

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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You hear people talking all the time about finding their soul-mate, about finding that one person who completes them, and usually, they're referring to another man or woman. In my case, my soul-mate was not even human; my soul-mate turned out to be a large five-year-old German Shepard. He was a very handsome animal with a large muscular body, thick, shiny brown/black/cream-colored fur, dark, intelligent eyes, broad muzzle, and when aroused, unquestionably a strong, demanding alpha male. His name was Bruno.

I didn't like him initially, feeling intimidated and a bit afraid of him, but those feelings changed over time.

I don't know how to explain in a way that you would understand that Bruno, on some animal level, could "read me," understood what I wanted and needed. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but sometimes I actually felt Bruno behaved and had the emotions and even sexual perceptiveness of a human male.

What is it? What's the word for projecting human qualities and behavior onto a pet? Is that what I was doing? Whatever the term is, that's what it was like between my dog Bruno and me.

I know it must sound crazy to some people, but good or bad, right or wrong, I guess in a way, I became his bitch and have never regretted it.

I was nineteen, and Michael was twenty-five. I met Michael through a friend, and the same night we met, after having way too much to drink, I had sex for the first time. Though he seemed pleasant, intelligent, and generally a nice person, I was still sorry I had given my virginity to a barely knew guy.

That having been said, my now boyfriend Michael and I dated for almost six months before he started talking about our moving in together. I had fallen in love with Michael by then, and after a bit of convincing, I'd given in and said okay, I'd move in with him.

I was excited about the move. Michael, along with his dog Bruno lived in his parent's old house that had been turned over to him when they moved to Florida. It was a lovely big house with more room than the two of us could have ever taken advantage of. Michael had had Bruno since he was a puppy. Bruno was a huge German Shepard, and though he probably out weighted me by at least 75 lbs, he was as sweet and cuddly as a teddy bear, and I enjoyed his company. If Michael had to work at night, Bruno would curl up on the floor at the foot of the bed and wouldn't drift off until I had fallen asleep. Sometimes if I felt skittish being in that big house alone at night, Bruno would jump up on the bed and stretch out behind me, his massive head resting on my thigh or snuggling against my back, kind of spooning.

When I let him sleep on the bed with me, once or twice I'd awakened during the night to find him humping against me, but I wasn't concerned because all dogs do that at one time or another. In my naivety, I thought he was having a dog dream and would push him off me and not give it any further thought as I made myself comfortable and went back to sleep.

I look back now and realized that maybe I should have paid more attention to his behavior, but Bruno had always seemed so affectionate and friendly I just didn't worry too much about it. But after I moved in with Michael, Bruno was always with me, following me around, sleeping at my feet. Michael's friends would often joke that Bruno seemed to be more my dog than Michael's.

As time went on, Bruno's behavior toward Michael and me began to change noticeably. And while Michael thought little of it, I saw the changes and slowly became concerned and cautious around Bruno. He had been such a sweet, obedient dog, but lately, he wouldn't follow commands; it was almost like he chose which ones he would obey.

Bruno would watch me and sniff at me constantly. The way he watched me was disconcerting and truthfully a little scary. Very protective or maybe proprietary, he would spring alert if Michael came near me and start growling if Michael touched or fondled, was curt, or raised his voice at me.

He would get between Michael and I. Michael typically would put him out of the bedroom at night, but if he forgot or failed to do that, Bruno would quietly come into the room and watch if Michael and I began having sex. Eventually, he would become agitated and start barking until Michael would forcefully put him out of the room. Michael thought it was funny and jokingly said, "Damn, that dog had a huge hard-on . . . I guess I should see about getting Bruno a little bitch of his own."

Each day it seemed Bruno became more aggressive with me. I remember the afternoon when things started to fall into place and could no longer be denied or minimized. I came out of the shower, and as I was getting my fresh clothes off the bed, Bruno lunged at me, making me fall onto the bed and knocking the wind out of me. Naked stretched out on the bed, Bruno was suddenly on me, sniffing and roughly thrusting his snout between my legs, making that "humming" noise through his nose as dogs do.

"Bruno! Bruno!" I shouted, surprised and a little scared.

