

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Saturday mornings were always my favorite. Sleeping in as late as I wanted, staying in my pajamas until lunch, and not worrying about seeing other people made it one of my favorite small pleasures. It was also nice to have the apartment to myself for a time. I loved my girlfriend, of course, but I missed having a space that was completely my own, even for a brief time. She worked at the local animal shelter on Saturday mornings from seven am to one pm. I would never be able to do that, but Carly loved animals with all her heart and always came back with a new story to share.

I wasn't a huge animal guy. I could tolerate them fine, but living with one was not something I was interested in. The extra work and worry of an animal in the apartment just wasn't something I was interested in, much to my girlfriend's dismay. So you can imagine my surprise when I sat down to eat lunch and saw my girlfriend barge in with a massive Pitbull lunging toward me.

"Oh shit!" I exclaimed as I jumped up and backed away from the dog.

"Don't worry, babe!" Carly reassured as she tried to hold back his leash. "He's just friendly, I promise! He looks scarier than he is. Just play along, and you'll be fine!"

At this point, I was backed up to the wall while the beast strained against the leash to get at me. As I was about to figure out an escape route, my girlfriend let go of the leash.

"Whoops!" She cried out sarcastically as the Pitbull ran towards me.

I stayed against the wall as he ran up to me and jumped up, placing his front paws on my shoulders as he began licking my face. I closed my eyes and tightened my lips, trying to prevent his tongue from reaching into any places it didn't belong. I tried turning my face away but to no avail. He was a big boy, at least 90 pounds, and was mixed with some large breed of dog.

He could keep licking no matter where I turned my head, and his weight made it difficult to move without losing my balance. His tongue ran over my face repeatedly, coating it in a layer of dog drool as he licked my lips, cheeks, nose, and eyes. He smelled strong, and the scent of dog breath flooded my nostrils. Meanwhile, my girlfriend was still by the doorway, hysterically laughing as I tried to evade his kisses.

"I think he likes you," She said as she came closer.

I kept turning my face away from him, trying to respond. "Yeah, I think he likes me a little too mmmph!"

My sentence was rudely interrupted by his tongue popping my mouth as I tried to respond. Carly's laughing resumed as the Pitbull probed my unconsenting mouth with his long, strong-tasting tongue. He got about two licks in, scraping his tongue against my teeth before I closed my lips tight to prevent further entry. Unfortunately, his tongue was still in when I closed my lips, resulting in me accidentally sucking his tongue for a brief second as he pulled it out. As he started licking my face again, my girlfriend decided to take action.

"Alright, boy, that's enough! Get down now," she ordered as she gently tugged his collar away from me.

He pulled off immediately, leaving me sputtering and coughing from the unexpected intrusion. I

could still taste the dog breath on my tongue, a musky taste as if I had just licked a patch of sweat. I went over to the sink immediately to wash my face and mouth.

"Wow, not even two minutes, and you two are already French kissing!" She laughed.

"I can assure you it was not by choice," I indignantly said as I tried to wash the taste out of my mouth.

"Really? You sucked his tongue by accident?" she asked sarcastically.

"Yes," I insisted. "Why would I do that on purpose?"

She approached me playfully, "I dunno. You could be a sick freak and just chose that moment to let it show," she said as she got close. "They say you never really know a person until you see how they kiss a dog."

"I don't think anybody says that, actually," I retorted as I brought my head up from the sink to face her.

"You're right. I just made that up!" She giggled as she kissed me on the lips. "Bleh, you taste like a dog, babe" She made a face as she pulled back and began walking toward the door. "Anyways, he needs a bath and a tooth brushing, as you can probably tell, and I made some plans with Beth to go shopping today. Can you handle cleaning him up?"

I looked at the dog, then back at her. "Alright, but I expect something in return!" I said as she put on her coat.

"Oh, don't worry," Carly said with a wink. "You'll get plenty later if you play your cards right, baby." She smiled as she left the apartment and closed the door behind her. Not even two seconds later, the door opened again. "Oh! By the way, his name is Mac! Have fun, babe. Love you," she said as she rushed back out the door.

"Love you too," I shouted as the door slammed behind her.

I looked down at Mac, who had been sitting patiently during the whole discussion. "You better not make this difficult, okay? I'm the alpha here, big guy," I tried to say assertively. Mac just stared at me, tongue lolling as if he didn't have a care in the world and didn't hear a thing. I said, "Alright, I'll take that as a sign you understood me." I walked to the bathroom and opened the door, motioning him in. "Here, boy! Come over here so we can get nice and clean," I said in that high-pitched, friendly voice that people use when trying to get a dog to do what you want them to. To my surprise, Mac trotted over without a problem. "Good boy," I approved as I coaxed him into the apartment bathroom and closed the door behind us.

"Alright, first thing's first, gotta get rid of that smelly breath of yours," I murmured as I looked around for the toothbrushes.

Mine was on the counter, but I couldn't see any other ones. I checked every drawer, I knew there had to be one somewhere, but I couldn't find it. Mac just stared at me absentmindedly, seemingly amused by my frustration. I checked every drawer, then double-checked, then triple-checked, but I couldn't find anything. As I stood up, my eyes settled on my toothbrush with a tube of toothpaste sitting next to it. I sighed as I realized what I had to do.

"The things I do for love," I murmured, annoyed, as I put the toothpaste on the brush and got on one knee in front of Mac. "Alright, boy, open up!" I put my sing-song voice back on. Mac sat there. His mouth closed as he stared blankly at me. I tried to get through to him again. "Say 'Ahhhh' for me! Ahhhh...."

My demonstration was interrupted again by his tongue entering my mouth for a second time today. Mac had stood up to get a better angle as he lapped inside my mouth a few times, his strong breath overwhelming my taste buds. This time I closed my lips much quicker, though, and avoided unintentional tongue sucking as I blocked any further entry into my mouth.

As soon as he realized he wasn't getting back in, he sat right back down where he was before. His mouth closed, so I couldn't brush his teeth. Being careful to keep my mouth closed, I got down on one knee and attempted to lift his jowls to brush his teeth. However, when I lifted one halfway up, he turned his head and stood away before sitting down again. I approached him again and tried to lift his jowl, with the same result. There just didn't seem to be a way to brush his teeth if he didn't even want to open his mouth! Carly was going to be so disappointed in me.

A terrible idea came into my mind. An idea that I didn't want to do but seemed to be my only option. So far, there was only one thing causing Mac to stay still and give access to his mouth. I steeled myself as I got on my knee in front of him. "Hey, boy!" I put on the voice once more, "Look here! Ahhhhhhh."

I opened my mouth wide, and almost immediately, his tongue followed. I let him lick around for a few seconds to get him complacent as his rough, long tongue lapped against my own, scraping against my teeth and lips with each repetition. His saliva was overpowering my own as his dog breath overtook my mouth. Now was the time to put the plan into action. I closed my lips in time with his licking so that my lips wrapped perfectly around his tongue, resulting in me sucking on his tongue. I got up close, taking more and more of his tongue in my mouth until we were face to face and our lips were practically touching.

There was no getting out of this one for him now. I pulled out the toothbrush, lifted his jowls, and began brushing his teeth fervently as I looked him in the eyes determinedly and sucked his tongue hard, keeping it locked in my mouth. Mac didn't seem to care at all, and in fact, his tongue was wiggling around quite a bit in my mouth, happily exploring every nook and crevice as I focused on keeping it in there so I could brush his teeth. While sucking on his tongue to keep it in place, a lot of his dog drool was accumulating in my mouth, and I had to swallow what felt like a full mouthful to stay in place.

Swallowing so much of his musky, strong-tasting drool made me shudder, but I brushed his teeth even as he acquainted his tongue with my mouth. As I began brushing the left side of his teeth, he seemed particularly interested in my tongue, rubbing his long, rough canine tongue against my soft human one. My french kissing instincts accidentally kicked in, and our tongues swirled a bit in my mouth for a moment before I realized what was happening and promptly pinned his tongue underneath mine.

At this point, my taste problems were dissipating as his dog breath had almost completely overtaken my own, making it even easier to keep his tongue right where I wanted it. As I almost finished brushing his teeth, his tongue slipped out from my own tongue's grip and began its feverish licking inside my mouth, but it was too late to stop me now. As his tongue brushed up against my uvula, I gagged a bit, but a few seconds later, I brushed all of his teeth real nicely.

For my final act of dental hygiene, I brought the toothbrush between us and began brushing the

small bit of his tongue that was exposed between our lips. I kept my brush on his tongue as I slowly allowed his tongue to leave my mouth, inch by inch, as I brushed it intensely with each bit that slipped out of my lips. Soon, I let the end of his tongue pop out of my mouth as my tongue-sucking plan ended.

My mouth tasted exactly like Mac's dog breath did, and I had just swallowed more dog saliva in five minutes than I planned to in a lifetime, but his mouth was clean. I got off my knees, ready to brush my teeth when I realized I was sort of hard from the whole experience. My four-inch cock was creating a small tent in my shorts as I got red in the face realizing that I was a little turned on from kissing the dog my girlfriend had just brought home. I looked down at Mac, who was just staring at me happily.

"Don't think this means anything!" I said, exasperated. "It's just a purely physical reaction. It doesn't mean anything," I tried to reassure myself.

I was into human girls only! Sure, Mac is warm, dominant, handsome, and a good kisser, but that's just because he's a good dog! Mac meanwhile kept trying to hop onto this side of me and get some licks in while I was distracted, but I refused to let him. I spit out the toothpaste, and with step one of Mac's clean-up, I was halfway done, or so I hoped.

Next up was to get him bathed. I began drawing a bath as I gathered supplies to clean him with. The shampoo seemed good enough for fur, and I would use my washcloth for any other areas needing special attention. From his smell, I would have my work cut out for me. Once the bath was ready, I stripped off my clothes as I didn't want to get them wet. "Okay, Mac, into the tub!" I ordered as I pointed to the tub.

As I'd come to expect, nothing came easy with this dog. Yet again, I thought of a way to lure him in the only way I knew how. I walked over, sat in the tub, opened my mouth wide, and pointed for him to sit next to me in the warm water. Almost immediately, Mac came bounding over, stepping into the tub and splashing water as he sat down and began licking inside my mouth again.

As he began licking, I rubbed his sides to let him know I approved this time, as his minty tongue now only had a hint of dog breath for the time being. As he kept licking, I covered my hands in shampoo and began rubbing down the sides of his body, creating a bunch of suds as I ran my hands over his muscled body through his thick fur. I had never bathed a dog before, but feeling up Mac gave me an appreciation for how muscly they were! Or maybe it was just him.

