

"The movie, asshole. How about we watch it together?"

Sigh. "I don't know, man. Ann's going to come home later tonight."

"So what? We just watch the clock. It's not like we never done it before, and Annemarie probably knows it already. It's fine, we're pals."

I shrugged. "Whatever, man. It's... embarrassing."

He laughed. "Matt, I know what people can rent at that place, I don't think anything will surprise me. Come on, say it already!"

Matt was right, to some degree. We grew up together and we eventually got comfortable enough with each other to jerk off together, side by side, to some porn magazines either one of us would steal every once in a while. And he was right that Ann - whom he stubbornly still calls by her actual name, which she hates - already knew about that habit of us, keen as she is.

We have never touched each other, though. Just wanted to clear that up. And I still wasn't sure if showing some doggy porn to him would be of any benefit to me.

"Fine... wait here, then." I entered my bedroom and closed the door behind me, then walked towards my secret spot. The tape I was just watching moments ago was the first one I grabbed. After contemplating my chances for a few seconds, I decided for something less risky and grabbed the second tape underneath.

After I went back to the living room Matt stared wide-eyed at me, smiling and moving his fingers, the same ones that touched the wet spot in the sofa. "That surprised me, I was expecting the tape to be already inside the player."

I moved on without answering and popped the tape in. This one had a proper cover, but I left it in my bedroom. "Are you sure? I went alone because-"

"Will, just get over it and play the damn thing," Matt said as he unzipped his pants and pulled his limp cock out. I was always amazed at how much of a "shower" he was, considering his 5'4" height.

I sighed. In all honesty, I wasn't sure how Matt would react. He'd be the first one to know of that particular taste of mine. Considering our intimacy and our years knowing each other I knew he wouldn't behave any differently after today, but I was never quite sure where he fell on the whole spectrum thing.

So I sat beside him with the remote in my hand, then grabbed my shorts by the waistline and pulled them down to show my still half-hard cock. "Damn, you're already THAT excited?" Matt said.

Not for this, Matt. This is for Baxter's cock, who's licking his own parts right beside you, completely oblivious of what's happening under his damn nose.

Anyway, so I hit the play button and let the video play out. I didn't dare to look at Matt's face, I only focused on my own cock and my thoughts of the previous video, with that dog getting ready to

mount that man.

Shortly after, Matt reached to grab the remote that fell off my thigh to increase the volume. In the TV there were two hairy men inside of a truck cabin going at each other. They were still in the preliminaries but I could see Matt's cock hardening steadily.

"Oh, so you like men too," he said nonchalantly.

The calmness of it all made my cock twitch and harden itself to 100% almost immediately.

"It's fine, Will. I'm into men too. You have good taste, by the way," he continued. Never mind that the men in the video had bodies all too similar to Matt's: hairy, white skin, slightly chubby, round and firm bellies with bubble butts. I felt my face burn, so I just nodded back to him in response.

"Is that all?"

You mean besides the dirtier, more pig-like varieties of gay porn that I enjoy, and the obvious doggy porn that's sitting above my wardrobe? "Yeah, it is."

When I finally looked at Matt's face, he was gently stroking his cock while his eyes were lasciviously fixated at my lower body. He didn't seem to notice me staring at his face, so I slowly spread my legs apart and pressed my cock against my belly to better show my hairy balls, and I saw him bite his lower lip. As I looked down at him, he slowly unbuttoned his pants, opened them wide and took his cock out of his black briefs.

It was as if we were taunting each other. "So to be honest, I never sucked a cock in my life," I said to him.

Matt broke out of his trance and stared back at me. "Really? How come? It's really good. Tastes great, too," he answered, coming closer to me. We looked at each other in the eyes and he grabbed my hand, then put it on top of his thigh. "How long until Ann comes here?"

I slid my hand between his thighs and then up, touching his balls with the back of my hand. Then I moved up again and gently grabbed his cock in my hand. "I think we have plenty of time."

He then moved his arm over me and grabbed me by the neck. "Don't you think it's crazy that we grew up jerking off beside each other but never once tried to do this?" He asked, pushing my head down and closer to his body.

I didn't answer, I just held his cock upright by the base and licked the pink, swollen head. It tasted amazing, but well within what I expected. A bit salty, a bit funky, like all dicks after a day without shower. Then I swallowed the head whole, deeper into my throat.

Matt started massaging my back with one hand and petting my head with the other as I sucked his cock. It was fun to pull his hood back up and then dig into it with the tip of my tongue, and he shivered and moaned softly whenever I did that.

Concentrated as I was, the sound of some heavy breathing right beside my head took me out of the moment. It was Baxter, with his tongue out, breathing heavily and looking curiously at what the heck two humans were doing to each other. He wasn't engaging, though, and after looking up with the back of my eye, it seemed that Matt hadn't noticed him yet either, so I decided to let it go and taunt him for a bit.

I took Matt's cock out of my mouth and showed Baxter the string of spit and precum connecting my tongue. Like all dogs, curious as they are, Baxter came closer to sniff, his muzzle right at Matt's knee.

