

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

We had just moved into a little house out in the country, with a barn bigger than the house, but also a swimming pool and two acres of land. An hour out of the city, we got a great deal because of the commute. Since I did most of my work at home it was no big deal, and my wife Annie dabbled in art, so the big barn was perfect for her studio.

Last house on a country lane, there wasn't much in the way for neighbours, and neither of us were big on pets, so it was pretty peaceful, and we could do as we pleased. It's what sold me first time I laid eyes on the place. Had been married two years, and my twenty-two year old bride had never left home before moving into my apartment. She enjoyed sex, but is quite reserved, and wouldn't even run around in her underwear. I, on the other hand, am four years older than her, being out of my parent's since turning eighteen and wearing just t-shirt and boxers around the apartment was considered formal attire.

On the ride home, I talked over the possibilities of the place, stressing on the naked aspect of everything. Such a sour face, she wrinkled her nose. "So... You want to watch me do all the housework in the nude?"

I laughed. "Is this a trick question?"

"No, silly," Annie said, playfully swatting my arm. "It's a legitimate question, Rick."

"Fine, answer's a definite, hell yes." She blushed, and I rubbed my crotch. "Um-m, getting hard just thinking about it. Honey, you're a sexy little cutie, and I'd be crazy not to want to see you naked all the time."

"What?" I got another smack. "That's the best line you can give me? And do you really need to be rubbing your dick to sell the point?"

"You're right, my love." Turned off on to a farm road, and there was nothing in sight, so I pulled to the side and put the car in park. I kissed her, then slid a hand up her skirt sneaking a finger into her panties. "I love you, and will never tire of looking at your gorgeous body, in or out of clothes. The barn would make a great studio, and we can do anything we please."

She put her hand on my hand under her skirt, but didn't try to stop me. "Better, but only by a little. Tell me more?"

"Um-m," I kissed her, while massaging her clit with my thumb, "if we were to move out there I could make love to you in the pool, under the stars, at sunrise and/or sunset, in the rain, at your studio, even swinging from the rafters, and you would never need to hold back. My little hottie would have even better orgasms than she does now."

"Really?" Annie nibbled on my ear, panting, "Pretty good now."

"Sure are for me." I leaned down and sucked on her hard nipple through her t-shirt, getting her moaning. Small breasted she rarely wore a bra, and I was all for it. "But, I can give you better."

"Doubt it," Annie put her hand on the back of my head, pulling it to her nipple, "but try."

It didn't take long and she was squealing in delight, I stayed on her, prolonging her orgasm, until

she let out a little scream. She humped my hand, panting. "Oh god, yes, fuck me! Ar-rgh!"

After a second long scream, I pulled my fingers out of her, and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Think I could do better."

"Take me home," she wheezed, "and call in an offer."

She did the housework naked, but one of her favourite things right off was a bit of evening skinny-dipping, most every time ending with a lot of lovemaking on the double chaise. That's why we bought the special chaise. Every night after dinner we would go out to the pool, drop our clothes and dive in. Annie absolutely loved me eating her pussy in the pool, and we bought a floating chair to make things easier.

My beautiful wife is not only blessed with the ability for multiple orgasms, but an ease in achieving them, and a love for sex. Three of the many reasons I married her. Being very petite, with blonde hair and deep green eyes, a real cutie was definitely another.

About two weeks after moving in there was a bit of scratching at the door, and when I opened it some black dog went shooting past. Annie was setting the dinner table, and he headed straight for her wagging his tail. His nose went straight up the crotch of her little short's pant leg for a good sniff of butt. "Oh, Rick, what the hell?"

"Sorry, honey," I shrugged, "he just rushed past."

"Hmm," Annie scratched behind his ears, "what a friendly puppy." He was jumping about, but was no puppy. About three feet tall, he was a mixed breed, with some black lab in him. "Look Rick, he has a collar."

I got him calmed down, and read the collar. "This is not going to help much." She scrunched up her button nose, and with her freckled face, she looked like she was up to some mischief, and I laughed. "Says, his name is 'Pussyhound', but only has our address, no phone. Look at his coat, probably ran off and his owner will come here looking for him." Since the sale went strictly through the real estate agent, we never met the previous owner, and I didn't recall the name, Steven something, I think. Could get it from the agent, but was too late to call now.

"What a terrible name for a dog, you men have a warped sense of humour." She looked down at the dog. "Well, we can't call you P-hound while you're here, and I'm not using your real name, so how about Mr. Hound? You like that boy?" He went straight for her crotch again, the front this time, nose up a pant leg and tongue lapping away. "Mr. Hound, we're going to need to teach you some manners, and to stay out of my pants."

"He can't help it, Annie," I chuckled, "it's your height-"

"Oh, I'm short, Rick."

"Don't repeat mistakes, and I'd chose petite." I smiled, remembering the day I found out my barely five-foot cutie didn't like being called short. It was our third date, and she said there might not be another because she didn't like giants. Being only six feet tall I thought it was funny, and laughed, which did absolutely nothing for the situation. I was lucky and she gave me another chance, even had our first sex on the next date. "Honey, just saying, if he tried to sniff my crotch, his head would be up, less likely an accident. With you, him standing flat-footed, he's dead even with your crotch, so just an accident."

"You're weird," Annie rolled her eyes, "not everything has a formula, or cause and effect. Ask me the man who named him taught him that trick as a conversation starter to pick up ladies. Just good thing I'm not wearing a skirt, or he'd have his cold nose up me."

Using better judgment this time I let that straight line pass. "You don't know a man named him." The dog hopped about, and I chuckled. "Um-m, I hope Mr. Hound calms down soon, before he breaks something. Maybe I should just put him outside, or in the barn."

"No," Annie looked at me as if in shock, "outside, he might run off again, and in the barn he could get into more stuff than here. Besides, Mr. Hound is a guest, although he does need a bath. We can give him one after dinner, before we go for our swim."

I gave her a kiss. "If it makes you happy, done."

After dinner we bathed him, and I thought it would be a hassle, but he seemed to enjoy the bath, although he was licking himself a lot. Following about the tenth time of having to stop while he licked his dick I joked. "If I could do that I'd never leave home."

"Yes," Annie gave me a smirk, "and now we know why a man must've named him. For all we know he cut himself on a branch or something, check him."

"Me?" I wagged a finger no. "Unh-unh, I'm no vet, and couldn't fix it if something--"

"For heaven's sake," Annie cut me off, "you can't be homophobic over a dog."

"It's not homophobic, because I wouldn't check out a female dog's vagina either."

She reached under, and he quit licking himself, letting Annie handle his sheath and look him over. "Doesn't look like there are any cuts, or dried blood, but he has a lot of fur. This is the general area he keeps pestering. There's a slight lump near the back of his sheath, do you think it could be a tumour?"