Either way, I was greatly enjoying feeling him up with my hands. Mac was still licking in my mouth, so I decided to have some fun while I shampooed his fur. I closed my lips around his tongue periodically, sucking it for a second before letting it pop out again. He seemed to enjoy that, so I kept it up, letting my tongue wrap around his as my mouth enveloped it. 'Am I enjoying this too much?' I wondered to myself as I made out with Mac. 'Nah, I'm just doing this so that he'll stay still! Yeah,' I reassured myself as I redoubled my efforts to scrub him clean. I was working my way down his body towards his belly as the shampoo on my hands started to go.

Nevertheless, I ran my hands along his underside when I felt something strange. Something hot, hard, and sort of slimy. I felt it with my fingers for a few moments, delicately trying to tell what it was as Mac and I exchanged saliva. Curiosity got the better of me, and after one quick suck of Mac's tongue, I dodged his next lick to put my head down and see what I was feeling. I looked down to see a bright red, six inches dog cock held gently in my hands, his big, furry balls floating peacefully in the water beneath his dick.

My eyes widened, and my face reddened as I began understanding why he may have enjoyed tongue kissing so much. I glanced at my tool and realized I was no better, seeing my member had gotten rock hard to all four inches during this bath. Compared to Mac, I was woefully outclassed in both length and girth.

His cock was so different from my own that I couldn't help but want to play with it. My hand rubbed up and down the shaft as I stared intently at it. Mac had become more still but was still panting happily and giving my face licks of encouragement occasionally as if to keep me focused on his dick. I didn't need any help with that, though. I was rubbing it with one hand while the other stayed firm around the base of his cock, like I'd seen girls in porn do with a giant cock. The surface was a bit slimy and extremely warm, and as I rubbed it, it gently pulsed as it got bigger and bigger.

Being especially gentle, I kept jerking him off slowly as his red hot cock reached its final size of 8 inches. I was amazed. I'd never seen a cock this big in person in my whole life, let alone on a dog. My four-inch cock was standing erect despite (or because of) the fact that I was outmatched by the Pitbull my girlfriend had brought into our house. Just as I was contemplating this, a shot of watery pre-cum shot out and hit me in the face!

"Oh!" I exclaimed, surprised as Mac surprised me with another shot to the face immediately after.

I backed my head up, leading Mac to begin licking his pre-cum off my face as I giggled. I rarely ever giggled. This was so weird, but Mac was feeling incredibly magnetic to me. When that spurt shot onto me, I didn't even think to be grossed out. It was a happy surprise that meant I was doing a good job.

"Good boy!" I praised him as he licked my face, and I kept stroking his cock.

His tongue crossed my lips, and I instinctively opened it, letting his delicious tongue run across my own yet again while he continued making intermittent spurts of pre-cum onto my body and hands. I gave his tongue a deep suck before bringing my head back underneath him, and he shot spurts of watery pre-cum onto me.

My mouth was open with amazement when a spurt shot out and hit me in the mouth, coating my bottom lip as it landed on my tongue. I didn't even recoil. The taste was musky, slightly bitter, and a little salty. I instinctively swallowed it, already accustomed to swallowing whatever Mac gave me. Wanting to please him even more, I wrapped my lips around the tip of his cock gently, slightly nervous about how he might react. His cock tasted unwashed, making me gag slightly as another spurt of his shot against my uvula, but I held on. If I had learned anything so far today, the longer I keep my mouth on Mac, the better we both feel.

So I kept my lips on the tip as I gently grabbed below the ball at the base of his cock, lightly sucking as I took more and more into my mouth. I could hear him happily panting as I debased myself further than I thought I would by sucking on his massive, red hot cock. I took even more into my mouth, feverishly running my tongue around his cock as he shot watery pre-cum into my mouth, which I eagerly swallowed. I got about two-thirds of the way down his cock like this before I realized I couldn't go any further down. I didn't have the dick-sucking skills I needed to satisfy him like this. To satisfy Mac, I'd have to go all the way.

I reluctantly took his cock out of my mouth, licking my lips as I sat up to face him again. Immediately, his licking began, and I didn't hesitate to reciprocate. My mouth gladly welcomed his tongue as it went down my through, tempting me to gag. I looked into his dopey eyes as I moved my head forward, pressing our lips together as we made out. Kissing Mac was amazing, but I was tired

of messing around.

I felt like we both knew our places here, and we both knew what we wanted. I pulled my face away from his, sucking on his tongue as it exited my mouth and getting every drop of saliva I could. Still dripping wet, I stepped out of the tub and got on my hands and knees on the bath mat, shamelessly presenting my bare ass to Mac. Instinct was starting to take over for me.

“Mac! We both know this is what we need right now. Please, fuck me!” I begged, spreading my asshole for him. He bounded over, dripping wet as he began lapping at my asshole. “Oh! That’s the tongue I love,” I moaned as his somewhat rough tongue licked at my butthole, occasionally brushing against my balls and sending shivers down my spine in pleasure.

Each lick made my asshole more and more eager to take him in, and I took this amazing feeling as a sign that I was doing the right thing. I had a hole inside me that I needed Mac to fill. With my asshole twitching with anticipation from his licks, Mac jumped up onto me. I winced as his claws dug into my fleshy human sides. As he got a grip on me and rested his warm, muscular, furry body on my back, I felt his warm breath on the back of my neck as he began prodding rapidly at my asshole, which was lubed up very well by his tongue.

His now eight-inch red cock jabbed at my rear entrance, seeming to hit every spot of my backside except for my asshole. A sharp poke to my balls reminded me of my place before he found his mark on my wet, tight, pink asshole.

“Oh my God,” I moaned and exclaimed as I felt his hot, thick cock enter me immediately.

His fucking was, predictably, untamed and reckless. His paws dug deeper into me as he treated me like a bitch, jackhammering away at my hole solely for his pleasure. His eight-inch cock was already thrusting halfway inside me within seconds, stretching my virgin hole farther than I thought it could. He was using me like he didn’t care for what I felt.

He just wanted to shoot a load into a warm hole. Somehow, this made me even more turned on as the pain of his fucking was turning into animalistic pleasure. My small cock and balls were spastically bouncing as he continued his jackhammer rhythm, delving deeper with each rapid thrust.

I pushed my ass against him, begging his entire tool to enter me. My insides were getting rearranged by his thick, eight-inch cock as I felt it almost reaching the hilt inside me. His large, furry balls were now swinging and hitting my own as he fucked me.

After several minutes of this fucking, I felt the ball I saw at the bottom of his cock earlier press against my asshole. Mac was trying to get the whole thing in me and wasn’t going to stop until he did. He was already shooting hot, watery spurts of cum inside me as his thrusts became attempts to push this knot into my ass. He dug his paws harder into my sides, causing me to bite my lip as I moaned with pain and pleasure.

His head was resting on my shoulder as he attempted to leverage his orange-sized knot into me, pressing hard as he growled in passion. My four-inch prick was rock hard at having that giant cock and knot put into me fully. I tried to drive my ass back in sync with his thrusts, desperate to be properly bred.

We established a brief rhythm for a few strokes before syncing perfectly. With an extra forceful thrust forward by Mac and another forceful thrust back by me, I felt my butt wrap around his knot for a brief, beautiful moment before he drove it into me completely. Every inch was inside my ass, and the way he entered me hit my prostate in an orgasmic way.

“Mac!” I moaned in pleasure as I climaxed, hands-free, my small cock shooting cum into the bathroom floor as Mac shot his into my ass.

My whole body spasmed as I had the greatest orgasm I had ever known in my life, my entire body feeling as if I was wrapped around this brown Pitbull’s amazing cock. His cock squirted even more cum into me as my asshole spasmed in pleasure around him. As my orgasm subsided, my mind became a bit clearer. I felt a little weird.

After all, this was the dog my girlfriend had just brought home. Was this safe? Did this count as cheating? As I pondered these questions, I turned my head to the right to try and see what Mac was doing back there. He was happily panting above my back, dripping a bit of drool onto me as he continued to unload his canine seed inside me.

“Was I a good bitch, Mac?” I asked sarcastically. He answered, as usual, with a kiss.

I closed my eyes and kissed him back, of course. The feeling of his tongue in my mouth and his cock in my ass was pure happiness at that moment. While I’d never been in anything close to this position, it felt natural.

Fifteen minutes of tongue-sucking knotted nirvana passed before Mac felt the need to pull out. I had felt his cock shrinking for the last five minutes and tried tightening my ass’s grip on him for a while, but it couldn’t last forever. He slid out with a light pop, and I immediately felt a gush of dog semen begin leaking. Mac licked at my abused asshole for a moment, cleaning it up a bit before turning his attention to his now shrinking cock. Exhausted, I rolled over onto my back, trying not to leak any more cum onto the floor.

“Wow, Mac, you had a lot of pent-up energy, huh?” I said, looking over at him, licking his massive manhood clean as I laid in my cum, leaking Mac’s sperm.

Still enamored by his dick, I crawled over and began licking it with him. As I ran my tongue over it again, I could taste my ass mixed with his cum, but I didn’t mind. At this point, it seemed natural that I ensure he was licked clean since the original goal was to clean him up, to begin with. Once his cock was spotless and receding into its sheath, I gave his balls some kisses.

“Thank you so much for using me, Mac,” I cooed as I lovingly worshipped his furry testicles.

I spent about 30 seconds on one before alternating to the other, licking and sucking on each one gently yet firmly to show my appreciation. Mac just lay there, panting as happily as he always did. Once I felt he was sufficiently appreciated, I cleaned up the floor with my tongue since I didn’t want my girlfriend questioning why my and Mac’s cum was mixed on it.

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## **Part Two**

I put my clothes back on and opened the bathroom door, looking disheveled. Mac trotted out happily behind me as if nothing had even happened. I looked at the clock in the kitchen and saw it was almost one. Even though my guts were full of cum, I figured Mac would be hungry at this point. I checked the fridge and found some leftover chicken from the previous night. So I put it on a plate and placed the plate on the floor of the kitchen.

“Mac! Lunch time,” I yelled to him.



He came bounding in from the living room and, upon seeing the plate of chicken, made a beeline directly for it. He began hungrily eating as I sat beside him, petting him and rubbing his body encouragingly. He scarfed it down quickly and immediately started kissing me as he finished up. He knocked me onto my back with his powerful brown paws and began licking at my face, to which I gladly opened my mouth to greet him.

