

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One - Puppy Love

"Hon, do you have a show tonight?" I heard my husband Ed ask from the dining room.

"Hold on, let me check my schedule." I responded. I put down the dish towel and, digging out the iPad, swiped it awake and checked my bookings.

"Um, yeah. 9 o'clock at the Moose hall. 'Till 12."

"With?"

Tap.

"Brutus....and Hector."

"Well.....shit.. I was hoping for some...you know..." he said somewhat plaintively.

"Sorry, babe. But this was booked a month ago. And they've already paid." I answered, finishing up the dishes from tonight, and, blowing a wisp of hair up out of my eyes, I walked over to the dining room where Ed was sitting rather morosely in his chair.

"C'mon, let's go put a porno on, and I'll give you a blow job. How's that?" I questioned, putting my hands on his shoulders and leaning down to rub my boobs across the back of his neck. I reached down over his chest and tweaked his nipples. He has a nice chest. Firm, not hairy, trim, not muscled like a 19 year old stud, but not fat and flabby either. He was my Ed, all 40 years and 190 pounds of him.

He brightened up almost immediately. "Hell yeah! That's more like it, sweetie. Tell you what, let me go up and take a shower, and I'll see you upstairs in a few minutes. OK?"

I murmured my assent, and watched him get up and head over to the stairs and upstairs to our bedroom.

"I'll just check on the guys, and be right up." I said. I crossed over to the living room behind him, and headed to the sliding glass door to our back yard area. The sun was setting into the mountains west of us in a glorious blaze of reds and yellows and I could smell the fresh mown grass out back. I had always loved that aroma, even as a little girl down south. Our gardener/handyman, Albert, was just putting the mower away in the shed in the back corner of the yard. He was a godsend. Smart as a whip, very skilled in the arts and sciences of keeping a house like ours well maintained and running like a Swiss watch. It took a lot - the gardening, the lawn, the front landscaping, the three koi ponds, and the kennel. Oh, the kennel. That alone was almost a full time job. We have eight dogs. And they all get treated like kings, let me tell you.

I stepped out and crossed the patio over to the entrance to the kennel area. It's a long, fenced area about 90 feet long by 30 feet, with a walkway down between the pens. Each pen has a large, heated and cooled dog house where my guys can relax out of the weather if they want, and a common area where they can go play, wrestle with each other, or whatever they want. They also have access to the yard, when they want, to run around and get their exercise. And that's not even counting the exercise they each get when Albert takes them out, individually, for their runs.

I walked down to Brutus' pen. He was fourth on the left. I clanged on the gate, and the big lug came

bounding out of the doghouse, yapping excitedly. He ran up to the gate and pushed his snout through an opening, tongue lolling out. I reached to give him a scratch on his long nose and nuzzle him.

“Hey baby, how’s my big puppy doin’ tonight? All rested up from yesterday?..yeah, I know, you were worked pretty hard. But I know you can handle it, can’t you?” I scratched him behind the ears, and he sat, big brown eyes looking at me with quiet anticipation. I glanced down and noticed his equipment.

“Oh, my, you’re ready already!” I gasped in mock horror. About five inches of his wet, red penis had already protruded out from his sheath, and a large drop of pre-ejaculate hung on the chiseled tip. He must have smelled my own arousal.

“Well, just you calm down a little bit. You and Hector and Mommy are going out tonight, and I promise we’ll have a lot of fun, ok?” I grinned at him, standing up and smoothing down my skirt. He more or less growl/barked at me as if to approve. I swear, sometimes I think my guys are actually trying to talk to me. I wonder what they’d say if they could?

I pinched a hard nipple through my tee-shirt top and crossed the aisle to Hector’s cage. He was already out, tail wagging a mile a minute, tongue hanging out and drool dripping on the grey concrete.

“Hi sweetie! How’s my big boy tonight? Ready to go out on a date with Mommy?” I bent to give his nose a light nibble. As I did, I noticed his own canine excitement being manifested by several inches of penis starting to slide out of his covering. I reached in and let the fingers of one hand lightly caress the angled tip, taking the pre-cum off and rubbing it between my fingers. I brought my hand up to my face and inhaled. God, I love the scent. I licked the tips of my fingers and instantly my own taste buds were on fire with the heat, the tangy, tart, greasy feel and taste of his juice. I half-debated pulling one from him, but then thought I’d better save it for the show. The guys at the lodge paid for a full evening’s entertainment, and I didn’t want to disappoint them. It’d be bad for business, and I wasn’t quite ready to retire and start my social security.

You see, I’m a Dog Mom. It’s my business. I put on shows. Dog Shows. But not the kind where they parade the little fur balls around on rhinestone leashes and they dance on their hind legs. The kind where a woman mates with a dog. Or dogs, plural. Sometimes, lots of dogs. But, maybe I’d better start at the beginning, almost a decade ago.

I had a fairly normal upbringing. Two brothers, I was in the middle. Birth wise, I mean, get your mind out of gutter! Mom and Dad both worked, and we had a pretty nice middle class life. I was a good student, not an ace, but a good B+ in pretty much everything. I did the usual girl stuff, but also palled around with my brothers and their friends, so I’ve camped out, and ridden dirt bikes, and climbed trees, it wasn’t all petticoats and tea parties. I loved animals, and after much cajoling when I was about 12, I managed to convince mom and dad that I was old enough to have a pet dog. We went through the usual litany of “I’ll feed him and walk him and brush him and clean up after him, every day, I promise, oh please please please please please please...” and looked up at Daddy with my big brown eyes and he couldn’t resist any more. I think he did it just to shut me up.

We went to the Rescue Shelter, and I picked out a cute brown Shepherd mix that they said was about two years old. He had been dropped off by previous owners who were moving and couldn’t take him with them. He and I bonded right away. I took good care of him, and he stayed with me all

through junior and senior high. He was very affectionate, and we spent hours running around in the park, chasing Frisbees, splashing in the lake, and enjoying each other's company. I was devastated when he passed, after developing some condition which affected his musculature. He got weaker over a few months in the summer after I graduated from high school, and finally the vet said he'd really need to be put down. It was the most traumatic thing I've ever had to do in my young life. I swore I'd never have another pet, since the sadness of their passing was too hard to take.

And that pledge lasted a few years. I went off to college, had half a dozen or so boyfriends, two gangbangs, and a couple of lesbian trysts. Just experimenting, you know? I graduated, came home, and met Ed while working at my first job. The rest is history. We dated, fucked, and then married. He's ten years older than I am, but it's not a big deal. We're very compatible, as it turned out.

Ed was the first man to take me anally, and while I was not a big fan at the start, after a while I started to enjoy it tremendously, and now I have no problem getting aroused and climaxing from anal intercourse. He's usually pretty good with it, starting slow and getting me really wet and ready. That's the key. I love to be licked and eaten (what woman doesn't!) and Ed's a master at that. Of course, he expects reciprocation most of the time, and I'm proud of my skills in that department. We've trained me to relax my throat muscles and I can take all of Ed's eight full inches into my mouth and throat with ease. He really likes that, and I guess over the years he's pumped my tummy full of a couple of gallons of cum. And that's another one - I love the smell, taste, and feel of semen.

My first few boyfriends used to like to pull out and cum on my tummy or butt when we had sex, and I guess I just conditioned myself into it. Anyway, I enjoy it pretty much anywhere. Oh yeah - that too. Ed loves to give me facials, and I love it too. The feeling of that hot, wet juice hitting me just gets me off. So yeah, I'm a three-hole slut, I guess you'd say. No one would have ever suspected it back then, but I was. I keep myself shaved down there, and I have a very pronounced clitoral hood and ridge. I've never had any trouble having orgasms, I discovered masturbation before I was even a teenager, and I love to cum. Who doesn't? My vaginal lips are about average size, I guess, and Ed says that overall I have a very nice looking pussy. Well, men will say that about pretty much any of them, right? LOL. My boobs are just average, a big B cup or maybe a small C. I'm somewhere between Kate Moss and Dolly Parton lol.

Anyway, Ed used to travel a lot for his job, and after a few months, the loneliness got to me while he was gone. I'd come home from my job, make a small dinner, watch a little TV or something, and then almost cry from the separation. On occasion I'd go out with the girls or something, but it wasn't the same. I wanted domestic bliss. I finally decided that I would break down and get a dog, to keep me company and help while away the time during Ed's long days away. He was reluctant at first, but then saw how much I really wanted companionship, and maybe he figured if I didn't get a puppy or something, I'd end up being unfaithful to him with another man. Oddly, that thought had never occurred to me. Our sex life, when he was home, was astounding. Both Ed and I have high drives, and there's little we haven't adapted into our sexual relationship. It turns out I'm a bit submissive for the right man (and beast, it turns out... and we did pretty much anything.

So anyway, we went out the next weekend and came back with a really cute, friendly Ridgeback, who was sleek, black and all male. Oh yeah, he'd never been neutered, and I had to chuckle when, as we were meeting him and petting him at the rescue place, he pushed out a long, red penis that had Ed laughing out loud.

"Look, honey, I think he likes you!" he guffawed, causing me some embarrassment. I quickly shushed him, but I couldn't take my eyes off the dog's equipment. His sheath was smooth and whitish-grey, and the wet red shaft that extended out of it looked raw, and, well, animalistic. His balls were round and full behind him, and I watched with interest as he started dripping, and then

actually shooting, small thin jets of cum. He was whining and obviously in some torment but there was not much we could do for him. We moved along to look at some more dogs, but after a few minutes came back to him, after he'd calmed down a bit, and ended up taking him home in the back of our minivan.

We named him Star, and he quickly became part of the family. He was already grown when we adopted him, and had been completely housetrained, so that was good. Our back yard was big enough for him to run around in, and we quickly had it fenced to give him a nice safe area. Once we settled in with him, he adapted to us right away. I walked him every night that I could down to the park a few blocks away, and he was well behaved - never running off the leash or chasing other dogs. He seemed very solicitous of me, and the only time he ever growled was when another male, human or canine would approach me. Until he saw me interact with any other male, he was on guard.

It was about a month after we brought him home with us that our relationship took that fateful turn. Ed was out of town on a sales trip, and I'd come home from a long day at work to relax. All I wanted was to grab something light to eat, and then go up and run a hot bath and soak in it for an hour. We had a nice raised tub that was up off the floor, with a nice wide railing all around on the three sides away from the wall. I lit some candles, dumped in the bubble bath, and ran the tub full as hot as I could stand it. Star came up and lay down in the middle of the rug in the bathroom and promptly went to sleep. I slumped in the tub and let the warmth soak in. It felt marvelous. I soaped up my breasts and couldn't resist playing with the nipples a little bit. I love having my breasts played with. I'm barely a C-cup on my best days, but I have very sensitive nipples and get aroused quite easily when they're licked, sucked, or even bitten. So, like any normal woman in a warm, soapy bath, I soon had one hand on my boobs and one between my legs. I gave myself two nice, soothing orgasms and then lay back until the water cooled so much that I got goosebumps. I sat up and put my feet over the edge of the tub on the rug, and started to dry myself, when I decided that my crotch could use a shave. So I spun around and dunked my legs back in the water, and reached for my razor. 10 minutes later I was smooth as marble once again, and I turned back around. Star had woken up at some point, and was standing there behind me, wagging his tail, and drooling on the carpet. He probably smelled me, between the shaving and the orgasms I was pretty moist and fragrant down there.

"Hey Star, good boy. Look, Mommy's all clean and smooth!" I laughed, leaning back and spreading my legs wide, to open up and show the dog my shaved pussy. I don't know what I was thinking, but Star took that opportunity to bound forward and lay a rough tongue lick from my taint up to my bellybutton, almost. I gasped in shock as the tremor went through me and could not move as he licked again...and then again. The forbidden thoughts were quickly erased from my brain as I felt his rough, strong tongue against my sensitive skin. I'd been licked by many men in my life, but none of them had a tongue that compared to Star's. Long, strong, and rough. He hit my clit with it and the top of my head blew off. He came in closer and all I could do is lean back and try not to fall into the tub, spread my legs as far as they'd go and let my lovely pooch eat me. God damn, I came like a firecracker, three huge jolts went through me like 120 volts of electricity. Every nerve ending in my body felt like it was on fire and I know that I cried real tears. After a few minutes of earth shattering pleasure, finally, I couldn't stand any more and I was afraid I'd fall back into the tub and drown or something. I pushed Star's head away gently, ignoring the low growl in the back of his throat, and slumped down off the tub onto the floor, exhausted. Star stood over me panting, his head halfway past and over my shoulder.

After a few moments, I more or less came to, and started to move, but Star was adamant. He wouldn't let me move him out of the way. I tried to push his head to the side, but he growled, deep in his gut. I'd never heard him do that. I was mildly scared, he'd never acted that way before. He

pushed up closer to me, and that was when I saw it. He was aroused. Erect. Hard. He had a boner. Oh my god, my dog got an erection licking my pussy and now he wanted relief too. About six or seven inches of red, veiny doggie dick hung down off his crotch, dripping with what I was to learn was a smooth, oily pre-cum.

“Oh, you poor doggy...are you all frustrated by Mommy?” I whispered to him. “Well, Mommy had a couple of very nice cums, I guess it’s only fair that Mommy gives you what you need too...” I murmured to myself. I reached down underneath his warm, smooth chest and put my fingers around a non-human penis for the first time in my life. It was warm, hot actually, and quite smooth, but wet. Star whimpered a bit, and I realized that I had grabbed it much too hard. I was used to a human cock. I started masturbating my dog, and he maneuvered around to stand in front of me sideways, panting, his chest heaving while I tried to give him satisfaction and relief. I looked at his cock, fascinated. The tip was angled, and a thin jet of liquid kept shooting out, about every ten seconds. It was getting all over, up my arm, and on the rug and just shooting everywhere. I put my other hand a few inches in front of the tip of his cock and let it shoot into my palm a couple of times. I brought my hand up to my head, inhaling the strong, musky, masculine odor. A naughty thought crossed my mind, as it would anyone’s. What harm would it do? No one would see. No one would ever know. Just me and Star. I leaned my head down, extended my tongue, and licked at the small white pool of liquid in my hand.

The second my tongue hit the dog’s semen, it electrified my taste buds. Tart, sweet, hot, spicy, metallic, every possible taste seemed to magnify and intensify as my tongue dipped again and again into it. Holy fuck. I swallowed the gamy liquid, cleaning my palm, and then put my hand down again and pumped for a minute or so, getting another hand’s full. This time I just noisily slurped it all right out of my hand and let it sit and settle in my mouth. I felt the forbidden liquid seep into every crevice in my mouth, down under my tongue, across my teeth and gums. I licked the front of my upper teeth, spreading the hot brine around. Finally I swallowed, before it could get too diluted with my own saliva. Oh my god, I thought to myself, I just swallowed doggie cum. A shiver ran through me at the thought. You have no idea how nasty I felt. Doggie cum. In my belly. I had to reach down and diddle myself, which of course presented a problem. Star and I were now contorted around so that I was lying on my side next to him, and he stood with his hindquarters at about my waist, and his head up near mine. I continued to jerk him off, but my hand was getting a little dry and I was afraid to hurt the poor guy. His cock seemed much more raw than a human cock. His balls were jumping behind me, and I saw the beginnings of what I later learned was his knot.

So I had my left hand on his cock, and my right hand in my crotch pinching and rubbing my own little clit which was feeling very good. But now he was spraying again. Thoughts danced in my head. You know the cartoons where someone is thinking about something, and there’s a little angel on one side of her head, and a little devil on the other side, and they’re both trying to talk the person into or not into doing something? That was me. I listened to the angel for a few seconds, but she made no sense. The devil was much more convincing. No one would see. No one would know. The dog certainly wouldn’t tell anyone. He deserved it. What harm could it do? So I gave in to the devilish temptation, and made a move which forever pushed me over the line into luscious depravity and changed Ed’s and my life.

I leaned under Spot, opened my mouth, and captured the spitting end of his penis. Immediately his hot, wet streams permeated my taste buds, and he started thrusting harder and harder through my hand and into my mouth. His cock was thin, and not as long as Ed’s and after a moment it simply bent down over and into the top of my throat. Holy hell, I was deep throating my dog. I swallowed his offerings over and over, my mouth and throat drowning in his cum. My god, where did it all come from? I had no idea dogs came like that. His thrusts became more and more insistent, and then suddenly he pushed against my hand, nearly knocking it into my face. His cock seemed to swell and

it burst open in my mouth, spraying a huge jet of semen right against the back of my throat. I swallowed in desperation, nearly choking, and then he spurted again, just as huge, and I backed my head off and closed off my throat so the sperm would stay in my mouth until I could swallow it again without choking. It was then that I realized that all the clear, mostly colorless liquid he's been spraying before was just pre-cum, lubrication. This was the real deal now. This was liquid puppies. It was thicker, hotter, and had a gamy, raw taste.

We got into a rhythm. He would spurt a huge, hot jet of semen and I would gather it in my mouth for a second, letting the pure sensuality seep into my soul, and then I'd swallow. Then he'd spurt again, and I'd swallow again. We must have done it ten times, at least. It seemed he was a bottomless pit of doggie sperm. I reached back with my left hand and felt his knot and the balls behind it, they felt hot and huge and pulsated in my hand as if they were alive. Well, they were, I guess.

Finally, though, his tanks ran dry, or almost dry. The last few times the eject was weaker, less full. I let three spurts collect in my mouth and swallowed, then pulled my head off his cock, gasping for breath and reeling from the sheer madness of it all. My belly felt warm, as if I'd just swallowed a gallon of hot tea. I let out a very unlady-like burp.

Star seemed to collapse a bit himself, as he unwound himself from me, and went over to the edge of the rug, lay down and started licking his cock as it retreated back into his sheath. I sat up, leaned my head back over the tub rail and looked at the white ceiling. Suddenly, without even touching myself, I had a huge, whole-body orgasm that started in my brain and radiated out into my nipples, my pussy, and my toes. I actually shook like I was being electrocuted, and I think I peed a little. I just sat there, breathing hard, my conscious brain turned off, zoned out. I rubbed my tummy, my legs sticking straight out from me, flat on the floor. After a few minutes, I realized the tiles were cold, and I shakily stood up, reached down to pet Star on the head, and put on my robe. I was still woozy. Oddly, I felt no guilt. What I'd done may have been wrong in the eyes of some, but I didn't see it that way. My dog was not mistreated. He needed sex, he was just doing what millions of generations of evolution had designed him to do. He sensed a female in heat, or aroused, anyway, and responded. It would have been far more abuse to have ignored him when every fiber of his being cried out for him to mate. We both enjoyed our time. There was no risk of pregnancy, no risk of STDs. He wouldn't brag to his buddies. Or would he? I had no idea if dogs could communicate like that. Certainly wouldn't have surprised me, after tonight. But had I been unfaithful to Ed? Not really. There was pretty much no chance that Star and I would run away and leave Ed to start another family. I still wanted Ed to come home and fuck my brains out a few times before he left again.