"Ah, I think it's his dick." Sporting a smirk I shrugged. "I'm serious, dogs are always licking their dicks, just because they can."

"Oh goodness, I stirred up something." She giggled. "Mr. Hound liked that, and is probably a huge hit with the lady hounds."

"Hey, who wouldn't like it, I'd certainly enjoy some cute, sexy girl fondling me an hour after meeting her."

"See, that's just piggy." Annie swatted my arm. "So, should I wash it?"

"Ah," I again shrugged, "wash mine, sometimes real fast and real long."

"Stop it, bad enough I have to do this." Using the washcloth Annie gave the dog a couple of strokes. "Whoa, it just keeps growing."

"Two choices, quit rubbing, or finish him off."

Annie's green eyes flared. "Just doing a thorough job. How was I to know he would be at least seven inches from the tip of his sheath?"

"I know, hon," I kissed her, "just kidding you."

We dried him off, and I left him in the house when we headed out to the pool, but I thought he was going to claw through the slider. I let him out, and he ran straight over to Annie. She scratched his ear. "Alright boy, you can come out, but no running around crazy-like. Your no-humour owner will be coming to get you soon, got that Mr. Hound?"

He trotted over to the chaise and sniffed the cushion in a handful of places. "Hey, no peeing on new things, or old ones." I wagged a finger. "Behave."

The dog ran back quickly sniffed Annie's crotch, then before she could say anything he was back on the cushion sniffing away. "Mr. Hound," Annie giggled, "that's what I meant by crazy-like." Wagging his tail, he ran and stuck his nose in my wife's crotch. "No, you behave. Stop smelling me." The dog let out a little yelp, then went and lay beside the chaise.

Neither wearing underwear we stripped off our shorts and shirts, then jumped in the pool. Annie kept an eye on the dog, but he wasn't going anywhere, never moved that I could tell. I swam up behind her and cupped Annie's breasts, feeling her nipples harden. "Hey sexy, feel like fooling around a little?"

"No," she giggled, "I'm horny as hell, been that way all afternoon. I want to fuck a whole bunch, and have your eight-incher pound my pussy silly."

"Um-m, my kind of girl, shy and so inhibited." Didn't bother with the floating chair just held her up, and sucked on her pussy, which set the dog off barking. I put her in the pool and he was fine, I tried eating her pussy and he went crazy.

"Mr. Hound thinks you're hurting me," Annie offered.

"Really?" I looked over at him and growled, "He better behave himself when you're screaming to the heavens in ecstasy."

"Rick, don't be silly, I don't scream."

"Oh," I wagged a finger at her, "we're about to test that theory, right now. And I'm telling you, I don't want bit in the ass."

She was giggling, as I dried her off. "What? I'll prove it." I licked her pussy, and the dog started barking. I quit, and he quit. "See, I should find some rope."

"Stop it." She gave me a swat. "He's been perfectly friendly, and doesn't need to be tied up."

My dick was half hard, and I didn't feel like scrounging around for rope, so I caved. I picked her up and kissed her. "Love you, baby, and I'm about to show you how much."

"Um-m," arms wrapped around my neck, she snuggled up to me, "can't wait."

"Don't have to." I sucked on her nipples, then played with her pussy before carrying her to the chaise, and the dog wasn't bothered with any of this. Maybe she was right, or he just didn't like us in the pool.

I didn't waste much time on the little mystery, seeing as I had a hot naked lady in my arms. I laid her down and kissed the top of her head. "Have I told you how beautiful you are lately, or that you look sexy?"

"In words? No." She giggled. "But seeing as I was eye level with your hard-on, yes."

Laughing I lay beside her, and took her in my arms. "I love you, you look beautiful, and very sexy, and I'm talking sexy hot."

We were making out, when she jumped half a foot. "Whoa!"

She had such a strange look on her face, and I tried not to chuckle. "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Hound just licked me."

"Dogs do that all--"

"Not there they don't," she shivered, "Rick, his tongue went straight up my pussy, and I'm talking way up."

"Really?" I looked over to find the dog just sitting there. "Ah, maybe he just got lucky."

Smack! She hit me on my wet chest. "You're impossible, nothing phases you." She kissed me. "I love you, even if you're crazy."

"Um-m, I love you too, baby." I kissed her, and ran my hand down towards her pussy. She spread her legs, to allow me better access, and I was massaging her clit, getting her to pant.

Groaning, I had her near her first of the evening, and holding her tight I had a leg wrapped around one of hers. The dog stuck his nose in her crotch and started lapping away. Before I could move she was screaming in obvious orgasm, and even after she finally quit, she didn't move for a bit, then kicked her feet. Mr. Hound laid back down, and Annie half sat up. "See, he did it again. It wasn't any accident, either time. None of this has been."

"Yeah," I chuckled, "and you seemed to like it."

Smack! She nailed me again. "Rick, that's not funny, even a little bit. I swear you better never tell anyone what just happened." She raised her hand. "Swear!"

"Swear baby." I pulled her to me, and kissed her. "Not a soul will ever learn it from me." I cupped her breast.

"Stop it!" She swatted my hand. "Not while the dog is here."

"Come on, babe. Have to say, it was kind of sexy." She looked at me in absolute shock, and I shrugged. "What? It was hot, you screaming an orgasm in my mouth. I mean, it's not like I could eat your pussy and do the same. And I don't want to do it with another dude, so this was pretty cool."

"You're joking?"

"No baby, no joke." I kissed her deeply, and she kissed me back. "Come on, you have to admit it felt good. Lately I've heard a lot of them, and I know part of that scream might have been shock, but most of it was orgasm."

"Fine, it was intense." She shivered. "But, you have to get past the fact it was a dog."

"Why? Would it be cool if I did it to you with a vibrator or some other toy?" She made a face, but nodded, and I shrugged. "Then, if neither of us care, it's no big deal."

"Except," she snorted, "if people find out."

"Annie," I laughed, "that was a loud scream, but not that loud."

She giggled, kissed me, and brushed against my hard-on. "God, you're like a rock."

"Yeah, told you it was hot. Want to do it again?"

"Rick that was an accident, and can be excused, this can't."

"Maybe," I grinned, "but I bet it'll knock the horny right out of you."

Looking at me she thought about it for a while, then closing one eye asked, "Is this some kind of weird test?"

"No babe," I kissed her, "would never do something like that." I kissed her, and this time she kissed me back. "I love you honey, and wouldn't hold it against you, ever! I just know how lately you like intense orgasms, and you said it was intense."

"Um-m, it was that, but I don't know."

"Its fine," I kissed her and cupped her titty, "not about to force you into something you don't want to do, sexy girl." My hand slid down to her wet pussy. "But, if you wanted to, that's fine with me too."

I kissed her, and we made out for a while, then she asked, "How would we do it?"