His tongue tasted like chicken, and I was fairly hungry, so I didn't mind getting a secondhand taste. As little pieces of chicken found their way into my mouth from his, I eagerly swallowed them with a healthy glug of his saliva each time. 'I wouldn't mind getting all my food this way,' I thought as I kissed/snacked from Mac. I was now licking his teeth clean as well, swallowing any bits of food that may have found their way there.

After several minutes, though, Mac pulled away and brought his cock up to my face again, the tip barely visible from its sheath.

"Ready for round two so soon? Well, if you insist," I said as I eagerly wrapped my lips around the tip of his cock.

If anyone was watching, it would seem pathetic how badly I wanted to suck his dick. My tongue was swirling frantically around his tip, and I was sucking as if my life depended on it. However, this time precum was not what came out. It was watery, yes, but even saltier and more bitter than before, and it came out in flood rather than spurts. It filled my mouth in a second, and I swallowed out of necessity to avoid making a mess on the floor. After my second gulp, I realized this wasn't some weird anatomical release. Mac was peeing into my mouth.

My eyes widened as I realized this, but I couldn't stop drinking, or else I would get dog piss all over the floor. I had already been swallowing it, so I figured there was no point stopping now. I gulped down the third mouthful as Mac's stream refused to let up. The fourth and fifth gulps came as I entered a new rhythm of waiting for his piss to fill my mouth before swallowing dutifully.

Ten gulps later, his stream became just a trickle as I sucked the last few drops out (just to be sure none dripped on the floor!) before pulling my mouth off. I immediately let out a small, foul-tasting burp as I looked at him angrily.

"Bad boy," I scolded. "You can't just piss in me without warning!"

Mac seemed unapologetic and licked my face again, prompting another kissing session. Even though my stomach was full of dog cum, saliva, and piss, I still enjoyed the taste of his mouth. Wanting to rest my knees, I led us both over to the couch, where Mac happily sat next to me and resumed licking my face. I clicked on the TV as I opened my mouth, letting him in as we casually made out. A movie I liked turned on, so I watched as we lay there peacefully, our tongues swirling around each other as naturally as we would breathe.

I rubbed him gently in appreciation for his presence next time. Just feeling his body and his tongue made me feel at ease. As I rubbed his side, I moved toward his belly with my hand and felt his sheath on accident. However, in instinct, I rubbed it a bit more as we kissed, and his cock slowly emerged from the end. I broke our kiss to get down on my knees in front of him as he lounged on the couch happily, my hand never leaving his sheath as I moved. I began dutifully licking and sucking his testicles as I jerked him off, his cock growing increasingly with each stroke.

After a few minutes, he was at his full eight inches as I switched positions, lying naked with my back on the couch, my ass barely hanging off the edge for Mac. "Here, Mac," I said seductively, shaking my ass along with my rock-hard four inches. "Come breed your bitch!"

He was a bit confused, probably due to not knowing any position but doggy style, but he jumped on nevertheless. His rock-hard cock was dripping with my saliva, and he eagerly poked it forward in hopes of reaching its mark. In his excitement, though, he jabbed by testicles hard yet again.

“Ow!”

I winced at the blow but didn't change my position at all. Mac nestled his body between my legs sticking up in the air. Mac's front paws were each placed firmly on my shoulder, much like when he first jumped me when Carly brought him in just a few hours ago, as his hips continued thrusting, trying to aim his cock towards the hole it was trying to enter. His slick dick poked and slid across the inside of my butt crack, making my behind slick.

He pressed down on my shoulders with his paws, making my torso slide down so that my ass faced up more and was more in line with his dick as I sank into the couch cushions. My small cock and balls were hanging towards my face, resting on my stomach while Mac furiously prodded at me. With a push forward, his lubed-up puppy-maker entered me, making me gasp.

“Eeeeeek,” with a girly yelp.

I felt Mac's full force being driven into my pink little asshole, which was not so little at the moment as it was wrapped around Mac's thick cock.

My arms wrapped around Mac's shoulders, desperate for something to grab as this new angle rearranged my insides. My hands dug into his muscled back as he began pounding me hard, his tongue flopping about with enjoyment as he rammed in and out of my ass. With his paws, he pulled me towards him with each thrust, rocking my body toward him as his hips drove his dick deep into me. This position was different than before and made Mac feel even bigger while he attempted to breed me.

Each thrust pressed against the walls of my insides, feeling as if they were being hit and stretched at weird angles each time Mac dove into me. It was too late to do anything about it now, though. I was at his mercy, for better or worse. If anyone was going to rearrange my guts, it might as well be my new dog! With my happy attitude, I gave Mac some encouragement. I looked into his lusty, sex-tranced eyes and praised him.

“Good boy Mac! G-good boy,” I said with a shaky voice from being rocked by his canine power. “Such a big stud, yes you are! Yes, you—glmph!”

My compliments were interrupted by Mac looking down and sticking his thick tongue directly into my mouth, turning me on even more and making my prick rock hard.

With Mac's tongue in my mouth and his body breeding me in what was almost a missionary position, I felt like this was a sign of what could be romance. It seems ridiculous that getting bred by a big pitbull could be romantic, but think about it! A passionate kiss, face to face, while making love. What's more romantic than that? Yes, he could just be following his instincts to breed a bitch, but when he kissed me while inside me, it felt like so much more. Time seemed to slow down as I took note of what was happening.

His musky, gamey saliva entered my mouth, our tongues touching yet again as our faces touched. Mac's paws were on each shoulder, and my arms wrapped around his shoulders while my legs remained splayed in the air. And beneath my legs, Mac's 8-inch doggy dick was being driven into my ass, his knot only a few centimeters away from trying to make its entrance again while he shot hot precum inside my eager ass. I was wrapped tight around him, and each stroke inside created a

friction that was both painful and rich in pleasure.

Time went back to normal, and I was reminded that Mac was an animal. The rapid thrusts in and out of me and the mad swirling of our tongues felt chaotic, and I was moaning hard into his mouth while I felt a deep rumble of animalistic pleasure coming from within him. My legs were rocked through the air like one of those inflatable tube men as Mac made me his bitch. With each thrust, Mac's knot pressed against my asshole, demanding entrance. I wanted to tease him and also test my limits and clamp down on his cock even harder with my asshole to make him work to get that knot in me. And work he did.

He slammed at my asshole, his knot feeling thicker each time. Like before, I was forcibly stretched to take him, my asshole spreading wide for a brief moment before Mac entered me completely. As he did, my legs wrapped around his back, pressing our bodies against each other as he began shooting massive, hot cum into me.

"Maaaahaaaac," I squealed femininely into his mouth as my arms and legs gripped him tight, even though with his knot in me, we were firmly locked together.

Still, it felt right to be wrapped around him tightly, with my limbs and my ass. As we kissed, I sucked his tongue passionately, his rough appendage exploring deep within my mouth. His massive, hot, engorged cock was shooting a load just as big as before, and this semi-missionary position let me feel every spurt in a new way than before. I moved my hips slightly, savoring the friction of his cock against my insides.

While gyrating, I angled myself around him just right as to put amazing pressure on my prostate, and combined with a fresh spurt of his hot cum inside me, and I orgasmed myself. I spasmed erratically, cumming with my entire being as my small cock shot a load onto my own chest degradingly. My asshole clenched hard around the base of Mac's knot, my arms and legs pressed against his warm, muscular body as we kissed.

The extra tightness and spasms of my ass must have felt good for him, too, because he came even more inside me when I did. In this way, we created a positive feedback loop for a brief while, my spasms making him cum harder inside me, which made me squeeze and kiss him tighter, and so on, until my orgasm ended. Mac's canine orgasm, of course, wasn't even close to being over. Shot after shot of semen was going deep into my guts, his full 8 inches plus his knot buried inside to ensure his bitch his bred properly.

With my cum air-drying onto my chest, I savored our lover's embrace. Our tongues were swirling around each other, my arms and legs feeling his freshly cleaned, thick fur, and of course, the continuous deposit of his seed into me all blended into an absolutely lovely experience. I know he was probably just interested in getting his rocks off with the easiest target he could find, but another part of me felt the same genuine connection that I felt spark earlier. I mean, I had only known Mac for an afternoon, and already the sex was better than I'd ever had with another human!

Not that I was ever that amazing at sex, four inches can only do so much, and my stamina left something to be desired. It always felt like it was over faster than I wanted it to be, and then you had to cuddle with your bare, sweaty bodies soaking into each other and the bed. It was kind of uncomfortable. But with Mac, I felt like I was right where I wanted to be. His extended orgasm after his amazing fucking felt what I wanted exactly, an embrace that lasted for a while without losing the passion.

I gyrated my hips as much as possible while on the couch, exploring how Mac's dick felt at each

angle inside me. He was so big it felt like my organs were being pushed aside to make room for his puppy maker, and I liked it. Feeling his body force mine to adapt to his needs made me feel strangely happy, which I guess was weird. I mean, yeah, it was weird that I felt such joy from getting fucked by a dog, even if he was as handsome and masculine as Mac.

Nonetheless, it felt like I had found something amazing with Mac, a bond and an attraction I'd never felt before. I reinvigorated our long kiss, turning my head diagonally to press our faces deep into each other, feeling our mouths become one. It felt like true love to me. Some time passed, and Mac's orgasm began to subside. Nothing good lasts forever, I suppose. I felt his cock begin to shrink in size, and he broke our kiss to pull out and back off of me, gaping at my abused ass for a second as he withdrew.

"Ohh," I moaned as my body felt oddly empty without him.

Well, not empty, as I still had his cum in my guts and his saliva and pee in my stomach. Even though I had only eaten the scraps I got from Mac earlier today, my belly was slightly distended from a large amount of liquid he provided me. My freshly-fucked ass was leaking Mac's cum slightly, even though I tried to clench and hold it in. Mac gave my butthole a few licks when he hopped off to clean up the leak.

"Aw, thanks, Mac! Good boy," I warmly said as I laid like a ragdoll on my back.

A few licks were all I got, though, before Mac laid down on the floor and began licking his cock. Even flaccid, a bright red six inches were visible, gently cleaned by his magnificent pitbull tongue as his dick bobbed with each lap.

Suddenly, I heard the jingling of the lock at the door. Shit! Carly must've come back from shopping with Beth. I sprang up, grabbed my clothes from the couch and the floor, and rushed to put them on. My dried cum was still on my chest, my face was still covered with dog saliva, and some scratch marks were visible on my hips, but at least if I had some clothes on, Carly might not immediately realize that I had been screwed by Mac just now.