"Bruno!" I said again more firmly and pushed him away with a bit of effort. Alert to my tone of voice and obvious disapproval, Bruno jumped off the bed and retreated to his mat on the other side of the room. Watching him, I could see that Bruno was obviously excited, his penis sticking out of its sheath, erect and swollen. He looked over at me with an almost human expression, curled on his mat, and began licking himself until he climaxed, oozing what I assumed was semen. I just stood there staring and then hurried out of the room.

As a firefighter, Michael typically worked 24s, i.e., 3 eight hour shifts, and if he were doing overtime, I might not see him for two or three days. During one of these extended shifts, I fell asleep on the sofa in the TV room and was slowly pulled awake from what I thought was a very nice dream. Wanting to sleep, I didn't open my eyes and just assumed Michael had gotten home earlier than he had planned and wanted to have sex with me. He was licking me between my legs, but it felt different; why was he so rough? I could feel his nails digging into my sides and hips?

"Ouch! That hurt Michael!" I said, now not only irritated but also mad. It was then that I suddenly realized it wasn't Michael who had been eating my pussy and who was now trying to get his cock inside me . . . it was Bruno . . . his dog.

I must have screamed bloody murder, startling the dog who paused his thrusting probe long enough for me to push him off. I jumped up off the bed as the dog got down, and watching me, came toward me as I stepped back away from him. He was growling at me as if he was the one upset at being interrupted.

"Nice boy . . . nice boy," I said as he continued to back me up until I felt the back of my ass cheeks touch the wall.

Terrified, I stood there. I tried to run, to get around Bruno, but he wasn't having it and began to

growl and bare his teeth. Bruno was a huge dog, and I could clearly see that he had a huge cock that was large, red, and fully erect. He came up to me, nuzzling me with his nose, making it clear he wanted me to open my legs. When I didn't open my legs, he nipped me lightly on my thigh firmly enough for me to understand he meant business. When he started growling again, I opened my legs, and he immediately pushed his head up there and began licking my slit. I was pre-menstrual at the time, and maybe this was why he was acting this way; maybe my scent had caught his attention. Bruno kept licking me harder, and despite the fear, I was soon dripping wet, and within a few minutes I . . . I felt my body tensing, preparing to orgasm. What the fuck was happening to me?

There, pinned against the wall by a monstrous dog, I started cumming like some kind of perverted whore, oozing whore juice that Bruno eagerly lapped and licked. My legs were trembling as my orgasm sizzled through me, and if not for the insistent ringing of the doorbell, I can only imagine what would have happened.

"Traci! Traci! It's me, come and open the door!"

At the sound of Michael's voice, Bruno reluctantly backed away and ran down the stairs to the basement.

Pulling myself together, on shaky legs, I hurried to the door to let Michael in, "Sorry honey, and I put the latch on the door when I lay down for a nap. . . I wasn't expecting you home until tomorrow."

Later that night, when we were getting ready for bed, I attempted to tell Michael about Bruno's incident. Of course, I didn't give him all of the details, but I tried to explain just how aggressive the dog had been. Michael listened but dismissed it, saying since my period was due, Bruno probably was sensing the change in pheromones, my scent, and he could tell I was in heat. Well, I couldn't take it lightly . . . it had been a frightening experience.

We had sex, and afterward, Michael rolled over and quickly fell asleep. Lying there still thinking about what had happened, I was thankful when Bruno, who had been outside in the hallway the whole time, scratching on the bedroom door and whining for entry, finally quieting down.

After that, When Michael wasn't home or was at work, I'd always ask him to make sure the dog was in the yard. I had reached the point where I didn't want him near me. I was that afraid of him. That worked fine for a few weeks until the Friday afternoon that Michael was driving up the coast and couldn't take Bruno with him.

"Sweetie, I don't know why you all of a sudden don't like Bruno, but I can't take him with me this trip. I'll leave him in the dog run, so you don't have to worry about him, and he won't be able to annoy you."

"Oh, Michael, it's not that he annoys me . . . he just makes me nervous. He's so big, and he can be scary and aggressive sometimes."

"It'll be fine, Traci, stop worrying. The dog will be outside and unable to get into the house. I'll be back on Monday, and besides, all you have to do is call if you have any problems. Okay?"

"Okay," I finally said.