"Ah," I could not believe she was going to do it, "ah, you at the end of the chaise in the doggie position seems the most natural. We can make out while the dog licks you, and I can play with your pretty titties."

"Pretty little titties," she corrected me. "Do you really want me to do this?"

"It's sexy, hot, but only if you want to."

"Okay." She scooted down to the edge before getting on her hands and knees.

I lay beside her and kissed her, playing with her titties. Mr. Hound trotted around behind, and Annie tensed at the first lick or two, then started moaning into my mouth. She reached down and took my hard dick in her hand, stroking me slowly. Off balance, she leaned down into me, getting her butt up higher in the air.

Was no surprise she had an orgasm so fast, followed by another quickie, or that she wasn't about to stop at one or two. Half a minute later her body went rigid, and I thought she was in the midst of a much better orgasm, and kissed her harder. She shook her head, breaking free, screaming, "Rick, he's mounted me, get this fucking dog off of me."

Quick as possible I crawled out from under her, and I think the dog was already in her. Which was confirmed when Annie yelled, "He's in me! I want him out! Oh, god!"

I reached for his collar, and he bit my hand. Annie was cumming and squirming to get loose, but one arm was pinned by her body, and he had his paws on her shoulder blades, and she had no leverage. Thought about pushing them over, but the possible emergency report played through my head.

"Jesus Rick, get him off me!" She started squealing. "Oh god, I can't help it!" She was yelling now,

but her little body was thrusting back at the dog.

Barely moved, and he barked loudly, then nipped Annie on the back of the neck. "Baby, I can't get close." Here was my petite, ninety-five pound wife being fucked hard by a huge dog, and all I could do was watch. "Sweetie, should I call someone?"

"No, don't, oh god, Jesus Christ, yes!" She started panting. "No, don't call, cumming-g!" Annie started squealing, then gripped my arm. "Please, stay with me, Rick. God, he's stretching me, it hurts. Argh, I can't quit!"

"I know, baby, I know. I'm sorry." I gently kissed her, and she pressed tightly into me, and kissed me back hard, as she came again.

"Ah, ah, oh shit!" The dog had her by the waist and was hammering the piss out of her. "Uh, uh, I'm cumming again, I'm so full. Um-m, oh Rick, um-m, god, argh!" The dog stopped for a second, but was just getting a better lock on Annie's hips. "Oh fuck, Rick something big is trying to get put in me. Argh, it fucking hurts, ugh." She put her head on the cushion and gripped it tight in both hands. "Oh, fuck me, sideways!"

No expert, but it looked like the entry angle was better now, and the new thrusts from the dog got a scream from Annie, one very long one. The dog stopped again, but this time I think he was fully in her. He was dancing about on his tiptoes trying to get better leverage, and Annie was panting, wiggling her butt, I think trying to help him.

Finally, he was ready, tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, he went off like a jackhammer. "Ah-h, Jesus Christ," she was screaming and squirming, but I did not think it was hurting her. The dog slowed, did two or three more thrusts then quit pumping, and Annie lay there panting as bad as Mr. Hound. "T-Try t-to keep him in m-me. He's too big, it feels like a damn basketball."

Reached out, and he did not snap or even growl. "Did he cum, baby?"

"Y-yeah, g-gal-l-lons-s." She was covered with sweat, and shook her head. "It was like a hose going off in me, deep in me."

I patted his head. "Good boy, Mr. Hound." Annie groaned. "Sorry, honey, I meant just for standing still." I chuckled. "Besides, I don't think whacking him with a rolled up newspaper is going to help the situation. I have his collar, but he seems as gentle as before."

"God, it's so not funny." Annie's head still lay on the cushion, and she started sobbing. "I've been dog raped."

"Honey, I wasn't laughing at you, just trying to relieve a bit of tension." I brushed the hair out of her face. "It was an accident, I wasn't expecting this, and you certainly weren't." I kept a hand on his collar, and stroked her hair. "I think you need to calm down, tense isn't going to be good either. I love you, baby."

"Really? After what you just saw? Why didn't you stop it?"

"Of course, sexy girl, I told you, this wasn't your fault." I rubbed her back, and showed her my other hand. "He nipped me just hard enough to draw blood the first time, the second time he was going to take a finger. I'm sorry sweetie, there was nothing I could do."

"I know." She was crying, her face buried in the cushion. "God dammit, I can't believe this happened

to me, now what am I going to do?"

"Well, honey," with a finger under her chin I gently raised her head, and she turned my way, then I went back to stroking her hair, "it'll be all over real shortly, and we can just forget this ever even happened."

"Rick, I was screaming in sexual ecstasy." She was loud enough the dog shifted his weight. "Oh, oh, it's pressing s-something, oh god, I'm cumming-g again-n, oh, oh good fucking g-god-d!" She was shivering, getting the dog moving, causing her to just keep cumming. Annie quieted down, and the dog tried backing out, setting her off again.

I held him tight, and he wasn't moving much, but obviously didn't need to. After about five minutes of squealing she nodded panting, "It's close."

There was a pop, loud enough, I thought a bottle of champagne had been opened, and I let the dog go, as I could clearly hear his cum running out of her pussy. She fell on her side, knees tucked up, body dripping sweat, sobbing between gasps for air. "Oh god Rick, look and see if I'm bleeding. Is there any blood on the chaise?"

With his back to me the dog was lying there licking his dick, and when I stood he looked back at me. I froze in case he wasn't too happy, but swear I think Mr. Hound smiled, then went back to licking himself.

I patted Annie's back as I got behind her. My wife's once pretty little tight pussy was gaping open, red as hell, thin jizz still dribbling out, plenty of sticky moisture down both thighs, and a major pool of cum on the cushion. "Baby, you're a mess, but--"

"Shit," she started crying, "I knew it. God, what am I going to do? Do I need a doctor?"

"Honey, not that kind of mess," I rubbed her butt, "I'm talking about a sticky mess, but there's no blood, and I don't think you need a doctor."

"Good, that's good." With a grunt, she rolled over on her back, the left half of her body had little rivulets of sweat, and it had pooled up in the cushion creases. "Dear, please ever so gently finger me, see if I'm hurt inside."

I carefully did as told, and she was soon moaning. "Um-m, feels good, doesn't hurt." She looked over at my hard dick. "Rick, fuck me, I need to know you love me still."

"Sure, baby." I slipped my dick in her. "Let me know if it hurts."

"Um-m, feels good." She held me close. "He's as long as you, but not as thick. You feel good, I didn't want it to, but he felt good too until that knot. Am I bad, Rick?"

"No baby, not a bit, you're my sexy little princess." I kissed her, and sucked her nipples as she came, faster than ever before with me. "Looks like everything still works."

"Um-m, keep fucking me stud. I love your cock, I really do."

"I know, baby, I know."

