

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I was sitting watching TV before going to bed, as was my usual habit, and Calypso's fawn form was sprawled out on the living room floor in front of me lightly snoozing, as was her habit. When the show ended, I was about to get up to change the channel before nasal Jay Leno came on when Calypso, sensing this I guess, whined and looked deeply into my eyes. The communication had been sent and received. I knew what she wanted and she knew I understood, all without words.

I got up and turned the set-off and proceeded across the house and up the stairs to the second floor, to my bedroom. Calypso bounded past me and ascended the stairs ahead of me in typical Great Dane style. When I reached the top of the stairs, she had already jumped onto my bed and lay down on her side. Normally, all the other dogs would be there too (I have 6 of various breeds), but they were shut in another part of the house, as was my custom when I had a bitch in heat on the property.

That way, I could assure her she wouldn't be bred but still retain her positive feminine physical attributes. (Those of you in the zoo community know what that is ☐. And for those of you who aren't, it is what it sounds like!) I slowly climbed onto the bed beside her and lay down. I used her lower thigh as a pillow, and she gratefully moved her upper one, knowing full well how she wanted these things done. Her swollen vulva beckoned me, and although I do not enjoy the licking as much as she does, her happiness was the top priority in this case.

As I licked and sucked, she whined little monosyllabic whines (if whines could be described as such), especially when I sucked on her clit. It was the fact that I was giving her pleasure she would otherwise never know that made me enjoy it. Not to say that I'm a doormat when it comes to love, but I wanted it to be a pleasurable experience for us both, not just for me.

After a short while, I tired of licking her bitchhood, and she understood. But, again, nonverbal communication still amazes me, especially since I seem to be as perceptive to her wants and needs as she is to mine. That really astonishes me.

We looked deeply into each other's eyes again as I sat slowly upright. We kissed. No tongue, not right now anyway, but just mutual nuzzling and an acceptance of the bond we were about to consummate.

She then turned, standing, and presented herself to me. She squatted slightly, turned her tail to the side, and looked back over her shoulder, beckoning me to fulfill her desire.

I had been hard since we left the living room, anticipating what was to happen. I wriggled out of my clothes quickly, letting everything hang out. (I don't like to brag, but I'm a bit larger than the average man in thickness.) Then, I grabbed a bottle of liquid lubricant (water-soluble, of course) and began carefully spreading it over my penis. I usually use it when I have vaginal sex when they are out of heat (always with anal sex), but this time was different. I didn't want to cause her any discomfort whatsoever because I wanted to make love to her, not just have sex. Not to say that I force myself on my bitches (or dogs, for that matter), so don't read too far into that.

The coldness of the liquid caused my hardness to wither slightly, but it quickly regained its former composition. Although her swollen vulva was already well lubricated from my saliva, I spread the excess lube from my fingers over her opening, assuring easy penetration and comfort.

She whined and looked back at me once again, and without words, understood that I was finally ready. I knelt behind her and placed my penis at the entrance to her vulva, waiting for her permission to enter. Instead, she spoke a soft "wuff," and I began to push forwards and upwards, entering her easily, my manhood sliding smoothly into her slick dog vagina. She, for her part,

pressed backward and squatted down farther, pushing herself slowly back onto my penis. It wasn't a hasty shove or anything like what you see on cheap porn videos, for that wasn't the way we felt. Instead, it was a smooth, sensuous glide into the serenity of sharing and caring for one another.

It was two lovers slowly joining their bodies to form one soul. It was feeling yourself surrounded by the most fantastic feeling of pleasure and knowing that she felt an incredibly pleasurable expansion in part of her body that was trembling for attention. It was an action you would have to experience for yourself to understand fully.

It seemed like time stood still as our organs slowly slid fully together until we were joined completely - me inside of her and her surrounding me. After that, we just remained motionless there for a short time, mentally absorbing the feelings. I then leaned over her back and kissed her head once. She responded by turning her head around and licking my face a couple of times before pressing back against me to continue with our mutual pleasures.

