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“Debbie Trench is being fucked by her dog.”

I literally spat my wine out at the words whispered in the crowded pub by my best friend Mandy on a normal Saturday night for us, and normal for us consisted of getting wasted and if we were lucky getting laid as well.

“You are joking?” I said unsure whether Mandy was or not as she had been renowned for her practical jokes since we had started senior school together 25 years ago at age 11. It had been hate at first sight as within hours we were scratching at each other’s eyes and pulling each other’s hair. If I remember correctly it was over who was the most attractive member of some boy band long since forgotten. After a few weeks, things started to change and we forged a bond that had lasted over the years even though we were an unlikely pairing.

Mandy was tall, willowy and slender like a stick, her blonde hair flowed around her like a halo of golden sun. She could sing like an angel and when she danced she seemed to float with beauty & grace, her innocent smile lighting up the room. If there was one thing however that was a thorn in her side was her lack of breasts, they had reached 32a and stopped, much to her annoyance.

“I wish I had fucking decent tits like yours Gerry” she would say making me laugh at hearing her swear in her posh voice. She was right I had been blessed in the breast department which I guess made up for my curly brown hair that looked like it had been permed and my freckled face with my pug nose. I was 36c at 16 and back then was very athletic having represented the school at just about every sport there was, thank the Lord for sports bras.

Gerry was short for Geraldine which was about the only posh thing about me coming from the rough council estate as opposed to Mandy’s posh house on the edge of town. Mandy never swore in front of her parents, in fact, she never swore in front of anyone apart from me, and then she would sound like a docker on a bad day.

We danced at each other’s weddings, consoled each other when we got divorced and even had our first lesbian experience with each other. We went on holiday together both before and during our marriages and even swapped husbands once on a wild weekend. To be honest the lesbian thing didn’t last that long because the main thing we had in common was our absolute love of cock.

It had been the love of cock that caused the break up of Mandy’s marriage, well I am not surprised as most men would be pretty pissed to come home to find their wife being fucked in every hole by three workmen. It wasn’t that long after that my marriage failed for roughly the same reason, though in my defence it wasn’t three men but a black guy with the biggest cock I had seen or taken.

Looking round to check no one was in earshot I hissed, “how do you know?”

“I saw her with my own eyes,” slurred Mandy who was clearly showing the effects of alcohol, “she let me watch and even invited me to join in.”

I thought about it for a moment then laughed as I hoisted her up and draping her arm around my shoulder said, “I think it’s time for your bed,” then seeing her eyes flash around the pub for a likely companion added, “alone”

The next morning the pair of us sat in our dressing gowns sipping hot coffee as I casually said, “Debbie Trench.”

"You mean Debbie the Dog Fucker?" Said Mandy with a huge smile on her face.

I still couldn't get my head around it, Debbie was our downstairs neighbour, a quiet woman in her mid-40s who kept herself to herself. She would nod and smile politely if she passed one of us as she took Goose her German Shepherd for a walk in the local park. She never actually said anything but would sometimes give a slightly disapproving look depending on how many different men were seen leaving our flat. Perhaps I should explain, at the weekend Mandy and I share a two-bedroom maisonette which is a house split into two flats, with Debbie living downstairs and us above. During the week I would stay up in the city living out of a hotel leaving little Miss 'I did pretty dam well out of my divorce settlement' to swan about.

"So this incident when exactly did this happen?" I asked.

"Last Saturday morning before you did your walk of shame," reminding me of last Friday night when I had a few too many after work and instead of making it home ended up with two very nice 19-year-old boys who couldn't believe their luck at snagging a MILF as they kept calling me despite me pointing out I didn't have kids. Normally those sort of things never get past the flirting stage but one of the boy's parents were away for the weekend so it was back to theirs. What they lacked in experience they made up for with enthusiasm as I spent the night being spit-roasted and double penetrated.

"So she asked you to join in did she?" I said looking sternly at Mandy.

"Well I might have made that bit up," she said looking a bit shifty.

"And you actually saw it with your own two eyes?"

"Well not saw so much as heard," Mandy stammered

"I don't believe you," I said, "in fact, I don't believe that women even fuck dogs, wrong species and all that."

"Now that is where you are wrong and I can prove it," Mandy said with glee as she started tapping on the keyboard of a huge screened computer.

Within seconds Mandy invited me over to sit in the chair as she pressed play on a website she had found and the screen filled with the sight of a woman being fucked by a large dog. A couple of clicks from Mandy and the room filled with sounds to accompany the pictures and by the nature of the noises, the woman was certainly enjoying herself.

After a couple of minutes, the clip came to an end and I sat in stunned silence as Mandy clicked on another link and the screen now showed a different woman, but this time with a Labrador who was fucking her in a frenzy.

"OK you have proved your point," I said standing up and going to move away, the screen still showing her taking the red cock.

"And you found it arousing didn't you?" Said Mandy slyly and before I could answer stuck her hand inside my robe and forced her fingers inside me. "Ahah, wet as an otter," she exclaimed holding them up in the air before putting them in her mouth and sucking them dry.