She started thrusting hard into me, and we came together. I rolled off her, then massaged her titties and kissed her. "I love you, baby, you're so sexy." She started crying, and I rubbed her forehead.

"It's all right baby, it's all over."

"Rick, I want to tell you something, promise me you won't get mad."

"What is it?"

"Promise me you won't be mad, and you'll always love me, promise."

"Sure sweetie," I kissed her, "swear, I love you honey, and won't get mad."

"I love your dick, Rick, I love you fucking me, and would die without you. I'm not bad, really I'm not." She sobbed. "I liked that dog licking my pussy, I liked that dog fucking me, and I liked taking the dog's knot. It didn't ruin me, did it?"

"No, honey, you appear to be just fine."

"Was I all sloppy loose?"

"Sweetie," I kissed her, "you were sloppy, but-" Annie started crying, and I kissed her. "Honey, I meant messy, ah, sticky, messy, messy, sloppy, not sloppy loose. You're not ruined, or the least bit loose."

"Really?"

"Honest babe," I kissed her, and not wanting to explain the mess factor again, just added, "it wasn't any different than making love to you last night."

"Do you hate me?"

"No, honey, I adore you, nothing has changed." I kissed her and cupped her wet, sticky pussy, getting her to start panting. "Sweetie, I encouraged you, and even though it was an accident I should shoulder more of the blame than you."

"Really, you're not going to resent me the next time we make love?"

"Never." I kissed her. "What kind of husband would I be if I deserted you because things didn't work out like planned." She was softly crying, and I patted her butt. "Although, before we make love again, I think we should just put the cushion on the ground."

She sniffled, "Why?"

"Will probably be better for Mr. Hound and you, or I would think."

"Rick," her head popped up, "you'll let me fuck the dog, again?"

"Honey, I don't own you, you can do as you please. I don't think you're going to hurt yourself, and I wanted you to be happy, and sexually aware fully." I kissed her, and slipped a finger in her pussy. "And I don't want to force you to sneak around behind my back for something you like to do. I love you, do you want me to put the cushion on the ground?"

"Yes, but stay with me."

"Of course." I helped her up, then laid the cushion on the ground.

Soon as my lovely wife was on her hands and knees, Mr. Hound trotted over and licked her pussy. I was sucking her titties, and felt him mount her, then I reached down and rubbed her clit. She was moaning and came before his knot started swelling. Putting a finger on each side, I judged it to be about the size of a tennis ball when he tried putting it in her pussy. Grunting and groaning she took the thing, and then he started hammering her pussy.

I think it grew even bigger, but couldn't really tell, but the way Annie was howling I'd bet it had. She was cumming harder and more frequently than the first time. She came when the dog came, and I got a hold of his collar, but he wasn't going anywhere. Annie was wiggling her butt getting off on the knot. When it was getting close I watched the knot come out, which was a bit smaller than a hardball, and a bunch of cum poured out.

The dog lapped up the mess getting Annie squealing again. He stopped, and she was panting hard. "God, Rick, this is crazy." Mr. Hound mounted her, as she giggled, "Oh god, not again, he is a pussyhound."

Mr. Hound fucked her hard again, and when the knot popped out she fell over on her side. I stroked her hair, then she rolled over on her back, and I rubbed her titties. "You feel good," she sobbed between gasps, "I liked what I just did, but I'm going to miss things from you."

"Miss what, baby?" I have to admit, the first thought crossing my mind was I'm getting cut off from some fine pussy.

"Well, you're never going to eat me again," she started bawling, "and I really loved it."

"Honey," I glanced over at the dog, "I have no problem eating you, it's him."

"Really?" Annie wiped her eyes. "Even after what you saw?"

"Baby, I told you I was fine with it, wasn't lying." The dog was still busy licking himself. "But, if I do anything like that he's going to bite my ass."

She raised her head a little. "Mr. Hound, I want you to behave, and you're going to share, right?"

Not sure if she was expecting an answer, but he did look up and lick his chops, although I'm not sure if he was looking at my ass or my wife's pussy. I bent down and kissed her nipple, then looked back at the dog. Annie took my head in both hands, "It'll be okay," pulling me to her nipple.

I sucked her nipple, and she started cooing. "That's nice, real nice. I love it, and I love you."

The dog was watching us, but didn't look as if he was going to go rabid on me. Keeping her between the dog and me I sucked her other nipple, and I didn't hear anything but Annie moaning. Kissed my way down her belly. "Oh no, Rick, you can't!"

Jumped up and hauled ass for the pool, then Annie called out, "What are you doing?"

"Ah," I turned around, "thought the dog was after me."

"Told him to behave, he'll behave and share." She wagged a finger at me. "I'm a mess, and you have to behave too."

"Alright," I came back to her side, keeping an eye on Mr. Hound, "but just wanted to show you as far as I'm concerned nothing has changed."

"So, you were going to eat my pussy?"

"Sure, you like it, I like it, why not?" I knelt, and gave her a kiss. "But I don't want to be bitten on the ass, or worse, my balls torn off."

"You're a pervert." Thought it would be best to let that straight line go. She giggled. "And a fast one, I've never seen you move so quickly."

"It's all in the incentive honey," I was massaging her titties, "I've a great fondness for my balls."

"Um-m, me too." She had me by the ears, guiding me to her nipples. "Love the number you do on my nipples." Her legs went wide, and she let out a sigh, pushing my head down. "I do like it, and if you want to eat me, I wouldn't say no."

She didn't say no, but when I started working over her clit, she said a lot of other things, some even real words. I was worried when she started howling because I couldn't hear him, and with the death grip Annie had on my ears the damn dog would've torn my nuts off for sure.

After two or three hard orgasms she let go of my head and I kissed my way back up to her nipples. She pulled me up, and kissed me. "You're a pervert, my pervert."

"Yes, I am baby."

She gave me another passionate kiss. "Told you he'd behave."

"Yeah, well, maybe he doesn't care about me getting sloppy seconds."

"Rick!" She gave me a whack, and Mr. Hound immediately stood.

"Hey," I laughed, "you can't keep lobbing them over the plate and expect I'm not going to send one out of the park." She whacked me again and the dog took a step towards us. "Make him sit, and don't hit me no more."

"Oh yeah," she giggled, "I like this power. Mr. Hound, behave, sit." She fondled me. "Oh yeah, you like it too, service me."

I chuckled at the change in her, and she whacked me, this time getting the dog to growl. "Honey," I hissed out of the side of my mouth, "you have to stop swatting me."

"Why? Maybe I just want to see how fast you really are." She laughed, and lifted up my dick. "You want me to quit, might be a good idea to put this to good use." I slid into her, and she hummed, "Um-m, better, much better."