I began to move in and out of her with tiny, slow strokes, each stroke growing longer with each consecutive movement. Finally, after a couple of minutes (it seemed like minutes to me, but how the hell do I know how long it actually was. I wasn't videotaping it, but I wish I had!), she started coming, squeezing me with her hot and moist canine vagina as I moved slowly within it.

She continued this until I came a short time later. I kept gently thrusting into her as I was pumping my load of semen into her. But, of course, as soon as I started to conclude our orgasms, we changed our positions. As was our habit, she moved her legs, and I moved my torso, so we were laying on our sides, facing each other, with me still lodged inside of her. It was a somewhat scrunched position, but we didn't mind.

In this way, we slept for a few hours until together we awoke. I don't recall whether she woke me up by shifting, if I woke her up by moving, or if we just seemed to regain consciousness at the same moment. I'd like to think it was the latter of the three. But, on the other hand, it seems a little more romantic.

Now that we were awake again, she decided it was time for the second part of our lovemaking. I've been told (and noticed, for that matter) that dogs seem to know instinctively how to do many things, but I think that Calypso is the only dog that knows how to control her vaginal muscles well enough to bring me back to an erection. My withered member was still within her vagina when she started a series of muscular contractions, milking my organ back to a usable form.

I've talked to other pet lovers about this phenomenon, and they have agreed that they have never experienced it before. I'm glad my Calypso can do something no other bitch can, for she seems to love only me (I mean physical loving, she's an amiable and affectionate dog, but she refused service from a zoo acquaintance of mine during one of her previous heat periods. Oh well, I know she won't dump me for some other man! Now another dog I'm not so sure about!?!)

She squeezed me until I was back at full power and then stood up, breaking the connection. We both knew what she wanted next. My cock was still slippery with lube, natural and artificial, as well as my come that it had kept bottled up inside her while we were sleeping together. Because of that, we needed no preliminaries when she held her tail aside, looked back into my eyes, and whined again. This time it was her asshole that would receive the attention of my phallus, as she wanted.

Due to the lubrication, it slipped in easily, and we both groaned in unison at the feeling. Then, as I slowly slid further into her, I started rubbing her clit with my hand, moving the skin of her vulva around over it. This caused her to start contracting her muscles more as I slowly moved in and out of

her ass. I am told that very few dogs enjoy anal sex, but Calypso seems to enjoy it plenty. Even when she's out of the heat and doesn't want vaginal penetration (yes, I can tell what she wants. Are you jealous?), she will offer her butthole to me without a second thought.

Again she orgasmed, and the feeling of her rectal muscles, especially her semi-tight anal sphincter, grasping and clutching my penis is an experience all should have with a caring and compassionate lover. It's complete ecstasy mating with a lover, whether it be human or canine (personally I prefer canine, because I've known bitches that can do things I've never had a woman come close to doing with me ☺!).

It took me a little longer this time, having come once before this evening, but eventually, I flooded her rectum with my seed, both of us having a great time doing it. After that, we separated from our connection of love, and she cleaned herself off. Then she licked the remaining secretions from my dick and lower abdomen. After that, we held each other tight, close, face to face, and kissed deeply. Our tongues exploring the sensations of each others' mouths.

You may be shuddering in disgust at the thought because she cleaned my dick off after it was just in her ass. Now, once again, if Calypso were one of my other dogs, I wouldn't have done that because her mouth would have her shit in it, and I'm not into that! What you must understand, though, is that Calypso is an unusual dog in many ways. You see, her rectum seems to absorb liquid more quickly than any of my other dogs, making her shit relatively hard.

When I let her outside to do her business before we relax for the evening, she seems to empty her entire rectum (I'm guessing by the size and amount of droppings she leaves), making her rectum seemingly completely clean. When she's regular with this routine, I've never seen or smelled shit on my dick after anal sex with her (no, I'm not that supple to bend over like that to smell my dick, but you know what I mean).

We then crawled under the covers and snuggled together for a good night's rest after a good night's activities. I do "help" my dogs to achieve what their bodies want of them during their times of sexual frustration, including their heat periods. I also masturbate my male dogs to help them overcome their sexual tensions, and sometimes I help my males, and they help me by letting me have anal intercourse with them while masturbating them, relieving both our desires. But those are other stories for later times. I may have said it before, but it is worth repeating, this may not have been my first time with Calypso, but it was one of the best! Keep yer hounds happy, y'all! ☺

* * * *

This is the story of how Cricket came into my life. Cricket is the sweetest dog I've ever had the pleasure of meeting, let alone owning. However, the way we met left more than something to be desired, but as you will see, everything worked out in the end.