I spent most of Saturday catching up on cleaning, vacuuming, laundry, and each time I looked out the window, and I could see Bruno in the yard. I was finally able to relax and stop worrying about

him. Around five o'clock, I decided to drive over to Del Vecchio's for a little Italian takeout for dinner. Grabbing my keys, I ran out to my car. I was only gone for about 45 minutes. When I returned, I placed my take out on the kitchen counter, poured myself a glass of wine, and went upstairs to take a quick shower. When I came out of the shower, there stretched out on the floor in his regular corner was Bruno. He stood up and took a step toward me.

"Bruno . . .how did he get in the house?" I said to myself.

If I could get to my bedroom door, I could lock him in there. As I inched toward the door, he began to give a low growl, "Nice dog, good boy," I said, inching closer to the door. When I reached out for the doorknob, Bruno snarled threateningly and came toward me and pressed his nose deeply between my legs. I gasped as the cool, moist snout brushed over my clit and his long rough tongue parted my wet pussy lips as he began to lick me there.

"No, no, bad dog," I tried to say, and at the sound of my voice, he began to lick harder and faster, his tongue pushing up into my dripping wet slit. I reached down, and placing my hands on either side of his head, tried to push his mouth away, but with one hard thrust forward, he pushed his tongue inside me, and I began to orgasm so hard my legs shook, and I slumped to the floor.

I sat on the floor, crying from the intensity of my orgasm and shame.

Bruno looked at me with a look and "smirk" that said, "Bitch, it's my turn now." He started nosing and pulling on my sleeve, indicating he wanted me to bend over. When I tried to pull free, he began to snarl at me and bare his teeth. Bruno got behind me and started pushing my shoulder, forcing me forward onto my knees. I refused to move and began to try and crawl away as he followed behind me for a few steps before nipping my thigh. I froze . . . Bruno placed his huge head under my butt and lifting his head, successfully positioning me so that my head was down resting on my arms and my butt was raised. Bruno grabbed my thin robe between his teeth and began pulling it until I heard it rip, leaving my ass naked and exposed.

He began to sniff and vigorously lick my clit, making me tremble when he would almost gently nip my swollen pink nub or push his long, rough tongue inside me. My body began to betray me, and I came again. As my pussy became sopping wet with Bruno's saliva and my juices, my movements and sexual pheromones excited him, and he lifted himself to mount me, his forelegs on my shoulders. Bruno was a huge dog, and I was literally underneath him with his furry chest pressed against my back and his crotch and haunches covering my hips and legs.

"No! No, Bruno . . . No," I screamed as he began probing for entry. I could feel his hard cock rubbing against my ass, and I glanced back, between my legs, and could see Bruno's long, thick cock now free of its sheath seeking the opening of my pussy. I tried to pull away and felt Bruno's forelegs press down on my shoulders, holding me in position and with his teeth nipped the side of my neck, not hard enough to break the skin but hard enough for me to understand and accept his dominance. My panic rising, I stopped struggling and lowered my head to the floor, which he took as a sign of submission. Bruno waited, and when I didn't move or further resist him, began to bark, confident in my submission.

My head down and my legs bent under me, Bruno poked and probed. His probing went on for several minutes, and I couldn't stop crying, consumed by fear and humiliation. Reconciled to what was going to happen, I just wanted it to be over. Then suddenly, Bruno found my opening and drove his cock into me.

"Oh my god . . ." I grunted.

I didn't struggle or try and crawl away as I had before. I'm not sure how to explain it, but I felt as if Bruno might hurt me if I tried to fight him off. I had no choice but to let him do what he wanted. He went at me like I was a bitch in heat he had cornered in some alley. My submission and cries apparently excited him, and within a short time, I felt the warm, wetness of his emission inside me. To my horror, I realized that with each thrust, I moaned with sick pleasure.

Afterward, too sore and abused to walk, on my hands and knees, I slowly, painfully tried to crawl toward the bed, knowing but not caring that he was watching me. Bruno followed me across the room and began growling; when I turned to look, I saw a human-like expression and demeanor that said, "I'm not through with you."

"Please let it be over," I prayed.

Before I could pull myself up onto the bed, I felt Bruno behind me. On my knees, my upper body bent at my waist on the edge of the bed; he aggressively licked his cum that was leaking from my abused pussy.

God help me . . . he mounted me again.

Bruno's cock felt humongous, and even though my pussy was already filled with a large amount of his dog cum, I cried out with the pain and surprise of his penetration as he began to push forward into me.

"He's inside me . . . Oh, god, he's inside me again." I whimpered pathetically.