I went on the computer and started to search out some information on dog sex, and trust me, there's not much real truth out there. Not too many doctoral theses on it, you know? Turns out it's illegal most everywhere, but that's OK since I wasn't planning on sending out announcements. Also turns out there's quite a bit of woman-dog porn out there, most of it pretty bad. The Japanese seem to love it. As do the Brazilians, and eastern Europeans. I did find out that there ARE people who are quite into it, and there ARE resources to find out more. As long as the dog is clean, the health risks to either partner are low, since few bugs can be transmitted from species to species. I'm actually more at risk of picking up a nasty infection or virus from a stranger's sneeze in the elevator than I am from fucking my dog. Who knew?

I slept the sleep of the dead that night, with Star curled up on the bed next to me. He even snored. The next day was Saturday, and I just lazed around the house, waiting for Ed to get home. He was flying in in the morning and would be home by lunch time. I puttered around the house, but couldn't get last night's experience out of my mind. I spent a lot of time petting Star, and he just sat down next to me and let me scratch his ears. Of course, after a while his penis emerged, but I could not figure out why. I was fully clothed, and was not particularly sexually aroused myself. Last night I

could understand, I had a damp pussy that had just been worked over by my soapy fingers. But today was different, today I was fully dressed, with panties and a sundress and shoes and everything. Nothing was different, except....then it struck me. I knew how Star had become aroused again. I was on my period. It had started three days before, and I still had a bit of a flow, with a tampon in. So that was why, and how, Star had gotten all hot and bothered. Now I figured it out.

"Is that it, boy? Is that why you're so excited? Mommy gets her period and you smell her?" I asked the ever-insistent dog. Perhaps now that he'd experienced this strange, hairless bitch, he'd be expecting relief more often. I decided to test my theory. I took him back up to the bathroom with me, and sat with my back to the tub, just like I had last night. I pulled up my sundress, and moved my panties to one side. He instantly nosed into my crotch and gave me a lick. I pulled the tampon out, it was barely pink, so I flushed it, and sat back down. I couldn't resist. I knew it wouldn't take long for Star to get me off, so I pulled off my panties and spread my legs, and he dove right in. Damn, that dog sure loved eating pussy. His tongue went up and down my slit, rasped across my clit, and I was seeing stars in no time. I held his head by the ears and directed him to where it felt the best, but he was pretty much on his own and didn't take direction well. At one point, I leaned back and spread my lips apart, and I swear about three inches of his tongue went right up my cooch. Man did that feel good! I could feel the orgasm building in my toes and working its way up, and by the time it reached my forehead I was sweating and my legs were spasming. I peaked just as his rough tongue flashed across my clit, and I cried out and came, and then I took a deep breath, and I came again. I pinched my nipples and saw a sun explode behind my eyelids, and I drooled out over my own bottom lip as Star chewed on my lower ones.

I got into a frenzy, I couldn't help myself. I reached under him, and laid back, pulling his hindquarters over my face and letting him continue to work on my crotch. We were in a classic "69" position, and I hunched my hips up at him in a frenzy. I bent his lovely red cock down to my lips and started sucking on it, but it was awkward. His angle didn't lend itself to this, like a man's did. He yelped in pain as I tried to swallow him whole, and I realized that that position wouldn't do. I scrambled up from underneath of him, and decided to go for broke. I rested my elbows on the tub rail, spread my feet as wide as I could, braced against the tub step, and stuck my butt up in the air. I hoped he'd get the hint.

He did. I felt him jump up with his paws on my back, and felt the pain of a scratch from his claws. The bloody line almost ended it there, but it only made me hotter for some reason. His hips were thrusting at me at a hundred miles an hour, his cock bouncing off my butt, my pussy lips, and even my ass, but not getting anywhere. He was moving too fast, and didn't know what he was doing. I gasped and reached back underneath of me to try to get him and guide him in. I finally was able to make a guide with my hand and get his rapidly pummeling dick to approach the opening to my pussy. When I felt him start to tap against it I took the opportunity to push back and WHAM! all of sudden he was in me. I felt his hot, thin shaft spear up in to my guts, rubbing over my G-spot. My dog was fucking me. I could hardly breathe with the excitement, and I dipped my head down over the cool tile of the tub and simply let the dog hump away. The feeling was indescribable. A man could never jab as fast as this dog did, and even though his dick wasn't as big as some cocks I'd had, or especially Ed's, the rapid fire movement all up and down my channel was making me feel dick on every nerve ending. It rubbed against my G-spot and his balls smacked up against my clit and I started cumming like there was no tomorrow. I cried out with the pleasure as my lovely dog rammed into me over and over and over for several minutes. His claws were starting to scratch me all over, and I knew I'd have to figure out how to explain my scars to Ed at one point, but I just put that prospect out of my mind. Then I felt him start to cum.

Just like last night, the force and volume of Star's explosion pushed me over the edge again, as I actually felt the hot jets of his sperm splash against my womb in a useless search for a matching

egg. I groaned again as I felt him slow and almost stop moving, except for small jolts from his hips as he ejected huge gouts of sperm into me. I felt it start to leak out and drip down my thighs, and I closed my eyes and just crouched there, my dog's bitch, taking his cum deep into my pussy.

"Oh MY GOD!" I suddenly heard, and my heart nearly stopped as I realized that Ed had gotten home early and was witnessing his wife's bestial coupling. I cried out in shame and pain, and tried to push Star away but he was having none of it.

"Help, help me, honey, the dog is killing me, he's got me trapped!" I tried to yell. Star just kept filling me up with doggie cum.

"Don't move!" I heard Ed warn me, and I suddenly froze up, scared and not knowing what was going on. I hung my head in shame, thinking of my husband watching me get fucked by our dog and being repulsed, sickened. Suddenly, I felt him climb into the big tub over me, and crouch down in front of my head. I opened my eyes, only to come face to face with Ed's big, dripping cock, hard as a steel bar. I knew then that Ed was not only not repulsed, but turned on. I opened my mouth automatically, and I soon had one hard cock thrusting in and out of my face, and another one spritzing doggie cum all over my uterus. Their cum met in my tummy, somewhere, I guess, about four minutes later.

Ed grabbed my ears and basically fucked my face, as I opened my throat and welcomed his hard, human shaft. I closed my eyes and gave in to the sensations of the bestial penis lodged deep in my belly, and the familiar, masculine-scented cock of my husband. His cock slide easily over my tongue and poked at the top of my throat, over and over. When he spoke, my ears perked up and the one part of me that was still semi-aware listened anxiously.

"It's so fucking hot seeing that dog fuck you, babe. How long has this been going on. Does he fuck you every day? Is he good? Does Star's cock feel good in your pussy? You let him eat your pussy too? I bet YOU DO" he grunted, and on the 'YOU DO' he pushed his dick all the way in my throat until my nose hit his belly, and I felt it pulse over my tongue and shoot a weeks-worth stream of cum straight in to my stomach. I almost orgasmed at that thought, and his words. He pulled back a bit and his cock flexed again and I felt a stream of jizz shoot out and hit the back of my throat and I gulped it down gratefully. By now his cock head was lodged just inside my lips and he stood there, holding my head by my ears, letting his cum flow out and wash across my tongue. I loved it.

We stayed that way for a few minutes, both of us panting with exertion and lust, as the dog finished trying to impregnate me. Finally, Star yipped and pulled away and a gush of semen burbled out of my pussy and ran down my legs onto the carpet. Ed pulled away and I hung my head, gasping and heaving.

"Ed, baby..." I started, but he interrupted.

"Don't say anything. Relax." he said, sitting back down in the tub. His clothes were soaked, but I noticed he'd at least pulled his shoes off.

So I crouched there, half in and half out of the tub, my thighs up against the cool porcelain, my knees on the floor, and dog semen drooling out of my pussy while I recovered from my orgasm. I barely noticed as Ed got up, and gingerly stepped over me and out of the tub.

"Meet me in the bedroom when you're ready, hon." he whispered. In about five minutes, I'd recovered enough to shakily stand, and try to wipe off some of the semen trailing down my legs. I felt like I'd been run over by a truck, but a good truck. A cum truck. I wrapped a robe around me and walked out to the bedroom. Ed was sitting on the edge of the bed in just his shorts. He had a shit-eating grin on his face when I went out there. I went over, sat down next to him, and held his

hand.

“Welcome home, honey.” I tried to be light. “I..I’m sorry - “

“Hon, stop. Listen. I can’t blame you. I know you were lonely here. I know how it can get. When I came in downstairs, I heard you cry out. I thought you were hurt or something. So I ran upstairs here, and just broke in on you. I’m sorry, maybe I should have called.” He seemed genuinely apologetic. I looked in to his eyes.

“You must think I’m terrible.”

Long pause. “No. Hell, it’s my fault if anything. I’m on the road so much. I wish I could cut back but you know how it is at work - they pay me good money to be out with the customers.”

“It just kind of happened. He was nosing around and you know how...horny..he can be some times around me. Last night....” and I decided to just open up and tell Ed the whole story. I related last night’s tub adventures, and how I’d jerked him off and tasted his cum and then sucked on him, and while I did I held Ed’s cock and of course it got hard again. By the time I was done, he laid me back on the bed and began fucking me, I wrapped my legs around his ass and begged him to never stop fucking me. His cock slurped and slushed in the goop still inside me from Star and I think that turned Ed on even more. He kissed me and stuck his tongue in my mouth and I grabbed it with my teeth and he just continued to pummel me. I loved the feel of his dick in me, it was different than Star - longer, thicker. Star was so hectic and frantic I felt like he was overwhelming me, but Ed was just like a machine, pistoning in and out on a regular, rhythmic basis. I came once in just a few seconds and then settled in, pushing my hips up to meet his thrusts, grunting each time he bottomed out in me. Ed grabbed my breasts and squeezed them roughly, pinching and pulling my nipples until I cried out again. Finally he roared his own orgasm, holding my shoulders with his hands, forcing me down into the bed and spurting over and over into me. I shivered with ecstasy as I thought of his cum mixing with Star’s in my womb. The two males in my life, sharing me, loving me, pouring their essence into me. I held Ed tightly and cried in relief and happiness.

Ed collapsed over me and we both must have fallen asleep for a few moments. I woke up after a bit and disentangled us, going into the bathroom to cleanup. I was soaked with cum from my chin on down my chest, and of course my pussy was a swamp. Twenty minutes later, I was presentable, dressed in a pair of shorts and an old shirt tied off below my boobs, and I went downstairs to make Ed and myself some lunch. Star was panting at the back door, so let him out to run in the back yard. Ed came down himself, freshly showered and shaved, and we sat down to lunch. It was a bit awkward at first but when Ed opened up, I realized that I’d had nothing to fear.

“Honey, I can’t tell you how exciting it was to come home and find you coupled with the dog. That’s been one of my kinks for as long as I can remember, but of course I never dreaming of being able to tell you about it - I thought you’d think I was some kind of pervert or something.”

“Yeah, well, I never knew. Hell, up until last night, I never really thought about it. I mean, yes, I’d heard about it here and there, and heard the jokes and the stories. But I never knew anyone who claimed to do it, and certainly never had planned to do it myself. But then....”

“Star got his tongue in your snatch and you never looked back!” he laughed.

“Well, damn near, yeah!” I chuckled back. “You know how I love that, and damn, Ed, you’re really good at it. But fuck me, Star’s tongue is longer, and stronger and rougher. He hit places in my pussy with that thing of his that I didn’t even know I had!”

“That appears to be common in the stuff I’ve read and seen. Doggie licking is quite popular. But it must have taken a lot of nerve to suck him off! Wish I’d seen that!”


“I tasted his stuff, and it wasn’t really bad – a little watery, and kinda tart, almost metallic, like licking a penny or something, but not disgusting. If I hadn’t known it was doggy cum, or actually, pre-cum, I’d have just thought it was odd tasting water. And it was hotter than I thought it would be. Then I saw his cock, shooting out thin streams of it over and over, and something in me just snapped. I put my lips over the end and there it was!”

We talked about it for a while. Now that I knew that Ed was OK with me fucking the dog when he was away, I started to actually feel better about it. I mean, yeah, I was fucking outside of my species. But I certainly wasn’t the first woman to do so, and wouldn’t be the last. And since my research had indicated that no major physical harm could come of it, so long as we were careful, I wasn’t worried about that part of it. It was obvious that I could do far worse fucking someone of my own species who had some nasty bug, and the last thing I wanted to do was catch something, or god forbid, pass it on to Ed!

So anyway, that’s pretty much how it started. When Ed was home, I was perfectly faithful to him. (Until he asked to see a show, but that’s for later...) When Ed was out of town for extended periods, Star became my lover as well as my companion, protector and friend. We got pretty good at the mechanics of it. I realized his claws would always be problem, so we worked up some leather/fabric booties for his paws (all four of them!) so he could mount me without scratching the hell out of me. That might be hard to explain at the pool, you know? We found a big ottoman kind of thing that was the perfect height for me to lay over, and long enough to support most of my upper body, and wide enough for his front paws, so we used that most of the time. Doggy style isn’t called that for no reason, and that became the easiest way for us to couple when that was what I wanted. I could sometimes get him to mount me face to face like humans, but his movements became too frantic and frenzied for that, and he kept popping out of me. Oh, yeah – It wasn’t long during our next ‘experience’ before I got knotted. Damn did that ever hurt the first time. It’s one thing to have a cock like a Nathan’s Kosher Frank up your cooze, it’s something else entirely when it gets followed up there by a tennis ball. But once I got used to it, it wasn’t all that bad. Once it went in, and Star sprayed my uterus with doggy cum for about ten minutes, I was in heaven the whole time. He popped out after a while, and the cum just poured out of me.

Star, like most males, also liked getting blow jobs, but I think he really preferred fucking me. After all, that’s what evolution prepared him for, not spurting a half-pint of puppy juice down some bitch’s throat. When I didn’t feel like getting fucked, I would lay down with Star, and I’d open my legs and he would start licking me, and I would push one of his legs up out of the way and work his penis out of the sheath. Then when it was out and fully extended, I’d start sucking on it. I had to be very careful of my teeth, because a dog’s dick is much more sensitive to that kind of thing. I got pretty good as sucking without using my teeth. He’d start to spray that pre-cum, and I’d just lay there and suck it out of him and swallow it down for as long as he would give it to me. God, I swallowed gallons of the stuff. I learned to recognize when he was about to cum, and held the back of his cock so his knot wouldn’t knock my teeth out. I loved feeling him cum in my mouth. It is a totally different sensation from when a man ejaculates. A man will spurt once really heavy, or maybe twice, and then tail off for the next three or four little spurts. It’s over in ten or fifteen seconds, at the most.

On the other hand, dogs cum for HOURS! Well, maybe not hours. But sometimes it seems like that. Once they start actually ejaculating semen, it comes out in forceful streams, over and over. Each one is as strong as the first, until the very end. I can feel the spurt hit the roof of my mouth, and I swallow it in a quick gulp, and it’s guaranteed, almost every time, to make me orgasm along with him, once or twice. I guess that’s one of the definitions of a real slut – able to cum when her dog

shoots off in her mouth. Well, I don't care. Cumming is good. I gulp his wonderful doggy semen down over and over and I love it. It almost always had the same taste, tart but not sour, kind of aromatic, but not real strong. Its consistency is thicker than Ed's, but not by a lot. It's never really bad tasting, like some men I've had - smokers, drinkers, guys who eat a lot of spicy or peppery food - man, their shit is horrible. Compared to those guys, doggy cum is like almond milk. And it doesn't hurt the skin, either. Sometimes, I've lain there with a dog's spouting cock, and let it spray all over my face and tits like a fountain, and then rubbed it in. It gives me a special thrill to do that sometimes early in the morning, and then go out and do my daily things - meeting the girls for lunch, shopping, whatever. Wondering what the person across from me would think if they knew that the smart, successful, poised and elegant woman across from them had several big streams of doggy sperm drying on her face or upper chest. Wondering if any of them can smell it. Wondering if any of the women recognize it. So far, no takers... 

Time passed. Ed went up the corporate ladder, and if anything, he had to travel even more. Setting up branch offices, training new managers, consulting with partners, all that sort of stuff. Thank god for Star. That is, for almost a year. Then, while we had Star at the vet for one of his twice-yearly checkups, we got the bad news. He'd seemed disinterested recently, and wasn't eating as much as he used to. He seemed to have no energy. The vet said it was inoperable, and finally, just a few weeks later, Ed and I stood there with him on the table, I was bawling my eyes out, as the vet gave Star the final shot that let him sleep in peace forever. I was inconsolable.

For weeks I stumbled around in the house, crying at every bark I heard outside, or misting up at the dog food commercials on the TV. I never wanted to go through that again, I told myself, for the second time in my life. But deep down, I knew what I had to do. I had to get another doggy lover. Ed and I visited the shelter and the rescue missions, but many of the dogs there were not right. For one thing, many of them were neutered already. And while I support that idea fully, in most situations, it wasn't exactly what I was looking for. I didn't want a eunuch. I needed a dog with a cock and balls. Balls that would fuck me for hours on end when I needed them to.

Finally, Ed came through. From someone at his office, who knew someone else who lived next door to someone, we found our Brutus. He was just a puppy, barely six weeks old, and when we went to see him I fell in love all over again. Bounding up to me with his little pink tongue poking through his teeth, his huge puppy paws foretelling a growth that was almost scary, we took him home that night. I couldn't wait for him to mature. I taught him how to eat my pussy early on, and he loved licking my cooze from my clit to my asshole. Yeah, he loved licking my asshole. I'd never gotten into that with Star, bless his soul, but Brutus seemed to really love it. I could get down on my hands and knees in front of him and he'd put his big snout up there and just lick away until I thought my skin would peel off. I'd finger my clit and have the world's most amazing orgasms from getting my ass licked. Who knew?