I suppose it all started when I visited a friend of mine in a nearby city, which is about 30 miles from where I live. From time to time, I take one or two of my dogs along with me on my car rides when I go somewhere they can enjoy. But, of course, it really helps to be semi-retired and fairly well-off (financially) to spend significant amounts of time with my furry friends.

On this particular day, the weather was turning colder (for the northern Midwest, fall) after a decent rainfall during the day. Luckily, most of my dogs like to spend rainy days indoors with me, enjoying simple pleasures: snoozing at my feet in front of the TV, patiently watching the sunset on the porch, gentle petting while they relax on my lap. A couple of them enjoy being outdoors in the rain, but then I have to clean them off before allowing them in the majority of the house.

This was the case with my male Rottweiler, Bud. His registered name is Capt. Heimlich das Teufel (Heimlich the Devil) but Buddy or Bud is what he responds to. Also, my male German Shepherd, Max, is the same way, so neither could come with me on my short trip. Little Girl, an Arctic mix, loves jumping fences, so she couldn't come, which just left Calypso. Now, after reading the first story about Calypso and me, you will be saying, "You said you have 6 dogs, so where are the other two?" Well, this is the story of how those two dogs came into my life.

After making sure that Calypso was ready to take the trip with me, I locked the back door to the house, and we made our way to the car, with Bud and Max following closely, wanting to go as well. Now, I'm not a neat freak or anything like that, but two large, somewhat muddy dogs and one clean one stuffed with me into my Chevette hatchback would be a bit much for any trip. Max and Bud were sad to be left behind as I closed the gate separating the yard with the driveway where the car was parked, but they obeyed and perked up when I said that I might bring something back for them. Little did I know how right I would become.

At this point, you must understand something. I live in a rather rural area of the northern Midwest, and there tends to be a fair amount of litter along the roads and highways through our state, much to the chagrin of the environmentalists. We do have "adopt a highway" programs that cut down on some of it, but there's still much more that could be picked up in anyone's lifetime. So as we were traveling along the state highway to my friend's place, Calypso was lying curled on the back of the front seat, as was her habit when traveling alone with me. "Back of the front seat, what was she doing, balancing or something?"

Nope, I usually have the seat fully forward on the track and completely reclined so the dogs can have an extended area between the front and rear seats for them to lay on when I'm traveling with more than one animal in the car. The only exception is when Little Girl, Max, or Bud a little too wild, then I raise the seat and keep them only in the back of the car. Driving a Chevette, it would be way too easy to get seriously injured in an accident, seeing that any other vehicle (except for maybe a Geo or a Ford Festiva) would be significantly larger than mine.

Anyway, we were traveling along, me watching the road and noticing that the ditches were pretty full of standing and running water from the rainfall earlier, when Calypso leaped up and started whining loudly, staring out the window. Thinking she had to do her business, I stopped the car, opened the door, and was about to put her on her leash when she darted past me and ran a couple of hundred feet back down the road to a sack which was mostly in the running water. With me running after her, she grabbed the burlap sack (which I thought was unusual since I hadn't seen one of them in years) and began pulling it from the ditch.

At the immediate moment, I was somewhat pissed at her for running off by a highway like that, being afraid that she might get injured by making a habit of it, but when I saw what she was doing, I got inquisitive. What the hell did she want with a sack that was probably full of rubbish? When I got to where she was, I finished pulling the bulky and somewhat heavy waterlogged sack from the water while Calypso stood next to me, impatiently shifting her weight from leg to leg, anxious for me to finish.

Once the sack was out of the water, I opened it too see what kind of junk she ran back for, and to my surprise, there was a cold, shaking, frightened, half drowned, dog in the sack! Holy shit! If Calypso wouldn't have gone nuts in the car, everyone would have missed it and it would have drowned in the rising water draining from the nearby fields!