Although the lesbian thing never really worked between us that didn't mean we didn't play from time to time. The first time we had fooled around was the drunken weekend of debauchery when we

swapped husbands. We had fucked both the boys to a standstill and the pair of us were still wired for more, when one of the men said, "why don't you keep each other happy for a while." The rest of the evening was spent with fingers and tongues exploring every inch of each other, though was never something we repeated.

After we both split from our respective husbands and moved into the flat together Mandy revealed one night that she had a couple of sex toys. A couple was a huge understatement as Mandy had dildos of every shape and size, love eggs, vibrators, anal beads and even a strap-on harness. It was this we always turned to when one of us had an itch that needed scratching or an excess of energy that needed burning off. It was normally Mandy who did the wearing as she loved to play the Domme and we would often enter into a drunken role play which normally involved me playing her slut.

Mandy walked back into the room and I knew straight away that she had donned her strap on as the front of the robe flapped open showing it obscenely jutting out from her groin.

"Tell me that you don't want to get fucked," she said gripping the base of the monster and waving it at me.

She was right of course, whilst the films had shocked me they had also had an effect on me, as the sound of the women moaning incoherently as they were fucked by the big red cocks was mesmerising.

We have a kind of unwritten unspoken rule between us that whoever wears the strap on takes control and as Mandy loved to role-play the Domme, I let her take the lead as she pulled the robe from my body and positioned me over the arm of the chair before kicking my ankles apart. Then making mock snarling sounds she bent me over it making me brace against the seat. The video was still playing in front of me and my moan matched that of the girl on screen as Mandy drove the latex cock into my body.

Now there may not be much of Mandy but she had the power and grace of a dancer and she could fuck like a demon. Gripping my hair I felt her pull my head back as she fucked me growling in my ear, "you want to be fucked like that bitch on the screen don't you?"

I wasn't sure if she was asking if I wanted to be fucked by her hard and fast or whether she was asking if I wanted to be with a dog, either way when I groaned yes, it would have been my response to either question. The video came to an end but Mandy didn't stop as the room filled with the sound of my squelching pussy and our flesh slapping together. Suddenly she came to a complete halt and when I moaned in disappointment she hissed, "quiet, listen."

Holding my breath we both listened and sure enough, you could make out the very faint sounds of moaning coming from below our feet. Mandy eased the strap-on out from my body and the pair of us moved towards the fireplace and the sounds became clearer as they echoed up the shared chimney.

"Oh yes Goose, good dog," I heard distinctly followed by moans of pleasure and Mandy and I just stared at each other, then Mandy stepped out of the harness before pulling her robe tightly around herself and then throwing me mine.

Outside of our front door, there was a set of stairs that led to a communal hall with Debbie's front door sitting just before the main front door to the street. Tiptoeing down the stairs Mandy knelt at the letterbox which she opened carefully and the sounds became much louder and much clearer. Prim and proper Debbie was getting pounded by her dog and by the sounds of it loving every second, "That's it Goose, stick your knot in my cunt, fill your bitch with your hot seed," she shouted followed by cries of pleasure as she came hard.

I glanced at Mandy who was crouched down, peering through the letterbox, her hand between her legs, rubbing herself. "Look" she hissed and crouching next to her I looked and could see into the lounge. In the doorway, I could see a pair of feet of a woman on all fours and the wagging tail of Goose bouncing back and forward as he fucked his Mistress. There were more satisfied moans followed by Goose shuffling around so that instead of his tail his head was visible as he had turned inside of Debbie. Goose looked up and as he saw the two pairs of eyes staring at him, he did what every dog would do, he started barking. The pair of us recoiled in shock, the letterbox clanging shut as we scuttled upstairs in rapid haste to the safety of our flat.

Standing just inside the pair of us just looked at each other in total shock until Mandy broke the silence with, "wow that was fucking hot."

The following week passed in its normal fashion, I left on Monday long before Mandy even thought about getting up. I then worked all the hours God sent at the stupid commercial bank where I was paid handsomely before travelling back on a Friday evening. Mandy would swan around at home as she had no need for work due to her generous divorce settlement and would often take great delight in sending me dick pics of whoever she had picked up during the week.

Friday night I got home at a reasonable time for me and Mandy was sitting there with a glass of wine in her hand and her eyes were blazing like stars in the night sky.

"I did it," she greeted me with as I walked into the lounge, "I actually plucked up the courage and did it."

"Did what?" I asked in total confusion wondering what the hell she was babbling about.

"Got fucked by Goose," she said with a dreamy smile on her face, "well, in fact, I have been fucked by Goose every day since Monday."

"I suppose you just went downstairs, knocked on the door and asked if it was OK if Goose fucked you," I said almost laughing but the look on her face told me she wasn't joking. "Oh my God Mandy you really did do it didn't you?"