Then I grabbed his balls and played with them, massing them with my fingers as I swallowed Matt's cock once again. Baxter grew ever more curious, and moved closer, sniffing Matt's balls from about four to five fingers of distance. They smelled incredible to me, I could only imagine how many times better they'd smell for Baxter.

As Baxter moved closer, he stepped on Matt's shoe, who twitched in shock. He then tapped my head a few times and said, "Will, your dog's here."

"Oh, indeed," I answered. "Sorry, I didn't notice him." I licked the tip of his cock two more times, and then added, "should I lock him in the bedroom?"

"It's your call," he said. "As long as he doesn't make a fuss. I don't care either way."

"And what does 'a fuss' mean, here?"

"Will," Matt said sternly, grabbing my head and pushing it towards his cock. "Focus on what's important," he added, sliding one hand down to my butt cheeks. He caressed them softly, slowly sliding his fingers in butt crack to find their way to my asshole.

"Fair enough." I wasn't sure how he would take Baxter's advances, so I chose to play conservatively, and shoved the dog away from us. Baxter, instead, caught the scent in my fingers and palm and sniffed and licked all of my hand while I went down on Matt. Matt, on the other hand, was getting increasingly frisky in my asshole, circling it with his fingers and pressing the tip of his index finger against it. I moaned when I saw Matt bringing that same finger to his mouth and sucking it.

Meanwhile, Baxter was getting ready to mount my hand. Things were getting harder to juggle.

"Damn, Will, you need to find a bitch for your poor dog," Matt said, laughing.

"Yeah," I said. I was onto it already.

Unfortunately that was not the time, so I had to take my hand away as soon as Baxter started thrusting his hip. The dog wouldn't give up as easily, so Matt grabbed my shorts and pulled them off further. "Take these off."

As I clumsily took my shorts off while still sitting on the sofa, Baxter tried to mount me again. Swiftly, Matt grabbed them off the ground, held them closer to Baxter's nose and then wore them on one of his plush toys, right in front of the sofa.

"That was... smart," I said. Can't deny, that was one good way to let a dog on heat get his rocks off while we do our thing.

"Right? Say goodbye to your shorts, though." Still, he could've left that on the bedroom, or behind the counter in the kitchen. Anywhere, really, but he let Baxter fuck his toy right in front of us. "Now sit, I want to suck your cock, now."

When compared side by side, both our cocks have around the same length. Mine has more girth to it, though, it doesn't have a hood and has much darker skin, just as the rest of my body. It's still as hairy, though. Seeing Matt get himself naked and kneel between my legs while Baxter fucked a toy

wearing my shorts in front of me was an one in a lifetime experience.

After Matt grabbed my cock and filled his mouth with it, I had to admit he was way better at sucking dick than myself. I took things slowly and savored each moment, but he took my dick as his own and shoved it down to his throat all while he massaged my perineum with his thumbs. Seeing his bearded cheeks puff up as he sucked my dick made me squirm with pleasure.

"I have to tell you, I've always kind of wanted to suck this cock," he said while gently licking around the head of my cock. "It lives up to the expectation." My dick was, like his, still unwashed. Yet, he took it all in stride and cleaned it with gusto.

As he kept on, I raised one leg above his shoulder and gave him better access to my asshole, which he promptly started playing with his thumb. "Please fuck me, Matt. Fuck me good," I begged.

"Hmm? I was expecting YOU to pound me. You never had a cock in your ass, right?"

"No. I want to try it." Also, I needed some way to warm up to taking Baxter's cock, be it one way or another.

"Fair enough. Do you have lube?"

"Ahh, I should. Hold on." Matt got up on his feet and gave me a hand to lift me from the sofa. He pulled me for a kiss as I got up. I went to the bathroom and left Matt alone with Baxter in the living room. I didn't have to use lube with Ann, ever, so I only had for my own solo sessions.

When I got back, Matt was waiting for me sitting on the couch, stroking his cock. It was only a glimpse, but I felt like Matt was attentively watching Baxter's show right before I entered the room. "Nice, gimme gimme," he said. As I tossed it at him, he put it aside and continued, "come and sit on my face, I want to taste it first."

I climbed the sofa, turned my back to him and leaned against the wall, then slowly descended until his tongue was able to dig through my butt cheeks and reach my asshole. If I looked down I'd see Matt's round belly and his delicious cock being stroked, and if I looked ahead I'd be greeted by Baxter panting and thrusting viciously at his plush toy, driven by my own scent. To be frank, it was a bit hard to control myself not to cum right there, all the while Matt made laps around my asshole and forced the tip of his tongue in.

Goddamn that was good.

After a while Matt tapped me a few times in the thigh and I got off his face. He was grinning. He grabbed the lube, slathered it all over his cock and then say, "sit."

Without changing positions, I lowered myself so my butt was right above his cock and let him grab me by the hips to guide me down. "You don't want to face me?"