I threw my sweatpants and underwear on, covering my lower body. I picked up my shirt and started putting it on, and just as the doorknob began turning, I pulled my head and arms through the holes. Just in time, Carly greeted me as she walked in carrying a shopping bag full of clothes.

"They were having a sale," she exclaimed proudly, holding up the bag to show, "Forty percent off any sundress. They never do that."

"Wow, that's great," I said with as much enthusiasm as I could muster.

"It was, and Beth says hi, by the way," Carly said as she went to the bedroom to put her new clothes away. She came back soon, smiling warmly at me as she approached. "Soooo, how'd you do with Mac?" she asked as she gave me a peck on the lips. "Blegh! You somehow taste even worse than when I left," she observed, making an 'Ew' face.

"Well, I didn't have time to brush my teeth, what with having to take care of Mac," I justified, which was technically the truth.

The only difference was that I cared for him above and beyond what Carly asked. I hoped she couldn't discern the taste of dog piss and saliva that scented my mouth.

"Well, let's see how you did," she said as she walked over to Mac's spot in front of the couch.

He was still licking his dick clean, which was still very much out of his sheath.

“Well, it seems like he took cleaning his penis into his own hands. Guessing you didn’t bother making sure it was clean?” Carly said with a hint of criticism in her voice.

“N-no,” I stammered, not wanting to draw suspicion. “I just didn’t think Mac’s penis needed cleaning, so I didn’t bother checking down there,” I lied.

She took a knee next to him, petting him lightly before moving her hand onto his penis, grabbing near the base to move it as she looked from all angles.

“Well, that’s too bad because he’s packing some real heat! Check this out,” Carly marveled, a levity in her voice as she rotated his manhood.

“Um, should you be touching him like that?” I asked innocently, watching her hand move his cock as she got her face close to examine it for cleanliness.

“Oh, don’t be so insecure,” She said condescendingly. “Mac’s a DOG. And it’s not like I’m jerking him off or anything.”

“Right,” I said as I walked over, preparing to fake surprise while acting like I wasn’t madly enamored with Mac’s dick. “Huh, that is pretty big, you’re right,” I tried to speak with minor amusement as I’d just seen an interesting museum exhibit.

“He’s not even hard, and he’s got a ton of his red rocket showing off here! I almost feel bad for poor bitches that he’s had his way with,” she observed matter-of-factly, her light veterinary assistant experience coming out.

Mac was licking at the tip of his penis, and Carly pulled his sheath back to let his tongue clean the bottom. She was so calm about it all too. How many dog dicks had she handled?

“Heh, yeah, I’m sure they’d feel that thing in them,” I said, clenching my ass to stop the leakage of his cum into my underwear.

Carly examined Mac further, petting him and checking out every inch of his body. His fur, his belly, his back, even lifting his tail and examining his puckered asshole and sizable balls. Finally, she looked at his face, and in response, he gave her a playful lick, Carly not seeming to mind that he was licking his penis clean just moments ago.

“Well, besides his cock, it looks like you did a good job cleaning him up!” She laughed as she stood up from Mac’s kisses. “Did you take him for a walk? We don’t want him peeing on the floor, do we, big guy,” she said, rubbing his side lovingly.

“Don’t worry, that’s taken care of,” I answered truthfully, becoming cognizant once again of the dog urine sloshing around in my stomach.

“Well, look at you being proactive,” Carly said with a smile. “I’m gonna go change, be right back,” she said as she walked into our bedroom.

I breathed a sigh of relief. My secret was safe for now.

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Part Three

Alone with Mac again, I looked down at him while he looked up at me. The brown Pitbull seemed unimpressed with my ruse, though I doubt he even knew I was sweating bullets at almost being caught red-handed with his cock in me. I got down on one knee beside him to talk with him. "Listen, Mac, Carly can't know about you and me. It'd break her heart," I explained sincerely. "But don't worry, I'll try to work in some time for both of us when she's not here, I promise."

Mac stared blankly at me before starting to lick my face again. Instinctively my mouth opened to let him in, and I sucked his tongue greedily with desire. Our kisses lasted less than a minute before I heard Carly open the bedroom door to rejoin us. I quickly backed off, wiping his saliva from my face. He looked at me almost smugly, as if he had me wrapped around his finger. Or should I say paw? Either way, he must have known I was hooked on him.

When Carly came in, she absentmindedly sat on the couch, looking at me and patting the spot next to her as a signal for me to come and sit. I came over to sit next to her, but not before Mac leaped up to take the spot himself, thinking the couch-patting was a signal for him. He lay across the couch, facing Carly, licking her face enthusiastically.

"Aw, you wanted to sit with me? Thank you!" Carly said in a cutesy voice.

In response to Mac's licking, she closed her eyes, tilted her chin up, and puckered her lips like those experienced with handling dog kisses. Mac ran his rough tongue across her neck and chin, covering it with his drool as Carly let him show affection.

"So minty fresh!" she remarked as he licked her, occasionally swiping his tongue against her puckered pink lips.

Her petite hands ran across his brown furry body, returning his tongue's affection with her hands. Not to be projecting, but the way his tongue hit her neck was exactly how she liked it, and she was getting a little red in the face like she did when she was turned on. Maybe it was just my imagination.

"Hey babe," Carly looked towards me, Mac still tasting her neck. "There's a movie coming on TV soon. Want to watch as a family?"

"Sure!" I said, always down for a good movie.

"Great, can you make some popcorn for us then?" she asked politely.

I gave her a thumbs-up as I returned to the kitchen. Carly's giggles and cooing got farther away as I put a bag of popcorn in the microwave, heated it, and brought it back in a nice big bowl for us to eat. Carly was trying to work the TV remote while getting licked by Mac and could do an all-right job with the movie just about to come on. As I put the bowl between Carly and me, Mac suddenly had an interest in it. He leaned forward, lowered his head, and began eating popcorn directly from the bowl, covering the popcorn he came in contact with his saliva as he snacked happily.

"No, Mac, bad! That's not for dogs!" I protested, trying to move his face away from the bowl gently.

"Don't worry. Popcorn is safe for dogs!" Carly reassured me, petting Mac's back as he ate. "Besides, there's enough for all of us!" she said as Mac took his head out of the bowl and placed it on Carly's thighs, taking a break from eating.

"Yeah, but now his drool is all over the popcorn. Are you sure you want to eat that?" I said hypocritically.

“Uh yeah?” Carly responded as if I had asked a dumb question. “It’s still popcorn, and besides, dog’s mouths *are* cleaner than a person’s! Watch this...” she said as she opened her mouth and let her tongue hang out right before Mac’s face.

She knew about Mac’s affinity for licking people’s mouths. After all, the first thing Mac did when I met him was shove his tongue into my mouth. As a bit of drool started dripping off her open tongue, Mac lifted his head and began licking her tongue, clearly interested. With my girlfriend’s mouth wide open, Mac was soon licking more than just her tongue. While licking the saliva off her cute pink tongue entertained him for a few seconds, his long, muscular tongue quickly began exploring the inside of her mouth.

I watched in a mix of jealousy, confusion, and attraction as our new pitbull French kissed my girlfriend, who acted like it was the most normal thing in the world. She petted him encouragingly while his tongue made a schlepping noise with each lick inside her mouth. I saw him covering her tongue with his and pushing out her cheeks as his strong tongue pushed against it. Carly gave me a cheeky side-eye and smiled, clearly hoping to get a rise out of me.

After a minute of watching this spectacle with mixed emotions, I spoke up. “Okay, okay, I get it! I learned two lessons. One, dog mouths are clean. And two, you’ll use any excuse to kiss a dog,” I said, that second part in equal parts banter and probing.

I mean, it wasn’t *that* normal to open up your mouth to your dog, right? Even for a veterinary assistant like my girlfriend. Unless this was normal, in which case, how many dogs has she been French kissing?

Having gotten her point across, Carly closed her mouth around Mac’s tongue like I did when he was brought in. When Mac pulled his tongue back to take another lick inside, Carly’s mouth slurped along his tongue. When he exited, her lips were sealed once again. Sensing his French kissing session was over. Mac ate some more popcorn nonchalantly.

“See?” she said condescendingly, “Dog drool isn’t that bad. Besides, you brushed his teeth pretty well! His breath right now is honestly better than yours,” she said with a mischievous smile.

“You would know, seeing as you got a real thorough taste just now,” I retorted playfully.

“I let him lick for as long as it took for you to learn your lesson about the sanitation levels of Mac’s mouth,” she said as she began to put her knowledgeable voice on. “And besides, letting your dog lick your mouth is pretty healthy, even if initially it seems gross,” she explained.

However, I had well moved on past the grossed-out stage without her knowledge.

“Not only does it produce dopamine for both of you, but it strengthens your immune system too!” she began speaking fast in the cute way she did when she talked about something that interested her. “Plus, it helps your dog trust you a lot more! Getting a thorough taste of your saliva and pheromones from your mouth shows that you’re open to communicating with them and lets them understand things about your body, like your health and feelings!

“It strengthens your bond a lot, especially at first! Much new research shows that a ten-minute mouth-licking session boosts your trust in your dog, the equivalent of spending two weeks with them! Isn’t that cool?” she asked me, her face lit up with enthusiasm.

“That is cool!” I said earnestly. Who knew all that could happen just from kissing? Turns out I was a responsible pet owner without even knowing it. “So, do you do that often to establish trust at the

vets?" I asked carefully.

"Kinda often, yeah," she said nonchalantly. "If a dog is difficult, I usually open up and let it get a good read on me."

So my girlfriend was used to this! No wonder she acted so chill about Mac French kissing her. "I'm surprised your breath stays so fresh by the end of the day since your job seems to involve way more French kissing than I thought," I said.

"I'm not a monster! Of course, I take a breath mint before coming home to you. Just because I taste dog tongue sometimes doesn't mean you should have to too!" She paused for a moment. "Well, except with Mac, you must often taste his tongue. With everything I just said, you should let him lick your mouth and tongue to get acquainted with you better. That's why he shoved his tongue into your mouth when you first met!" she said informatively. "And besides, with the way you immediately started slurping on his tongue earlier, something tells me you don't mind some doggy kisses," she said with a smirk.

I got a little red in the face since I hadn't done any purposeful tongue-sucking that she could see. "I mean, I can deal with it, I suppose..." I said, trying to hide my excitement that I now had the all-clear to kiss Mac whenever I wanted.