With short quick jabbing thrusts, he slowly but decisively worked his way inside me. I didn't struggle. I just made myself stay still and let him do what he wanted. I quickly became aware that whenever I instinctively pulled away, Bruno would snarl menacingly and fuck into me even harder.

As he continued to fuck me, I could hear myself begin to moan and push back against him as an involuntary orgasm started to build in my core. I didn't want this to happen. I tried to repress it, but I couldn't stop it and eventually give in to the inevitable. God, forgive me. I enjoyed the pleasurable sensation when it began to wash over me.

I think Bruno must have felt me quivering under him and knew he had pleased me on some primal level. He paused and then pushed his full hard length inside me and resumed energetically fucking me like my boyfriend Michael never had. I climaxed again as Bruno began driving his cock into me deeper and harder. He found the rhythm and position he liked and began stroking as fast as he could. His swollen, purple cock continuing to slide in and out of the pussy he now owned.

I could feel his cock swelling inside me. Then terrified and panicking again, I remembered that dogs, canines when mating, will "knot" with their bitch. Was this what was happening?

I felt his cock inside me and the hard swollen knob pressing for entry inside me. He was thrusting harder, wanting, needing to get his knot inside me. The knot was growing hard, stretching me and coaxing my pussy to open wider for him. Thrusting harder, driving himself deeper, I groaned as his knot finally pushed into my pussy. The sense of being filled was indescribable as my pussy muscles contracted around his shaft and knot, holding them buried deep inside me.

He was still getting bigger, and I felt him withdraw ever so slightly and immediately push back in and begin pounding my pussy and then he was cumming . . . cumming hard. It went on for what seemed like a long time until he had emptied himself and then became still. I lay under him, knowing that my humiliation and embarrassment had been perversely overshadowed by the pleasure I felt

from what Bruno had done to me. We lay on the edge of the bed, breathing heavily, as Bruno twitched and jerked a couple of times, expelling the last of his virile cum, giving his bitch everything he had.

I was knotted to Bruno for almost fifteen minutes until his knot reduced enough in size, and I felt him slip out. Once he had freed himself, Bruno looked back at me and left the room, and I could hear him padding down the stairs. After a few minutes, Bruno came back into the room where I was still lying on the floor and nuzzling me onto my back, began licking me between my legs, and after a few minutes, licked my face before going to his mat to clean himself.

Out of exhaustion, shock, and a very sore pussy, I fell asleep there on the floor, dripping the remnants of Bruno's copious cum deposit. I awoke in the dark, quiet bedroom around one o'clock in the morning. Gathering my will and strength, I made it into the shower. When I stepped out dripping water, I looked up, and Bruno was standing there near the bathroom door, waiting for me.

"No, no more" . . . I said to Bruno as if he could understand what I was saying.

Bruno watched me wearily but did not come closer.

"Go away! Get away from me!" I shouted at him.

As I walked toward the door, Bruno backed further into the bedroom and let me pass. He stood in the darkened room, watching as I climbed into my bed, still naked and damp from my shower. After forty-five minutes of struggling to stay awake, I finally drifted off to sleep. When I awoke again, it was a few hours later, but the sun was not yet up. Having pulled back the covers during the night, Bruno was on the bed with me. My period had begun, and maybe my scent had attracted and aroused him, and here he was between my legs. Still half asleep, I moaned at the sensation of his large, warm tongue licking my pussy and teasing my now engorged clit.

"Please go away, Bruno . . . leave me alone," I said as the tears again began to flow down my cheeks. Bruno looked up and tilted his head curiously as if wondering why I was crying. If he could speak, I have no doubt he would have asked, "Why are you crying bitch? You know you want this."

I pushed Bruno's head to the side and rolled away from him. He didn't growl or snarl or try to nip me but, to my surprise, stood up, jumped off the bed, and went to his mat. I sat up in bed, again trying to stay awake, but slowly dozing off. When I finally awoke, I lay in bed, remembering that it was Sunday and that Michael would be home sometime on Monday. I wondered if I called him maybe he could get away by this evening. With that thought and still a bit sore, I slowly got out of bed and immediately noticed Bruno was not on his mat. Hopefully, he was in the backyard, and if he was, I might be able to lock him out. I pulled on one of Michael's large t-shirts and a pair of exercise shorts and went downstairs to the kitchen for my morning coffee.