"I think this position will make it easier for me," I answered. In all honesty, sitting with my back to Matt would give me unrestricted view to Baxter. It was hard to see his cock while he continuously fucked his toy, but I was hopeful he'd bust his nut eventually and I'd get to see it once more.

Matt didn't answer. He just pushed me down slowly while holding his cock tight. I moaned slowly as he steadily lowered my hip. Before long, my butt was touching his crotch and he had his cock all inside me. "How does it feel?"

"It burns a bit, but I'm alright. It feels amazing, though!" I answered back. He let me sit on him, immobile, so that I'd get used to his dick, but I took the chance to watch and jerk off to Baxter finally cumming on my shorts and then cleaning himself up. Once more, I was flabbergasted by the dog's cock and knot, and my mouth salivated to taste it and his cum. When he was done cleaning his own member, Baxter happily trotted to the bedroom.

"So he's already done, heh?" Matt pointed as he saw the dog walk past him with his cock dangling left and right. "Dogs often finish fast, they're not like us. Are you ready?"

Ready to cum with a cock in my ass while thinking on being fucked by my own dog? "Hell yes!"

Matt then moved his hands below my butt and pressed against them so that I'd get up a little. Feeling his cock slide out of my butt, its skin grazing against my hairy butt cheeks, felt absolutely amazing. Then he held me in place and started rocking his hip up and down, ever so slowly. "You're still so tight!"

I couldn't answer with words anymore. Matt started caressing my belly and my hard nipples while he fucked me from below, and I could only moan and squirm on top of his cock. My mind was in two places: I was intensely aroused by his body, his cock, his smell, but also about seeing Baxter and his cock once more, and by the idea of being fucked by him in a near future. Contrary to the other day, I was masturbating myself really hard, trying to take it all in anticipation for one of the best orgasms I have ever had up until then.

Matt tried to increase the speed once, but after he heard my squirms and moans of pain, he slowed down again. I heard him breathing heavily below me, so I lowered myself down again and leaned my back against his chest, his cock buried deep within me, and let him wrap his arms around my body and pinch my nipples. Our moans got even louder as he continued to rock his cock against my asshole and I pressed my butt against his crotch.

"I'm ready when you are, Will," he whispered to me. That and the hot air coming from his mouth and hitting my ear was enough for me to clench my butt and hold his arms tight. "NOW!" I screamed.

He held my arms against my chest and continued fucking me as I came in my own belly while he filled my asshole with his own cum. When he was finished, he let go of my arms and then moved his hand down to press my cock against my belly. My cum got all tangled in my hairy belly, and lots of it also covered his fingers. When I thought I was done, he grabbed my cock firmly and stroked it vigorously, making me moan loudly until my cock sat limp in his hand.

We let ourselves catch our breath, me still sitting on top of him with his surprisingly still hard cock inside of me. I took some time to contemplate myself. My body stank of sweat and cum, my legs were trembling, and my asshole was slightly numb. When I finally mustered enough strength to get up, Matt's cock popped out quite easily and I started leaking his cum over his legs and floor.

"Hey, easy," he said, cupping his hand behind my ass to catch the runaway cum. "We need to take care of this mess now. Let's have a bath, shall we?"

I cupped my own asshole, grabbed a bit of his cum between my fingers and licked it. "Yes, let's go."

\*\*\*\*

By the time we had finished to tidy up my house, there was still around 40 minutes or so for Ann to arrive. If we let the place stay like it was, it'd be the end of my relationship with her.

The sofa was wet of sweat and cum, so we washed it with a wet towel, wiped the excess moisture and then covered it with a sofa cover, which I luckily had at home but never bothered to use. I put my own used clothes deep in my wardrobe, including the shorts Baxter used to fuck his toy, which I was planning on retrieving later. The tape I just took out of the player and hid it in its usual spot. Matt helped me with all of this. When all was about done, we sat ourselves in the sofa, me wearing fresh clothes while he wore his work clothes again, drinking some more beer with the TV on for some background noise.

We didn't chat much, to be honest. In the bath Matt ate his own cum that was flowing out of my asshole, we sucked each other once more, then got dressed and started talking shit as usual. It was as if nothing had happened.

Before long, we saw Ann enter by the front door. "Oh, great timing, Matt! I need the help of both of you. Come with me downstairs, I need you two to help me carry some bags."

"What are these bags for, hun?"

"Long story, I'll explain as we walk down the stairs. So?"

I got up and left my beer on the kitchen counter to follow Ann, and Matt was right beside me. After we crossed the front door, Matt said "you know what? You wait for me down there, I need to take a piss real quick."

"Right now, really?" Ann quipped. "You can do that after we take the bags!"

"It'll be real quick, I promise, go ahead and I'll be down in a minute," he said already making his way to the bathroom, so we walked down.

\*\*\*\*

Matt left right after we got up with the haul. We were really lucky Ann didn't suspect of anything. After we had dinner, she had a shower and we went to sleep, I surreptitiously crawled out of the bed and slowly opened my wardrobe to find that shorts Baxter had used to cum on.