I grabbed a handful of drool-covered popcorn and ate some hungrily. Carly ate some, too, as we began watching the movie. The movie was some rom-com and was all right. We both had handfuls of soggy, dog-mouth-flavored popcorn when Mac wasn't putting his head in the bowl himself. When he didn't have popcorn, Mac rested his face on Carly's thighs or tried to kiss her.

Following her advice, when Mac went for kisses, Carly opened wide, glued to the screen as our new Pitbull's thick tongue swirled inside her mouth. I noticed her carelessly kissing him back, not giving the kiss her full attention but still putting in a bit of effort nonetheless. Her tongue would twirl around his, or she would suck on his tongue for a few seconds. In the middle of one such tongue suck.

I turned to her and asked, "Is sucking on his tongue also going to increase his trust?"

Carly took the tongue out of her mouth, letting him lick her neck instead. "Oh, please, we're just playing around. I can't enjoy myself while building trust between our beautiful big boy here?" she said while patting him.

"So you admit you enjoy it!" I replied smugly.

"All right, I see how it is!" she said with a sly laugh. "You're jealous! You haven't been getting any kisses, and I have. I get it!" She turned to Mac. "Your kisses are making Daddy jealous! Why don't you give him some kisses and make him feel better?" she directed Mac toward me, making kissing sounds with her mouth.

Understanding her instruction, Mac stood up on the couch, walked over to Carly, and sat right on my lap before starting to lick my face.

"Ha-ha. Okay, Carly, I get it. He likes to kiss!" I said, moving my head around to dodge his kisses playfully.

"Oh, don't be such a prude, babe! Let him taste you and build trust!" she egged me on.

I knew I wanted his kisses badly, but I wasn't sure if I could hide what a turn-on it was if I did it right before my girlfriend. "I'm not a prude, I- glrphh!" Mac's tongue was a constant threat to my ability to complete sentences.

His powerful tongue passed my lips easily, and the rest was out of my control. He leaned forward, pressing his lips to mine as he put his tongue deep into my mouth. I closed my eyes, trying to make it look like I didn't love the feeling of his muscular organ exploring my mouth. My arm lay limply at my sides, not making a move to stop him as his front paws pressed against my shoulders, pushing me further back into the couch cushion as Mac leaned forward to keep our faces close together. His thick, drooling tongue extended and curled in my mouth as he shoved it down my throat, making me gag a bit as he overpowered my tongue.

"Wow, looks like he doesn't hesitate to kiss you, babe?" Carly giggled as she watched Mac overpower me and forcibly shove his tongue down my throat. She pets his back, encouraging him to keep doing what he does. "Good boy, give Daddy all the love you want!" she said sweetly to Mac.

Meanwhile, my eyes rolled back at the intensity of the kisses given to me. Mac's tongue had so much saliva that it flooded my mouth to the point that it leaked out the corners of my lips, dribbling out onto the cushions my hands gripped.

"Babe, you're making a mess on the couch! Try not to let Mac's saliva drip everywhere, please," she warned me.

Noting my girlfriend's instruction, I swallowed the brown Pitbull's copious saliva as he slobbered into my mouth. I was silently loving it, but at the same time, it was such an intense kiss that my body was tensed up, making it seem to Carly like I was barely tolerating it.

"You know," Carly said between mouthfuls of Mac-flavored popcorn. "Even though Mac is reading you like a book through your mouth well, you can read his too if you try." She paused to chew a bit before continuing the thought. "With all that saliva you're swallowing -good job keeping it off the couch. By the way, you're getting his concentrated essence directly in your mouth! If you concentrate, you can both read each other and increase your bond both ways!"

She smiled as if she had given some very helpful advice. I considered what she said, closed my eyes, and concentrated. The river of drool had some message to tell me as it flowed past my tongue and down my esophagus. The thick tongue was relaying some information as it wrapped and licked inside my face. I thought what I tasted and felt wasn't anything I didn't already know. Mac was musky, handsome, and overpowering. He was an alpha male, and his taste made that clear. I wonder if Carly picked up on that too?

"Whoah!" Carly exclaimed from the side. "I think Mac likes you!" she said, eyes glued to Mac's growing penis. "I don't know what kind of pheromones you're giving off, but apparently, he's into it!"

The evidence was before her as Mac's bright red cock emerged from its brown sheath. As I kissed him and my girlfriend marveled at his cock, Mac's manhood came further and further out of its sheath, quickly rising to its full eight inches.

"Mac's getting excited! This is such a good bonding opportunity. Hold still, babe!"

Not that I had much choice. Carly's petite hands touched Mac's cock and began firmly and confidently jerking it.

"Mmmph?" I moaned a question mark at Carly's handling of Mac's dick.

What was she thinking? Mac took this as a cue to kiss me harder, though, and my eyes rolled back into my head as I was made to be a makeout partner.

"Oh, please, babe, what else should we do? One of the first things we learn at the vet is that a horny dog is an unhappy dog, and Mac is pent up from whatever you're doing with him up there!"

She paused to spit on the tip of his cock, leaving a saliva strand between her lips and his head for a second as she used her hands to massage her drool all over his big red cock. I wanted to tell her that Mac had already cum a few times today. I was shocked he was ready to go again, but that'd give away my secret. Instead, I simply let her work his thick, meaty cock. A hypocritical twinge of jealousy rang in my heart momentarily as I looked down to see her petite hands working such a masculine tool.

I couldn't blame her, but still, seeing her hands gliding up and down on Mac's puppy maker was a little strange, working it intently as if this was normal for her. Her warm brown eyes were fixed intently on the angry red dick, both hands grasping him as they slid up and down vigorously while her spit provided lubrication. I was powerless to stop her, as I couldn't stop kissing Mac in my position, nor would Carly want me to stop. I just had to go along with it.

"Good boy Mac! Such a big boy!" Carly cooed as she jerked him off.

His dick was already shooting watery pre-cum out. While most of it landed on my shirt, the less powerful spurts coated her hands and slicked up Mac's penis even more. The wet, slick sound of her grip was incredibly arousing.

"Babe, I hope you don't mind. Mac's going to cum on you a little during this. Though judging by these monsters..." she said, fondling his balls with one hand for a moment. "It might be a lot. Just keep doing what you're doing!" she encouraged me.

To show my understanding, I sucked hard on Mac's tongue, emphasizing our kiss's depth. Her hands didn't stop their mission as she gave Mac a vigorous handjob right before me. It wasn't long before Mac exploded onto my chest, his liquidy sperm covering my t-shirt as my girlfriend milked him dry.

"Good boy! Cum for momma!" Carly encouraged as her hands deftly stroked his giant cock. "Dogs cum for a while, babe," she explained as she continued the handjob. "So don't think that you can let up now! He could be going for up to...oops..."

Her informative lesson was interrupted by a glob of pitbull cum landing directly on her face, covering her left eye and cheek. The white, runny semen began dripping down her face and to her chin as she giggled, as if getting a rogue spurt of dog jizz on her face was a silly and ordinary occurrence.

"Mac!" she exclaimed with a smile, "You're making such a big mess, silly! Look what you did!"

Hearing his name, Mac turned to her, abruptly ending his kiss with me. "Uuuuulph..." I moaned in relief/disappointment at the end of our extremely passionate kiss, spit connecting our mouths for a moment before it began running out of my mouth.

He began licking Carly's face, cleaning off the semen he had shot onto it as he focused entirely on her.

“Aw, thanks, Mac! You’re so nice for cleaning up!” she said while he licked her face while simultaneously shooting another spurt of hot cum onto me.

Our muscular pitbull began turning, standing on all fours to face her as he stood sideways on the couch. Mac put his paws on Carly’s shoulder, licking her face with fervor as he pressed forward onto her. She was sitting on her knees and leaned up to meet him. The whole time, her hands never stopped squeezing and rubbing his cock. She giggled at his kisses until he pressed forward too much for her to keep herself upright.

“Mac! Too strong!” she exclaimed as she fell backward onto the arm of the couch.

Mac stood over her on all fours, his eight-inch dick now squirting his sperm onto my girlfriend instead of me as he focused on licking her. His paws pressed her shoulders down into the arm of the sofa as his strong, wet tongue raked across her face repeatedly. From this position, his tail was whacking against my face in excitement from this orgasm from his nice owner. Hardly as nice as kissing him was! Meanwhile, Carly had her face all scrunched up, trying to suppress laughter as she playfully dodged his kisses while he came over to her. I could see his butt hole twitch with each load shot out of him.

They stayed like that for a bit longer as Mac was milked dry by my girlfriend’s eager hands. A veritable pool of cum had been shot onto her shirt and chest, drenching her in his salty seed. Her hands worked his dick well after the last squirt was shot out, ensuring he was satisfied. Both her hands were covered in his cum as well. When she realized that Mac was done orgasming, she moved her hands off of his penis and in front of their faces, though he was still licking hers thoroughly. Her wet, cum-covered hands waved in front of his face momentarily before he began licking them clean.

“Good boy!” Carly exclaimed.

Her hands were side by side, and Mac quickly licked his cum off both before being directed downward to her soaked shirt.

“Good boy, Mac! Good job cleaning up after yourself!” she said in delight at his tongue, cleaning off her shirt and covering it in more dog saliva.

“Sooooo...” I said as Mac worked and licked his cum off of my girlfriend. “Does your line of work involve jerking dogs off, too, now?”

“Oh, come on!” she retorted. “How do you think we collect semen samples? And with many of these dogs, they get angry if you don’t relieve them.” Switching to a faux-innocent voice, she asked, “You wouldn’t want me to get hurt on the job, would you?”

“No judgment here. Nothing wrong with making out with dogs while you jerk them off. If they get even close to the treatment you gave Mac, it sounds like you make them very happy,” I said with a teasing grin.

“They are! You’re a real happy boy, aren’t you, Mac?”

She turned her attention to the beast that had just shot a load all over her, rubbing his ears lovingly and giving him kisses on his furry forehead.

When he finished cleaning her off, Carly looked at me and said, “All right, babe, I think that’s enough excitement for one day. Let’s go to sleep, shall we?”

She took my hand and began to stand up as I followed her.

“But what about my shirt? I’m still covered in Mac’s cum,” I said, confused. “What’s the reason for not having him clean it?”

“He just doesn’t want to. It’s all crusty and gross now,” Carly replied, pointing to the flakes of dried cum now stuck to me. “If you wanted special attention, then you can be the one to jerk him off next time,” she said as if it were a punishment.

If only she knew.