When he was about seven months old, he started sniffing around me. I figured he was becoming sexually mature, and Ed and I realized that we'd have to show him what to do. One night, when I was just finishing my period and was still a bit 'fragrant', we fixed the booties on him (I almost lost it when I thought about the last time I'd had sex with Star, it was almost a year...) and I stripped down and we got the platform out. I let him sniff me for a while, and he started to whine and get jumpy. His big red cock poked out, and I realized that he was already nearly as long as Star was, and was already thicker. I'd have to adjust. It took a while, and there were several false starts, as I lay over the platform with my legs spread, trying to give him the most accessible target I could. Ed would help guide him up over me, and Brutus's hips would start going a hundred miles an hour, but he kept missing the target. He'd spray all over my butt and down my legs, and then jump off and run around, and we'd have to grab him and start all over again. It was almost comical.

Then once, he jabbed and his cock found a new home. I about went through the roof at first, but then he settled down when that portion of his little doggy brain notified him that he was in a live pussy (even if it wasn't a canine one...) and started to thrust. Brutus was born for it, I'll say that. Ed sat back and watched our dog fuck the daylights out of me. It was fantastic. He came after about five minutes of it, but he was young so there wasn't a lot of semen. But lord almighty, he was ready again in ten minutes. That was one thing about Star, once or twice in a day was all he was really designed for. Fucking Brutus can go ten times, easy. Of course, that damn near kills me, so we don't go there often.

So Brutus learned how to fuck his mistress. About a week after we taught him to fuck, I decided to see if he liked getting his cock sucked. Oddly, he doesn't. I don't know if he's more sensitive or what, but for some reason, when I suck him, he doesn't move, he just sort of lays there and lets me suck on him, but he rarely cums. After ten minutes or so, he'll start to whine, and I let him go, and he pads off to the corner, and then the dumb guy licks his own cock. Doesn't he know he's got a perfectly good mistress willing and able to do it for him?

Within a few months, we were fucking regularly when Ed was out of town. And, like I said earlier, Ed loves to watch me with him, so usually, when Ed is home, getting fucked by Brutus is a prelude to regular sex with Ed. Brutus mounts me, fucks the hell out of me, splashes a bunch of doggy cum in my womb, and then Ed takes me face to face, his dick sloshing around in the half-cup of cum in me. I love it. There's something about knowing your man is dipping his wick in the juice left behind by, not another man, but a DOG lover.

Sometimes, I'm so wet and soaked down there that Ed decides to leave me on the platform, and he gets his dick nice and wet in doggy cum, and then shoves it up my ass. Now THAT really sets me off, knowing that my husband's cock is being lubed by doggy cum as it plows my back forty. He holds my shoulders and pounds away in my shit chute for as long as he can, but my ass and pussy are pretty talented, and when I want him to cum, I make him cum. Then I lay there, sweaty, breathing hard, completely exhausted, having cum myself a half dozen times, and dripping semen from both holes.

Other times, I'll suck Ed off while Brutus is fucking me, but that's a bit hard, because the dog is really pounding the shit out of me, and I not only can't concentrate on sucking Ed, but I'm afraid I'll bite him or worse. The first time we tried it, I skinned Ed's cock with my teeth accidentally, and he pulled out and jerked off in my face instead. Made me feel like the world's biggest slut, which I LOVED! Imagine, getting royally fucked by a big dog cock, and having your husband jerk off in your face while you do it. It doesn't get any better than that.

Brutus matured within the year. He really loved fucking me, there were times when he'd pad up to me while I sat on the sofa and lounged, reading or watching TV, and his big red cock would be hanging out and he'd growl really low in his throat at me, as if to say, "Hey, bitch, I need a fuck. Let's go!" but in all honesty, you can't possibly be ready to fuck a dog at the drop of a hat. Sometimes, you're just not in the mood. Now, granted, I get in the mood pretty damn easy, but even so.... I'd have been willing to suck him off, because that wasn't quite so involved a project, but Brutus usually wanted pussy, plain and simple. Then, one time I "gave in" to him, Ed was out in the garage messing with something, and I was watching TV in the living room. Brutus came up to me, and growled like he did when he wanted attention. I was getting bored with the TV program, so I decided to let Brutus let off some steam. I stood and pulled my dress up over my head, turned and knelt on the floor nude, putting my head and shoulders on the sofa cushion.

"Here boy! C'mon boy, mount up!" That was our cue to Brutus that he should mount me and let me guide his cock into my pussy. He put his paws on either side of my head, I reached behind me and started to feel for his cock so I could position it. But, for whatever reason, Brutus was a little ahead

of me, and I didn't get back there in time. And his aim was off, by just a bit.

Nothing quite prepares you for the shock of about nine inches of hard, wet dog cock going up your ass in one big thrust. I went "OOOF!" into the sofa, came up off my knees, and saw stars with the pain. I cried out, as much in surprise as in discomfort, hoping Ed would hear me, but as the dog started thrusting away in my butt, I heard Ed's car pull out of the driveway, as he headed off somewhere for a bolt or a nail or something. I cursed him royally.

So now I was being ass-fucked by my dog. I couldn't do much except crouch there and take it, and hope that Brutus would either finish quickly, or realize that he'd gone down the wrong path and try again. But then, I thought, I don't want a dog cock, or any other cock, for that matter, up my pussy after it's been in my ass. Even I know that's not very hygienic. He started hitting spots in my colon that Ed had never hit, obviously, and as I tried to relax and get into it, my ass opened up a bit and the pain went away after about thirty seconds. I prayed that no neighbors would ring the doorbell. Brutus pounded away at me, drooling and slobbering on my back and neck, but he obviously didn't care that he was in the wrong spot. He jabbed away, pulling back and forth each time, suctioning my guts back and forth. At times it felt like he was re-arranging my internal organs. Almost without realizing it, my hand wandered down to my clit and I decided to help matters along by scratching the hell out of it. So I pounded my pussy while Brutus pounded my ass.

When he came, it felt like the world's strongest Fleet enema. He squirted over and over in me, pushing his knot up against my asshole, luckily not trying overly hard to get it in. That would have killed me, I'm sure. I enjoyed a full-body orgasm at that one, my brain exploding with the decadence of it all. I shuddered through two more sizzlers before Brutus finally emptied his balls, for the time being. He pulled out of me with an embarrassing 'splotch' and I immediately dripped doggy cum and who knows what else all over the floor. I had to stay there for a minute, catching my breath after the near-rape, while Brutus just flopped down behind the sofa and cleaned himself off. I guess he didn't mind the aftertaste of my ass. I tried to clench up back there and waddle in to the kitchen as quickly as I could to get a towel or something to clean up. The living room smelled awful, by the way. PS: a good enema or two before any doggy sessions where anal might be an option, is a good thing.

I cleaned up and went upstairs to take a nice hot shower and clean up a little. When Ed got home I related the tale to him, which, like any man, he thought was hilarious. I told him next time HE could crouch there and take Brutus up HIS ass and see how he liked it. But, after remembering the session, I knew it would be an option which I would entertain in the future. The feeling of his hot jizz blowing up into my colon was absolutely indescribable. Ladies, if you haven't tried it, I recommend at least an experiment. You may thank me later.

So, for the next few months, Brutus and I had a lovely relationship whenever Ed was out of town for his extended trips. Mind you, I wasn't fucking my dog ten times a day or anything like that. At the most, three, maybe four times a week. It made me feel good to be bonding with another living thing, even if it couldn't cuddle afterwards or massage my feet. But the sex, the pure, raw, animal sex, was incredible. Fucking a non-human really sends your psyche on a trip, and the sub- or un-conscious thoughts never failed to send me into the stratosphere.

When Brutus was about 18 months old, fully mature and a beautiful animal, well trained, friendly, and EXTREMELY solicitous towards his mistress, Ed came home with a question. It seems a co-worker at his office knew we had a large dog for a pet, and his neighbor was needing to get rid of a dog due to some family circumstances. No one wanted the poor dog to end up at the pound, and they knew how hard it was for a large adult dog to be adopted into a new family. Yeah, those little Shitzus and Cockers and such get snapped up right away. Families willing to take on a 110 pound bruiser are a little rare.

So anyway, Ed asked if I'd like to take a ride and meet this pup, and see if we clicked. I thought for a second, and agreed. Why not, I figured. If one was good, two was better, right? Ed wouldn't tell me much about the dog, I don't know if he just didn't know or was purposely screwing with me. All he said was that I'd be impressed. Yeah. Right.

That weekend we rode over to the address of the family with the dog they couldn't care for anymore. It was a large, nice house in the country, with a big fenced yard in the back and a well manicured garden and lawn in front. A new Caddy and a Lexus were in the driveway, and I could see ATVs and other toys in the garage. Two kids around ten or twelve were playing out in the front yard. We parked, and walked up to the front door, and rang the bell.

Tom, the neighbor of the co-worker of Ed's, came to the door and ushered us in after the usual greetings. He seemed nice, and genuinely sorry to be in the position he was. His wife came down the steps with a load of laundry as we talked.

"I really appreciated you guys coming over here. Larry (that was Ed's coworker) said that you have a big dog already, and know the problems with them. I mean, no, there's no problem with them, but well, you know, they're not like a small dog. Edie is pregnant with our third, and Hector is just, well, too rambunctious to be around a small baby. We're afraid he might accidentally hurt him, if you know what I mean...."

It was clear Tom was nervous about it, and I tried to calm him down.

"I know exactly what you mean. Our Brutus is like a bull in a china shop sometimes. His tail can be a deadly weapon with things on the coffee table, and lord, when he smells food on the table he wants, watch out!" I laughed, trying to put him at ease.

"Hector has been perfectly fine with the kids, but they're bigger, and I just am too afraid of what might happen..." Edie chimed in. I nodded to her. She was cute, in an upper-middle class blonde sort of way.

"So, would you like to meet him?" Tom asked. We said 'Sure', and he led the way through the house out into the back yard. I looked around for a second, puzzled, and then was startled when what I thought was a small horse came bounding around the corner. This was a BIG fucking dog! Black as the ace of spades, with a coat that shined in the light, Hector was a Great Dane. And I mean GREAT. His head came up to my chest while just standing there. He was about three feet from neck to tailbone, and had a regal bearing. He padded up to Tom and sat directly in front of him. No growling, no barking, no nasty behavior. He just sat right in front of his master and looked at us with interest.

"Well folks, meet Hector. He's two, almost three years old. He's up to date on all his shots, just had a vet checkout about two months ago. He's chipped in case he gets lost or stolen, too. He's friendly towards humans he doesn't see as a threat, and seems to tolerate other dogs. He's never gotten in a dog fight. Great Danes are usually pretty even tempered, they're not like smaller dogs that have to establish pecking order or pack mentality. They know they're a top dog, I guess." Tom explained.

"Has he been, um, neutered?" I asked tentatively.

"Well, as a matter of fact, no. We had some thoughts of breeding him when we first got him, because his sire and dam are purebred, and one brother is a champion somewhere back East on Long Island or something, I think." Tom answered. "Hope that's not a problem?"

I hesitated. Nope, not at all! I thought to myself. Not at fucking all.

“No, not really. Just wondered.”

Edie touched my arm and pulled me away a few feet. “Hector is usually well behaved, but you have to be...careful with him around that time, you know? Your period...it seems to excite him. It can be kinda embarrassing when he comes padding around with, well, his rather large equipment poking out. I’ve had to explain to the kids sometimes and let me tell you, THAT is a bit awkward.”

I nodded in understanding. Brutus, and of course, Star, were the same way.

I knelt down and scratched Hector behind the ears, and talked to him in a low voice. He looked right at me with these huge black eyes as if to size me up. The only odd thing I remember from this first time meeting my third doggy lover, was how fine his eyelashes were. They stood up from his eyes like something out of a Maybelline commercial. After a few seconds, his tongue lolled out and he wagged his tail, and seemed to say, “Yeah, you’ll do.”

Tom, Edie, Ed and I talked about this and that for a few minutes, letting Hector get to know us and our scents. He walked around the chairs we were sitting in, sizing us up. I couldn’t get over how huge he was. He’s a good six inches or more taller than Brutus, and probably outweighs him by twenty pounds. But he seemed in good shape, his claws were professionally trimmed, he didn’t “click click” on the tile like some dogs do who’s claws aren’t trimmed correctly, and his coat was gorgeous. Coal black, like I said, with a shimmer to it in certain light that looked almost blue.

In the end, of course, we told Tom and Edie that we’d be delighted and honored to be Hector’s new family, and would care for him as well as they had. They seemed genuinely pleased that Hector had found a good family, and did not have to trust to an adoption service, or worse.

We collected his bowl (more like a damn soup tureen, I thought), and various collars, leashes, toys, and other stuff. The kids came in to say their goodbyes, and they seemed pretty sad, but I said they could come over and see Hector any time they wanted to. I knew they might come by two or three times, but after that, they’d be fine, and they’d transfer their childish affections to the new baby or some other object.


On the way home, Hector poked his big old head out the back window of our SUV and scared the hell out of half the people we stopped next to in traffic. He barked once or twice, at a black person, no less, which embarrassed me no end. But, he also SHUSSHED! when I told him to, which was helpful.

I was a little apprehensive about how he and Brutus might approach each other. I thought it was important that they meet on neutral ground, so Ed dropped me and Hector at the park, and then went home to get Brutus and bring him. I held Hector on the leash, at my side, when Ed pulled up about twenty minutes later. Brutus bounded out of the car, almost pulling Ed over with the leash, but Ed got him under control, and they walked slowly towards us. Hector growled low in his throat, but it didn’t sound like a fierce growl, just a “Hey, I’m here, and I’m with her” growl.

Ed walked Brutus up slowly to Hector. One good thing, I thought, was that his tail was wagging slowly. Brutus walked up to Hector, sniffed, and they touched noses. It was dead silent for a few seconds while they communicated, doggy-style. Lord knows what they were thinking. Maybe they have some kind of extra-sensory perception that us humans have no clue about. I was on tenterhooks, ready to jump for my life if they started fighting but, thankfully, they didn’t. They each sniffed each other from nose to tail, and then Brutus went down on his front paws like he wanted to play and went “rowlf” at his new buddy, and Hector’s tail went from side to side. I released him and the two of them went high-tailing it down the path like they’d been buddies since birth.

Fast forwards about two weeks. Hec and Bru seemed to get along fine, they liked to play together like big puppies, but mostly just accepted the fact that they both were in a two-dog pack now and that was it. I made sure to pay each of them equal attention, in fact I was a little more friendly to Brutus just to make sure he didn't think he was being supplanted. I even let him fuck me a couple of times when Ed was home.

Ed had to leave on a three-week tour around the East Coast, and also up into Canada. I waved goodbye from the front door with my two boys sitting silently at my feet, Brutus on the left and Hec on the right. I scratched them idly behind the ears with both hands.

"Well, boys, we're all alone for a couple of weeks now. Who's gonna fuck mommy first?" I laughed at my own brazen idea. I had work to do. I spent two days cleaning around the house, taking care of some business errands I had to run, and in general just doing what I always did. Despite what it may seem like, I wasn't fucking my dogs 24x7. But you're not reading this to hear about my pedestrian home life, or my work day or any of that boring stuff, you horn dog. 

On a Wednesday night, I decided to take a nice, long hot bath. So I set up the candles and the bubble bath and bath oil and all that girly stuff, and after the tub filled, settled in for a nice soak. I just lay there for about ten minutes, covered in bubbles, letting the pressures of the day get washed away. Of course, after a few minutes I needed to play with myself, so I spread my legs on either side of the tub edges and started to tease my horny clit. I rubbed across it and then up and down, just like I like it, and tweaked a nipple with my free hand. The soap and bath oil made my skin super slippery, and it didn't take long for the warm water and ambiance to set off my first little mini climax. It was a nice one, but it was only a foothill in my quest for the Himalayas, if you know what I mean. I grabbed a razor and decided to shave as much of me as I could reach, so I did my legs, and my pits and my crotch. I'd cultivated a tiny landing strip above my lips for a few months, but decided to go completely bare again for a while. In a few minutes, I was pretty much hairless below my neck. Actually, below my eyebrows, for that matter. LOL

Brutus and Hector were snoring, Bru out in hallway on the cool wood floor, and Hec in the big bathroom with me, on the tile. I lay in the tub for a few more minutes, even going so far as to drain some of the water and re-fill with hot again, since it had cooled off in the time I was submerging myself. I rubbed myself clean, and finally drained the water out, and stood to shower the bubbles and soap off of me. I grabbed a robe and walked into the bedroom, with Hector right behind me. Brutus stirred for a moment but stayed sacked out in the hallway. I decided to see just how usable Hector would be as a lover. I took off my robe and set it on the floor next to the bed, and sat down on it, with my legs spread out on the floor.

"Here Hec, here boy..." I cooed, coaxing the big dog over to me. I diddled myself a little bit to pump out some pheromones and see if they had any effect on him. I saw him sniff the air and his big pointy ears perked up. I had to kind of grab his head and lead him to the treasure I wanted him to find between my legs. He got the hint pretty quickly. His big pink tongue came out and he swiped it across my pussy lips and it felt really good! His tongue was even bigger and stronger than Brutus's. I pulled my lips apart and let him go to town, and pretty soon he had me trembling like a leaf. He poked, he prodded, he slurped and slipped and twisted and teased, and when his tongue rolled across my clitoral hood and I felt his hot breath on my twat I exploded, holding his head by the ears and quaking. I almost broke down in sobs, it felt so damn good. He just kept going, and tried to lick my ovaries with his big pink slobberer. He couldn't really get it in too far, but I gave him an A for effort. He seemed perfectly content to lick away on my snatch for as long as I let him, and after I shivered through two more climaxes, I had to push his head away for a moment to catch my breath. I was sweating and my juices were pooling on the robe beneath me.

'Hell, I'll have to take another shower by the time I was done here', I thought.

I looked under his powerful haunches. Damn. His cock was out of its furry sheath already, and looked like it would take the wrinkles out of any girl's pussy. It was long, at least eight or nine inches, and about three inches thick, with a beautiful sculpted head that had touches of white mixed in with the red and black. It shone in the bright light. I decided to see what Hec would think of a blowjob, so I wriggled my way underneath him. I held myself up with one hand while I touched his cock with my other. It was hot, and it pulsed with his heartbeat. He didn't seem super sensitive or anything, so I slowly, and softly, ran my fingers up and down his shaft. Now that I was looking at it close up, I marveled at it. There was a heady aroma emanating from it, rich and deep and dark. The skin was a mottled red and black and white, and there were large veins apparent just below the surface. It hardened and lengthened in my hands, until it was probably nine inches long from the sheath, and at least two inches across. My fingers touched when I grasped it lightly. The tip was a beautiful shade of crimson, with a visible urethral opening that weeped fluid, and as I watched, a light stream of pre-cum bubbled out, and then was followed by a long stream that struck me across the forehead. I flinched but then realized what it was. Hector started squirting out his lubrication stream, and I let it play all over my flushed and feverish features, giving myself a pre-cum facial. Once my face was dripping with the exciting fluid, I opened my mouth and directed the canine shooter towards my tongue. Oh, the flavor of this marvelous liquid. It was tart, lemony, very acidic in feel and taste. But wonderful. There was no hint of anything but primal male sexual power. I let Hector shoot in my mouth over and over, until I had to swallow and acknowledge his canine power with my submission.