Oddly enough, I wasn't finding it. I double checked, I had stashed it together with my other clothes. They were all there, but the shorts wasn't. It was nowhere to be found, actually. But how could it be? If Ann had found the used clothes, surely she'd have moved all of them, and only me and Matt knew what the shorts were used for.

So I decided to check the spot where I keep my porn tapes. The gay movie was there, so were a few others that were further in the distance. But the beast porn I had rented earlier wasn't there either.

Oh. Matt, you sneaky bastard.

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Part III

Considering the situation, my morning had been quite uneventful so far. Carrying a few wooden planks around, hammering some nails, putting bricks over mortar. I've crossed with Matt already, naturally, but didn't have the privacy I wanted to press on the issue at hand, so we both greeted each other and went on about our days. I kept myself on watch, however, for the inevitable event where Matt would excuse himself off work to smoke a cig leaning on a post light in the corner down

the street.

Yet it was him who came to me. "Psst, I'm gonna smoke a bit, wanna come with me?"

"I... yeah, sure," I said, and followed suit. I was walking beside and slightly behind him. I could catch his ever so subtle grin as he shuffled his pockets looking for his lighter as we walked down the street. The sun reflected on his shaved, white head and shined in the little droplets of sweat dripping off his ginger beard.

"You keep looking strange at me," he started as he put his back on the post light and put a cigarette in his lips. "I need you to stop doing that. It's not like you."

"Well, I can't help it, Matt, you know you-"

"Yes, the tape. I stole it."

I crossed my arms and leaned towards him. "Damn right you did."

"Your shorts too, if you haven't noticed."

"Sigh. I looked for them yesterday. Anyway, dude, why?"

Matt shrugged. "Just for kicks, I suppose. Also, I knew that gay movie we watched wasn't what you have rented, and I was curious about the real thing."

I covered my mouth with my hand. "You mean, that gay... Dominic? Did he actually-"

"William P. Hendershot, chill, man!" Matt said as he grabbed my arms and squeezed them tight against my body. "You're so tense, you look tense. Dominic didn't say anything, but you do remember I'm a regular there, right?"

"Hmm."

"The place doesn't even have any porn tapes on regular display. And all the others in the back room are non-vanilla. The movie you played last night was too plain to belong to that store."

I covered my face with one hand. Indeed, after he mentioned that, I couldn't remember finding any conventional porn tapes. Everything was tied to a fetish.

"Mrmmg-" I started murmuring something but was again interrupted by Matt, grabbing my wrist and pulling my hand away from my face.

"Dude, relax. It's all cool."

I took a deep breath, and didn't answer anything, nor could I look into his eyes either. Matt kept holding my wrist while he finished smoking.

Two construction workers, facing each other, close together, talking intimately during the day, one, petite and chunky leaning against a post light while the other, taller, with darker skin and a leaner and more muscular build, looking comfortless to the man in front of him.

"So what now?" I finally asked, after recollecting my thoughts.

"What what?" He asked back, puzzled.

"You mean... you saw what I rented. You saw what I like."

Matt smiled at me. "Will, how could you not get that until now? I'm cool with it. In fact, I can say you have some good taste."

"I, uh, well. I... don't know what to say." I waited a few more seconds, and then asked, "and what about my shorts?"

"Jerked off to 'em," Matt answered. "Obviously."

"Uh. Oh. Can I have it back?"

Matt waited to answer that one. He gave a last, long whiff at his cigarette and then threw the stub on the street. "Sure thing."

"Good." I breathed in heavily, then out slowly. "Really good."

"Come on, let's get back to work," he said tapping me in the shoulder.

"We haven't finished talking."

"I know, there's much I want to ask, but not here." He said and winked at me. "Later."

Matt being Matt, I knew something was up. I knew him for years, though, and never had a reason not to trust him, so I let it slide. I just nodded back at him and we walked back to work.

"Hey, William!" My boss, Mr. Templeton, screamed from the other side of the construction site. "Come here for a sec."

I wasn't used to talking with him often. Aside from greetings, goodbyes and "here's your money", I suppose I never gave him any trouble, so he just let me be. From my point of view, he wasn't much into small talk either.

"Listen here," he started after a handshake. "One of our suppliers hasn't delivered some plumbing materials. They were supposed to deliver them last week, and we're behind schedule. I need you to go fetch them. Are you capable of some stern talking?"

I scratched my head. "I suppose."

"Good," he said, grabbing my biceps and pinching it. "You look strong, I just need you to go, grab the stuff and complain to them, something of that sort. You can use the company's truck. Can I count on you, then?"

"Yes, boss, it's on me," I answered, still surprised at the sudden request.

"Good. It's outside the city, so it might take a while. Have Mattison accompany you to help you load the stuff into the truck, and come back when you're done, okay?"

"Alright, boss. We'll be right back."

"Good," he said, again. "Go to the truck, I'll go find Mattison."

So the other thing about Matt is that it is difficult to understand what he's thinking of and what his machinations are. At that point it was very clear to me that this task was Matt's doing, but I was yet to understand how he pulled that off, and why.