An inhabitation dam must have broken because she threw a great fuck into me, and enjoyed two or three more orgasms. Both of us panting, I was at her side when she rolled over and started to get up. But, soon as she was on all fours Mr. Hound nailed her, and she went back to howling.

After a quick fuck his knot popped out, and he gave her two or three licks, then was right back on her. This one lasted twice as long, and his knot took longer before it popped out and Annie fell over. She just patted my arm for a while, trying to catch her breath. "I'm done, how the hell am I going to get up?"

"Well," I chuckled, "not from a kneeling position, that's for damn sure." She gave me that look, but refrained from hitting me. "It's alright baby, stay on your back, I can just pick you up."

"Yeah, and maybe he'll nail you when you bend over." She giggled. "Maybe if you just let him do you, I can get up."

"Oh, you're funny." I looked over at the dog. "Ah, just to be safe, can you make him back up a little, or better yet a lot?"

"Mr. Hound, you're scaring the homophobic pervert," Annie's laughing, "go over there."

He headed over to where she was pointing, and with his back to me, I jumped up, then pulled Annie to her feet. She was flat exhausted, so I carried her into the pool, cleaned her up, then dried her off before putting her to bed. She fell asleep on my shoulder while saying how much she loved me over and over.

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## Part Two

It was Saturday, and I could've called the realtor, but I didn't, and Annie never said a word. After breakfast she asked me, "You think his owner will be by early?"

"More than likely he'll look around the neighbourhood first, but just to be safe, we better take him to the barn."

"Rick, you don't care?"

"No, I think it's time you get double teamed." I smiled. "Now you can suck dick while getting your pussy tended to, and just think if you got a pussy full of my dick, old Mr. Hound might do you in the ass."

"Unh-unh, he's too big," she gave me a hug, "you need to do my butt."

"Deal."

Soon as my wife's shorts came off Mr. Hound raced over and gave her pussy a good licking. Annie spreads her legs, and enjoyed her new lover a bit, before panting, "Let me get down, boy, I want you too."

Once our little freckle-faced cutie was on all fours Mr. Hound took care of his bitch. He got right down to business fucking her twice in near succession. She was certainly ready for me, and I was hard as hell. I sat on a low coffee table, and with her back to me Annie sat on my dick. She was either so excited, or used to a little pain, because she took my entire length in one slow stroke. Putting her legs outside of mine, she leaned back, and patted her thigh. "Come on Mr. Hound, take care of my pussy."

He trotted over and started licking her, getting her bouncing around, which in turn had him licking me in the process. Have to say I now knew what all the fuss was about, that was a very unique feeling, smooth, rough, dry, slick, just a feel good sensation. Annie patted her pussy, "Fuck me, boy."

He did not hesitate, and paws on either side of us the dog was stabbing away with his growing purple cock. Annie guided him in her pussy. "Honey, you have to lay back." I did as told, and she again got a hold of his dick, then pulled him closer. I couldn't feel anything, and thought he wasn't in, but Annie took her hand away, and laid back on me. Mr. Hound started thrusting, and I could feel his cock rapidly grow, until there was constant contact.

Wiggling around Annie started grunting, and the pressure built at the base of my dick as the dog was trying to get his knot in. With a little cry from my wife the knot slipped in, but was still expanding, and her grunting now was definitely from pleasure. Was feeling great the knot firmly in her, and while not being able to pull out Mr. Hound was thrusting in her, getting what felt like about four inches of movement.

Even sitting perfectly still I quickly came, and for longer than ever before. Mine was nothing like Annie's, and I think she had four or five, so quick it was like one long one. When Mr. Hound went off so did Annie, screaming, and it was so hot I almost did too.

All three of us were panting, and in this position the dog was trying to get out, which got Annie wiggling, and their squirming felt wonderful on my still erect dick. My wife just kept cumming, and when the knot popped out my balls were flooded with super-hot cum, and I blew a second load in Annie's butt.

Mr. Hound immediately started lapping up his handiwork, which I was loving the attention as much as Annie. I never had before, but I seriously wished I had a pussy, so it could be taken care of so masterfully. Mr. Hound didn't re-mount my wife, just went over and laid down to lick his balls.

Annie got up off me, and cum ran out of her butt, on to me. She lay on top of me, and gave me a kiss. "You liked it, huh?"

"Yes, loved it," I kissed her, "just as you did. Are you sore?"

"Hm-mpf," she snorted, "sore as hell, but I can't get enough. Hope I can build up a tolerance, I'm not ruined, right?"

"You're not ruined, babe," stroking her sweat-soaked hair I kissed her, "not by a long shot. I love you Annie."

"Oh Rick, I love you to death."

The dog and I fucked her during the day in the barn, and at night outside. Again she about passed out from near exhaustion. Sunday after breakfast it was the same thing all day long.

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We were about finished eating dinner when there was a knock on the door. Fortunately, we were wearing clothes, and it didn't take me long to answer the door. "Hi, I'm Mary Stevens, owner of Mary's Stud Farm, which was formerly at this address." She handed me a card. Mary was in her thirties, about five-eight, a slightly stout build, with big tits, and maybe part Mexican. Dark hair, complexion, and eyes, she was pretty, very exotic looking. The card reads 'Mary's Stud Farm,' underneath in little letters 'pleasure guaranteed.'

"Oh, ah, Rick Parks, ah, guess new owner here," I chuckled, but she didn't. "Come in, please. I believe you've come for your dog, he's in the dining room, finishing his dinner." My sexy girl was standing in the dining room entry, looking very sad. "This is my wife, Annie. Could I offer you a glass of wine?"

"Sure, thank you." She followed me into the dining room. Passed Annie, then took a very long second look at her, and finally shook her head. "Ah, King Pussyhound, I should've figured you'd score big time. I'm sorry, left for a little vacation, and he got out to do a bit of freelancing. I just got back tonight, hope he was not a big bother."

"Not at all, he was splendid company." Annie smiled, as I handed Mary a glass of wine. She glanced my way. "Fact is, Rick, and me too, were wondering if he might be for sale. We don't have any pets, and the place--"

"Oh, I don't know about that." She cut my wife off, shaking her head. "No, he's my best stud, I get at least a hundred a pop for--"

I yelped, "For a mixed breed?"

"Um-m, yes indeed. He happens to be very good at breeding." She sipped her wine, then pointed at the dog. "See how his balls are drawn up? Yep, old King here has been out running around fucking like a rabbit, it's what he does best. Plus, he's a real charmer."

Annie blushed. "Oh really?" I hoped Mary might think it was from the language. She wore nice clothes, and unlike my wife make-up, very minimum and applied perfectly, the language certainly surprised me, but so did the comment. Didn't have to be a Mensa candidate to know what Mary was doing on her stud farm.