I went to the kitchen window, but I didn't see Bruno in the yard. I walked through the kitchen and into the mudroom, but when I looked through the window, which gave me a view of the side yard, there was still no sign of Bruno. Where was he? Was he somewhere here in the house? Maybe I could get to my car and leave and stay with a friend until Michael got home? Gathering my nerves, I took my keys off the key rack and practically tiptoed to the front door, not wanting to alert him. Holding my breath, I opened the door and prepared to run to the car. Closing the door, I sprinted to the car, only to stop in mid-run when I saw Bruno lying next to the driver's side door.

If I called for help, would anyone hear me or even come to my aid this early on a quiet, pleasant

Sunday morning? Could I run to a neighbor before he caught up with me?

Bruno dog fucked me three times on Sunday.

The first time was that morning. As soon as he had herded me back into the house, he took me there in the kitchen, bent over the table with him behind me on his hind legs, his forepaws around my waist. When he finished with me, Bruno lumbered over to his favorite corner in the kitchen, where he lay down and proceed to lick himself, glancing over at me as he did so. When I pulled myself together and started up the stairs to go to my room, he quickly stood up and followed me. It wasn't until he was confident I wasn't heading for the front door did he relax and return to licking himself.

Bruno didn't come near me again, and I had foolishly thought he was going to leave me alone after his morning fuck in the kitchen, but I was wrong. That afternoon while out near the pool reading, he approached the chaise I was laying on, stretched out on the deck next to me, and closed his eyes. Laying there watching him, I remember what a sweet, lovable animal he had seemed when I first moved in with Michael. What had happened? Had I done something that had made him change like this?

I snapped out of my reverie when Bruno began barking and pawing at my swim bottoms. I knew what he wanted, but I had had enough, damn it, this was a dog! I stood up and cautiously started walking toward the pool house, thinking if Bruno followed me in there, I would be able to close the door and lock him in. He started barking and snarling when I didn't stop walking and even tried to pull away when he grabbed my bottoms so hard with his teeth that the waistband broke. As we stepped into the pool house, Bruno rose and grabbed me by the back of my neck with his teeth, his weight forcing me down and onto my knees. Having become familiar with my body over the last two days, he quickly found the hole he wanted, and with a hard thrust, drove his dog cock into my pussy. My body, as if with a mind of its own, squeezed down on his hard, demanding cock as he relentlessly fucked into me.

It was then as if his usual frenzied fucking slowed, and I could feel him inside me. His cock throbbed as he began to slowly fuck me, sliding in and out, going deeper. He groaned and nuzzled my neck, enjoying the feel of my warm, moist pussy loving his cock instead of the frenzied fucking he was used to. I reached under me and, finding my clit began to rub and pinch it as he fucked my pussy until I started cumming in multiple glorious orgasms. I could feel Bruno's full, heavy ball sack slapping against my ass, as his attentions went to inserting his knot in my pussy. I somehow knew he did not want to hurt me, but by the firm, determined thrusting of his hips, I knew his instincts compelled him to penetrate my pussy with his growing knot . . . to get it the fuck inside me. With a keen animal instinct, Bruno sensing my pussy was ready to accept him, gave me a hard, forceful thrust, and pushed his knot inside me. It seemed easier to take him this time, and it didn't hurt as much as it had the day before.

Bruno was now deep inside my channel, shaft, and knot enveloped by my soft, warm pussy. Bruno pressed forward, burying his full hard length inside me, slowly stroking . . . making love with his bitch, his mate. I pushed back against him and came again hard and wet on his beautifully engorged dog cock. Bruno put his weight on me to hold me in position and gave a final hard thrust, and drove himself further up inside my pussy where he exploded, covering my pussy with his hot cum. For the next several minutes, I orgasmed each time he spasmed, sending his semen into my pussy.

We lay knotted in the dim, cool pool house for a long time until Bruno was able to pull out. When he finally withdrew, his cum began to drip from my swollen pink pussy as soon as I stood up.

“Good boy, Bruno . . . good boy,” I softly said as I kissed the top of his head and scratched behind his ears before we turned and walked back to the house. I don’t know how or why, but something had changed between us. I no longer felt afraid.