It wasn't of Mr. Templeton to "go find someone" either. I didn't hear him shouting for Matt, so it meant he really went out of his way to talk with him. I have no memory of them talking and/or behaving outside of the ordinary either.

Matt was, I had to admit, full of tricks.

I waited for him on the driver's seat and not long after he came around and got in, with a piece of paper in his hand. "It's the supplier's address. Shall we go, then?"

My answer was turning the engine on, pumping some gas, shifting gears and getting on the road. "Just how?"

"Me and Howard have a deal," Matt said. "No biggie, don't worry about it."

"Fine. I have my own shit to think about, anyway."

We talked about various things for a while. In reality, I was still reluctant to bring the obvious subject up, so I was buying my time until I was more comfortable with the idea. Matt appeared to have understood that, so he didn't say a thing about it either.

When I was ready to make a turn for the freeway, Matt intervened. "Not right now, Will. Boss didn't say the time we should be back, let's slack a little. Drive around town for a while."

"I- ... actually, I'm not really that curious."

"It's not even that weird," Matt answered. "I wanted something from him, and he demanded something back. Simple as that."

"But Matt, why-" I closed my mouth, looked out at the street, then continued. "Let's get back to what we were talking this morning."

"Right, I was only waiting for you." He reached for his backpack sitting between his legs, pulled the shorts I used yesterday and threw them in my belly. "Came in them two times, one after I got home last night, and then again this morning. You smell fucking delicious, Will, and I couldn't get enough of it."

I blushed at his words. The shorts were hanging in my thigh, so I grabbed it, tugged it whole in my hand and brought it to my nose. It smelled funky, which made my cock tent up. "You know, I'm still angry at you for stealing it, your dedications make up for it."

"I know," he answered. "I'll get around to it. So let's talk details. Have you done it already with a dog, Will?"

"No," I answered, putting the shorts down between my thighs and gently stroking my cock under my pants. "Kind of. It's complicated."

"Well? We have plenty of time, no?"

"I just let Baxter rim me and then I let him mount me."

"Oh. Baxter's fairly big, and your asshole was quite tight last night. How was it for you?"

"That's the thing, it didn't get in. I rented that tape to get some better ideas on how to get it done. You know, to have my dog fuck me in the ass."

"Right," Matt said, combing his beard with his fingers. "And how that came to be? Did Baxter just start sniffing your ass out of the blue and you let him have his way with you?"

I laughed. "That's the gist of it, yes."

"And you accepted that, that easily?"

"Well... it felt good. I also never had any repulsive thoughts about people fucking with animals, and since I also grew up in a ranch, sometimes hearing similar stories..."

"Got it, got it."

"And how about you? Are you also into dogs?"

"Not really," he answered, and reached for my shoulder. "But relax, I don't mind it. I get horny by letting other people fulfill their fetishes, you know? And I happen to have experience with men and dogs, too," he said softly, and grinning.

Seeing that made my cock throb. It was getting painful not to freely stroke it. "So?"

"So you want to be fucked by dogs, right? And Baxter is a big stud. You will need a pal to be with you, to help you," he said, then put his hand over my thigh and lightly caressed it. "I can be your pal."

I grabbed his hand and moved over to between my legs, letting the back of his pinky touch my aching balls over my pants. "If only I knew you like that. I'll gladly accept the help."

"I suppose Annemarie will be quite the problem, though, she doesn't leave your house," he answered as he stroked the inside of my thigh.

"Right. Perhaps I can talk to her, make some shit up so she spends less time at home, or-"

"I was getting on that, Will. For now, just come to my house every now and then with Baxter. It'll be like the old times, before you spend all your nights with her, so it won't be suspicious at all."

I pondered. "That can work. I still need to sleep at home, though. Ann's needy, and she has a damn fine pussy."

Matt laughed. "Sure she has. Anyway, while you took my cock with relative ease, I think we need to stretch you a bit before you can take Baxter's, and his knot in particular. You can leave that to me," he continued.

I grabbed his hand, squeezed it tight and we interlaced our fingers. "It's a deal, then."

"Good. Now let's get to your house while the sun's still up. I want to see how you and Baxter play together."

Baxter wasn't really used to see me before night, so he welcomed both me and Matt with effusive jumps, whips of his tail and barks. When Matt leaned down to pet him, he immediately lied down and exposed his belly for him.

After kneeling on the ground and giving Baxter a vigorous scratch, Matt got up, took his shirt off and tossed aside. "It's really good he's in the right mood, it'll make things easier."

"I tried to taunt him last night before you came, when I was watching the dog porn, and he wasn't interested, you know."

"I'll see about that," he answered, confidently. "How about you wear that shorts and nothing else for now?"

I undressed myself in the middle of the living room. I watched Matt's eyes fill with lust as I freed my cock from my briefs. My body glistened from all the worked up sweat. I stood there, naked in front of him, with Baxter wagging his tail and making circles around us, then slowly put the shorts in. It had a strong, funky smell of both Baxter and Matt's cum.