Quickly I carried it to the car, sack and all. Opening the back door, I laid a blanket out on the back seat and sluffed the dog out of the sack onto the blanket. And what a dog she was, too! A beautiful

rotund golden-colored Yellow Lab bitch! Who in their right mind would throw away (literally) a dog like this?!? What assholes!

Moving rather swiftly, I checked her for broken bones and other problems that she might have. When I felt her abdomen, I realized the reason she was so wide: She was pregnant and soon to have a litter of pups! No wonder someone wanted to get rid of her. They didn't want to take care of little ones, so they figured that the dog was more disposable than their time and money! Now I knew that they were truly assholes, whoever they were!

During my examination, the dog was shivering uncontrollably and nervously glancing at me but looking away whenever I looked at her face. When I was done, she practically leaped to the far corner where the back seat and front seat met and sort of cowered there. I patiently covered and wrapped her in a different blanket covering the torn seat so that she could warm up. Calypso leaped in and laid down next to the Lab, curling as close as she could. I quickly shut the door, jumped in my seat, and took off, turning the heater on full blast to help the Lab to try to warm up.

Knowing that the Lab was in no immediate medical danger, I quickly continued on my trip to my friend's place. Frequently, I glanced back over my shoulder to look at the Lab, but whenever I did, she would look away from me, afraid. "What did you just get yourself into?" I thought to myself. "You already have too many dogs for the neighbors' taste, and you're already at the legal limit for where you live!"

"Aw, fuck it!" I said out loud and decided that it was best for me to have rescued her from an uncertain fate.

Soon we made it to my friend's house, and I opened the door to let Calypso out of the car. Strangely, instead of dashing to greet my friend, she remained to lie there with the Lab on the seat of the car. I climbed in and petted the head of the Lab, who jerked away from the initial physical contact, even though she was in no trouble. Obviously, she'd been beat or something that she would fear humans so much. She cautiously let me pet her, still avoiding my gaze and shivering at my touch. I carried her inside, and Calypso calmly followed.

Once inside, Patsy gave me one of her towels to dry the Lab off with, and we re-bundled her in a special black sheet and placed her in front of the woodstove to get warm. Again, Calypso curled up with her, this time wrapping her massive frame around behind the Lab, warming her backside.

I quickly concluded my business in town and shortened my visit with Patsy. By that time, the Lab was dried off and moving around a bit, investigating her surroundings. When I was ready to go, I carried her to the car with Calypso following close behind. On the way home, they cuddled in the back seat as before, giving me no trouble whatsoever.

Upon arrival back home, the other dogs sensed something different and were extremely excited, bouncing against the gate and surrounding fencing. When I carried the Lab, which I started calling Cricket, all of them tried to follow into the house. As was usual in the household, I let them in with me and proceeded to the couch and lay Cricket down there. Max and Bud came over to investigate, and Cricket started to stand, growling at them.

Not wanting a fight between them and the disoriented Cricket, I told Max and Bud to go outside, which they did, without question. That in itself was kind of different because they usually want to hang around me and usually enthusiastically greet (read that as knockdown and slobber over) all visitors, human and animal alike. Little Girl cautiously came over for a sniff, and Cricket looked at her, and Little Girl left too. I guess she understood that Cricket didn't want her around either.

After taking care of a few other things at home, I returned to Cricket to greet her properly. When I approached her, she cowered again and looked away. Judging from this continued behavior, she must have been beaten or something by her former owner, probably a man. Being a thoughtful person, I placed an ad in the local paper that she was found, but no one answered the ad. Just as I had expected, confirming my low opinion of society.

A few days passed, with me sleeping on the floor with Cricket and Calypso in the spare bedroom. I had prevented the other dogs from coming in their spare to allow Cricket her own space. Through the course of two weeks, she grew more accustomed to my presence and, at times, actually seemed to appreciate it. Towards the end of that time, I had invited Patsy to stay over at my house to help me by watching Cricket when I wasn't there and to help with the whelping of the pups.