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## **Part Four**

We both changed clothes and got into bed for the evening, not bothering to set our alarms for tomorrow since we both had off on Sundays. We had gotten under the covers when Mac charged in, hopping in and laying on top of both of us with his full weight.

“Whoa there, boy, no sleeping on the bed!” I tried to set this boundary, at least.

“Babe, you know he was to get comfortable with us. He needs to sleep with us tonight. Otherwise, all our hard work will be for nothing! And my hands are tired from jerking him off...” she said sleepily.

Not that Mac cared either way. He plopped himself down sideways on top of the both of us, his head on my girlfriend’s chest while his ass and balls were presented to my face. I couldn’t help but notice the size of his balls. Each big orb clung to with thick veins. I imagined the testosterone that must be running through them up to Mac’s body. It almost made me a little jealous, thinking about how muscular and masculine I would be if I were blessed with a powerful pair like those. Still, it didn’t mean I wanted his rear end in my face all night. Meanwhile, Carly petted his head gently, seemingly calming herself down alongside Mac.

“Carly!” I whispered, trying to get her attention and figure out how to move without disturbing Mac’s trust.

She looked over at me, bleary-eyed, as I pointed to the musky balls and stinking butt hole that were two inches from my face. “Oh!” she said as she got wide-eyed, not moving at all. “This is good! I think he might be presenting his butt for you to sniff!”

“What?”

“I know it sounds bad, but you know how dogs sniff each other’s butts to greet each other? This is what he’s doing for you! It’s like their version of a handshake,” she whispered to me. “And just like it’s rude to deny a handshake, it’s rude to deny a butt sniff. You have to go for it like a dog would!”

I gulped. Sucking Mac’s tongue, cock, and balls was one thing. They at least weren’t producing waste products like his ass was. Then again, I had been drinking his piss earlier, and this was just smelling. I steeled myself and leaned my head forward, pressing my nose against his puckered brown butt hole while my lips touched the back of his warm scrotum.

“You’d better appreciate this...” I said reluctantly.

I took a tentative inhale through my nose, and I found that, luckily, it wasn’t too bad. Sour and

pungent, yes, but not too strong, considering my nose was pressed directly against Mac's butt hole. His tail began wagging gently, brushing itself along my forehead as my face was pressed against his rear end.

"Good job, baby! Now, keep going. He'll let you know when to end the handshake!"

I kept sniffing his asshole, much to my girlfriend's delight. By Mac's tail wagging, he was enjoying the effort I was putting in as well. I pressed my nose against his hole and inhaled shallowly, in and out quickly like a dog would.

"Smart! You're really greeting him as if you're another dog!" Carly encouraged.

With the approval of both my girlfriend and my dog, I continued my ridiculous act of butt-sniffing. I couldn't let it show, but something about sniffing Mac's ass turned me on. Perhaps it was just his masculine pheromones, the taste of his testicles on my slightly parted lips, or just the humiliation of the whole scenario. Still, either way, I acted with way more enthusiasm than I ever thought I could for such a degrading action. My sniffing was feverish, dragging my nose across his butt hole as I continued with my rapid breathing pattern, getting musky and sour smells flooding my olfactory nerves.

"Jeez babe, you're really taking this seriously, huh," Carly teased.

However, her tone indicated that she was almost a little weirded out by how eager I was to get a good sniff of Mac's ass. I pulled my face off of his rear to respond to her.

"I'm only doing what you told me to! Besides, judging by how close you are with dogs, you would probably have your whole nose shoved up there if you were in my spot."

"Nuh-uh! That would be uncomfortable to Mac," she protested.

"That's the only thing stopping you?" I questioned.

Before she could answer, Mac got up off of both of us. With his heavy head off of Carly and his heavy lower half off of me, we both breathed a sigh of relief from the lifted weight. He stood over me and lifted a leg, revealing the tip of his hefty cock.

"Uh, Carly? What is he do—ahhhhhhh..."

I was interrupted mid-sentence by a stream of urine directly to the face. It was warm, and some spray entered my mouth before I could close it. The salty, bitter taste reminded me of earlier. Mac held it there for a bit, thoroughly drenching my face in his piss before turning to angle his stream onto my girlfriend.

"Mac! Eeeeeek!" she screamed with a smile as if she were getting a practical joke pulled on her.

Mac's stream lessened a bit, and the remaining trickle of urine subsided down the blanket that was covering us.

"What the fuck was that?" I asked, confused.

"Babe! That was a great sign! That means that he claims us as his! This is going really well," she replied happily, piss soaking into her hair.

"Wait, isn't he supposed to be ours, though?" I countered. "Couldn't this type of thing cause

problems?”

“Probably not. Mac probably views it as a mutual deal. However, I wouldn’t try to piss on him if I were you. Just think of it as a nice gift to show that he likes us a lot,” she reassured me.

“If you say so...” I said as I started drifting off. Over on Carly’s side of the bed, she was cuddling with Mac and giving him copious amounts of smooches and pets and rubs and things of that sort. Her fair, naked body rubbed against his fur as she cuddled him tight. As she whispered sweet nothings into our brown Pitbull’s ear, I knew that this apartment wasn’t going to be the same again.

The next morning, I woke up to a familiar wet tentacle dragging along my slightly parted lips. I opened my eyes to see my loyal dog waking me up sweetly by licking my face. I knew what to do at this point. My parted lips spread apart, leaving my mouth completely available for Mac’s tongue. I wasn’t sure why he still wanted to kiss even with my morning breath, but I wasn’t about to say no to a damn good kiss. I held the sides of his head lovingly as he licked around inside my mouth, our tongues gliding against each other forcefully as I tried to show him how much I enjoyed our kiss as well.

After a few minutes of this, Carly woke up next to me. Her messy blonde hair was lying in a pile underneath her head as she opened her blue eyes. Mac was leaning over me, his backside close to Carly’s face. “Huh? What’s that noise?” she asked sleepily, listening to the \*shlop, shlop, shlop,\* of Mac’s tongue entering in and out of my mouth.

The powerful Pitbull didn’t pay her any mind, focusing on making sure the inside of my mouth was thoroughly tasted as I welcomed him. Once Carly noticed our kiss, her eyes widened.

“Hey, don’t think that just because Mac started kissing you, you get to be closer to him than I do,” she said with what sounded like jealousy in her voice.

My half-closed eyes looked over to her sleepily, my head not moving from its position as our new dog Frenched me. Carly sat up, her blonde hair messy from her night of sleep as she positioned herself behind Mac. Without hesitating, she leaned forward and pressed her button nose against his asshole, sniffing in deeply. Carly nuzzled her face against his anus, her nose dragging across each wrinkle while his balls leaned back onto her lips. Mac’s tail swung happily, hitting her hair side to side while she ‘gathered information’ by smelling his anus.

The tables were now turned from last night, with me now getting fantastic canine kisses and my girlfriend having to sniff dog ass in order to catch up. She didn’t seem to mind at all, though, strangely enough.

“Good boy, smelling so healthy for mommy,” she praised, rubbing her nose back and forth.

Her sniffing was shallow and fast, much like that of an actual dog. Like most of her interactions with Mac, she seemed way too comfortable and experienced with this. But hey, if she was happy and Mac was happy, who am I to judge her ass-sniffing endeavors? I loved my kiss too much to concern myself too much with her good time anyway.

All this excitement seemed to be getting to Mac, and his meaty dick began to expose itself. As his manhood began to reveal itself, he broke our kiss and began sniffing around my crotch curiously. A thick string of saliva stretched between our faces before I slurped it up ravenously.

“Wow... What a kiss,” I said in amazement.

Meanwhile, Carly couldn't be bothered, still furiously sniffing at Mac's butt like it was a flower she just couldn't get enough of while muttering praise. Sensing what he wanted, I pulled down the blanket to reveal my bare penis and balls. Mac laid down on his stomach, paws on my thighs while he examined my organ. My circumcised, half-hard dick laid limply on top of my testicles while Mac's cold nose sniffed at it lightly, nowhere near the intensity my girlfriend was currently giving his ass. His light, warm breaths made me tingle, and when he ran his tongue up my balls and along my prick, I shuddered in pleasure.

"Hey, Carly, is it normal for him to be trying to lick me down there?" I asked, trying to draw her attention away from the Pitbull's butt hole for a second.

"Ooh! Let me see." She gave a final deep inhale before getting on one elbow next to me, bringing her face close to the event as it unfolded. "That's so sweet of Mac to lick your dick like that," she said with a smile. "It's normal. He's just getting acquainted through your scent and by grooming you! He may also be curious how you taste compared to himself," she noted, her eyes wandering to the four out of eight inches of cock hanging out of Mac's sheath. "But don't worry, it's probably nothing sexual! After all, he's a dog, and you're a straight human. That'd be nuts, right?" she said with amusement.

"Yeah, we're all very...Mmmf...straight here," I replied while Mac kept licking me.

His slightly wrinkled face looked so handsome while he licked my small genitals like an alpha graciously giving a lower rank a cleaning. The extra body in the bed, plus all the excitement this morning, had made my whole body sweaty, including my dick and balls, but that didn't stop Mac. Perhaps it actually served to entice him? Either way, his warm, rough tongue felt divine on my penis, and I couldn't help but get hard in response.

"You're not acting very straight right now, actually," my girlfriend deduced, watching my prick get harder and harder. "Straight guys usually don't get hard from a dog's grooming."

"I don't exactly have much choice in the matter," I protested. "What guy wouldn't get hard from a warm, wet tongue licking their junk?" I argued.

However, after yesterday's events, Carly wasn't wrong to question my heterosexuality.

"Most girls don't take such delight in sniffing dog ass either," I retorted.

"The only happiness I got from that was knowing Mac felt loved. Isn't that right, boy?" she said.

She began petting his muscular torso firmly while he tasted my sweaty crotch. His long red club emerged even more. Mac's licking was divine, and he started focusing exclusively on my balls soon enough. They weren't anything spectacular, and it almost felt weird that a male with testicles was so much larger than mine. His ass was now in the air, and his face pressed forward to lap at my genitals.

His batter makers were huge, almost the size of lemons, and the veins on them were as thick as a pen. My own were small and weak-looking by comparison. Yet he kept licking, and I melted at the touch of his tongue. In fact, his tongue was so powerful it became almost painful. Mac's strong, thick tongue was making my grapes bounce against the bed like rubber balls, getting pressed between the mattress and his tongue. A dull ache was starting to set in.

"Uh, Carly? I think he might be getting too intense," I warned.