"Kneel on the sofa for a bit," Matt ordered.

I did as requested, opening my legs and raising my round and firm butt to them. "Like this?"

Matt came to me, grabbed me by the thighs and buried his face between my ass cheeks. He breathed in, slapped my right ass cheek and said, "heavenly. Must taste great, too."

"But it's not for you," I said. "Not today."

"Not today, indeed," he said, laughing. "I envy Baxter. Dog has such a fine ass just for himself today. If he ends up not being interested, I'll take it, though."

"That's not what I hired you for," I said. We both laughed.

"Damn right," he answered. He also got himself naked. Baxter was by his side, waiting for him to pet his head. "Kneel on the ground, Will, and lie your chest on the sofa."

And so I did. I lowered my shorts, too, and so my asshole was completely exposed to Baxter, though still properly guarded by the hair in my hairy bottom. Matt crossed one leg over me and sat in my back, his ass cheeks pressing my chest against my sofa. I felt the coarseness of his hairy balls scratching my back as he stroked his cock and admired my bottom from above.

He ran a finger on my ass crack and raised it to his face to smell it, then whistled and called for Baxter's name. "Here, bud, smell this." Matt purposefully raised his finger high so Baxter had to get up on me to be able to sniff it. I felt his hairy knot close to my ass and really wanted to stroke my cock, but was unable to at my position.

Matt, on the other hand, was stroking his while he let Baxter smell his finger as much as he wanted. I heard licking, and deduced Baxter had decided to have a taste. I couldn't see much either with the back of my eye, I could only discern Matt's back and his arm moving with the rhythm of his strokes.

It was only when I heard Matt moan and felt Baxter's fur on my back and I realized that he had let Baxter lick his cock. I was exploding in jealousy as Matt wiggled his hip and I felt Baxter's tongue in my back, presumably from licking his balls. "Oh boy, aren't you a good licker!" He exclaimed.

"Now, now," Matt said. "Seems like I got him hooked. Dogs sometimes take a while to warm up, though."

"Aren't you taking too much advantage of the situation? Throw me a bone," I begged, rocking my hip back and forth, grazing my cock against the fabric of the sofa.

"I'm on it," he answered. "Here, Baxter," he continued as he slapped my ass cheeks. "This is where the smell comes from." He slapped a few more times, but I didn't feel Baxter moving away from my back. "Baxter, no, not here, here. Baxter, ugh-"

Matt then moved his body forward towards my bottom, his balls now dangling right above my ass crack. With no more space in my back, Baxter had to get down. Matt then leaned down and I knew right up what he was doing: Baxter was laser focused on his dick and balls, so he held them right above my ass to convince the dog to explore further.

And it worked. Baxter first sniffed his balls but quickly caught on the trail that led down to my asshole. Feeling his tongue in my ass crack made me quiver in pleasure while Matt held my ass cheeks apart.

Baxter licked everything, from the top of my ass, where Matt's balls were hanging on top of, down to my balls and the tip of my cock, which was dripping precum on the floor.

"Do you intend on having him fuck me today?" I asked.

"Probably not. I already told you, he's too big. I'm letting him catch your scent so he builds an understanding of what you want from him."

"Oh," I said. "So what, then?" I asked while moaning. Baxter went back up to my ass and was so focused on licking my asshole that he was almost tongue-fucking me.

"You'll suck him off, of course," Matt answered. He got up, gave Baxter a few taps on his body and then added, "get on all fours, now."

Once I had better freedom of movement I immediately grabbed my cock to stroke it. I heard and felt Baxter's breathing get more intense as he kept sniffing and licking my asshole. Meanwhile, Matt sat in front of me, pulled my head up and shoved his cock in my mouth. His cock smelled and tasted of dry cum and piss. I was expecting to taste Baxter's saliva, too, but couldn't identify anything new. So a dog's saliva does taste like human's, which isn't much, if anything at all. After cleaning the whole head under the hood with my tongue, he pulled it out and asked, "how's the taste?"

"Tastes like piss."

"And do you like it?"

"Hmm-hmm," I murmured, while sniffing his crotch and balls.

"Good to know," he answered, then he turned around and leaned on the couch, exposing his hairy ass with a pink and puckered asshole to me. "Care to give my ass some attention, then?"

Matt usually wasn't that bossy with me, but I was really digging that new dynamic between us. I stuck my tongue out like a dog's and waited for Matt to grab his own ass cheeks and pull them apart. His hands were instead focused on stroking his cock and pinching his nipple, so I licked his perineum and slowly made my way down, towards his taint. Matt squirmed and moaned while Baxter

panted profusely while sniffing and licking all my private parts.

All was going fine until Baxter started making rounds around me. You know when a dog makes circles around a bitch on heat? Yeah, I knew what was up. Matt knew it too. He sat upright, with his cock resting on my face, and caressed my head as he watched Baxter dance around my ass, sniffing it, licking it.