When we got to the house, I got him food and water, and later, on the back deck, I bathed him, paying particular attention to his underbelly and sheath. As I bathe him, I stroked and rubbed his sheath, and his huge purple-veined cock slowly became visible. For the first time, I leaned forward, and he let me take him into my mouth. It felt pleasantly warm and kind of rubbery. I licked away the leaking pre-cum that had beaded on the tip of his cock and gently sucked him, and from the way he tilted his head at a now-familiar angle, I could tell Bruno enjoyed what I was doing.

That night, Bruno climbed onto my bed, and with me lying naked on my back, I spread my pussy lips for him and closed my eyes as he eagerly began to feast. Perhaps my menstrual scent and taste aroused him more than he could ignore, I don’t know, but Bruno started to go down on me (when a dog does it, is it still referred to as “going down”?). With his long, wide, warm tongue taking care of me, he brought me to orgasm several times, and I loved it, wanted it, and wanted him. Things were different between Bruno and me. Laying there next to me, I had a sudden urge to please him, and I scooted down in the bed and took his swollen, leaking cock into my mouth. I could taste the salty, thin fluid in my mouth, and as I suckled his dog cock, I could hear Bruno begin to whine and whimper when he began subtly trying to hump my mouth. I didn’t want him to knot my mouth, and after a few minutes, I got on my knees and presented myself to him. Bruno mounted me and quickly exploded, filling me with his essence.

I woke Monday morning with the bright sunlight streaming through the partially open curtain. I stretched and sat up in bed feeling happy, emotionally, physically, and sexually . . . happy and contented. I looked toward the bedroom door when I heard Bruno in the hallway. He came into the room and climbed onto the bed next to me.

“Good Morning, Bruno,” I said.

“Michael will be home today, so sadly, this will be the last opportunity for us to be together,” I said, my voice sounding sad.

As if he understood what I was saying, he nuzzled my neck. Sensing my mood, Bruno lay down next to me, resting his head against my thigh as he looked up at me. He was a handsome animal, and as he comforted me, I absently ran my fingers through his fur, rubbing his chest and his underbelly, my hand slowly moving to his swelling sheath. I could feel the size and strength of his thick cock through his sheath marveled at its length and girth as it became fully erect and pulsed in my hand.

Seeing his fully exposed cock, I wanted this beautiful animal to fuck me, and I knew he wanted his human-bitch just as much.

Bruno stood up on the bed, and I sat for a moment admiring his handsomeness, the way his impressive cock hung between his legs. I eased off the bed and knelt on the floor, my head lowered in a submissive position with my bottom up, pussy wet, pink and swollen . . . ready for him. Once in position, Bruno jumped off the bed and began licking me, and when he was sure I was ready for his penetration, he mounted me. He gripped the hem of my nightshirt with his teeth and possessively pulled me closer to him. His muscular hips began pounding at me as my pussy milked his cock. After making me cum for the second time, I could feel my legs trembling, and despite Bruno’s snarling, I pulled myself up on the side of the bed for support. Bruno was again intent on getting his knot inside

my pussy. He held me down, bent over the edge of the bed, as he continued to fuck me. Pumping into me, assaulting my pussy with his huge thick cock, spreading my pussy open wide enough to accommodate the entry of his swelling knot. Finally, he was inside me, and as his thrusting became more controlled and insistent, I could feel his knot throbbing and pulsing deep inside until the exquisite gush of hot cum flooded into me. Bruno continued to give me spurt after spurt of cum until he had finally drained himself.

While we were knotted, I began crying at the thought of Michael returning and my not being able to be with Bruno this way. My crying upset and concerned Bruno because he began pulling to free himself though he wasn't yet small enough to withdraw comfortably.

"Bruno, Bruno, stop, stop you're hurting me," I said. He turned and looked at me with his large, beautiful, caring eyes.

"It's okay. I'm okay," I said, trying to sound reassuring as I stroked and softly murmured to Bruno until thankfully, he calmed, and his cock slipped out of my pussy.

Bruno and I had sex one more time before Michael got home. The morning flew by, and after lunch, I had gone into Michael's "man cave" to air it out, and Bruno, who had been trailing behind me most of the morning, had followed into the room. As I busied myself, Bruno watched me with an obvious erection emerging from its sheath. He came and stood in front of me, and I knew what he wanted. I took my jeans and panties off and stood in front of him naked from the waist down. Bruno crossed the room and pressed his nose between my legs, and began to lick me. As he brought me to the verge of cumming, my phone began to ring. I didn't answer it, so caught up in what Bruno was making me feel. The phone started to ring again, and the moment was finally broken when I looked at the id and saw it was Michael. Just as I answered the call, Bruno's tongue pushed me over the edge into a gut-wrenching orgasm, and I gasped and covered my mouth when I involuntarily called out Bruno's name at the peak of my orgasm.