“Huh?” She brought her head up from underneath Mac’s groin. Apparently, she had been getting a good look—and touch—of her own on Mac. She brought her head back to the action by me. “Oh! That’s because he’s not trying to lick your balls,” she remarked, cupping my nuts and raising them slightly.

Mac immediately dived below me and began licking at my taint.

“He’s trying to lick your butt!” Our Pitbull’s licking confirmed this. It turns out he was trying to get to a different prize entirely. Carly inhaled and made a face,

“I’m glad he’s enjoying it, at least because to me, you just smell like pee and B.O. Also, you should probably flip over for him,” Carly said.

As I flipped over, I began my rebuttal. “How can you say I smell bad when you were literally smelling dog ass? And you smell like pee, too! Umf...”

Mac’s delightful tongue made it hard to speak as he lapped at my bare, sweaty butt hole. Again, I melted at his licks. Lap after lap of rough, warm nirvana wet my anus as my legs instinctively spread farther apart for him.

“What’s wrong? ‘Dog’ got your tongue?” Carly laughed at her pun. “And at least dog ass is supposed to smell like butt! What’s your excuse?” Carly’s rhetorical question stayed unanswered as Mac rimmed my pink butt hole. “Speaking of butts, though, I’m not quite sure what Mac is intending for yours right now.”

My girlfriend moved her head next to the brown Pitbull’s cock, stroking it gently as it reached its full, engorged length. There was some pre-cum on the tip that she massaged onto the rest of it with ease, slicking it up as she jerked idly.

“Normally, I’d say he’s just being friendly, buuuuut...”

She pressed her face against his penis, her nose right above it as she inhaled deeply. The tube of dog meat positioned against her nostrils was reminiscent of a fine cigar being smelled before being enjoyed. When she pulled back, some pre-cum coated her lips and cheeks where Mac’s club was pressed against her face.

“Right now, he looks and smells, well, kinda horny!”

“How do you know what it smells like?” I asked while getting lubed up.

“I work with a lot of animals, jeez!”

She started to get a little annoyed at my questions about her intimate knowledge of dog sexuality as the pooch pre-cum dried on her face.

“The point is, unless you want to practice making puppies, you better move your ass! Preferably in a direction away from Mac’s penis.” Her eyes went back to his thick cock. “This is way more than grooming now!”

Mac’s tongue was a machine with a singular purpose, and that was to prep his bitch. It was doing a fine job. My asshole was quivering with excitement and longing. My body was aching to be bred like yesterday, to have our dog put me underneath him as he ravaged me. But I couldn’t let it show. Otherwise, Carly would know my true feelings for Mac. At this point, I had to seem like I didn’t



desperately want Mac to fuck me. I knew he would soon want to mate, so if I stalled for time, I could have plausible deniability when he decided to mount me. Time to put my acting skills to the test.

“Wait, why would he want to mate with me? I’m not even a girl dog!” I asked incredulously.

“It could be any number of reasons, but from how he’s acting, it seems like he almost views you as a bitch.” She paused in thought. “No offense. Another option, though, is that he views you as a rival male and wants to put you in your place. This is common if there’s a competition for a female too...”

The implications of that were obvious. If Mac was trying to dominate me, my girlfriend could be next to play the bitch.

“The final option is he just sees a warm hole and is horny. Kinda like when dogs fuck a pillow! But in this case, it’s your ass,” Carly giggled at the bluntness of her statement.

A grown man being used as a humping pillow for a dog was kind of funny. Carly snapped back to the situation.

“But either way, he’s gonna try to fuck you! I’m not if you’ve seen his dick, but it’s absolutely huge! I would know, I was feeling it a lot last night when we were on the couch. It’s like twice the size of yours at least! (ouch) He’ll tear you apart,” she pleaded with me to take heed.

“Oh, please. Mac’s just a dog. How big could he be?” I replied, knowing that would set her off on a tangent.

Belittling dogs in any way was a surefire way to get an earful from Carly, even if it was over something as dumb as penis size.

“Just a dog? Are you kidding me? The average dog has a pretty massive mass-to-penis size ratio, way bigger than a person,” she ranted, a fiery look in her eyes. “To put it simply, a 70-pound dog often has the same penis size on average as a 160-pound human male!

“That’s over twice the mass-to-penis size ratio! And Mac here is not only heavier than that at 90 pounds but also is particularly well-endowed! From my estimations, it’s at least 8 inches with a particularly thick circumference of 6.5 inches! Not only that, but he also has a knot that’s about a 9-inch circumference knot to make sure his sperm doesn’t leave a bitch until she’s pregnant.

“And with these large balls of his, he would definitely give her a bunch of puppies! Just from a cursory glance, it’s clear that they are significantly above average. Even with the fur covering them, I can see the veins! Those look like they could produce and transport at least 50ml of sperm into his bitch. After all, the whole reason he’s so muscular and horny is because of those balls, plus they’re what’s allowed his penis to grow so large!

“So the next time you think a dog can’t have a big penis, think again! Because it may just be bigger than yours like Mac’s is!” She finished her extended speech with a sigh, barely taking a single breath throughout the rant. “So, uh, don’t let him fuck you, OK?” she said, trying to drive her point home.

Meanwhile, Mac had been prepping my ass with his tongue diligently. With my girlfriend done rambling about the tenets of dog cock, which I knew very well already, I couldn’t think of any more stalling tactics. With my asshole slick and trembling with need from Mac’s tongue, I spoke up. “Alright, that does sound pretty serious. I’ll get up now.” I said in a stern voice as I picked up my arms and was about to stand up.

Suddenly, Mac's licking ceased, and in one motion, I felt his full, furry weight on my back, which his dick prodded at my ass. "Umph!" I grunted from the extra mass that I had to prop up on all fours.

Mac's claws dug into my sides as he began humping furiously, wildly jabbing his penis everywhere except my asshole. Feigning ignorance, I tried to seem like this wasn't exactly what I wanted.

"Carly! He's on top of me. I can't get away!" I wiggled my hips fruitlessly to show my predicament. "What should I do?"

"Oh my God," she cried out loud when Mac mounted me. "Ah, OK, stay calm, babe. Just let me think."

Mac's humping grew more impatient. I could reach around and guide him in without seeming too eager, but I didn't want to keep him waiting. While I thought about what to do next, Mac jabbed me in the balls with the tip of his heavy rod.

"Fuuuuck..." I said, bringing my head down as a hot pain shot up from my balls and into my gut.

"Ouch, that looked like it hurt, babe," Carly said with a look of sympathy on her face. "OK, maybe it won't be so bad if he just fucks you. He's obviously not going to leave any other way," she said, pondering possibilities.

"But you said he'd tear me apart," I feigned protest.

I was going to let Carly convince herself to have Mac pound my eager behind.

"I know, I know..." she said while he still frantically jabbed around my backside. "But, he did seem to give your anus sufficient preparation judging by how wet it is. Also, I've helped oversee dog mating before, so I know how to make things as painless as they can be! But with Mac, I'm not so sure..." she said, eyeballing the swinging club jabbing at my ass.

"OK, so that's the plan! Mac will fuck you, and I'll oversee this mating as if it were a stud and a bitch copulating! Don't worry, babe, you're in good hands," Carly reassured me with a smile before taking on a new, professional seriousness. "Firstly, in order to prevent any further damage to the bitch's exterior organs, let's ensure a safe insertion."

Her arm reached carefully underneath Mac as her fingers wrapped around his thick, slimy dick and began aiming it toward my puckered hole.

"Hey, wait, I'm not a biiiiiiiiitch!" I yelled.

My protest turned into a shriek as Carly directed Mac's erect penis directly into my asshole. I was immediately stretched wide, my asshole feeling like a rubber band on the brink of snapping. Mac's thrusting began immediately, the frantic humping earlier turning into a jackhammer ramming in and out of my helpless butt. The pain was sharp, but I was too horny to care. My flaccid penis swung wildly at Mac fucked me mercilessly, 6 inches already delving in and out of me faster than I could even react.

"He's fucking me. He's fucking me," I hollered.

"The stud has been successfully inserted into the bitch," Carly noted professionally. "Despite the exceptionally large phallus of the stud..."

She stared at the large canine cock fucking my asshole with incredible speed.

“Ahhhh! It’s so thick and hot,” I moaned. Mac’s penis was burning hot and pushing deep into my guts to make my insides feel like they were about to catch fire.

Mac’s claws were latching onto my sides, giving him all the leverage he needed to rock me back and forth onto his dick while his hips pumped wildly. I took fast, shaky breaths at the intensity of the fucking. His slobber rained down on my back, and I felt his pre-cum start to shoot into me. While the spurts were relatively small, they felt like boiling water getting injected into my stomach.

Mac was tearing up my insides as I tried my best to keep it together, but I think it hurt even more since I was still sore from the day before. While my asshole had been aching for a dick to fuck it earlier, I now felt the consequences of that lust as my sore butt was stretched open wider than I thought it could go. The intense friction of Mac’s rapid thrusts made it even tougher to hang on, generating a ton of heat against my poor anus. I began wincing and moaning in pain as Mac delved deeper and deeper with each thrust.

“Shhhh... I know, babe,” Carly petted my head gently, a stark contrast to the treatment our Pitbull was giving me. “Getting fucked by a big cock isn’t easy,” she said with an empathetic smile. “I see bitches all the time in the kennel have similar reactions, especially when the stud has such an insanely long member. I mean, look at that! Well, you can’t, but I can, and let me tell you, Mac is rocking some serious heat.

“Like, I’m surprised it even fit in you, and the fact that he’s fucking you right now is practically a miracle. You’ve probably never even seen a dick like that before! The only bigger one I’ve seen was on a Great Dane...”

Her eyes glazed over for a second before she snapped back.

“But the point is, you’re strong for taking Mac’s breeding like you are. And if you could see the look on his face right now, you’d know this is all worth it.”

Mac’s face was in a big, goofy smile, his tongue lolling out the side and spattering saliva everywhere, though I couldn’t see it from where I was.

“So just relax. I’ll coach you both through this. In the meantime, just relax your body and be one with Mac! Sex is a give and take, as you know,” Carly advised.

Except this time, it was me giving everything up to Mac and him taking as much as he could. Following my girlfriend’s dog-fucking advice, I tried to relax my ass as much as I could. I took a deep breath in, made shaky by my body rocking back and forth, but I was able to relax my body a little bit. I felt Mac’s manhood push even deeper into me, another inch or two ramming in and out of my body as his knot advanced toward my butt.