Then I could resist no longer. I slipped my lips over the large, turgid head and began sucking, sucking my dog, my lover. I let my wet lips slide down several inches, and then back up, and then back down again, trying to let more and more of his powerful shaft invade my mouth at each turn. Finally I felt the tip tickle the top of my throat, and I pulled off for a second. I swallowed, and steeled myself, calming the big dog with my hand along his flank. Then I moved forwards, and let his hard cock slide once more into my welcoming mouth and lips. Down, down, I went, further than I had with Brutus, further even than with Star those months ago. I swallowed, roughly when I felt his tip reach the back of my mouth, and then I felt the tip bend over my tongue and slide to the top of my throat. My lips nestled against soft fur, and I realized that I'd taken his entire shaft. My heart thrilled. The trouble was, it was an awkward position, with my head tilted almost sideways. I pushed back and forth a few times to get Hector used to the feeling, and then realized I'd have to adjust somehow. I decided to try a different position.

I leaned back up against the bed, but my head was not high enough. I quickly got up and grabbed some pillows, and sat on them. This put my neck just below the top of the mattress, and I could tilt my head back. I snapped my fingers for Hector to jump up, and he immediately followed my lead. His huge front paws went up on the bed, above and beyond my head. His rear legs skittered up my torso, and I was mesmerized by the sight of his marvelous, powerful, beautiful penis right in front of my face. I opened my mouth and guided the big dog in, and began what was to become a treasured ritual for me.

Hector, as I was to find, loved getting blown. He never got overly excited and that was good, for he could have done damage had he really started pummeling me. I let the tip of his cock slide over my tongue, lubricating its passage with his constant streams of pre-cum and lubrication. Once again, I was able to deep throat the entire raw shaft, over and over again, and each time he bottomed out, I swallowed to massage the canine muscle.

Hector must have fucked my face for at least five or so minutes that first time, and then I heard a low rumble in his chest and his haunches speeded up a bit, so I pulled back to make room, and just as the end of his cock came back up out of my throat, he exploded a huge jet of dog semen that almost choked me. I felt his knot behind my fingers, so I held there and let him empty himself into

my stomach. Over and over this marvelous, strong dog ejaculated, huge quantities of semen washing over my tongue and being swallowed down into my welcoming belly. It was hot, very hot, and thick, thicker than Brutus or Star or any man I'd ever swallowed. Like heavy buttermilk. It had a much stronger taste than I expected, completely unrelated to any "normal" food. I can't tell you it tasted like bleach or sea water or clam juice or any of the other flavors that some people claim cum tastes like. No, it had a completely indescribable taste and aroma. The aroma permeated my senses, coming up into my nose and making my eyes water. And the force of the jets was amazing, rifling into the back of my mouth like they were shot from a cannon. And I could HEAR them hitting the back of my throat. "JZZZZZZT...JZZZZZZT...JZZZZZZZZZZT...JZZZZZZZZZZT" over and over. Excess sperm started leaking from my lips and dripping on to the tops of my boobs.

Finally, he slowed, and the force lessened. I swallowed roughly, the cloying gluey semen almost clogging my throat. I cleared my throat a few times, and Hector pulled away, his testicles empty, his lust slaked for now, and his mistress with a bellyful of puppy juice.

He came down off the bed and gave my face a big lick with his hot tongue. I guess that's about the most I'm gonna get from a dog in terms of post-blow job gratitude. Nature didn't intend for them to get romantic. Their job, when they encounter a bitch in heat, was to mount, fuck, cum, and then move away, perhaps to make room for the next stud.

I just lay there dumbly for the longest time, tasting the remnants of my dog's ejaculation slowly get watered down by my saliva, and my mouth gradually returned to normal. My fingers captured my clit again, and as I lay there, I lazily twirled around, having a five-minute mini-orgasm that wasn't an explosion so much as it was a brightly burning flame from a torch.

You could have set off a bomb in my bedroom and I wouldn't have been able to move.

But the best was yet to come.....

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## **Part Two - The Show Must Go On?**

The next morning, I woke with the oddest aftertaste in my mouth, and realized that my bellyful of canine semen the night before must have had a strange reaction in my stomach. It wasn't unpleasant, just different. The first cup of coffee washed it away, and I felt fine. I did some housework, some work work (I worked from home back then, and had the flexibility to pretty much work as much or as little as I wanted). It was a nice day, so I decided after lunch to go out in the backyard and get some sun. I put on the smallest bikini I could find, a bunch of sunscreen, and took a tall gin & tonic and a trashy novel out to the back yard, and just chilled for about an hour. Hector came out and lay down beside me at one point, and about ten minutes later Brutus came sniffing around too. I rubbed them both behind the ears when they came up to get some attention. Hector licked my chin, and I think he got a dribble of gin & tonic because he made a funny face.

The G & T made me sleepy after a while, so I laid the book down and set the chaise back almost flat. I decided to be daring, and took off my top. There was no one to see into our back yard anyway, so unless some crazy hang-glider came overhead, I was safe from prying eyes. I pulled my hat down over my eyes and just relaxed. The hot sun felt really good on my body, and there was just the slightest breeze blowing. The honeysuckle down one side of our yard were blooming and the aroma was just marvelous. A couple of minutes later, I was about 80% asleep, I suppose, and I suddenly felt a wet tongue swipe across my left tit. I jumped in the surprise and shrieked a little, but it was just Brutus. I guess my boob was a little sweaty, and he wanted a lick of it. I settled back down and let

him lick all over my front, scooping up the salty sweat from my body. I shivered, it felt pretty good. Of course, once he got down near my belly, he started nosing into my crotch, so I looked around guiltily, and then moved my bikini bottom out of the way a little so he could lick my lips and clit. Man, did that feel nice. I said to myself, 'fuck it', and wriggled my bottoms off, and then just lay back and let Brutus go to work. I must have been pretty tasty, because he spent a good couple of minutes swiping all my sweat off. My sexual heat rose and rose but I didn't have an orgasm, just that really good feeling you get when you're aroused but not yet climaxing. Then Hector had to come over to see what all the noise was about, and he started licking my leg. Ok, now I had two dogs tonguing me for all they were worth, and in about two minutes I was going to have a huge orgasm if I didn't do something quick.

I decided not to do anything quick. I just surrendered to the marvelous feeling, and let Brutus lick me to a wonderful cum. I shuddered in release, and may have even squirted a bit of pee, but you know how dogs are - they don't get squeamish. He kept licking me. I spread my legs, putting my feet flat on the patio besides me, and scooted down on the chaise so that he could get full access to me. It was very hedonistic feeling, laying out there, naked in the hot sun, sweating, having two marvelous males attending to my every need, more or less. Now if I could have trained one of them to make gin and tonics, I'd have been set for life, LOL. Brutus's tongue washed up and down my crotch, its rough texture sending little tingly shivers up and down my spine. I reached down and spread my outer lips apart, to give him easier access to my clit and the entrance to my vagina. God, that dog could eat pussy! I shuddered through two or three very nice orgasms, and each time I did, I lubed up even more and Brutus went in there and tongued it all away. Marvelous.

Of course, then he got all horn-dog on me, I saw his cock start to poke out of the sheath. and he was whining and trying to maneuver around and put it in me, but laying on the chaise lounge wasn't exactly the right kind of position for him. Plus, it was rocking all over the place with him pushing at me. So I got up and walked over to a shady spot near a corner of the patio, knelt down on all fours, and called softly to him. He jumped up and mounted me almost immediately, and I screeched and yowled in pain, since I'd completely forgotten about his claws. He was pumping away at me, trying to find my pussy, and I was squirming around underneath him trying to get his claws out of my rib cage. It was hurting like hell. I finally had to stand up and shoo him away from me temporarily. He growled but I didn't care, I was in pain! I went inside and shut the sliding glass door on the guys, keeping them outside. I needed a minute to collect myself. In the past, our matings had always been 'planned' ahead of time, in that I was able to get the booties that we had on him. I realized we'd have to make sure the ones we had also fit Hector. His paws were a little bigger than Brutus's.

I went up to the bedroom to get the booties for Brutus, and went into the bathroom to check out my back in the mirror. It wasn't too bad - I had a couple of scratches up towards the top of my ribcage on my back, and one or two on my upper thighs from his back legs, but they weren't bleeding - just red. I put some Solarcaine on them which, dummy me, burned like hell for a few minutes but then that went away too. I brushed my hair and peed, and then thought to myself, "Jeeze, you're acting like you're about to go out on a date, old gal!" I had to silently giggle. Here I was, stark naked, wiping some goo on my hips and back from dog scratches, and I'm primping in the mirror, before I go back outside and fuck a dog. Or two.

I splashed some cool water on my face, and was just about to head back downstairs and outside, when I felt that pang in my belly that all we women know - I was going to start my period in a day or so. I absent-mindedly grabbed a Tampax and headed down.

Once outside again, I tried to calm the excited dogs. They were both running around yapping with their tongues hanging out. I sat in a chair and called Brutus over, rubbing his head and jaw like he likes, and trying to get him to sit so I could put the leather booties on. Once he saw and sniffed


them, he knew what they were for, so he put one big paw up in my lap and I put the booties on him. The rears were just as easy, luckily. Hector was walking around on edge, his big red dick hanging out of its sheath like a bloody sword. We hadn't tried to mate with him yet, so I was unsure of how to handle him.

I got Brutus all set, and then went back over to the shady spot on the lawn, and got down on my hands and knees again. Brutus knew the routine, so he jumped up and started pumping around at me. I reached down between my legs and made a tunnel for him to push through to get his cock in me the right way, and after a few misplaced jabs, he got seated. My vag was still pretty wet from my earlier fun, so I adjusted a bit here and there until he was settled in and moving. He was hitting all the right places, as usual. I let my head hang down and just concentrated on the feelings coming out of my crotch. He pumped away at me for about a minute, then I felt his knot hit my vulva and he pushed extra hard and WHAM it popped into me.

I'd been knotted before, with Star, but this was the first time Brutus had been able to do so - I usually tried to control things a little more with him, but I guess I was really slippery today. I saw stars again and nearly fainted. Damn it hurt. I tried to wriggle out of it but there was no way I was overpowering Bru now - he swung himself around, making me see stars again, and we ended up butt to butt while he hosed my innards. After about two minutes, I'm sweating like a pig and almost out of breath, and biting my tongue so I don't scream like a banshee. He finally finished cumming, and pulled away from me with a squelch. I was down, my collarbone in the grass, my ass high in the air. The cool breeze blew across my wet crotch and all I could do was try to catch my breath. Suddenly I felt an elephant step on my back.

Oh fuck - Hector was next. I wriggled my sore hips and tried to move away but it wasn't happening. He was jabbing at me like a maniac, and he kept jumping down and then back up again. Somehow, his paws were so big that they kept his claws from cutting me to ribbons but I wasn't even thinking about that. I reached down between my legs, and felt the semen from Brutus dripping out of me, and then I felt Hector's massive cock banging into my fingers. I tried to align it up with my opening and after a crazy couple of seconds, I actually got the tip of his dick into me, and when he felt that, Hector must have flipped a lid because he started to whine and pummel me like a madman, well, a mad dog. I groaned when he pushed his cock in between my raw lips down there, I have to tell you it didn't feel sexy at all - there was just too much pain.

He pumped away at me for about thirty seconds, and then he pulled out and walked away like nothing had ever happened. I couldn't even move, and honestly didn't even process the fact that he wasn't fucking the shit out of me at the moment. I was just about to try to stand up and run like hell back into the house, when I heard him growl at me. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Hector loped back over to me and jumped on my back again and started humping. I couldn't do anything but try to get him back in me and get him to cum.

This time, as he started humping in to me, I squeezed my Keg's and did what I could to try to make him climax, the usual tricks I'd learned in my years of fucking. I think he liked that because he didn't pull out again, but just kept pummeling away. I knew that I'd probably not survive if this monster got me knotted, so I put my head down on the ground and reached back and covered my vaginal opening with my hand and fingers as best as I could while he moved in and out, trying to make sure that when he did climax, I kept his knot out of me. Finally I felt him start to shiver and shake and I felt his bulge smack into my fingers over and over. I stayed stock still and let him empty himself into me for what seemed like the longest time, but was in reality only thirty or forty seconds. When he stopped spurting, he pulled out suddenly, and ran off to the corner, laying down and licking his slowly retreating cock like nothing at all had happened. Males . . . sheesh. 

I look back on it now and it's almost funny, but at that moment, it was scary and painful and not really fun at all. I collapsed down flat on my tummy and almost started to cry. But I am, at the core, a tough old gal, and once I calmed down a little bit, and realized that it was over, I breathed a sigh of relief. My pussy hurt like hell, and it felt like I'd been pogo-sticking on a telephone pole, but other than that, I wasn't hurt. A couple of scratches, but I wasn't bleeding.

In fact, as I laid there getting my breath back, all I could think about, all I could picture in my mind, was the two huge loads of doggie cum currently percolating in my womb. I pictured those millions, or billions, of animal sperm swimming around in vain, searching for eggs to fertilize and make a litter of puppies. All they had was a hot, wet, human uterus to explore. I knew that there was a lot of semen up inside of me, because both dogs shot really forcefully, so there had to be a half-pint or so of it up past my cervix. I grinned at the thought of the egg floating around just a couple of inches away, maybe soaking in a big puddle of doggie cum. A warm feeling started to suffuse through me as I calmed down. I felt a certain pride, I guess you'd say. I rolled over onto my butt and slowly stood up on shaky legs. Dog semen trailed down the insides of both thighs. I walked gingerly over to the table on the patio and there it was - my tampon sitting there. As I so often do, I got an evil thought. I unwrapped the tampon, looked at it for a second or two, and then simply sat down, spread my legs, and inserted it. I plugged my pussy with a pint or so of dog semen in it. That made me smile.

An hour later, I was showered, cleaned off, and dressed in a cute sundress and some clogs. I decided to go without a bra, but did pull some panties on over my red and sore crotch. I brought the boys in, locked up all the doors, grabbed my purse and keys, and drove to the nearest fern bar. I needed a drink.

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Sitting there forty minutes later, fending off the somewhat clumsy pick up attempts by the various guys, I thought to myself how crazy it was. I had absolutely no motivation to let some random guy pick me up and try to seduce me. I was not interested in any of the human males around me. I loved my Ed and he was the only human male I had any sexual ardor for. I wondered what some of the people around me would think if they knew what was pooling up in my uterus, kept in check by the luckily, super-absorbent tampon in place.

I had a couple of expensive but watered down G&Ts and then decided to take a walk down the gentrified, trendy sidewalks of the neighborhood, feeling naughty and slightly buzzed. If you've never walked down a public street with a womb full of canine semen sloshing around in your insides, you can't possibly know how decadent and bizarre that felt. I loved it. Talk about having a secret!

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The rest of the week passed pretty much uneventfully. I got my period the next morning, and had worse cramps than usual. That made me feel pretty much non-sexual for a couple of days, so I did a bunch of work, and laid around the house in sweatpants and an old tee shirt of Ed's. Yeah, sorry to burst a bubble, but I wasn't a porno MILF, lounging around in a garter belt and stockings, waiting to fuck the UPS man or something. I did notice, later that week as I inspected my girlie parts while shaving, that I didn't seem to be torn or bloody anywhere, just a bit sore. That, I was thankful for. I'd never be able to figure out how to tell the Doc how I got that big-ass rip in my pussy.

I decided that it might be a good idea to try to 'train' the boys a little bit, so I wouldn't run the risk of getting dog-raped to death one day, just because I or they felt a little frisky. So I worked, every morning and afternoon for about two hours each, on getting them to respond to simple commands. Training a dog is really not much harder than training a guy, and in some ways it's easier! Ha Ha!

I had a couple of weeks before Ed came back from his business trips, so between me, a good book on dog training skills, and about forty pounds of Puperoni and Beggin' Strips, I got the boys to be pretty good at following my orders. First, we had to work on good old "sit" and "stay". I spent a long time getting them to listen and follow orders when I issued those commands, until I got them so good at it both of them would instantly hit their butt on the ground and stay put even if I waved a sirloin steak in front of their noses... Well, almost, anyway.

Then came the harder stuff. Staying fully clothed, I would lie over the ottoman in a "fuckable" pose, and we worked on "mount". It took several days of what turned out to be back-breaking work, but I got both Brutus and Hector pretty good at mounting up behind me, with their paws on either side of me (rather than ON, or IN me). It took me three solid days after that, but I trained them to stand motionless, without trying to get their cocks in me, until I gave the command. I could do little about their thrusting excitedly once they started, but even that I got them to tone down when I issued "slow!" Just call me Mrs Dog Whisperer.. lol

After we perfected those commands, I worked on "lie down", which they both got pretty quickly. They'd lie down on their bellies, front legs straight out in front and back legs tucked under, and stay there, regal and masculine looking, until I gave another command. After we got pretty good at all the usual commands, I decided I'd try something with Hector. After several afternoons of work, I got Hec to lie on his back with his paws in the air. Some dogs do this naturally, it shows submission, but with Hec, it wasn't submission he was showing. I wanted to try to get him to do this to make it easier to suck his beautiful doggy cock. One afternoon, I shut Bru outside in the yard, and Hec and I went upstairs, and I played with his penis. It really was beautiful. I sat on the floor next to him and he stood there with his tongue hanging out, and I massaged his sheath until his cock started extending out. I rubbed it, gently, and within just a few seconds, his entire cock was dangling out. I slowly and gently moved my hand back and forth over it. You don't jerk a dog off like you do a guy, they're just not made for that - the bare penis is much more 'raw' - after all, evolution didn't design dog cocks to be handled - just to be shoved up into a receptive pussy, bitch or otherwise.