The decision seemed to be perfectly timed, for it wasn't but two days after Patsy came over that Cricket started nesting, and in a few hours, she had given birth to a litter of 11 perfect puppies and one not-so-perfect. The one pup was born without two legs and probably missing some internal organs as well. He lived only 1/2 an hour, which made the happy occasion a slightly sad one. However, it was probably as well that the pup hadn't lived, for he wouldn't have survived the night anyway, not with all his siblings milling around like they were. There were 4 female pups and 7 males, making it a pretty well-rounded litter.

Cricket seemed to be a good mother, but she probably got knocked up at her first heat due to her small size and never really got a chance to grow up herself. Nevertheless, she took care of the pups with fervor, and soon we had 11 little shitters running all around the room. Thankfully, when they put carpet in the house in the early '50s (the house was originally built in the 1890s), they didn't secure it whatsoever and overseen the carpet edges to prevent unraveling. To prevent any problems with the pups, I removed all the furniture from the room (to remove the carpet), rolled the carpet up, and moved it to another room before Cricket whelped.

I do love pups dearly, but I don't have the patience to house train them. That's one of my foibles, that's all. On the other hand, Patsy was very patient, and by the end of the second month, the pups were on a regular schedule of going in and out at specific times (about every two hours during the day). Cricket remained relatively isolated from the rest of the dogs, save Calypso and infrequent visits from Little Girl.

During this time, I continued my sexual activities with the other dogs (and Patsy since she was there) but kept such activities out of sight of Cricket, not wanting to disturb her back into her complete fright of men. Calypso was out of the heat at that time, so we weren't making too much commotion in the adjoining bedroom. Thankfully, the walls are plaster, so there is a tiny sound that can permeate other house areas, including the other bedroom. When Little Girl came into heat about two months after Cricket whelped, a little more commotion was occurring than usual.

Little Girl, as I said, is an Arctic mix. Judging from her appearance and ivory-white coat, she seems to be mostly Samoyed but is rather small for that breed. As she was coming into her heat period, the male dogs, Max and Bud, grew exceedingly hornier with every passing day.

One evening, when nothing better was on TV and Cricket and the pups were content, I laid a large, old blanket on the bedroom floor and invited Max up for a "little fun". He bounded up the stairs before me, knowing full well what was going to happen. I sat on a small stool and Max sat before me, waiting for the long-anticipated signal. "OK," I said and Max then mounted me, putting his forepaws on either side of my neck. He then began a series of pelvic thrusts while I squirted some lube on my hand. I then cupped it and placed it close to his sheath. Max felt it and bucked his hindquarters and "penetrated" my hand, thrusting vigorously in and out. In and out. In and out.

Gradually, his cock swelled larger and larger, extending to a bold 9 inches. His knot exited the sheath and immediately began to swell. With one powerful thrust, he lodged his knot on the other side of my hand, which gripped it tightly, bringing on his orgasm. He was panting hard as he shifted his weight on my shoulders, being "tied" to me. After a few minutes, he dismounted my shoulders and stood with one leg propped on the arm, holding onto his swollen dog meat. You could tell by his expression the feeling of sexual relief he felt as he shot his load onto the blanket. Eventually, he turned completely around and faced away from me, pulling in the direction he was facing.

After a short time of this, I let go of his organ, and he stumbled forward, then curled around and proceeded to lick his swollen red penis, indulging in the taste of his own seminal excretions. Then, after making sure that his penis had properly returned to his sheath, I let him back out of the room. (This I do every time I masturbate my dogs to make sure that they don't have any problems with their penis after the "mating." Sometimes the sheath can roll back while the penis is retracting and cause a constriction which is very painful to the dog and can also cut off the circulation to the extremity of the penis if left untreated for too long.)

Max is the kind of dog that enjoys masturbation (as well as intercourse, I presume) but little else. He doesn't enjoy me sucking him (neither do I, for that matter) and definitely doesn't like anyone feeling around his anus. So when I check him there (at least once a month, I check my males' prostates), I restrain him against a wall or fence to prevent him from turning around and biting me, which he had tried to do on occasions when I unexpectedly touched his rump. He never would intentionally harm me, but I just don't want to take chances.