"Yes," she sipped her wine, then set the glass on the table, "most definitely fucking like a rabbit." Mary picked up the side of my wife's shirt, revealing the scratch marks. "And I think it was the cutest little white bunny I've ever seen. Oh my, yes indeed, a real--"

"No, you're mistaken." Beet red Annie pushed her shirt down. "I don't know what you're talking about, really."

"Please," Mary chuckled, "you're absolutely adorable, and no good at lying, or hiding a blush. No make-up, those cute freckles, and that slightly crooked smile make you look all innocent, but we know better. Besides, you're King's favourite type, and as you know he'll charm the pants off of you. Course, judging by Rick's hand, he might've sneak-attacked you the first time, but not all the others."

"Unh-unh," Annie shook her head, "it didn't happ--"

"It's alright, my little Bunny." Mary patted her leg. "King, find your bitch, come on, get your new hot tight pussy, boy."

King ran straight to Annie and stuck his head under her skirt, nosing about at her bare pussy. My wife gave up wearing panties, in case Mr. Hound wanted some of, what used to be my pussy, on the spur of the moment, went for panties as well. She was trying to keep her skirt down, but was failing, and with the dog lapping away Annie started to breathe heavily.

Mary snapped her fingers, and King backed off. She walked up to my wife, and stuck her hand under Annie's skirt. "Someone lost their panties, didn't they?"

"Don't wear them," Annie panted, "do a lot of skinny-dipping, easier."

"Really?" The way my wife sighed Mary had a finger in Annie's sticky pussy. Mary grabbed my wife's hair, pulling back so she had to look up. "You're King's bitch, dog seed has an undeniable texture, and I'm betting if I was half an hour earlier you'd been knotted. You do take his knot, don't you?"

"Fine," Annie shivered, but didn't back away from Mary, "yes, he fucks me, and I take his knot. I love the dog, and will pay anything you want for him, name the price."

"Couldn't do that, you're not properly trained."

"Ah," my wife rolled her eyes, "little late for that."

"No, you need proper training." My wife was panting, and Mary kissed her hard, not letting up until Annie came. "Very responsive. How many times a day did you fuck my dog, three or four?"

"More, lots more," Annie sighed, "at least ten, I don't know, maybe twenty, but I don't think it was ever over thirty."

She was definitely a tad surprised, as Mary took her hand out from under my wife's skirt. It was sopping wet, and she stuck it in Annie's mouth. My wife was sucking on those fingers. "So, do you want to be trained to be King's bitch, my adorable little white Bunny?"

"Yes," she mumbled around Mary's fingers.

"You do exactly as I tell you, refuse, King and I are gone." Mary took out her fingers, immediately kissing my wife. "Agree, Bunny?"

"Yes, I'll do anything."

"Good, you're a sexy little bunny, so hot and definitely innocent looking, with such a highly sensitive pussy, we're going to enjoy sharing you, how about you, Bunny?"

"I'm going to enjoy both of you too."

I couldn't believe what I just heard from Mary or Annie. "Rick," Mary snapped her fingers, "get me a pair of thick cotton socks and some tape, then spread a blanket out back. Bunny, get King ready, suck his cock."

Near fell over backwards, then with my mouth wide open as I watched my wife kneel, then go under King and stick his sheath in her mouth. "Rick," Mary snapped her fingers, "do as you're told. If you don't have them, just get my bag out on the porch."

Went and did as told, and when I got back Annie was taking six inches of King down her throat. "Come on, little bunny, leave your clothes, time to watch King fuck. You'll get a far better idea what's going to be done to you by watching it."

Watched Annie strip, without a hint of hesitation, then Mary turned her around. "Grab your ankles, Bunny, and keep a hold of them." My wife did it, and got a finger slipped in her butt. "Um-m, someone's a bit more experienced than I would've guessed. Still, definitely a tasty little morsel, and a real blonde too. Bend over a bit more, baby." She left her finger in my wife's butt, and with the other hand probed here and there inspecting the doggy-fucked pussy. "Nice clit, great looking pussy, you can back out now, if you want to"

"No," my wife shivered, "I want to be King's bitch."

"Good, you don't shave." Mary was running her fingers in and out of my wife. "How many women have you had Bunny?"

Annie gasped, "None."

"Oh goodie," Mary giggled, "I'm great with virgins. You want me to pop your girlie cherry, little Bunny?"



“Um-m,” Annie was breathing hard, “yes, definitely.”

I thought that question’s timing was a tad late too, but didn’t offer my opinion. Just as well, way Annie was now howling, and neither would’ve heard.

“Take it easy Bunny, let’s stand up.” Mary pulled her fingers out, and helped my wife stand straight. “Law number one, he has an ultra-sensitive nose, King likes natural, if you use douches, no more. Water will do, or water and vinegar if you must. A nice plain soap like Ivory is fine, no more scented tampons, sprays, or toilet paper. Law two, King likes sex when you’re on your period, it’s quite messy, but not harmful to either of you. Law three, King has already chosen you as his bitch, you need to be careful around others. Get horny, he’ll probably try to take care of it, yell at someone he’ll definitely defend you.” She held up a finger. “Lastly, he is used to getting regular sex, and if he doesn’t get it for three days he might take it, anything over five days I guarantee you he’ll take it, and won’t care who is around. Questions so far, Bunny?”

“No.”

“If need be he can be jacked off, but prefers blow-jobs, both to their ultimate conclusion. If you’re properly trained, he should obey your command words. These are not rules, these are laws, and if you wish to be a good bitch, you’ll not break them. Breaking them often, he might lose interest, and will still fuck you, but not as his bitch. He’ll be good for three or four a day, maybe twice that, but not thirty. Is any of these laws going to be a problem?”

“I didn’t use much scented things already, and will throw out any I do. I’ve never had sex on my period, but don’t care about a mess. Rick and I never fight, nor even yell.” She hung her head. “I can’t imagine letting more than a day go by without Mr. Hound in me.”

“Good, you’re so adorable, absolutely precious.” Mary ran two fingers in Annie’s pussy. “King likes you wearing trinkets, so we’re going to need to get your nipple and navel rings, along with piercing your hood and labia, problem?”

“No,” Annie shook her head, “I want to be a good bitch, Mistress.”

“Master, will do.” She looked back at me. “What about you Rick, problems?”

“Seeing as I too think she’s adorable and precious, it’s fine by me.” I smiled at Annie, wondering how she was going to look pierced. “I love my wife, and want her to be happy.”

Annie beamed with pride, and Mary nodded. “That’s good too. Seeing as he will be involved with your training, any objections to me using him as I see fit?”

“I love him with all my heart.” She smiled at me. “As long as he agrees, you can do anything you please.”

Mary didn’t ask me, just kissed Annie, hard. “I’m going to enjoy fucking you.”

With a raging hard-on I went and spread the blanket out, before putting the socks on King’s front paws and taping them. “I keep his claws cut,” Mary explained, “but still you should use socks. Come on, Bunny, undress me. Rick, let’s see some cock.”