I looked at his lovely penis. Like I wrote earlier, it was a beautiful shade of red, mostly, but a lot of dark black and white interwoven in it. The tip was angled, and had a cute little nubby projection. I held the base of his penis and angled it towards my face, and let him squirt his lube and pre-cum on me. I directed his squirts up over my eyebrows and along my forehead, and then down over my cheekbone, back and forth across my cheek, then down under my bottom lip and then back up again on the other side. I soaked myself. I fell in love with the way his juice sprayed out all over my face. It was hot and had the most earthy aroma. Once my face was dripping, I opened my mouth and squirted his juices in, swallowing the delicious liquid.

There is something so decadent, so over-the-top sexy and salacious about giving yourself a sperm facial with a dog's penis. When I felt Hec start to get anxious and jerky, I slowly put my mouth down over his penis, and sucked gently, being very careful not to nip him with my teeth. A guy can usually handle a slight nip, but I wasn't sure a dog would know what to make of it. So I just applied some suction. I have to say, I AM very good at that. Learned at an early age. Hector made the most gratifying whiney sound, deep in his belly, so I guess he really liked it too. Then I stopped and made him lie down, and I started to roll him over. At first, of course, he resisted - that wasn't what his brain told him to do. But gradually, I got him to realize that when he did, I put my mouth back down over his cock. I held one hand on his rib cage, and the other on his leg, to keep him steady, and once he realized that I would be sucking him when he did, he relaxed and let me go to work. I loved sucking on his cock. Dog cocks are very clean, you know, since they don't hang out and get all cruddy and sweaty all day long, plus they clean them a lot. I just closed my eyes and inhaled his wonderful aroma and let my lips and tongue show Hector how much I loved him. It was so much easier sucking him this way as well.

Twenty minutes later, and with a cupful or so of nice warm puppy juice in my stomach, we went back downstairs. I let Bru back in and made them both some dinner, and we spent the rest of the night watching TV. The next day, we went over all the commands once again, and I decided to try getting Bru to fuck me on command. I cleaned up, and put his booties on him, and lay on a towel over the ottoman. He sniffed around me and started to mount, but I stopped him, and made him sit. He did. He whined, just like any guy, but he sat. I made him sit, motionless, for twenty seconds or so, to show him who was boss. Then I issued the 'mount', and he did. He hopped up, put his paws on either side of me, and started to thrust back and forth jerkily. I quickly got his lovely cock in me and we fucked for several minutes. I had a couple of really nice orgasms, and finally he knotted in me, and I found that since the last time, I was able to accept him a little easier. It still hurt like hell, but it wasn't unbearable. I concentrated on relaxing as much as I possibly could with a 90 pound beast squirting semen half way to my lungs. I hung my head and breathed deeply and centered myself at my vaginal opening, like my yoga instructor had often recommended.

A few minutes later, he was done, and he pulled out quickly, which sent a sharp jolt of pain right up my spine, but I survived. He got down and I lay there for a while, recovering and letting things soak. That was almost my favorite time of all, after my guys had cum in me, and we were all relaxed, and I just lay there in post-orgasmic bliss, imagining the dozens of splashes of hot, wet doggie cum lining the insides of my pussy and womb. I know that his cock bounced right up against my cervix for much of his orgasm, so my uterus was always flooded.

After Ed got home at the end of his trip, I showed him what I'd been able to do with the dogs. He was suitably impressed, especially when he watched Brutus knot in me from about three inches away. While I was describing how we did things, Ed got all hot and bothered himself, of course, and he had to see. I changed out of my jeans and tee, and got Brutus set with the mittens, and I got down on my hands and knees. Ed stripped out of his own clothes while Brutus came up behind me, and I issued the "Mount!" command. The good doggie jumped right up, with his paws over my shoulders, and I reached back to guide him in. He slid home, and started thrusting at a really good pace. I dipped my head and just let the glorious feeling take me. Ed decided to get into the action himself, and lay down and wriggled under me, with his head at my crotch, and his throbbing cock right in front of my face. I'd missed his nice pink dick, and didn't waste much time gobbling it down. Ed, down below, was trying to lick my pussy but the banging from Brutus made this kind of hard to do. I took his cock out of my mouth long enough to gasp, "My clit..rub my clit..." and he took the direction nicely.

Now THAT was a really good feeling. My husband's thumb rubbing the hell out of my clit, my beautiful dog's cock slamming in and out of me at a hundred miles an hour, and a nice big juicy man dick right in front of my face. I shivered through a couple of nice cums, with Ed's cock halfway to my stomach. Not sure whether Ed or Brutus came first, but watching that big red dog cock blasting up into my dripping pussy from really close up set Ed off like Niagara Falls, and I had semen being squirted into me at both ends at the same time, a feeling I'll never tire of.

A half-hour or so later, we were snuggled up in front of the fireplace, comfortably fed, sipping some brandy. It was good to have my husband home again, after such a long absence. I leaned my head against his shoulder and kissed his skin.

"I love you, Ed. You know that, right?" I whispered.

"Yes, I do, sweetie, I do. I really love you too, and nothing will ever change that."

We snuggled closer.



"Hun?" he said, quietly.

"Umm?" I murmured back.

"I have a confession to make. Please don't be angry."

I sat up, suddenly. My heart started to sink. He'd had an affair on the road. The one thing I was deathly afraid of.

"What is it? Please don't hide anything from me. Is it another woman-" I started to say.

"NO! Oh, no, nothing like that, I swear, honey, I swear." he quickly answered. I relaxed a little bit. I believed him. I'd never known Ed to lie to me or try to fool around behind my back.

"Well, what is it then? C'mon, fess up." I answered.

"You know Charlie, the VP of Sales? My boss's boss?"

"I guess so. Didn't we meet him at the Christmas party last year?"

"Yeah - older guy, white hair. He's OK. Doesn't ride me like he does some of the other district sales guys. Well, we were in KC together about two weeks ago on the first part of my trip. We were at the bar at the hotel, and I guess we both got a little looped. You know how that can be..."

"Yeah." I answered quietly. I didn't know where this was going. I had a death grip on his wrist.

"Well, Charlie let slip that he, well, he had some kinky things he liked. He said he'd seen videos of women and dogs, you know, fucking. Like you do..." his voice trailed off.

I got a sudden chill.

"...Honey, it just slipped out. I'm sorry. I mentioned you-"

I froze. I wasn't sure whether I wanted to kill him, or myself. I couldn't speak.

"Honey, don't freak out. He...he was fine. Didn't make a big fuss or anything. I think he was flabbergasted more than anything else. He pressed me for details and I just said that we'd gotten a dog to keep you company on my long trips away and that you'd let the dog lick you sometimes. And he kept pressing. Asked if the dog had ever fucked you. It just slipped out, honey, believe me, I'm terribly sorry, please don't hate me, nothing will happen, he's cool, he's not gonna say anything, trust me. I know, I know he'll keep his mouth shut."

I was pissed. I was mortified, angry, pissed off and a whole range of other emotions.

"How do you know! How do you know he won't blab about Ed's freaky wife fucking dogs, all over the company? How do you know? How could you, Ed, how could you!" I was really angry.

"Honey, please calm down. Please." He looked at me all serious-like. I looked into his eyes.

Nothing was said for a long couple of seconds. There was more. I knew it. I KNEW it.

"What?" I said quietly.

"Ok. Here it is. Charlie pressed me over and over. To watch-"

I started to say something.

“No, wait, please hon. He was really, really into it. I kept refusing, over and over. Finally he offered me, well, us, a deal.”

“What?” I said, suspiciously.

“He offered me western Regional Manager.”

“What’s that mean?”

“It means about a \$150,000 raise, a company car, and a lot less travelling. I’d work at HQ. Sixteen miles down the road. I’d only have to travel about four times a year. You could quit working.”

That kinda silenced me. I didn’t really know what to say. Part of me was still outraged that Ed had betrayed me, but another part of me saw the money, the end of Ed’s long absences, and the way a financial benefit like that would help us. I could quit my job. We could get a nicer, bigger home with more privacy, maybe a vacation or two or three.

But I wasn’t about to cave that easy. I told Ed I’d think about it for a couple of days. And man, was he ever the doting husband for those few days – waiting on me hand and foot. Breakfast in bed, doing all the laundry and housework, massages, he treated me like a queen. One afternoon we were feeling randy and I made him eat my pussy for two full hours. Every time he made me cum, I just rested for a minute or two, caught my breath, and then pulled his face back into my crotch. It was swampy down there after a while, but I never came so much in one day in my life. Poor Ed. I made him go to bed with blue balls, nasty me. LOL

Finally, almost a week later, I told Ed over breakfast.

“Ok, here’s the deal. First, I want his offer to you IN WRITING, signed and dated. I don’t want him weaseling out of it or anything. And I want a five year, no-termination contract for you.” Ed nodded his head in agreement. “Secondly, he can watch, but NO TOUCHING. He’s not fucking me or anything like that. Got it?” I said sternly. Ed nodded again, with a quizzical look on his face. Later, he told me he’d never even considered that Charlie would want to fuck me or anything. And Charlie had never even mentioned it.

Ed took the offer to Charlie a few days later, and came home that night with a signed letter, on his company’s letterhead, with the details of the position, and all the other requirements. He said Charlie was fine with all the stuff, and only wanted to know when we could set up my ‘performance’.

About two weeks later, the fateful day arrived. Ed brought Charlie home for dinner, and we made small talk during the meal. I was a little unnerved at being in front of someone who knew our ‘secret’ but gradually, I just forgot about it completely. I must admit Charlie was a perfect gentleman. He was intelligent, polite, very charming in fact. I don’t know what I was expecting, perhaps some leering creep in a raincoat or something, but he was perfectly normal. After dinner, we sat on the sofa in front of the fireplace, with Brutus laying contentedly at my feet. Then Charlie sat up straight, and held his drink up, as if in toast.

“I must admit, Ed was nowhere near complete in describing your beauty. You are a stunning woman, Barbara.” he said, trying to butter me up. It was kinda working. “I know it was a shock to you, and I apologize for that, but let me assure you that I have the utmost discretion. I would never, ever betray your trust in me. However, that being said, I want you to know that I’m going out on a limb myself with Ed’s promotion and the salary promise, and also the five-year contract. You drive a hard

bargain.” he said, with just a tinge of something hard and mean in his voice. “In that regard, I would like to make sure that I’m getting my money’s worth here and now.” He looked at Ed, and then at me. “Stand up, and take your clothes off, Mrs. Thomas.” His tone was a bit shocking, but I found myself rising and going for the zipper on my skirt. I looked at Ed and he nodded at me.

I slid the zipper down on my skirt, and let it fall to my feet. Under Charlie’s direction, I removed my blouse and underwear, and soon enough, stood naked in front of two men for the first time in my life. I shivered in spite of the warmth coming out from the fireplace, but looking back, I had to admit I was slightly turned on. I never knew I had a submissive little streak in me.

“Now please do what you need to do to mate with your dog.” I got the booties out and put them on Brutus, and Ed moved the ottoman out to the center of room, and I lay across it. Brutus was already sniffing around at my bare crotch.

“Mount!”

Fifteen seconds later, I was being breathlessly fucked by a dog in front of my husband and a near-complete stranger, grunting in time with the animal’s deep thrusts into my quite wet pussy. Brutus seemed especially horny tonight, we hadn’t played in over a week and I guess he was keyed up too. His cock was squelching in and out of my dripping pussy like a battering ram, and all I could do was bow my head and get shoved into the ottoman over and over. My embarrassment triggered some kind of internal switch in my psyche, and in between grunts, I realized, much to my astonishment if not actual horror, that being fucked by a dog in front of another man was turning me on like mad. I had no idea I would ever turn out that way. No idea at all.

I let the feelings take over and just concentrated on my pussy, and had a big huge cum about a minute later. I felt my whole body flush red. Brutus’s cock was plumbing my depths like never before, and I wriggled my hips to make sure every square inch of my insides was pummeled by dog-cock. His hot breath blew over the top of my head, and his drool dripped onto the side of my face as I turned my head. I saw that Ed had his cock out and was jerking off to the sight, and I couldn’t blame him. I would have too.

I turned my head and was not surprised to see Charlie had his dick out and in his hand as well. His cock was smaller than Ed’s, which kind of made me happy inside for some reason. I groaned through another climax after a minute or so and noticed that Ed had moved closer to me, obviously with the intent of either cumming on me somewhere, or trying to get me to suck him. Part of my brain was shut off, just being rutted like an animal, and another part of me was oddly calm, thinking, ‘If I suck Ed, won’t Charlie want some too, or will he stick by his bargain?’ My thoughts were interrupted by Ed’s cock slipping between my lips, and I closed my eyes and surrendered.

Brutus’s cock was churning my guts into butter. Ed’s cock was dripping hot pre-cum across my tongue and down my throat. My ass was rotating about ninety miles an hour, and all four of us were panting and puffing like we were running a marathon. Ed started making long, slow thrusts back and forth in my mouth, letting me swallow his shaft nearly to the balls, and then pulling back until just the tip was behind my lips, and then slowly moving forwards again, over and over. I liked that, it was like being continuously fucked in the mouth, not so fast that you get overwhelmed, but just at a good pace so all you can feel is the hard cock going IN and then OUT of your mouth.

Suddenly Brutus yelped and pushed and his knot slipped in, and it felt like someone had shoved a grapefruit in me. Tears leaked from my eyes but it was a good pain. Brutus started squirting his semen into my always-receptive womb, and seeing this set Ed off, who pulled back and while I had a lip lock around the corona of his cock, he jerked the shaft and shot three or four good solid streams

of cum into the back of my mouth, which I gulped down quickly so as to not choke. Suddenly I felt drops of hot wetness hit my nose and cheeks, and I thought it was Brutus drooling on me but it was Charlie, who'd gotten so close to me that he could shoot cum onto my face. The idea that all of a sudden there were three males ejaculating sperm into me or onto me set me off a third time and I screamed around the cock in my mouth. I think it scared Ed, and he pulled back, popped out of my mouth and just added to the hot sperm spraying my face. I got a big drop in one eye and quickly blinked it shut but it was too late. STING!

I let my head drop. The human males pulled away, almost guiltily it seemed. I just lay there like a slug, feeling Brutus squirt steaming jets of dog semen deep into me, over and over and over. I have no idea how long it took. Might have been three minutes, might have been thirty. I was out of it, just having little shuddering orgasms one right after the other. My uterus was filling with semen. As my eyes closed and I pictured the tip of Brutus's cock spitting white cum into me, I came. And came. And came again.

Then suddenly it was over. Brutus stood behind me, panting, his cock slowly shrinking down. I hadn't even felt his knot pulling out of me. Semen started pouring down my inner thighs. It dripped off my face onto the ottoman. Charlie and Ed plopped down on the sofa like they'd just been in a marathon.

"Holy fuck." was all I could whisper as I panted for breath after a minute or so.

"Jeezus, honey..." Ed started but couldn't even finish his own sentence.

I looked up at them. "Yeah....I know....Fuck, where did THAT come from?" I giggled at them. I couldn't be mad. Yes, it had gone a little farther than I'd imagined but I couldn't blame them. Charlie spoke up.

"Mrs. Thomas, that was without a doubt the most amazing, most erotic, beautiful, sexy thing I've ever seen in my entire life. I must applaud you. And your pet. Simply fucking amazing."

I blushed, slowly standing up and wiping some of the cum off my face with my fingers.

"Well, thank you, I guess...whew, that was intense!" I took a quick gulp of wine to wash the cum taste down (not that I minded the cum, but I needed a drink of something alcoholic...) and gathered up my clothing. Excusing myself, I went to the powder room to clean up a little bit and try to make myself presentable. Looking at myself in the mirror, I was a sight. Hair matted up, lipstick smeared, cum from a strange man all over my cheeks and chin and drooling down my chest, an eye bloodshot from Ed's sperm, and a pint of doggie juice drooling down my thigh. I cleaned up as best I could, and washed my face off. I stepped into my skirt and was about to put on my blouse, but then thought, 'fuck it' and left it off. I like my tits, and at this stage of the game, had little to be modest about anymore.

After taking half a dozen deep breaths and composing myself a little bit, I went back out to the guys. They were deep in conversation but stopped guiltily like a couple of little boys when I got into the room. Charlie stood up and took my hands, and said, "Once again, Mrs Thomas, I wish to applaud you on an extremely intense performance, and convey my utmost satisfaction. In fact, I want YOU personally to have this - " and he took out his wallet and counted out ten 100-dollar bills. I was flabbergasted, to say the least.

"...I...don't do this for money - " I started to say, but had no idea how to go on.

"Honey, you were magnificent, trust me." said Ed, standing himself and giving me a nice hug and a

long, tongue-y kiss. I felt his cock start to harden again against my leg.

I got us all drinks and we sat on the sofa and just kind of sat there. No one said a word for a while, we were all still high on the moment.

“Edward and I were just discussing something, Mrs. Thomas, er, may I call you Barbara?” Charlie spoke up finally.

“Well, I suppose, you’ve just watched me fuck my dog, and shot cum all over my face, so why not?” I giggled at him. I felt very comfortable all of a sudden, as if I had no secrets left to hide, nothing to be afraid of, and nothing to fear. They say that confession is good for the soul, I suppose that covers things like this too. I’ve never been to a nudist colony, but I suppose it’s sort of the same thing. Everything out in the open, no secrets, nothing to hide. Everyone comfortable with what they are. No pretense. It’s very freeing.

“Ah, thank you so much. As I was saying, Ed and I were just talking over some things and I wanted to bring them up for you to consider, and see how you feel.” He spoke authoritatively and seemed very earnest.

I nodded, and held hands with Ed. He snaked his other arm around my waist.

“Here is my proposition. I happen to, well, let’s say, be connected to many other people, men and women both, who share my particular preferences in the bestial arena, if I may be so bold. They would be absolutely amazed to watch you perform, and I’m sure would be quite appreciative. If you agree, I can set up a performance at a special, private location where you could show them what you’ve just shown me. I can guarantee you \$5,000 for each performance. Perhaps more, depending on the situation. Ed tells me you have two dogs?”

I sat there for a moment, stunned. Five grand was more than I made in a month, way more.

“Umm, yes, two. Hector and Brutus. They both know how to fuck.”

“My god, you’re amazing. I KNOW that my friends will go absolutely nuts over you. What do you think?”

“Well, I don’t quite know what to say.” I swallowed, hard. “I’ve never thought about it. It never even entered my mind.” And it hadn’t. All I ever wanted to do was have some companionship when Ed was out of town. And I loved dogs. That was all.