Mandy just smiled as she handed me her phone nodding that I should press play and as I did the scene unfolded before my eyes. It was obvious that someone else was using Mandy's phone as she herself was on all fours naked with Goose lapping at her ass and pussy from behind. I could hear her moaning with pleasure from the tonguing and then Debbie's voice said, "mount Goose, good boy."

The dog rose up and I could see its red cock flapping about spraying some sort of fluid around as it tried to jab forward. The picture went shaky as the holder of the phone moved close and I saw a hand with neatly nail-varnished fingernails grasp the cock and guide it to Mandy's pussy. As the dog jerked forward a few times the cock vanished from view until the camera holder changed the angle. I got a close-up of the dog slamming into Mandy with a large lump banging against her pussy lips. I was about to ask what it was when a voice from the phone said, "here comes the knot, enjoy Mandy." I could tell from the noises that Mandy was cumming hard as the knot vanished into her pussy as juices spurted out around it. The next few minutes consisted of little squeaks from Mandy with the dog still in her until there was movement and the dog dismounted with a loud slurp showing juices and dog seed oozing from her open pussy. The video ended and I sat there in stunned silence at what I had just seen.

"Well?" Said Mandy looking at me waiting for my reaction

A million thoughts ran through my head, but the most powerful one came out of my mouth. "I want it."

"I was hoping you would say that... now STRIP," said Mandy sharply and I could tell she was on one of her Domme kicks. Throwing my clothes off I was a little surprised when Mandy walked back into the room holding a leather collar and a leash and whispered in my ear, "if you trust me I have a little treat for you." Letting her fasten it around my neck I decided to play along and there was something hugely erotic about being led downstairs naked knowing where I was going. Mandy knocked on the door and Debbie opened it with Goose standing patiently by her side.

"I see you have bought a new bitch for Goose to cover," she said looking me over before continuing, "but bitches don't go on two legs, they crawl."

Dropping to my hands and knees I crawled by the side of Mandy as Goose started to follow me, sniffing at my ass and pussy. "Not yet Goose," said Debbie ruffling his head, "let's not disappoint our audience." I had no idea what she meant until I entered the room and looked up into the faces of half a dozen people who were sitting around in a circle.

In the centre of the room was a leather footstool and Mandy dropped to her knees and whispered, "if you want out just say."

For my answer, I just shuffled forward and lay my upper body over the stool and waited, my naked ass in the air. Mandy knew my little secret, I was a bit of an exhibitionist and a couple of times she had caught me performing on cam for strangers, but a live audience and for this act, my juices were flowing freely.

Goose must have smelt my excitement as I could hear him straining to get to me and my heart was pounding with anticipation when I heard his claws scrabbling on the wooden floor. Then I felt his tongue and I thought I had lost my mind as it rasped along my pussy lips sending sensations through me. As the first lick finished the second was longer, encompassing my clit as it dragged its way along my channel. On the third lick, I orgasmed flooding as the dog delved inside, loving my taste.

"Will you look at that, " a man's voice said, "she came on the third lick, this bitch is gonna go wild when that cock goes in."

"Oh yes," said a woman's voice, "and that looks like it will be very soon."

At that moment I felt a hand pat my ass gently and Debbie say, "mount, good boy Goose,"

I felt the weight on my back and the softness of Goose's belly fur as he rose up and place himself heavily on my back. I could feel his back paws scratch against my calf making me wince with pain before I felt the tip probe against my entrance and then he thrust hard. It was the most amazing feeling of my life, the cock was hot, physically warm inside me and as hard as one of Mandy's dildos. Within a few thrusts, he had buried it in me and then he started to fuck me, not a gentle thrusting, not even a hard fucking, but a fucking of such ferocity and savagery I started to cum. I opened my mouth and howled and whimpered, I swore, I wept as I became his bitch. That cock consumed me totally, it fucked its way into my soul and captured it for all time.

I felt something banging at my pussy lips and realised this huge thing must be the knot and thought there was no way it would fit. Goose had other ideas and with a growl close to my ear he gave an extra powerful thrust and I opened to receive him as a good bitch should. Nothing can prepare you for that feeling, it throbs deep inside like a hot vibrating tennis ball as hot liquid is squirted deep inside. The orgasm that exploded through me was mind-shattering in its intensity and Goose seemed

to have an endless supply of seed to pump into me.

When he had finally finished with his bitch he tugged and pulled, making me feel like my insides were coming out until he freed himself leaving me lying panting over the footstool not caring what happened next, all I wanted was for Goose to fuck me again and again

Mandy must have carried me upstairs and put me to bed as I woke the next morning with a throbbing soreness between my legs. Not a bad soreness but the type that tells you that last night was a good night and reminds you that you have been well and properly fucked.

Wandering into the small kitchen still naked Mandy looked at me and whistled softly, "you certainly enjoyed yourself last night."

I smiled as I logged onto the website she had shown me and started to scroll through the contacts section where people were offering their dogs licking my lips in anticipation as I read the details.