Bud, on the other hand, enjoys anal penetration greatly. It was his turn next. He knew that Max had been "relieved," and as soon as the door opened, there he was, waiting for his turn. Bud and Max sniffed each other quickly and went their separate directions: Max to the downstairs and Bud into my room. Immediately, I turned Bud around and headed him for the mudroom off of the kitchen. I brought along a special case containing certain, er..., items for use with the dogs when they, um..., feel like it.

I shut the door to the kitchen behind me and went over to the old clean-up sink. There I washed the lube and Max's cum off my hand, opened the case, and filled and assembled the enema bag with a decent amount of warm water, preparing to "clean out" Bud. I then lubricated the enema nozzle and hung the bag on a strategically placed coat hook. Holding Bud between my knees, I attached his leash and gently inserted the short nozzle into his anus. After releasing the hose clamp, I calmly stroked Bud as the fluid flowed into him to fill his rectum, which I was to fill later with my penis. After the last fluid drained from the bag into Bud, I rotated the nozzle around in small circles to get his sphincter to contract, holding in the fluid. After removing the nozzle, I led Bud outside to relieve himself, which he quickly did.

We went back in, and I took off his leash. I opened the door leading through the kitchen and then cleaned and repacked the enema set. I then climbed the stairs, and Bud followed me into my bedroom. As soon as Bud was in, I closed the door and prepared for the fun to follow. Now, you might be disappointed in the way I work with Max (sexually), but that is about the only way you can deal with him. Luckily, Bud likes a bit more about sexual adventure, which is what he got.

Making him at ease, I had him lay on his side on the blanket and proceeded to pet him and give him a massage innocently. That way, he would be less bouncy and over-eager when it came time to pleasure him (and get pleased myself). He relaxed and melted under my hands like butter. All of my dogs enjoy my massages (Patsy does as well), and it seems to calm them whatever is going on. That's especially good when Little Girl gets upset at the noise of a passing thunderstorm (she's terrified by loud, sudden noises).

After the massage, Bud rested on the blanket and didn't object when I ran my hand between his legs and started to stroke his penis through the sheath. He didn't even open his eyes when he rolled onto his back and spread his rear legs to allow me better access to his equipment. And what ample equipment it is, too. When fully erect, it's about 3/4 an inch thick at the shaft, 3 inches thick at the knot, and about 9 inches long: all red and all Rott. As I stroked him further, his penis began to swell slightly and begin to poke out of its black-furred sheath.

I stuck a couple of fingers into his sheath and moved them around, stimulating him more. Some males allow a male human to place their penis inside the dog's sheath and stroke back and forth in it as if it were a vagina, but Bud's opening isn't large enough for that, and I don't want to stretch it for that purpose. Bud just likes the feel of another being probing his sheath, that's all. If his opening were larger, he probably would appreciate "docking" (that's what sheath fucking is called).

Anyway, Bud was extending further, so I prepared to loosen his anal sphincter to accommodate my male organ. (I'm not bragging, but I'm larger than average when it comes to the thickness of my penis.) To this end, I lubricated one of my fingers and gently slipped it into Bud's rectum. When it contacted his anus, Bud opened his eyes, slightly startled, and looked at me. I removed my fingers from his sheath and petted him with that hand to reassure him as I slipped my index finger further into his rectum.

Bud lay his head back down and closed his eyes once again, signifying his satisfaction that I wouldn't harm him. Next, I slid my finger slowly (very slowly) within his anus, allowing him to prepare for my penis similarly sliding within him. This continued for a short while, then I added a second, then a third finger in a similar manner while I continued stroking his penis through the skin of his sheath. Each time I added a finger, he looked at me to be reassured that I was controlling the actions (with him, you kind of have to dominate him and take charge, or he will tend to go nuts with whatever situation).

If you have ever worked extensively with dogs or watched documentaries on wolf packs, you will understand that male dogs will either dominate or be dominated, conquer, or be conquered, for there can only be one "leader of the pack." The actual term is "Alpha Male," signifying that that particular male controls the entire pack.).