“I can assure you complete discretion and secrecy. Some of these people are well known in their various fields, and security is of the utmost importance. You can wear a mask or any other disguise you might find appropriate. We will provide all transportation, clothing, food, whatever you need. Some of the events will be far enough away to require overnight travel – of course, Ed will accompany you everywhere, and if you’d require any other support, such as a masseuse, a vet, whatever, it would all be taken care of.”

He went on to discuss some of the ‘events’ he’d been to, and I soon realized that I was not the only woman in the world, or even in the state, that did what I did. That made me feel better, in a way. We spent the next twenty minutes discussing things, and then he excused himself for the night, and Ed and I promised that we’d talk about it and give him an answer as soon as we had decided.

About two minutes after he left, Ed and I were fucking on the rug in front of the fireplace. He’d been hard for a long time, and we made out like teenagers for a few minutes, and then I lay down, spread

my legs, and welcomed my husband into my open arms and legs. I was a bit wet down there, and Ed lined his nice pink cock up with my opening and pushed in slowly.

“Oh..my fucking god..it’s so hot...” he panted, and I blushed. “I can fuckin’ feel Brutus’s cum in you babe, it’s like sticking my dick in hot soup!” he gushed. “I’m fucking my wife in a load of dog cum!” he said, panting. “it’s so HOT!” and he just started fucking me with nice long strokes, not too fast, not too slow, he knows how to go at just the right pace. That’s the only real drawback to fucking my pups, they only know one speed – a hundred miles an hour. Sometimes, a girl likes to go low and slow, if you know what I mean. Ed pushed his cock all the way down into my vag as far as he could and I grunted at the full feeling of pleasure. The schlurping sound our organs made was loud in my ears as I locked my legs behind his butt and pulled him to me. Three or four orgasms later, he lay on me breathlessly, letting his own semen seep in and mix with Brutus’s offering. That was hot, let me tell you. How many of you ladies have ever laid down in front of a crackling fire on a cool autumn night, naked, with your man next to you feeling content and satisfied, and a pussy with man and dog cum mixing together?

I actually lay awake that night thinking about Charlie’s offer. We were kind of lucky, I thought. Neither of us had any real family anywhere near. My mother was in a condo in south Florida, spending Dad’s insurance money. Both of Ed’s parents were gone, and he was an only child. He didn’t even have any cousins. My brothers were scattered, one was in England teaching, and the other was in Australia with his barely-out-of-her-teens wife. So that was not a concern.

The next morning at breakfast I brought it up again. I said that I’d thought really long and hard about Charlie’s proposal, and I told Ed that I’d consider it, with a few conditions – yes, I wanted to be disguised somehow, and also, I would not do a show within 50 miles of home. They would have to provide transportation for all four of us, and pay for all hotel and food and stuff like that, on top of the regular fee. Of course, we’d need to find proper boarding facilities if we had an overnight stay, most hotels kind of draw the line at letting two eighty pound hounds room with you.

Ed thought that was fair, and he talked to Charlie later that week, and Charlie agreed with everything. We got a written contract for Ed’s position, and a five-year guaranteed salary, plus a new car every two years for Ed. I was satisfied with their trustworthiness, and actually kind of eager to try this. ‘Performing’ in front of Ed and Charlie had struck a spark in me that I never knew existed. How would I feel doing it in front of perhaps dozens of complete strangers?

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Part Three - The Lodge

Nothing much happened for a few weeks. Life was routine – Ed would go to work, and be home at 5:30 to a nice dinner that I loved cooking for him. I quit my job to stay home and work with the ‘boys’, as I called them. I needed to train both Hector and Brutus to follow my commands even more than we had, to make sure they could be completely controlled out in the world, and they both got very good at it. I let Brutus fuck me every couple of days, and he knotted more and more easily. There was still a sharp pain when he first popped in but I adjusted to it somehow. I do have fairly wide hips, so I suppose that helped.

Hector and I worked on doggy blow jobs every day as well. Over at Bed Bath and Beyond, I found a combination pillow/headrest that I could lay back on as Hector simply stood over me, that allowed me to lick up and down his shaft and take it in my mouth without any discomfort for him, and that gave me control over how deep he went. I swallowed so much dog semen those couple of weeks, that when I burped, it smelled like Gravy Train. And it seemed to make me horny as hell, because usually

as soon as Ed and I were finished dinner, I'd jump his bones and fuck the shit out of him. He was happy, I was happy, and my pups were happy.

It was a little over a month after we'd had our night with Charlie that Ed brought the news. We'd been asked to a private party with Charlie and some of his 'friends', friends who, it was explained to me, were animal sex devotees. It would all be very high-class and private, no one would know me or Ed, they were all from different parts of the state and met at a private lodge they rented for the weekend. Ed told me that Charlie told him that his friends were very anxious to see me and watch us perform, and that they'd send a limo for us and a van for the boys, and pay \$5000 for one night. I shivered a bit when I heard that, realizing that I was about to agree to being PAID to have SEX with a dog. Or dogs, I guess. I was crossing a line that couldn't be uncrossed. "Fuck it!" I thought. I'd be doing what I loved, and I didn't care if it was something the general public frowned on or not.

As the day we were to be driven to the lodge up in the mountains got nearer, I got more and more anxious and excited. The dogs could sense it, I'm sure, because they sniffed around me all the time, I must have been putting out clouds of pheromones. On the day we were to leave, I lay in a tub full of hot water and bath oil for about two hours, just soaking in the warmth. I shaved all over, and rubbed soft cream into my skin until I nearly oozed it. I'd had my hair done the day before, and treated myself to a manicure and pedicure, and a nice hot stone massage. As I lay there getting pampered, I thought to myself that I might just start to enjoy this life. I dressed in a tight, slinky cocktail mini-dress that simply could not be worn over any underwear, so I didn't, except for some thigh-highs. I wore a pair of three-inch heeled pumps and my nicest jewelry. Ed gushed over me, the dear, and I almost wanted to rip his sexy tux off and jump his bones before we left, but thought that I'd better stay fresh and clean for our audience. Nobody had suggested what might happen before, during, or after my "performance", but I figured that I would probably not be the only person having sex that weekend at the place.

The only thing that worried me was how Bru and Hector would be - they weren't used to travel, or being among a bunch of strange people, and I was worried that they might misbehave. God forbid one of them take a chunk out of someone. Ed reassured me, noting that they'd been pretty well behaved whenever we had guests over for drinks or dinner in the past, and he was right about that. They were both protective of me, of course, but otherwise had been perfectly well trained.

About 3:30 on that Friday, a white van pulled into the drive, followed by a big black limo. I pulled Ed aside and broached a subject that I'd thought about all day.

"Ed, I want the dogs to travel with us. In the limo. It's big enough. I just don't want them separated from us and going who knows where. You know they'll behave with me. Us." I said, seriously.

He thought about it for a few seconds, and then nodded his head. "Yeah, I think you're right babe. There's no reason they can't ride in the limo with us. I'll just tell them that's how it is." He walked out the door and up to the driver's side of the van, and spoke for just a few minutes to the driver. Then he calmly walked over to the limo, and leaned down to tell the driver what was up. I watched from the living room, nervously.

After a minute or so, Ed straightened up, and waved to the van driver. I breathed a sigh of relief as he put the van in gear and drove down the driveway and out, and Ed waved to me with a cheery grin. I smiled to myself. Good old Ed.

I collected my few things, and Ed came back in to get the pooches and make sure everything was locked up and secure. He followed me out to the limo with Brutus and Hector on their leashes.

The limo was long, black and very imposing. I hadn't been in one since my high school prom years ago. Ed opened the back door for me and the pups clambered in, fighting each other for the right to get in first like a scene out of the 3 Stooges, except there were only two. I bent over to slide in after them and Ed goosed me on the ass as my dress rode up and exposed my butt. I giggled and almost fell on my face as I slid in and onto the long forward facing bench at the back. Brutus and Hector tried to get comfortable laying on the big seat directly behind the driver, who turned and winked at me with a friendly grin after sliding open a window in the glass divider.

"Not the first time I've had animals in the back. They'll be fine - trust me. I'd rather have them than a bunch of drunk college jocks barfing all over the place. Just please watch their claws on the leather, ok?" I smiled at him and nodded. Brutus turned his big fat head and tried to lick the poor guy but he ducked back into his driver compartment, and after Ed slid in and got comfy next to me, we pulled out and started off on my big adventure. I'd noticed that the windows were very heavily tinted from the outside, but we could see out pretty well. This meant that we could play one of my favorite games without fear of retaliation - "Make fun of other people on the street". C'mon, I know you all do it too - point and giggle at someone who just should NOT have left their house that day, or who's genetic lottery just didn't pay out. We all do it.

Ed reached over to the bar on the side of the car and got out two flutes and a small bottle of champagne.

"Hey, how 'bout a toast, sweetie!" he smiled at me. I nodded and he popped open the bottle and poured us each a drink. I'm not a big champagne fan, but considering the near future, I decided that getting a little bit in the bag would not be a bad idea. By the time we'd put about an hour on the road, Ed and I had killed two of the small bottles and I was working a really nice buzz. Not drunk or smashed, but a really nice buzz. Both dogs were sound asleep on the big bench across from us. I decided to give my Ed a treat.

"Hey, big boy, ever have a slightly drunk housewife give you a blow job in a limo before?" I asked him with a twinkle in my eye and an exaggerated wink. I reached over and squeezed the bulge in his crotch.

"Ehh,...dozens of times..." the smart aleck answered. I giggled, but leaned over to kiss him lustily while my right hand pulled his zipper down. I hitched my dress up a little bit and got down on my knees on the lushly carpeted floor. I briefly flashed back to my late teenage years and the fumbling around in the back seat of various cars, and realized that I really appreciated the room inside the back of a big limo. Ed spread his legs and I leaned in, pulling his rapidly hardening cock from its' hiding place in his tuxedo pants. He reached down and started massaging my boobs through my dress as I licked up and down his length. His hands felt really good on my tits, and I decided to shrug the straps off my shoulders and peel the dress down so he could get at them without anything in the way. So there I was, dress down around my waist, bare tits hanging out with my husband's fingers tweaking and pulling my suddenly sensitive nipples out, sending little shivers up and down my spine. I stopped licking Ed's shaft for a second and looked up into his big brown eyes.

"Is he looking?" I asked. I saw Ed's eyes glance up and check out the driver.

"Let me know if he starts to." I whispered conspiratorially. Ed nodded.

I leaned down again and enveloped his crown, letting my tongue swipe around and around, tasting the slippery pre-cum that was already leaking from his slit. I licked my lips with it, lubing them up and making them even more slick. I took about two inches of his cock into my mouth and pressed up with my tongue, feeling the big vein on the underside pulse. I love having my husband's cock in my

mouth, I can feel his heartbeat through the veins and it makes me feel very close and intimate with him. I built up more and more saliva, keeping him nice and wet and as I bobbed up and down, taking a little more of him in every so often, until I could feel the tip of his glans pushing against the top of my throat. I let him bang into my soft palate a few times, and then, taking a deep breath, I pushed down and swallowed at the same time, and felt his shaft bend a little and poke down into the top of my throat. Ed groaned, and I smiled inside as I gave him so much pleasure.

His sounds must have reached the driver, as Ed looked down at me and motioned as if to say "He's looking". I squirmed on my thighs, knowing that now I was giving a show for a complete stranger, even if all he could see was the back of my head going up and down in my husband's lap. I continued giving my husband his treat, sliding my wet and slippery lips up and down his shaft, trying to keep a balance between plenty of lube and wetness, but not leaving a big wet stain on the front of his pants! Ed twined his fingers into my hair and gently guided my head up and down on his cock, moaning quietly. I loved doing this for him and he loved getting it too.

After maybe four or five minutes total, he started breathing heavily and I could feel him tense up, my hands on his thighs. I tightened my lips around his quivering shaft, sucking even harder, wanting to pull all the tasty cum up from his balls. Then Ed grunted and I heard him moan, "God damn, take it ALL you sweet bitch!" and he lifted his hips up off the seat and pushed my head all the way down at the same time, and I felt his cock twitch and dump what must have been a huge load of semen right down my throat. I was disappointed that I didn't get to taste it and feel it slide off my tongue, but my sadness didn't last long, as he pulled my head up by my hair and I felt the end of his cock slide up out of my throat and stop right at the back of my tongue and it shook again and another jet of cum sprayed out, hitting the very back of my mouth and sliding down my swallowing neck. He pulled back another little bit and I gasped for breath just as he squirted a third white stream across the back of my tongue. Now THIS one I tasted, salty and oily and hot. I gulped this offering down and kept suctioning his cock as it quivered and began to dribble his last little bits out on my twisting tongue. I swiped all across and up and down over his crown, making sure that I got every single drop of my man's luscious cum into my belly.

Finally he exhaled and pushed my head away, shivering. I smiled in satisfaction, dabbing primly at my lips with one of the cocktail napkins as I straightened up in front of him.

"Feel better?" I smiled.

"Oh baby..." he said quietly, a loopy grin playing across his face. "That was freakin' incredible."

"Glad you liked it, big boy. Just remember you owe me one now.." I joked as I tenderly pushed his emptied out cock back into his slacks and zipped them up carefully. "And look, I didn't even make a mess!" I said proudly. I pointed down at his crotch. Ed grinned at me and leaned over to suck one of my nipples. I slid one hand down between my legs and diddled my button for a second or two

I laid my head on Ed's thigh, resting and playing idly with his softening cock. I liked watching his cock go down after I extracted the cum from his balls, knowing that I was able to turn that hard, erect piece of real man into a soft, harmless looking tube of flesh with just my own wiles. I kissed the tip of it, tasting the last of his ejaculation as it leaked out of the end. He let out a satisfied sigh above me, gently petting my hair. These were the times I really felt love for my man. I almost fell asleep, actually, the smooth droning of the big car and the plush carpet acting like a soporific.

After about five or so minutes though, I stretched and pulled myself back up off the floor and sat back next to Ed, smoothing down my dress and taking a sip of the now-warm champagne in my glass. I held his hand and looked out the window as we sped into the night. The pups were still half

asleep, but then I saw Brutus raise his head up and sniff the air, and I guessed he could smell the arousal in the air. His ears perked up and he got a goofy look on his snout. I pursed my lips and snickered at him, patting the inside of my thigh, pulling the hem of my dress up and exposing my core. The dumb bunny jumped off the seat and padded across the short space between us, not really sure what was going on with the movement of the car. I tickled him behind the ears and let him smell me, which kicked off his tongue engine. He leaned in and began sandpapering my freshly shaved and lotioned labia. I shuddered and opened my outer lips to let him get right into me, and I closed my eyes and let the glorious feelings take over.

Brutus licked at the wetness leaking out of me for a dozen miles or so, and I had two very nice, not earth-shattering, but very nice, climaxes. As I came down from the second one I noticed Ed softly snoring next to me, the lug.

I pushed Brutus away and used some cloth napkins on the bar to clean myself up a little bit, and then leaned my head back against the headrest and window to snooze myself. The motion and low hum of the limo was very soothing and calming. I hovered there in that place of consciousness that's not fully awake, but not asleep either for a few minutes, and then I felt the big car slow and veer off the turnpike, come to a stop after several yards, and then turn. It had gotten dark by now, so I could not really tell where we are, but the air seemed cooler when I put one hand up against the window, and the road we were on was rising slowly. We went along for another 15 or 20 minutes, and every now and then I could see lights from civilization off in the distance, down in the valley below us. We turned again, onto a much rougher road and the car jostled and rumbled up a long, straight driveway, making a turn about halfway up. Finally, I saw a big iron gate between two high stone pillars and a call box that our driver came to a stop next to. His window purred down and he said something that I couldn't make out, but it was obvious we were expected, as the gates suddenly clanked into motion and slid open, and our limo entered a long, curving driveway.

As we came around the bend, I saw the lodge we were going to be visiting. It was no lodge, it looked like a small hotel. There were three levels topped by a huge tile and metal roof. The main entry had two big doors reached by four or five steps up from the ground, steps of what looked like polished marble. Warm yellow carriage lights cast flickering shadows on either side of the door, and as the limo pulled up I could see several people inside along a hallway that led into the interior of our destination. Ed, awake for the last few minutes, finally got his head back on and hitched up the leashes to the boys, who started excitedly pacing back and forth in the car, I suppose anxious to see what all the fuss was about. Typical dogs. They couldn't wait to jump INTO the car, and then couldn't wait to jump OUT.

The driver came around and opened the door for me, holding my hand as I slithered out of the car. I looked up at a voice welcoming us, and there was Ed's boss Charlie, looking quite spiffy in a well-tailored tux, coming down the steps. Ed followed me out with Hector's leash, and the driver, who I later learned was named Robert, took Brutus and they all bounded up the steps as I took Charlie's hand and he escorted me up to the very imposing and regal looking doorway.

"My dear, I am so honored to have you here with us, and the other members are anxiously looking forwards to meeting you and watching you perform for us." he said, as he put one hand around my waist and motioned into the warmly lit hallway. I smiled at him and blushed a bit. I looked around, and there was fancy artwork hung on the walls, and small statues and busts scattered around on stands and low tables. At first, they looked like regular old artwork and stuff, but then as I looked closer, I realized that every single piece was celebrating bestial sex - and some of those old paintings were pretty risqué, I must say! I guess what they say is true - every generation thinks THEY invented kinky sex and perversion, but apparently it's been going on for a LOOOONG time. If one believed the artwork and statues, the old Romans and Greeks did a lot of it!

There were paintings of buxom women reclining among packs of dogs and wolves, or messing around with bulls and horses, and every other type of fantastic beast, like centaurs and minotaurs and lord knows what else. Statues had women and dogs, horses, dragons, bulls, and men with sheep and horses and little foxy looking things. It was amazing. I could see that whoever and whatever this 'club' was, it was certainly fixated on animal sex.

Charlie guided me into a large room where at least 30 or 40 people were milling around, all of them well dressed in tuxes and designer clothing, drinks in hand. Most of the men were older guys, probably the youngest looked around 40ish. The women were stunningly beautiful, for the most part, and the jewelry hanging from necks and wrists would have paid our mortgage for the next 20 years. Diamonds and pearls everywhere, with rubies and emeralds keeping pace. The room fairly glittered. Charlie got us both a drink and introduced me to a bunch of people, but I was so buzzed and jittery that I really didn't remember any of the names. They all seemed perfectly nonchalant, as if they hadn't just been introduced to a 27 year old housewife who would be mating with her dogs later in the evening, for their entertainment.