"Let's give this good boy what he wants. Hand your shorts over to me, get on all fours and spread your legs."

Baxter tried to mount me as I tried to get up on my feet. He seemed very confused as to why I was changing positions, so he stuck his muzzle between my legs with my balls blocking his eyesight, trying to lick my asshole as best - and as awkwardly - as he could, which made me taking the shorts off just a bit clumsy.

After I took it off and handed it over to Matt, he grabbed it, smelled it again, specifically the fabric right on top of my cock, then petted Baxter's head and held him by the neck. "Go on."

My heart was racing. I turned my back to them, lowered my ass to level with Baxter's head and slapped its cheeks with both my hands. "Oh my," Matt said as the impact rippled underneath the hairy skin. The clapping sound also triggered Baxter, who tried to free himself from Matt's grip to get what he wanted, and what we were taunting him with: myself. "Hurry up, Will, he's getting impatient."

I got on all fours, then lowered my shoulders and pulled my legs apart. "Should we try to get it in?"

"I'll see about that," Matt said as he freed Baxter. He immediately jumped towards my hip, his hairy sheath being hugged by my ass, and started rocking his body back and forth. Matt sat on the ground behind us and took a look underneath. "Depends on how big he is. Let's get a feel of his cock first."

"I-I already done that," I said. Baxter's pounds were heavy, and they were frequently interrupting my words. As I continued, I felt the moist tip of his cock slithering out of its sheath. "The first night, I l-l-let him grop-grope me, and it was b - damn, he's-he's rough!"

It seemed Matt did not listen. As I was explaining, I felt his hand in between me and Baxter, gently guiding the dog's cock out of my ass's way after getting a feeling of its size. Compared to Matt's, Baxter's cock had more girth closer to the knot, and it was lengthier too. I had no doubt I was able to take it, my only concern was the knot. I knew how dogs behaved after they cum, and I wasn't keen on having Baxter try and pull out before I was ready.

Turned out, Matt was a great handler. Baxter's cock was just short of the knot and it was nowhere near risking getting in - as much as I wanted, to be honest - and was happily sliding up and down over my ass crack. His precum, I assumed, was trickling down my balls and would drip on the ground if it weren't for Matt's tongue, licking them clean.

Made me think whether Matt was honest about not liking fucking animals. It was Baxter's precum, after all.

It took a bit before both me and Matt were able to feel the knot growing in size, still in its sheath. I was jerking myself off while Matt gently licked my balls when I felt it coming, so Matt swiftly got to his knees and held Baxter's hip really tight. "Easy there, boy, it's not the time yet."

"What now?" I asked.

"He's about to cum."

"That I know," I answered, laughing nervously. "Let him continue, it feels really, really good."

"Not over your ass, that's for sure. Get up and go to the bedroom, lie on your bed and wait for me, I'll hold Baxter."

I was flustered, I can't deny, but Matt was handling the scene, so I obeyed. I lied belly up, held my cock to the side without stroking it and caressed my shiny, sweaty body. I stuck my nose on my armpit and took a few whiffs as well, enjoying myself in the scent of my own funk.

Shortly after, Matt came in with Baxter between his legs, firmly holding him by the neck. "You're going to suck him off until he cums."

Damn that made my cock tingle. Once Matt let go of Baxter, he quickly jumped to bed and went to search for my ass. He ended up sticking his muzzle underneath my balls to sniff and lick it while Matt came to the other side of the bed and pulled him aside. He tried to force Baxter to lie down and then to turn it belly up, but Baxter wasn't playing ball. "A little help here, please?"

Matt grabbed Baxter's hips while I held his shoulders, with my cock in front of his face. "Come on, Baxter, you'll like this," I chanted. He licked my cock as I petted his neck and shoulders, and slowly but surely Baxter gave in and let us guide him.

Turning him around was easier, but having him stay there was another challenge. Matt grabbed Baxter's sheath and pumped it a few times, which seemed to have calmed him down. "You know what to do now," Matt said, looking up to me.

We slowly switched positions, Matt holding Baxter's upper body while I inched closer and closer to his cock. "Go gentle," Matt said. "Plenty of sucking and licking, but mind your teeth."

"You don't really have to lecture me on that, Matt," I said. We both laughed.

And so I grabbed his sheath and licked the tip of his cock.

I wonder if it's because it's sheathed, but a dog's cock doesn't really taste like a man's. A well cleaned cock tastes pretty much like licking skin, aside from the salty and slightly viscous precum. Baxter's precum felt more liquid in comparison, just as salty but also slightly bitter as well. Actually, it tasted a bit bitter all throughout his shaft. And it tasted amazing.

The smell was a novelty, too. Those who are accustomed with dogs know they smell differently than humans, of course, but his crotch had such a funky and particular scent to it that this alone would be enough for me to cum in other occasions. A dog's cock is usually well cleaned, so it didn't smell at all like piss.