“Good job, babe,” Carly praised as she stroked my hair.

Mac seemed to be in heaven still. As his cock rammed deeper into me, his balls started swinging closer, too, until, with one thrust, he smacked against mine. The larger mass and force behind them were brutal against my small testicles, and I gasped for breath as the dull, hot pain mixed in with the hot pain of his fucking.

“Huh, with how deep in he is, it looks like you’ll have to deal with some ball-to-ball action here. Mac doesn’t seem even to notice, though, so don’t worry about him! Just try to make it to the knot, and

he'll stop moving...mostly," Carly whispered.

I gritted my teeth as his heavy, full nuts slammed against mine again and again in rapid succession. The fur on them lightened the pain somewhat, but not nearly enough to make it pain-free. I was really taking a beating. On the bright side, the pain of his dick fucking me was starting to subside and even turn into pleasure. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised after how he rocked my world yesterday. The pleasure began to take greater and greater hold as he thrust deep into my colon with abandonment. Mac's only goal was to cum, and his insane tempo reflected that.

Our bodies were starting to align in goals as I relaxed even more to accommodate his massive red dick. His fast, deep thrusts were now resulting in his full 8 inches diving deep into me while never fully leaving. At this point, there were about 6 inches of Mac's cock inside me at any given moment, and each thrust was now punctuation with his knot banging against my butt hole.

"Full shaft insertion has been achieved" Carly stated while looking at the whole affair curiously. "Despite initial discomfort from the bitch, mating seems to be going smoothly. Stud seems exceptionally pleased."

Mac's happy, slobbering face corroborated this diagnosis.

"Knotting appears imminent," she said with a hint of excitement in her voice. She turned to me and began talking, "OK babe, don't freak out, but the next step of this is the knotting process. That's when Mac's knot—the big bulb on the bottom of his penis—enters the bitch. This ties you two together while he deposits his sperm into you. In nature, the point of this is to make sure that the bitch gets nice and pregnant!"

A flash lit up her eyes as she got to say her fun fact. "I'm really interested to see how knotting will work on a human male! I've seen it with dogs so often, so I'll be able to tell any little differences between how you and a female dog service the stud," Carly said.

"Uhuh," I said in acknowledgment.

My body was rocked back and forth violently as Mac had his way with me. There was no escape at this point. I was completely at his mercy, of which he would certainly show none. I wasn't a small guy (well, except in one area) by any means. Still, in our current position, I was totally overpowered. It was all I could manage to keep myself on all fours while our dog assaulted my body. Sharp nails dug into my hips, keeping me in place while leaving painful marks on my sides.

Heavy balls slammed against my own with each thrust, sending a shock wave through my body each time. A red-hot penis was skewering me like a kebab, spreading me wide open and pushing around my insides to make room for itself in my colon while shooting pre-cum that felt like lava. Everything about this situation should have felt tortuous. My body, however, decided to feel differently. Each thrust inside had now become heavenly, making me feel splendidly full as Mac's dick pressed against my prostate. His warm fur against my naked body felt amazing, and even his nails on my sides felt like the love of an alpha male.

My tiny cock began to get hard. I was loving this.

With my reawakened pleasure from being a dog bitch, Mac and I's bodies became totally in sync. He thrust into me, and I kept my stance to allow him even better leverage. He entered, and I welcomed him. His rhythm, though frantic, was a rhythm indeed, and I matched my body up to it in order to accommodate him. He returned by thrusting even deeper, now slamming his knot against my asshole with each thrust as I felt his massive length go deep into my hole. I was in the mindset of a

bitch now, and so I had one goal: take Mac's knot. I relaxed my backside and tried to let him enter, but it wouldn't go in. I was ready, he was ready, but we weren't able to seal the deal.

I was too tight. This worked just fine yesterday, so I wondered what the issue was. Perhaps the dog was even harder now that it was more familiar to me. Or maybe it had something to do with a female's presence nearby? Either way, despite my best efforts, I couldn't relax enough to get him to enter. Mac barked in frustration, slamming my asshole with his knot repeatedly, demanding entry.

"J-jeez, boy, I'm trying to let you knot me..." I muttered, embarrassed.

"Having trouble there, stud?" Carly asked from the sidelines.

"Y-yeah..." I responded, still trying to focus on taking that delicious knot.

"I was talking to Mac, but thank you for responding!" Carly laughed as she examined our situation closer, looking from above to get a line of sight of his dick entering my asshole. "Hmm, I need another angle to know for sure if he's ready."

She laid down on her back and got underneath us, like a mechanic sliding underneath a car to inspect the undercarriage.

"Oh yeah, he's definitely ready to knot the bitch now! His dick is really getting some incredible strokes in down there. You should see him move! It's like a blur!"

Her eyes briefly moved from Mac's dick to mine, which was flapping about humorously in comparison.

"Ugh, babe, are you actually hard from this?" She made a face, though I couldn't see it. "That's, like, really gay! At least before, when Mac was grooming your privates, you could argue that it felt like a girl's tongue. But right now, you're hard just from his dick in your butt! You're a real pervert!"

"No, I'm not," I lied blatantly.

"Yeah, yeah..." Carly said dismissively and playfully. "Anyways, pervert, I'll help Mac knot you since I've done it for a bunch of bitches before. Just know that there's no coming back from this. Once he's knotted you, that's the ultimate sign of domination/mating. Any one of those scenarios I mentioned earlier would be moving forward in full effect."

"It's not like I—Ooooooh—have m-much choice," I said while still being brutally fucked by our Pitbull.

"Alright then, you asked for it," she said, preparing to make her maneuver. "Prepare for knotting in three, two, one..."

Carly pushed, Mac thrust, and I opened at the perfect time. For a split second, the full diameter of his knot was passing my anus. It felt like I was about to be ripped in half. Still, Carly's push forward gave just enough momentum for Mac to finish the motion and embed himself firmly inside my asshole.

"Oooooh!" I moaned.

I threw my head up and moaned and howled in pure delight as his full cock entered me, coupled with a giant spurt of cum, the first of many. Mac was howling in animalistic joy, too, as he finally got

his goal. The pressure built up into my entire body, and I came hands-free onto the bed beneath me. In contrast, Mac came inside my guts, our bodies physically and spiritually entwined in that moment. My howl turned into depraved, pleased panting as my orgasm lasted for what felt like a full minute, my body shaking and trembling from the most intense orgasm of my life.

Mac's cum was flooding into me now, each spurt being immediately supplemented by another as he tried to inseminate me. I focused on how I was feeling -the warmth, the subservience, the sexual pleasure- as I tried to draw out my orgasm as long as possible. All good things come to an end, though, and sure enough, I returned to reality as my cum dried on the bedsheets and my dog knotted inside my ass.

"Wow, that looked really intense," my girlfriend remarked. "I didn't want to say anything while you two were having your moment, but I can't believe he actually knotted you, even with my help! That dick's bigger than pretty much any I've ever seen. Even a Great Dane bitch would have trouble fitting that in her! Well done, babe!"

She kissed me on the cheek in acknowledgment of my deeds before going around behind Mac. She lowered herself and pressed her nose against his asshole, inhaling deeply.

"From the smell of it, Mac's loving this too! He must be really unloading into you," she took another inhale of his ass before pulling away, having gotten the olfactory information she needed.

"Y-yeah, he really is," I said, my body still quivering from the Pitbull's mating. "Feels like there's a gallon of his cum in me already."

Carly eyeballed his testicles in awe. "From the size of his balls, I can imagine. I wonder if that's part of why he viewed you as a bitch? With him being used to having large testicles, he may not have recognized you as another male! A dog's eyesight is actually a bit worse than ours. But how would that explain him not picking up on the pheromone difference?" Carly paused in thought.

"I bet you're glad they're not beating yours anymore. Now they're just resting behind your little balls like two pairs of best friends. Or like they're cuddling, and he's the big spoon. Either way, his balls look so huge in comparison, really impressive," Carly raved about what she was seeing.

Mac was contentedly pumping me full of sperm, each contraction of his penis resulting in another blast of dog cum going into my bowels. My asshole squeezed him harder in response, my body feeling like it was wrapped entirely around his penis. As a result, Mac would cum even harder, having his orgasm drawn out longer, causing me to squeeze him again, etc. This created a chain reaction where our bodies were naturally feeding into each others' pleasure, and we were both loving it. Mac licked the side of my face happily, and I giggled with delight at the normally innocent gesture being done while he was knotted inside me.

"I love you too, Mac," I said in response to his kisses, turning and giving him some smooches on the cheek as well.

"Aw, do you really mean that?" Carly asked, a proud grin on her face.

"Yeah, I think I do," I said between smooches.

"That's really sweet! And kind of interesting scientifically, too!" Carly said, returning to her research angle on the situation. I wonder if perhaps that's some sort of biological response to him mating with you? Let me just double-check how he feels real quick."

My girlfriend went back to the asshole of our brown, muscular Pitbull and dived in nose first. She huffed deeply for about thirty seconds, with Mac's asshole puckering intermittently with each spurt of cum he made. Soon, she stuck her tongue out and began licking curiously as if critiquing a fine wine.

She pulled away, satisfied. "OK, everything Mac's doing also says that he's feeling some seriously strong feelings, too! I can literally taste the love!"

"Hold up, what do you mean taste?" I asked.

"Don't concern yourself with the details. Just keep going with Mac's body there. He's crossing species boundaries to mate with you, so obviously, he sees something here. It's your job to meet him halfway and play the part of a bitch. Make him feel loved. Make him feel like he's mating a tight Border Collie instead of a human male!

"This might be one of the first observations by an experienced veterinarian of a dog totally knotting and mating a human guy. You need to make the most of it while I collect data with my god-given tools." Carly pointed to her nose and lips as she got in position behind Mac's asshole.

"You mean veterinarian's assistant," I quipped back.

"Oh, shut it, you. Ahhhh..." She stuck her tongue out as she began tasting for data.

I stuck my tongue out to meet Mac's, which was lolled out the side of his mouth next to mine. I rubbed my tongue against his passionately while he was unloading inside me happily, my body convulsing slightly the whole time with pleasure. His drool was like a love potion, keeping me even more entranced than before in our mating session. I focused on his musty flavor, trying to collect biological information myself like Carly was.

I wanted Mac to feel like he was getting all the love and affection that he rightfully deserved. I wanted him to feel like he was king of the world, conquering a bitch like his instincts drove him to desire. I squeezed him tight with my mating asshole, kissing him lovingly to make him feel that way.

*To Be Continued...?*