After the third finger was added and moved within him for a time, I needed something larger to prepare him further for my large organ. I reached into the case and grabbed the medium-sized tapered vibrator I bought just to prepare my dogs to have me press into them. I lubed it and then quickly swapped the dildo for my fingers, eliciting a low groan from Bud. (A good groan, a pleasurable groan, sensual music to a lovers' ears.) His anus spread wider and easily accommodated the entire cylinder of the vibrator. He was starting to thrust into the air by that time, ready to have all his sexual tension released.

I then had him get to his feet, the vibe still lodged firmly in his anus (no batteries, I just use it to spread 'em). With him in a standing position, I lubed one hand and began stroking him the same way I did Max earlier in the evening. He thrust with the same vigor as Max had, except that Bud wasn't clawing my back as he did so. After he had fully extended and his knot swelled in my hand, I took my other hand and lubed my penis to make it easier for it to enter Bud's tight hole, which had a decent amount of lube already in it his anus from my fingers and the vibrator. My "soldier" had been saluting since I started fingering Bud's ass, so it was waiting for its turn.

The lube was cold (as always. Can't they make a safe lube that isn't cold to the touch?!?), which caused my substantial boner to wither slightly, but it soon regained its composure. With Bud lightly thrusting into my one hand, I used the other to spread the lube and remove the vibe from Bud's

ready hole. When the vibe left his hole completely, Bud turned back and looked into my eyes. His gaze said it all, "Well, go on. What are you waiting for? You know that's what I like!" Something like that. No, if he didn't want me to, he wouldn't have been standing there. Some of you know how hard it is to hold a large dog who doesn't want to be restrained.

Anyway, after sliding the vibrator out of Bud's tight anus, I placed my organ at his opening, waiting for his permission. Unlike Calypso, who usually does something visible to express her acceptance, Bud just opened his sphincter, which allowed the head of my penis to press into him. Gradually I slid into his tight rectal canal—inch by inch, bit by bit. I tell you, there's nothing like it. Nothing in the world. As soon as I was completely in him, we both stood motionless, totally immersed in the feeling. No matter how many times you do this (if this is what you like to do), each time is different from others, and each time to come will be different from any previous times. It's something you would never get tired of seeing/feeling, kind of like when you cuddle with a lover, human, or animal.

After the brief pause, he continued his subdued thrusting, and I started to move within his clutching rectum slowly, then BAM!!! Bud started coming and gripping me with his rectum (especially his stretched anal sphincter). Squirt and grip, squirt and grip, on and on and on. Now, from what I've been told, dogs seldom appreciate anal intercourse, but Bud likes it. Of course, Calypso loves it, but that's another story. Usually, when a male dog does allow anal penetration, they seldom permit it to continue after they orgasm, but Bud does.

As his penis started to shrink back into its furred sheath, I turned him onto his back again and continued thrusting into him in the missionary position. To better accomplish this, I placed a mid-sized hard cushion under Bud's hips to straighten out the angle of penetration. I continued thrusting, and Bud continued gripping me with the muscles of his rectum. Don't ask me how he learned to do that, but he did! After a short time, I started cumming a long, satisfying load deep into his spasming bowels. Jet after jet of semen shot forth from me as I shuddered in complete ecstasy.

As I was coming down from my orgasm, I kicked my legs further out behind me and lay on top of Bud. He was still panting from his orgasm, but he started to lick my face. Grabbing the pillow and a light sheet off of the bed, I repositioned his and my legs so we could continue to lie together, this time on our sides. We lay there, me within him, him surrounding me, and I began petting him peacefully. I lifted his head and put part of the pillow under him, with me using the other half. I then tossed the sheet so it would cover us.

Sometime during the night, I heard Patsy return and go into the downstairs bedroom (where Cricket and the pups were) and retire to bed (it squeaks a little). In the morning, I awoke looking into the lovely amber eyes of Bud, my withered penis still inside his anus. There we lay, basking in each other's presence, me gently stroking Bud's side under the sheet, each lightly snoozing from time to time, comfortable and completely at ease in each other's presence. We spent most of the morning like that (thankfully, it was Sunday, and nothing big was going on) until we fell asleep again. When we awoke, we just disconnected and got going as if it was a normal morning, except for the fact that it was 11:00. Boys, that was a time I won't soon forget.

The End