Annie took off Mary’s shirt and bra, then sucked those titties with huge, dark nipples and areolas. Mary pushed her down, and Annie knelt to take off Mary’s skirt and panties, exposing her thick dark full bush. Mary rubbed Annie’s nose in that dark hair. “Rick, did you watch my little bunny getting

fucked?"

"Yes, I helped out, and we both had her."

"Good, she can watch you pleasure me. King, stay, you too, Bunny. Nice cock, Rick, now get over here and lick my pussy."

I did as instructed, and she obviously liked bossing people around, seeing as she was soaked. I licked her pussy, clit, or butt, when told, and fingered whatever she said. Mary lay on her back, and had Bunny lay between her legs. "Um-m, now watch what your husband's cock does to me, my sexy Bunny."

With me fucking Mary I think Annie was moaning, but I could not see if she was playing with her pussy, or King was licking her. Mary came, and I shot off in her. "Nice job, Rick, good lover, great for being a man. Bunny is one lucky little sexpot, having two devoted lovers, but she knows that. Rick, go hold King."

Once I had hold of King, Mary got on her hands and knees, patting the blanket under her. "Come on, Bunny, hustle that cute butt over here, you get the best seat in the house."

Annie slid under Mary, and was staring up at the fresh fucked pussy. "Let's go, Bunny, eat my pussy, get me warmed up for some damn fine dog cock." Annie started slurping away at the pussy, and Mary moaned, "Um-m, I knew you were going to be a good little cunt-lapper. That's it baby, lick my pussy clean."

Mary dipped her head into Annie's pussy, and soon both ladies were cumming. "Good, Little Bunny, time to watch me get fucked. Slide down, so you don't get stepped on. Good, now just relax sexy, we'll be changing spots real soon. Rick, let King go."

Turned his collar loose, and the dog trotted right over to start lapping away at Mary's pussy, getting loud moans for his effort, maybe even some from Annie, and no one was playing with her. In no time he mounted Mary, and had his cock in her pussy. She started grunting, and I think she took the knot without any trouble. Mary probably came two or three times while she was being hammered, hard to say.

King came, and like Annie usually did Mary wiggled her butt, working that knot, enjoying the orgasms. I swear they were only knotted half the time Annie was, and with that pop, out came the knot, slimy dick, and flood of cum, hitting Annie in the forehead. "Um-m, that's nice, clean me up Bunny."

Annie started slurping up cum, and eating pussy. She was making so much noise King stopped licking his dick and came over, but didn't mount Mary, just stood by Annie. "Bunny, be a good bitch and clean up your new man's cock." Annie sucked on King's cock, but was running three fingers in and out of Mary's pussy. "What a good little bunny, wanting to pleasure her master with her sexy little body. Um-m, give me another, baby."

Mary started cumming, and Annie quit sucking the dog and sucked on Mary's clit, getting her Master to squeal. King got excited, and started to mount Mary. "Down King, get him Rick, it's my adorable sexy Bunny's turn, and well deserved."

I got his collar with my right hand, my left always covering my dick in case he snapped at me. Wasn't in any mood to have my hard-on deflated in such a manner. The dog didn't bite me, but was already backed off. Annie scurried up into position, and Mary crawled under. She was barely in

place when Annie started eating Mary's pussy. My wife was not only a little nymph she was a pussy hound too. Mary patted Annie's butt, and King was gone, mounting her much more eagerly than Mary, then hammering the hell out of my wife's pussy, who was loving it.

King came, and it didn't take long for his knot to pop out, flooding Mary with cum. Instead of licking my wife's pussy, Mary patted her butt again. King came right back over and lapped away at that pussy getting Annie to squeal. She calmed down just a bit, then the dog mounted her, fucking the hell out of her.

Annie was catching her breath, and King laid down to lick his cock and balls. "Bunny, you need to take care of your new man. With the piercings you'll be without sex at least three weeks, maybe four, so you better get used to sucking cock."

My wife crawled over to King, and started licking his shrinking rod. Mary showed her how to hold his collar, and Annie was even licking the dog's balls, like she does me. King lay back, enjoying himself, and his eight-inch purple cock was constantly dribbling. My wife was slurping up the jizz like it was a miracle cure all. When Mr. Hound started cumming Annie deep-throated him, but she couldn't swallow it fast enough, and it dribbled out the corners of her mouth and down her chin.

"Good girl, your new man liked that." Mary licked the dog seed off Annie's chin, then kissed her. "On your back, Bunny, your old man is going to fuck you."

She complied, and I fucked the hell out of her hot little slick pussy. "Goodness, Little Bunny, you like cock don't you?"

"Yes, Rick's and Mr. Hound's," she wheezed, "and pussy too... Now."

Mary stuck her butt in my face, and Annie lapped away at Mary's pussy while I did her butt. Both ladies were cumming almost constantly. I came then pulled out, and Mary got off Annie's face. "Come on Bunny, your Mr. Hound's going to fuck you one more round, then Rick will clean us off in the pool, and take us to bed. You can get plenty of rest while Rick eats my pussy and fucks me. I know you feel left out, Bunny. But, you'll need plenty of rest, because tomorrow we start on your sexy bottom."

Annie took Mr. Hound three more times before she fell over. I washed them off in the pool, dried them, and put them to bed. Mary yawned, then patted Annie's butt. "Rick, look in my bag, and get the red set out for my little hottie. Put them on her, but stay out of her cute little pussy. No more orgasms for her, she needs to learn discipline too." Mary ran a finger in my wife's pussy. "Should not be a problem, seeing as her horny little body has been full of tongue, finger, cocks, and pussy all night long."

It was an open-titty string bra and crutchless G-string. Both were tied on so the fit was no trouble, and Annie looked great in them. My princess was exhausted, but Mary kept her awake, by telling her what I was doing to her pussy and butt. After I came I fell over to the side, and Mary snuggled up on my shoulder. "Bunny, clean us up."

Without a word Annie alternated cleaning the two of us. She licked my dick, balls, and thighs, then getting behind Mary to do her butt. "Ah, very good, Little Bunny. Do you like fucking my dog?"

"Yes, and I like fucking you, but I love fucking my husband."

"That's good little Bunny. Normally, I'd have you sleep at my feet, or with your new man, but you deserve a reward, snuggle up on your old man's shoulder, and give him a kiss. In the morning he's

going to eat my pussy and fuck me.”

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Woke up when Annie got out of bed. Mary asked, “Where are you going?”

“Have to pee, be right back.”

“No, get in bed! We’ll take you out after I’m serviced.” Mary patted the bed. “Come on Bunny, snuggle up, and watch me get my pussy ate.”