One woman shook my hand regally and whispered in my ear as we smooched "Welcome, dearie, I do SO wish I had your courage!" and winked at me.

After about a half hour of milling around and having two more drinks, I was getting kind of restless, anxious for something to happen. I'd lost track of Ed, and mentioned it to Charlie.

"Oh, heavens, don't worry about Edward. I instructed Robert to show him the preparation room and the attendants for the dogs. They're being bathed and groomed meticulously, their nails trimmed, and all their medicals checked and re-checked. Our vet is going over them with a fine-toothed comb, as we always do with first time visitors. And I do hope this will not be your last as well!" he smiled at me.

'Let me get through this first one first' I thought to myself. It was just a minute or so later that two young women came up to me, both of them looked like they could have just stepped off the Victoria's Secret runway. They were both a couple of inches taller than me, even in my heels, one blonde and one with dark black hair, with very beautiful red, identical, tight floor-length gowns on. The gowns were slit up one leg to almost their waists. The fronts of the gowns were open in a big huge circle, so that the inner halves of each breast was completely exposed. Their necks were circled by diamond studded chokers above the neckband of the gowns. They took my hand and instructed me to follow them.

I put down my drink and we walked through a door at the back of the room, and then down a short hallway. They led me to a large dressing room that had a highly polished wood floor and several plush carpets scattered across it. There was a comfy looking sofa, a couple of large club chairs, and a fancy makeup table with a velvet bench.

"Mrs XXXXXX, please relax and enjoy yourself, it is our job to prepare you for this evening, and make you comfortable. We're here to provide anything you should need or desire."

I was still kind of out of it, but then they unzipped my dress and had me step out of it, and motioned for me to sit at the makeup table. One of them took my dress and laid it carefully over the back of a clothes stand of some kind. I sat at the makeup table, and while one of them brushed and re-did my hair, the other touched up my makeup, and did my nails with a bright red polish. It felt nice being pampered. Then they made me stand up again, and taking a small bottle off the makeup table, they rubbed pretty much my entire body, toes to forehead, with a very nice smelling body oil that made my skin shine and feel exquisitely smooth. It smelled like honeysuckle.

“Now then, let’s get you nice and wet!” the blonde said to me with a wink. She knelt down in front of me and, to my complete surprise, leaned forwards and licked right up the length of my pussy. I about passed out. I’d never had any lesbian experience, in reality, although I’d sometimes thought about it. Even in college, where they say every girl gets crazy now and then, I’d been purely hetero. But this woman just seemed to know exactly what to do. She pushed my legs apart, and while the other one held me up from behind, she tongued my crotch and clit like mad. I shivered with feelings, and had to put my hands down on her shoulders to steady myself. She licked all around my vulva, and down both sides of my inner thighs. It felt really good, but I could sense she was not trying to bring me off, just to get my motor running.

She stopped after just a few minutes, and I almost whimpered in need. But they obviously had a plan. They let me calm down, and then got me dressed again, with a few final touch-ups to my hair and makeup. One of them looked at her watch.

“I think they’re just about ready. Are you?” she asked me tenderly.

“I...I guess so...” I whispered. I was tense, nervous, scared, anxious, horny, full of butterflies, but also highly anticipating the upcoming event. I really didn’t know how this was all going to happen. They held my hands as we walked out the door and down the hallway. We went in the opposite direction from when we came, so I knew we weren’t going back to the first room. We came to the end of the hallway, and we turned left. There was a large doorway in front of us, with a big, heavy looking black velvet curtain across it. A river of light escaped at the base of it, indicating that whatever was on the other side was pretty brightly lit. I could hear a low hum of voices on the other side as well. Then the light leaking through the bottom seemed to dim a bit and it got very quiet on the other side. The girls looked at me and smiled, and then they reached out and each girl pulled one side of the curtain apart, and motioned for me to go through.

I hesitated. I had to take a deep breath. I was crossing into another phase of my life. There would be no going back. I was going out to have sex in front of an audience, sex with another species, performing a forbidden act that would forever mark me as a different woman. How would I react?

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#### **Part Four - Hector Gets Drained**

I closed my eyes and stepped through the curtain. And then opened them. I was greeted by the sight of a large amphitheater-type place, with what looked to be a dozen or so rows of seats rising up from a slightly lower, rounded center stage that was about 20 feet across. It had obviously been built for an express purpose - to allow a group of people to watch some kind of entertainment. Tonight, it seemed, I was the entertainment. And since the stage was round, and not constructed like a typical one, it was not designed for Broadway. There was no curtain separating the performance area from the audience. Once on stage, every move the performer made would be visible to everyone. The lights were dim up in the audience area, but several strong floodlights and spotlights shone brightly down on the stage. I walked slowly towards it, my heart pounding and nerves shaking. But I steeled myself and kept going. It was one of the hardest things I’ve ever had to do, I’m serious. I came THIS close to turning around and bolting right out of the place, but I didn’t. That little, hidden part of me that I’d recently discovered, the slightly submissive exhibitionist who thrilled to ‘being seen’, still held sway. Looking back on it now, I’m so glad it did but that night it was a close call.

There was a low hum of voices up in the darkened audience, but it died down very quickly, before I even got to the stage. I took in the area where I’d be spending the next..what? I thought to myself. 10 minutes? Half Hour? Two hours? I had no idea how long I’d be out there, or what I’d even do.

Then the doubt hit me. What if the dogs didn't or couldn't behave? What if they got antsy or stage fright or just decided to pee on the floor and run off? What if < I > peed on the floor?

The stage was one step up from the level I'd walked out on. I finally got there, and took in the surroundings. The floor was a soft, yet firm and shiny tile material. Just out of the center was a long low bench at least two feet wide and maybe five or so feet long, padded with a black leather cushion over it, with a pillow at the end, while two wings spread out perpendicularly just below it, making it look almost like a large cross. The other end of it looked like it was hinged, and could be released to angle down towards the floor. Straps were attached in several places on its perimeter, obviously designed to hold an occupant restrained. Or steady. I'd find out. There were a bunch of odd things that I had no idea what they were for - they were square-ish white pads, maybe three or four inches thick each, and about eighteen inches on a side, stacked in a big frame. There was a classically shaped divan, a long, low sofa that was designed to be reclined on - I'm sure you've all seen them, they look like a standard sofa, but with only one armrest-end. It was upholstered in dark leather, just like the bench. Incongruously, there was a large stainless steel water bowl. A rack held several big towels. And there were half a dozen shiny rods stuck up about a foot or so, coming out of the floor with hefty rings attached at the tops.

As I approached the stage, I noticed the curtains on the opposite side from where I came out open up, and my two guys came out, held securely on stainless steel leashes that glittered in the bright lights. They were held back by two of the most gorgeous men I'd ever seen in my life, tall, well muscled guys in their early twenties with sexy 6-pack abs, strongly muscled legs with thighs that rippled as they walked, both of them blondes with crew-cuts. They had tight black shorts on that I noticed did absolutely nothing to hide the fact that both were also well muscled in the penis department, and had been circumcised. Yeah, the shorts were that tight. Bru and Hector yipped excitedly when they sensed me.

They had been shampooed and brushed out, and their coats really gleamed. Brutus' coat was a very shiny bluish-black, and Hector was a grey ghost. They were both short-haired, so every muscle and sinew on their bodies stood out. They sat there on their butts, tongues hanging out and softly whimpering. I guess they could smell all the pheromones in the air, mine and, it seemed, everybody else's. One of the guys bent down and hooked Brutus' leash to one of those rings, and I saw what they were for - they would keep dogs under control while one of them was occupied.

Then one of the two guys came over with me, and took my elbow. He led me to the center of the stage, and pushed gently down on my shoulders. I understood. I fell to my knees and couldn't help but stare at the equipment in his shorts. The shaft of his penis had been bent to the left, sliding down along the inside of his thigh, and I got a tiny peek at the very tip, burrowing out from the bottom of one leg hole. I didn't think I was expected to do anything without instruction, so I just knelt there, next to him, sweating.

The other guy came over, leading Hector. He stopped in front of me and spoke, loudly, so that the audience could hear.

"Your husband tells us that Hector- " he stopped and looked down at the powerful dog at our feet, "Hector has become quite enamored of certain sex acts. Is that right?"

Mystified for a brief second, my mind wasn't really working at top speed. Then I glanced down at Hec and noticed that his gorgeous doggy dick was already peeking out of his sheath by a couple of inches, and liquid was dripping out of it. Then I realized what he was getting at, and answered.

"Y.yes..yes he has..." I whispered quietly.

"They didn't hear you." He said back to me.

Louder this time. Shoulders back. Head up.

"Yes. He has."

"And what kind of sex acts does he like?"

Man. They were going to make me do this. I wondered if it was all just theatre. I decided to play along, it allowed me to be someone other than just who I was. I could play at the game too.

"He..he likes it when I suck on him. On his cock. He likes to get blow jobs."

You could have heard a pin drop in the room.

"You perform fellatio on your dog?"

A pause for effect.

"...Yes."

"And what happens as you do?"

"He...he usually ejaculates. Reaches climax."

"And then what?"

Another pause. I wonder how long I should make them wait. I looked at the man, right in his eyes. Damn he was cute.

"I swallow it. All. I let my dog cum in my mouth, and I swallow every. Single. Drop. Every. Time."

I could almost hear the cocks in the audience get hard.

The man just looked at me and raised one eyebrow about 1/16th of an inch.

He simply bowed slightly, and moved away with a wave of his hand. The stage got completely dark except for a blinding white circle of light surrounding Hector and me. I reached down and petted my pooch and he immediately rolled over on his back and displayed that huge cock and full balls. I let my right hand cradle his nuts softly and lovingly, and then bent to breathe on his cock. I inhaled the strong, musky, doggy scent that I loved, the scent of power and strength and lust and need. The spritz out of the tip started up again, and I closed my eyes and let it spray lightly over my face, the tiny drops glittering like diamonds in the sheer white light.

My nostrils flared. Holding his throbbing cock down near the base, I aimed the spitting head around, spraying my sweaty face with the spritz of his pre-cum and lube. I sprayed my forehead and then both cheeks until they were dripping with his output. Then I opened my mouth, making sure that the audience could clearly see what I was doing, and let his cock spray a dozen spurts of clear liquid right into it, then swallowed it, and did it again. The overriding pure decadence of the act made my soul spin around in circles and it was very difficult to not let my other hand drift down, pull up the hem of my dress, and shove two fingers up my snatch.

I let my open lips drift closer and closer to the tip of his cock and then pursed them closed to kiss the end, letting his streams spray in every direction. I lipsticked his cockhead across my face. And

then opened again, and let an inch slide into my mouth. I trilled across his slit with my tongue, and then pushed down another inch or so, until I felt his shaft poke towards the back of my throat. Hector was squirming around a bit on the carpet, so I reached out with my other hand to smooth and sooth his tummy. I rubbed back and forth and he settled down, and I could hear his whippy tail wagging back and forth in happiness.

Now that I had his cock in my mouth, I closed my eyes and just let the sensuality of the moment take over. I slipped into an almost dream-like state where the only thing in the universe that mattered to me was the firm, warm shaft of dog penis that slipped slowly back and forth between my lips. I didn't rush the job. I was in no hurry, and thankfully, neither was Hector. I moved my face back and forth, three, four, even five inches or so at a time, coming up to the very tip and then sliding down almost to his knot, held securely behind my right hand. His cock continued to spit out the clear lube that delighted my taste buds and was smoothly swallowed down into my warm and welcoming tummy. I loved it. I decided to give the unseen audience a show that they'd never forget.

My tongue wrapped around his shaft from side to side as I slowly drew it out of my mouth, keeping my lips tightly adhered to the slick shaft. I wanted them to see my cheeks cave in as I tried to draw the hot sperm up out of his balls. After a minute or so of this action, I took a deep breath, swallowed the accumulated pre-cum and lube, and pushed my face all the way down his cock until my lips banged up against his knot. I knew there was no way I'd ever be able to get this tennis-ball sized lump into my mouth, so I limited myself to gnawing at it with my lips, pushing as much as I could into my mouth without breaking my jaw or hurting the dog. I lipped around the knob for several seconds, then withdrew all the way and let his shaft 'pop' from my mouth. I leaned in and laved my tongue all over the knot, drooling my saliva and his lube on the lump of flesh until it shone in the light, wet with slime. I tried popping just the knot in my mouth but it was simply too large. Somethings just aren't meant to be. While I was down there at the base of his dick, I decided to give his nuts a bath. Luckily, with the cleanup they'd both just gotten, he was pretty clean down there. Let's face it, it can get a little gamy if you don't keep him clean. I slobbered all over his balls while slowly jacking the shaft, to keep him interested. I'd pop one into my mouth and do a chipmunk impression for a while, using my tongue to bounce his furry testicle back and forth between my gums. But Hector isn't really a fan of that, I was doing it for our audience.

After I'd gotten his nutsack clean enough to pass inspection, I slid back up and positioned my face just off the end of his cock. I just stared at it for several seconds, letting the spray strike me where ever it would. Then I turned my head up towards the audience for a brief moment, and then simply opened my mouth and swooped down over the whole shaft until my lips hit the knot. I choked and gagged for a second as the top of his cock hit my soft palate, but then it bent and angled down into the top of my throat. I sucked like mad a few times, then slid back up, let his cockhead rest on my bottom lip, and opened my mouth to take in another breath.

Then I did it again. And again. And again. I deepthroated my precious Hector's big, fat, juicy red cock about 20 times and then I heard him start to whimper and grunt, and I knew what that meant. I tenderly put my fingers around his trembling balls, feeling them start to shiver and shake in preparation for their explosion of semen. This was going to be good, I knew.

I closed my eyes in supplication, and moved my lips all the way down to the back of his cock, and then squeezed his balls. Lightly. That's all he needed. His hips bucked under my arm, and I felt his cock shaft shudder and vibrate. And then my throat was flooded with the largest, hottest, most virile stream of dog semen I'd ever known. I gulped in self-defense as the wet jet coated the top of my throat in almost-puppies. I kept his cock deeply submerged in my mouth, and squeezed again, and another hose of canine semen sloshed to the back of my mouth, tasting salty and coppery and full of life.

I pulled my mouth back then, keeping my lips tightly sealed around the middle of his shaft, and lightly rubbed my right hand and fingers back and forth on his nutsack, urging his balls to rear back, reload, and fire again. And they did. This third jet seemed even fuller than the first, as if he'd dug deep down into his reserve and siphoned up even more. I gulped, loudly, visibly, so there would be no question, no doubt whatsoever, that I was swallowing the testicular output of the dog on stage with me, down into my stomach. My dog's cum was hot, and tasted exotic and metallic, as if you melted down an ingot of silver or copper, and blew into my mouth once again, and I knew how this would go. Hector seemed to have an almost inexhaustible supply of semen at times, his balls were the size of big oranges.

I simply lay there, my head on his rib cage, one hand lightly cradling his scrotum, and the other curled around his neck and let his semen flow into my mouth in long bursts as I sucked on his cock like a fleshy straw. Each hot jet sizzled to the back of my mouth. I started counting to myself, just for fun.

"ZZZZT....ZZZZT.... ZZZZT....ZZZZT"

Gulp.

"ZZZZT....ZZZZT.... ZZZZT....ZZZZT"

Gulp.

"ZZZZT....ZZZZT.... ZZZZT....ZZZZT"

Gulp.

My big brute Hector finally ran dry at 33. Yes, I swallowed 33 separate jets of dog sperm, and my tummy was feeling full. And, truthfully, a bit squeamish. That's a lot of cum. I was sweaty and hot and my dress was spotted with drool and spit and saliva and sperm. Like all males, as soon as his balls were empty, Hector just wanted to run off to a corner and clean himself. I sat up on my heels and let him stand next to me, his big tongue lolling out and drooling on my knees, with a dopey look on his face. I hugged him to me and gave him a loving kiss on the top of his head.

I stood then, and as the rush of sexual excitement dissipated I felt a blush color my upper chest. I smoothed my dress back down over my thighs and looked out into the crowd, a crowd that I really couldn't see because of the lights glaring down on me. I heard the applause start off to one side, and then it grew, and the noise thundered down at me as everyone in the room except me finally exhaled. I smiled weakly and nodded in acknowledgement, unsure whether to curtsey or bow. Clapping filled my ears for a moment, and I stood there proudly with my boy Hector sitting heeled at my feet.

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Part Five - Brutus Takes Me

After a few moments, I saw spotlights come up at the corner of the stage, and one of the guys in the black shorts walked up and took Hector's leash from me, and walked back to join his partner. As he did so, the other guy walked up leading Brutus, and he seemed excited himself. Brutus, not the guy. The young man walked up to me and took my hand, and led me to the bench. I knew what I was to do, now.

"Take the dress off" he instructed, so I did. I shrugged out of the shoulder straps, wriggled a little

bit, kicked it off my foot, and dropped it to my side. It felt only slightly odd to shuck my clothes off in front of a crowd, much less these two Adonises. My nipples were pegged out like they had someplace to go, and I could almost feel my sex start to leak moisture. The guy pointed at the bench. "Lay down. Put your head up near the end, and let your legs fall to both sides."

I walked up and lay down on it, the leather thankfully warm and clean. It smelled like...sex. I thought that there may have been untold dozens of women fucked on the bench, and that thought was kind of sexy. It looked like I would be the latest.

I found that there were indentations along both sides for my legs to fit in, and noticed that the whole apparatus was very slightly tilted down towards the head. I squirmed down into it, and once I figured out where the various limbs went, I could see that it was made for one thing - to make it simple for a large male dog to mount a human woman and fuck the living shit out of her. I couldn't wait.

My hips were angled up just at the end, and my shoulders were down, my head angled down towards the ground by a few degrees. The way the bench ended and my legs were guided into curved openings, it let my pelvis be opened up and tilted at just the right angle for any medium to large sized dog mount the occupant and impale her without being stressful to the dog, or the woman. That was cool. It had obviously been designed and constructed with a lot of thought and skill. The thought occurred to me that maybe Ed and I would have to see about getting one of our own!

My hands and arms fit just beyond the side wing extensions, which I realized were there for the dog's front paws. There were even hand holds attached to the front legs, for cryin' out loud, which I suppose were useful in certain circumstances. I got comfortable in this contraption, and turned my head. Brutus was headed my way, excitedly. The guy holding him let him come up to my ass end and sniff, and he whined again. Brutus, not the guy. □ Then I heard the man quietly say "UP!" to him, and he pulled the leash up, and damn if Brutus didn't just climb up over me and put his paws right on the wings next to my shoulders. I felt him start to jab around back there, but couldn't really see anything.