Now, the touch. Baxter's cock, bright red with distinguished blood vessels felt really soft to the tongue, but amazingly firm when hugged by my lips. It felt really easy to slide it in and out of my mouth, and playing with it was such an experience: I often deep throat myself as much as possible while I spiraled my tongue around the tapered last half of his cock.

His knot was still sheathed, unfortunately. I was really curious to wrap my tongue around it, but its time would surely come.

I was so enthralled by sucking Baxter's cock - who was now laying happily still - that I almost didn't

realize Matt had started sucking my cock, slowly and softly, and finger fucked my ass. "How is it?" He asked.

"Amazing, needless to say," I answered before filling my mouth again.

"Watch out for his cum. Dogs usually cum more than men do, and I want you to drink all of it," he warned me as he sucked his middle finger and slid it inside my ass. "Lie on your belly, I want your ass now."

Lying flat while sucking a cock - a dog or a human's - is somewhat difficult, so I stood on all fours and lowered my bottom to Matt while I kept on sucking Baxter. He spread my ass cheeks apart and swiftly slithered his tongue inside my asshole. "Curse you, Baxter, it tastes plain now!" He shouted, laughing, then put his cock in.

While Matt shuffled to find the best spot to make me moan as he fucked me, I fondled Baxter's balls as I kept sucking him off. Bigger than the both of us, yet still smooth for such a hairy dog, they begged for some due attention. As I let go of his cock to go for his balls, I tried to jerk him off on his exposed shaft but Baxter complained with a soft bark, presumably by the friction of the coarse skin in my hands due to work. No matter, I kept stroking his sheath while I swallowed one of his balls whole, which was big enough to not give my tongue much space to move around.

I moaned softly as Matt kept grazing his cock against my prostate until I felt Baxter's balls pulsate and his knot started sliding out to all of its glory. As soon as I let go of his ball, Matt grabbed my head with both my hands and forced me to take the dog's cock in my mouth once again. Then I felt his cum flooding my mouth. It tasted much like his precum, only a bit stronger. And Matt was right, it was so. fucking. much.

I couldn't hold myself any longer, so without even touching my own cock, I started cumming over the bed too. A strong spurt for every of Baxter's own. I quivered and moaned loudly, and clenched my asshole tight around Matt's cock.

He, too, started cumming inside me right away after that. I felt his cock pulsate as it pumped his delicious cum inside me. Matt didn't pull out, he wanted to seed me until he was all dry. Instead of moaning, his orgasm was followed by something that remembered much of a howl, as fitting and as curious and funny as it sounds.

It took us a while to stop orgasming and collect ourselves. I let Baxter's cock slide out of my mouth, trying to trap as much of his cum in as possible. His cock hit his belly with a distinct thump. I feasted on the taste of his cum as I looked down at his daunting knot, so I swallowed all of it and went down to lick the huge closer to the sheath. Baxter, too, went to lick his own cock clean, so we shared the effort together, tongues touching often.

My cock was still dangling half hard, with a string of cum slowly dripping and wetting my bed. As Matt took his limp cock out of me, I clenched my butt tight to keep his cum trapped in. "Let him have it," Matt said after he was all out. "My cum, let him lick your ass clean."

It sounded fun. I turned around to have my ass closer to Baxter's head. Matt had to give it a few slaps before he stopped cleaning his cock and went for my ass. As soon as I felt the muzzle digging between the ass cheeks, I let the cum flow out for Baxter to feast on. Matt went below me and sucked my cock until it went completely limp as his cum slowly flowed out of me and towards Baxter's mouth.

After all was done, Baxter hopped off the bed to sleep in his usual spot while I fell on top of Matt,

completely tired out and gasping for air. We stood there, hugging each other in an awkward post-sex 69.

"So, how was it?" Asked Matt after a few minutes.

"Exhilarating. I'm looking forward for the next days on your place."

"I'm really glad you enjoyed it. Makes you feel stupid, right? For not trusting me earlier?"

"Right... I suppose you'll always remind me of that, now."

"Just today," he said, kissing my thigh. "Promise."

I changed positions and let him cuddle in my arms. He looked up and we long kissed each other. "It sucks, still need to get back to work," he said right after. "Come on, let's go. No need to shower ourselves, it's just work, who cares if we stink."

"Of sex."

Matt shrugged. "Same thing, same thing."

"Both of us."

He winked at me. "No one will notice at thing."

"It's not like you to change the bed sheets. What's gotten to you now?" Ann asked as she crawled up the bed and under the bed sheet. She hugged my arm and coiled herself to my side, so I hugged her and rested my hand on her buttock.

"Well, I caught Baxter sleeping on the bed when I came back from work today, so I changed them." She rested her head on my belly and played with its fuzzy hair with her fingers, gently caressing my body with her thumb and slowly sliding her hand inside my boxers. "By the way," she continued, "you really need to look after Baxter. He was getting all frisky around me when you were taking your shower. He even tried to mount my leg!"

I hugged her tight against my chest, kissed her forehead, placed my hand above hers and guided it to take care of my hard on. "Yeah, I'm aware of it. I'm taking care of it, don't worry."

The End