Annie did as told, but was squirming around. “Settle down,” Mary smacked Annie’s titty, “you have an accident, and you’ll spend the day in the pen, alone.” My wife quit squirming, and took Mary’s nipple in her mouth. “Good little, adorable, white bunny, take care of your master.” Mary pushed my head back into her pussy.

I got Mary off, and she sighed. “Bunny is not going to stop, and she’s driving me fuckin’ crazy. You’re going to have to fuck me later, we need to walk them.”

“Sorry,” Annie wiggled around, “I have to go, badly.”

Mary tossed me a bright pink collar, that said, ‘cock hound,’ with an I.D. tag saying, ‘I love dogs.’ “Rick, put it on Bunny, it’s her new constant accessory.”

I did as instructed, and with her messed up hair Annie looked like a pet bunny. Mary snapped on a leash, leading Annie and Mr. Hound out back. “No,” Annie insisted, “I have to go-”

“Know that,” Mary cut her off, with a tug on the leash, “that’s why we’re out here. Get on all fours, Bunny.” Annie got down on her hands and knees, then Mary led her out on the lawn. She patted Annie’s butt. “Come on, let’s squat and take care of business.” Annie stayed in the same position, as Mr. Hound ran around hiking his leg on this or that.

“Bunny, you’re going to make a mess like that, and you’re not getting a bath this morning, and I don’t want you wetting your panties. Let’s get those arms straightened, legs spread out, and cute bottom low.” Mary repositioned Annie’s legs twice, and my wife was squatting low to the ground, then peeing. “Good little bitch.” Staying out of the piss stream Mary was rubbing Annie’s pussy. “You’re so trainable, a true delight, you love all the attention a bitch gets?”

“Yes, I love being a bitch, love being dressed up so sexy, and especially love my men using me. I’m here for their pleasure, but they give me so much more.”

“Um-m,” Mary ran her finger in Annie’s pussy, “your sensitive little pussy does love attention, responding so well.” My wife stopped peeing, and Mary sighed, “Now, we’re going back to bed and tend to my pussy, you’re going to need to learn to hold it.”

“Yes, master, but still got to go,” Annie whispered, “You know.”

“Oh, alright.” Mary knelt at her side, and rubbed Annie’s titties. “Just relax, and take a shit, my sexy little bunny. Your new man isn’t having any problem, and you better get used to it, because Rick’s going to be taking both of you out every morning.” She patted Annie’s butt. “It’s okay Bunny, you can use a toilet the rest of the day, your new man just likes company.”

Mr. Hound was ten feet in front of Annie taking a dump, and I couldn’t believe my eyes as my wife

started to as well. "Such a good little bitch." Mary fondled her until she was done, then led Annie five feet to their right. "Rick, you will need to get the pooper-scooper. Mr. Hound, come take care of your sexy bitch."

The dog came over, licked Annie's pussy and butt clean, then mounted her. She took the knot much easier, and after her pussy pounding Mr. Hound was only with her for about five minutes. Old Mr. Hound went back to cleaning her, then mounted her again. Mary stayed at Annie's side, telling her what a good bitch she was, and how she was so proud of her new hottie. I would've never believed my tiny wife could take so much, and want more.

I think he was going for a third time, but Mary snapped her fingers. "Enough! Rick, hold him. Bunny has been completely spoiled, and doesn't need to act like such a slut." Mary rubbed Annie's dripping pussy. "Do you need to pee, tell me now, because you interrupt my fucking again your sexy little butt is going to be in a cage."

"I'm fine."

"Now, I'm not." Mary squatted and pissed, then tugged the leash. "Tend to your Master."

Annie went straight over, and started lapping pussy. I figured what the hell, and pissed on the lawn too. "Good girl." Mary stood before getting off, then helped Annie up. "Let's go back inside, I have to have Rick start all over, and watch where you step, don't need you tracking your pooch back in." Mary kissed her, as she put her between us two, then Annie pulled me down to kiss me.

"You know," closing one eye Mary rubbed her chin, "have something a horny girl like you might enjoy, I know about shows put on in the city. King has done them before, and with the right partner the bright lights and crowd won't bother him. And you my adorable cutie is his canine soul mate, he has never fucked anyone like he does you."

"Oh, no way," Annie shook her head, "I know people in the city, a lot of--"

"Bunny," Mary put a finger to Annie's lips, "you'll wear a mask that matches your costume, wig too if you want, and have a stage name. Another thing to think about, the two of you could make a thousand a night, easy, probably two." Mary shrugged. "Have to find some way to make a living if you're just going to fuck all day."

"No," Annie shook her head, "I'm not a slut, or whore, I can't do any man, besides Rick. And definitely Mr. Hound will be my only dog, along with you as my only lady."

"No problem, Bunny," Mary patted Annie's butt. "The owner will know if he wants a lady or man in each act, and will let you know in advance. You can say yes or no, there's nothing done against your will, or wishes. I'm more than happy to help out, but it'll mostly be you taking Mr. Hound on a slowly revolving stage, with no people closer than five feet." Mary scratched her head. "Although, we'll have to see how hot this - You taking Rick in the ass, and King's knot in your pussy - is. They like to see you taking the knot, especially someone as small as you, and as big as King is, I mean, your Mr. Hound. That act would probably draw two thousand dollars easily. Just think about it."

We went back in, and Annie curled up on Mary's shoulder, playing with those big titties, as I ate pussy. They made out while I was fucking Mary, and I think Mary was fingering my wife, because they both got off.

When through Mary got up, and headed for the bathroom. "Bunny, clean him up."

"Love to." Annie took my dick fully in her mouth, swirling her little tongue around it. "I love you Rick, more than anything," she lapped at my nuts, "do you mind me being a bitch?"

"Not at all," I stroked her back, "love you are being so naughty, so pleased."

She slurped on my dick, then looked me in the eye, her freckled little nose wrinkled, emerald green eyes twinkling. "What about the other, the money?"

"Well," I scrunched up my face, "you're going to be doing it anyway, right?"

She didn't answer, just went back to cleaning me up. Annie was sucking my dick when Mary came out wearing a strap-on with an eight-inch dildo. "Good he's hard, Bunny on top, fill your little white pussy with that fine cock."

Annie climbed on top of me, and her sticky pussy easily slid down my full length in one stroke. With me fully in her, she was rocking back and forth when Mary crawled up on the bed. She gently pushed Annie forward until she was laying on my chest, then slipped the dildo in Annie's ass. My wife limply lay on me moaning and drooling.

Mary kissed the back of Annie's neck. "Yeah, this isn't your first time, is it? You like it up the ass?"

"Um-m," Annie mumbled, "I like everything you do."

Mary's dick vibrated hard enough I felt it, and I know it pleased two of us, probably all three. I don't know how many orgasms the girls had, but if one or the other wasn't cumming it was because they both were. I came twice before it was time to get up and shower.

*The End*