"Hey, baby, whatcha doing?" Michael asked.

"Nothing, just straightening up a few things before you get home."

"What's wrong? he asked . . . you sound funny. You okay?"

"Yeah, of course. I was playing around with Bruno and got a little out of breath."

Bruno was still pleasuring me. My head felt as if it were wrapped in cotton, and my ears were buzzing so loudly in my head that while I could hear Michael talking, I didn't understand a word of what he was saying. Then, gasping for air . . . Bruno pulled another orgasm from me, leaving me trembling and breathless as I clutched the phone in my hand, unable to speak.

"Traci, honey, you sure you're okay? Has Bruno being giving you any trouble?"

"No, no, Brrr Bruno's been an angel," I stuttered as Bruno licked my clit with his deliciously rough tongue sending shivers through me.

"Well, I won't keep you. I just called to let you know I'd be home probably around seven and thought maybe we could go out to dinner."

"That sounds fine, Michael . . . I'll be glad when you get home."

"Bye," I added as I ended the call.

As soon as I put the phone down, I knelt on the floor and bent over for him. Bruno came up behind me and, with his now rigid cock pressed it inside me on the first attempt. There is Michael's cave. His dog Bruno fucked me hard and deep until we both came.

Michael got home later that day, and after we got home from dinner, he wanted to have sex. I wanted to let Bruno stay in the room, but Michael refused and put him in the hall and closed the bedroom door. I loved Michael, but it wasn't the same as doing it with Bruno.

Once Michael returned home, I thought the bond between Bruno and me would fade, but I was wrong; it grew stronger. For a time, Michael seemed oblivious to any changes that have taken place in our household. I no longer complained about feeling intimidated and afraid of Bruno, and he still thought it was funny when Bruno would corner me and aggressively push his nose between my legs and sniff me.

Little did Michael know or even suspect what was happening around him. When Michael was on his 24, I willingly and eagerly gave Bruno all the sex he wanted when he wanted it.

By now, I was well past the point of feeling shame for anything I was doing, and my desire for Bruno emboldened me. At night when we're in the family room watching movies, Bruno would often snuggle up next to me on the sofa, and I would reach under him and stroke him with Michael sitting at the other end of the sofa seemingly unaware.

It was like I had two lovers, two strong, sexually demanding men in my life. I truly felt I had the best of both worlds.

Eventually, though, you could sense the growing tension between the three of us. Bruno and I were always together, and Bruno could sometimes be quite possessive of me and my attention and hostile toward Michael. Michael had even said more than once that watching Bruno and I together was like watching two lovers. He said I didn't treat Bruno like a pet.

"Are you letting that dog fuck you?" he asked calmly one night when I wouldn't have sex with him.

"I'm not a fucking idiot, Traci. I see the way you're always touching and caressing him, talking sweet to him, and when you think I won't see, the way you fondle and rub the damn dog's genitals.

"Oh my god, Michael . . . that's disgusting. How could you even say anything like that to me?" I had said defensively and turned my back to him.

Michael moved into the guest room that night.

Things came to a head several days later. Michael and I had been arguing, and Bruno had gotten between us and started snarling and growling at Michael in a warning. From the expression on Michael's face, he was surprised and angered that his own dog had apparently turned on him.

"You are one sick bitch, Traci," he had shouted, adding that he knew what was going on, and it was fucking unnatural. It wasn't too long after that, Michael and I broke up, and I moved out.

It's strange the way life and fate intertwine. If I hadn't met and moved in with Michael, I wouldn't have known Bruno even existed, and I would never have known the comfort, pleasure, and physical

satisfaction he has given me. Who could have foreseen that my initial feelings of intimidation and fear toward Bruno would evolve into what I now felt?

Bruno is everything to me, and thankfully, Michael was brave enough to put aside his male ego and hurt feelings and grudgingly let me have Bruno. There probably is something wrong with me, something unnatural about my feelings for Bruno, but I don't care. All I know for sure is that I have never been happier.

The End