The guy with him must have grabbed Bru's hindquarters though, and got him aimed a little better, and actually seemed to calm him down. I felt the wet tip of his cock bounce around at the end of my vag, and I tried to spread my legs a little wider and give him some better access. Then, all of a sudden, it hit. BANG! He was in and it took the breath out of me in a big whoosh! of air as Brutus let most of his weight come down on my hips and drove his cock right to my very core. I cried out very quietly, and I heard a rustle and commotion from the still-unseen audience. 'Ok, this is it', I thought, 'Babs old gal, you're getting fucked in front of an audience. By a dog.' A shiver of excitement and thrill went through me and I settled in for the long haul, so to speak. My mind said 'oh fuck me oh fuck me oh fuck me oh fuck me' over and over.

Brutus was pistoning in and out of me at a pretty good pace, all seven or eight inches of his hot wet bone squelching back and forth in my tunnel, the pointed chisel-tip banging into my cervix with every thrust. It was mildly painful, getting pummeled like that right at the door to my womb, but it was also mind-numbing. I started grunting each time he bottomed out, my g-spot getting rubbed by the top of his shaft on every thrust. He panted above me, and I felt a drop of spittle slap onto my left cheek from his big maw looming over me. I orgasmed as it did, shivering as the bolt of electricity launched from my clit and rocketed out the top of my head. I cried out in passion, louder this time, everyone heard it. My tits were getting rubbed back and forth along the wet and slippery leather of the bench, and my nipples felt like they had electric wires attached to them. Brutus's thrusts were strong and steady and relentless, over and over again he slammed that gorgeous thick doggy cock into my pussy, into my very soul, the bestial coupling sending high-voltage shocks from my clit to my

brain and then out my tits. I curled my toes backwards until I thought I'd cramp them off completely. I came again, and then a third time right on the heels of the second, sweating and whimpering and crying tears of joy and abandon and release, my canine lover getting closer and closer to his own massive ejaculation. He fucked in to me for several minutes and I just let him, accepting the raw animal power that he had over me. The cock slid in and out of my sopping wet pussy rapidly, turning my insides to mush and my brain to pudding.

I felt him slow down then and felt his huge knot bump up against the drenched lips of my opening, and he pushed, slowly at first and then even more insistently, and I willed my vagina to open up to him, I pushed back and screamed in pain/pleasure as his bulb popped into my channel with an audible squelch, liquid love dripping out of our join to splash on the tile below us. Fuck. Fuck. We were knotted.

His knot scraped roughly across my G-spot and my pussy exploded in climax again, my walls throbbing and gripping at him in sexual heat. His cock started spitting out semen in huge wet bursts of sperm and fluid, millions of Brutus puppies slamming into my cervix and being sucked up into my womb in a hopeful but futile search for an egg to surround and inflame. I felt his cum splash off the inner walls of my pussy. I throbbed in welcoming arousal, my mind seeing the hot jets of white semen jet from the sharp tip of his cock over and over. I welcomed each burst of cum that my lover spewed into my being, wanting it to last forever. I would lay there and let my marvelous, masculine, strong and loyal dog shoot his sperm into my uterus for hours, if I could. But soon, after only a few minutes, his balls began to empty out and his ejaculations slowed. He was panting above me, his tongue lolling out in his own cross-eyed pleasure. I orgasmed again, my body shaking back and forth, one leg trembling like a tree branch in a strong wind, my eyes crying, my lips burbling nonsense that only Brutus and I could hear.

He froze then, this marvelous dog, arched triumphantly above his willing conquest. My pussy sucked over and over at his liquid, pulling it up in to my womb where I'd cherish it forever. But his knot gradually shrank, a tiny bit at a time, over several minutes, and finally, with a strong tug, it PLOPPED out and he was free. I heard the gasps of arousal from the audience, as dog semen and my own juices splashed across the tops of my thighs. I hung my head down in exhaustion and clenched my fingers open and shut in my palms. Suddenly, I felt a wet suction at my labia and a tongue swiped up and across the sticky and slimy opening where, as it turned out, several dozen ounces of dog semen were being vacuumed out of me. This set me off again, and I came, loudly, as my partner's tongue swam through the sperm and rattled my clit back and forth like a tiny handball. Was it one of my male Adonises? I turned my head and saw blonde hair. Long blonde hair. It was one of the women from earlier.

I exhaled and tried to melt into the bench as she expertly cleaned me out of my never-to-be-puppies. The bench tilted then, on an unnoticed axis, and I felt her turn and lay on her back under me as my hips were angled down, until my crotch was plastered over her face. She put one hand on each of my butt cheeks and pulled me even closer, obviously quite fond of the performance she was putting on for our audience, and me. As I lay there draining, I remember thinking I may have to check out this bisexual/lesbian stuff after all.

Finally, I was cleaned out enough in my paramour's estimation, and she pushed me up and away from her face, and the bench rotated back to near-horizontal as it had been during my fucking. I felt her rise and come up along side of me, and she tapped me gently on the shoulder. I turned, still groggy, and my eyes gradually focused on her. Lips tightly closed, a thin white line demarcation, a dribble of milky white leaking down to her chin, her cheeks bulged. Ohmygod. Ohmygod, I thought feverishly. She still has it in her mouth. She didn't swallow it. Ohmygod.

She looked at me, her eyes smiling expectantly. One finger crooked at me, curling, making me rise off the bench like a zombie. A zombie who'd been fucked senseless. She sat me back down and then took my head in her hands, one under my chin, one at the back of my head. I went along, my breath catching, my heart beating like a bass drum in my chest. The overhead lights blinded me. She tilted my head back and let one finger split my lips until my mouth was open, and I'm gasping like a fish and...ohmygodohmygod....

The huge dollop of dog semen burbled from between her ruby lips and dropped straight into my open mouth. And I orgasmed at the sheer depravity of it. My own hands were in my lap, and I let my fingers do the walking, as the old advertisement used to say. She let her lips part a tiny bit more, and another dose of doggy dew slipped through and dropped straight into my still-open mouth to join the big glob already there. Then a long stream of her saliva, my feminine juice, and Brutus's cum drooled out of her face, sparkling in the bright lights of the stage, and falling with an almost audible 'plop' into my mouth. I held my tongue against the back of my throat to seal off my tummy and keep my prize, growing like a glacial lake in the spring melt in my mouth. The long line of white dripping from her mouth finally cut free, and she was empty, but my mouth was full. It felt like I held a cupful of warm, salty seawater in my mouth, and my tongue sloshed around in the pool of it. I didn't even realize that one hand was pulling and pinching at my raw nipple.

The girl straightened up and turned my head to face the audience, her lower hand pushing my chin up to close my jaw and trap our shared semen. Her other hand slid down and cradled my neck and shoulder, just holding me. I put one hand around her waist. Then she moved her right hand from under my chin and rubbed it sensuously down my neck. I knew what she wanted.

"Go on..." she breathed at me. "Take him in...drink him down...show us all..." she breathlessly encouraged me. I let her rub my neck again, and then raised my head proudly. And gulped. The hot, salty, sperm-filled mouthful slid down my throat and felt boiling hot as it hit my stomach, to join the load from Hector that I'd consumed just minutes before.

And gulped again. Another hot rope of liquid splashed down my neck.

And again. My tongue slid around across the surface of my teeth and gums to collect any stray.

Finally my mouth was pretty much empty. She leaned over to kiss me and I opened for her tongue to slip in and verify that it was all gone.

Down.

Into my tummy.

My stomach now held two huge loads of dog semen in it. My knees trembled and I shook and shivered in the decadence and sensuality of the thought.

I was sweating, drenched in my own juices and dog slobber and saliva and god knows what else. Then I heard it, a roar of applause and cheers rushing down out of the audience seats above us like an avalanche of sound. I put the rational thoughts out of my head and just turned off my mind. I blushed red as a cherry and kind of bowed, again, like an idiot. A cummed-out idiot. The girl at my side leaned in to kiss me and whispered, "You were fantastic. They all love you!"

I stood there for several seconds, a small trail of semen and vaginal juices that had escaped being sucked out of me sliding wetly down the inside of my right thigh. I closed my eyes and just let it wash over me. The applause faded and I looked around in confusion. I didn't know what was to come next.

Suddenly, the dark-haired woman walked out of the darkness over to me, with a silver tray, on which was a large crystal flute of cool, bubbly champagne. I took it and drank it down in three gulps, gratefully, cleansing my palate. It tasted wonderful. She even had a warm towel folded over one arm, which I used to wipe the worst of the sweat and cum off of me. I must have looked a sight. She touched my chin, smiling, and walked off again, as wordlessly as she'd come.

The lights dimmed. But I noticed that there were tiny yellow lights embedded in the floor of the stage, lighting my way back to the curtain I'd walked through, it seemed like hours ago. Bending down, I picked up my dress, and followed the lights back into the darkness, smiling. I wondered what was next for me.

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## **Part Six - Charlie Tells a Tale**

I walked through the dark curtain at the side of the stage, my dress held limply in my right hand, my left hand brushing back loose tendrils of my hair. I was overjoyed to see my Ed and Charlie there waiting for me.

"Oh my god honey, that was absolutely fucking fantastic!" Ed smiled at me. I frowned at his vulgar language, but accepted the compliment as graciously as I could. It's not the sort of thing your training in manners prepares you for, if you think about it for a minute. How do you acknowledge your husband and an almost-stranger giving you smiling thumbs-ups, while you stand in front of them pretty much nude, with dog semen making snail trails down both thighs and the cloying taste of that same dog's metallic cum lingering on your tongue? It's something that Ann Landers never covered. So maybe I'm breaking new ground here.

I held onto Ed's shoulder as I stepped into my dress and pulled it up over my hips and wriggled the top up over my boobs.

"Holy hell, Ed, what did I just do out there?" came out in a nervous laugh. "I never ever in my life did something like that!"

"Barbara, let me just say that that was one of the most astounding performances I've ever seen here, and I know that everyone out there was absolutely stunned." Charlie leaned in to kiss my cheek, evidently not squeamish about the other moisture on my face. I thanked him with my eyes. "When Hector was ejaculating in your mouth, and you swallowed every time, why I swear the people on my row were transfixed with awe!"

I said, "What about those 2 beautiful men? Nobody told me there'd be a couple of gorgeous hunks on stage with me. I didn't know what I was supposed to do. And the girls - where do you find such beautiful people? They looked like models."

"Well, actually, they're full time employees here. Let's go have a drink and I'll fill you in on our story here." Charlie said, extending an arm to us. We followed him down a short hallway and around a corner, where we were ushered into a lushly furnished den with a roaring fireplace, oriental rugs below our feet, and floor-to-ceiling windows framing the majestic mountains off in the distance. The room smelled like money. Lots of money. And history.

Ed and I each sat in huge leather-bound wing chairs that looked like they weighed 600 pounds apiece, while Charlie sat on a sofa. Just a few seconds after we sat, a waiter came in with a bottle of champagne and three large flutes, which he set in front of Charlie. He poured us each a glass, and I sipped mine slowly, coming down from my sexual high, while he talked.

"About 35 years ago, a very wealthy man in Hungary formed a small club, I guess you'd call it, composed of other fairly well-to-do people like him, who all shared a passion - a passion composed solely of watching other people perform in bestial lovemaking. With their wealth and power, they could afford to seek out like-minded souls, who would meet every now and then at a private residence of one of their members, and the entire evening would be spent watching sex acts between lovely women and various types of beasts. Gradually, women who craved this sort of fetish were able to seek out the club members and offer their services, so to speak, as performers. Their privacy and safety were assured, and they got to mingle with the rich and powerful of their society. The members kept the club extremely quiet and exclusive, and there were never more than a few dozen who knew of its' existence. Many of the women ended up marrying single club members, so it was a win-win for all involved."

"One of the members came to this country about 12 years ago and formed a US branch of the club, if you will. Laws being what they are here, he had to be even more circumspect than they did in eastern Europe of course, but he also found that political contributions made to the right people at the right time helped to keep the club underground, safe, and pretty much immune from legal troubles. They bought this lodge five years ago, and we meet here about five or six times a year. Our members are, for the most part, from all walks of life, but are men and women with enough money and power to indulge their fantasies without risk of harm or danger. As a sort of 'community service', the club also donates a huge amount of money to animal shelters all across the country, especially no-kill shelters that need money to keep their charges alive, and veterinary schools, and various other charities that promote the health and well-being of our four-footed friends."

"Is it just women and dogs?" Ed asked.

Charlie was silent for a moment. "For the most part, yes. Considering the logistics of performing with other species, it's just far more common, and easier, to deal with canine partners. We have had a few exceptions...." his voice trailed off.

"Do tell!" said Ed excitedly.

Charlie paused for a minute to take a long sip of his drink, and he was silent. All we could hear was the ticking of the loud grandfather clock in one corner of the paneled room, and the fizzing of the champagne. After a long pause, he started talking again.

"One of our members has a cattle ranch in Florida, and also one in Argentina. He keeps horses at both locations, and there have been a few members who've expressed an interest in either watching, or performing, with equine partners. Perhaps the most memorable of those was an event that took place outside of Buenos Aires two years ago. The wife of one of our members admitted that she'd always wanted to experience a pony or small horse, if not vaginally then at least manually. Our host suggested that she come down to Argentina over the holidays and meet one of his smaller stallions, a horse that he assured us was calm and gentle."

"About a dozen of us flew down there. He met us at the airport and we followed him to his place maybe 25 miles out of town. There was me, Sam Washburn and his wife Eloise who had asked for the experience, Richard Gilchrist and his wife Sandra, Bill O'Donnell and his wife Gloria, Nancy Davis, one of the few single women in the group by the way, Dave Ritchie and his wife Debby, Martin Thomas and, get this, his DAUGHTER, Kit. As far as I know, they were the only father-daughter pair in the group, although I know that there are several women in the club as a guest of an uncle, including one fabulous red-head named Colleen. In any case, we arrived at his hacienda late in the afternoon, and were treated to a fabulous barbeque cooked up by his chef and some other of the ranch hands. I started talking to Gloria, who was, and is, a fabulously attractive and highly educated

woman of about 55. She'd been involved in pet love since her late teens, she told me, and had divorced her first husband when he refused to share her with their Irish Setter. She got two homes, half the wealth, and the Setter in the settlement. She'd never had relations with a horse, and was anxious to see how Eloise handled the situation, because she said she might want to at least TRY it if it seemed a viable proposition."

We all paused to take a drink. My throat had inexplicably gotten dry during Charlie's monologue, and I was really curious myself about what happened on his trip.

"The next morning, we all went out to one of Alberto's barns after a big breakfast, a breakfast that I noted was passed over by Eloise. One of the conversations over the table was the mechanics of a horse's ejaculation, and we got a very thorough education by the ranch's head wrangler. It seems that most of their stallions are used to mounting a dummy mare for collection of the semen which they sell to other breeders and artificial insemination centers. Only about one out of ten mounts are done with an actual live mare. The horses are washed and inspected carefully to ensure that there is nothing that could degrade the quality of the semen collected, and in over 17 years, they've never had a problem reported by any of the labs that purchase their output. He showed us samples of the collection sleeves they sometimes use to receive the sperm."

I was curious. "How much does a horse cum, usually?" I asked him.

"Well, it varies, obviously, from horse to horse and from time to time, but we were told that the average is about 50 to 75 milliliters, but some especially virile stallions can shoot as much as 350 milliliters - that's nearly one and a half full cups, or 12 ounces. Interestingly enough, there can be up to 600 MILLION sperm cells in a typical horse ejaculation. This does not count, of course, the lubricating pre-ejaculate that can easily match the volume of the semen itself, or the gel that comes after the semen, that's usually discarded when collecting. Its purpose is to lock the semen inside the live mare when that's the process, but of course it's of no use in artificial insemination."

I had stop and think about that. My god. Two cups or more of cum. I think I'd drown.

"Anyway, we got out to the stable, and there were three marvelous looking stallions there, a magnificent black one, a chestnut, and a large grey specimen that Alberto told us was his most prolific breeder, having produced over 50 gallons of marketable semen over the last few seasons. He was drained every other day, on average. Eloise walked up to the chestnut, who was named, if I remember, Rudolfo. The horse snickered at her, and she petted its noble head."

"I want to start with this one!" she announced, and Alberto said that that was a good choice, as he was very friendly, and was used to being around people. Many stallions are quite nasty and violent, it takes a great deal of training and patience to be able to groom one that is not so wound up around human beings all the time. But this one was used to being handled by humans, and having his semen extracted. So she took off her top, leaving a pair of trousers on, and Alberto handed Eloise a bucket filled with warm soapy water and a sponge, and showed her how to begin washing the animal's penis. As she soaped the horse up, his cock started to come out of his belly, and it was something else to see, I'll tell you. You don't realize how big a stallion's cock is until you see it close up. Eloise started breathing hard and getting a little red in the face, but you could tell she was enjoying it. She told me later that she has always loved giving handjobs and in general wrapping her fingers around male penises."

"So anyway, once the entire shaft was out and visible, she continued rubbing it with the soapy water, and once she was satisfied that it was as clean as could be, she put the sponge back in the bucket, wrapped both hands around the shaft about six inches apart, and simply started masturbating the

horse. She said she could actually FEEL the shaft getting harder and harder as blood was pumped into it. She was sitting on a low stool, under the horse and a bit to one side. The cock was at least 18 inches long by now, and Eloise was rubbing it back and forth, back and forth like mad. She asked Alberto if he was sure that the horse would cum from manual stimulation, and he answered that he was pretty sure it would. She leaned in and gave the big flared head of his shaft a lick, and then made a face. We all grinned at that."

"The horse was getting impatient, though, you could see that. Most wild beasts aren't programmed to fuck for long periods of time, it's rather a situation of 'get hard, get in, and get off' for most of them. And Eloise had been at it for five or ten minutes by now. Then all of a sudden, the horse stamped one of its back hooves, and a light stream of something came out of the head of its cock, spraying Eloise from between her breasts down to her waist. It turned out to be the pre-come, because about three seconds later, she shrieked in surprise just as a huge stream of semen jetted out of the tip of his cock and splashed all over poor Eloise's face from her forehead to her chin. She was so shocked that all she could do was open her mouth in surprise and of course, things being what they are, the next big jet smacked her right in the lips. She coughed and sputtered and tried to duck out of the way but when she twisted, she pulled the horse's cock right along with her, and managed to spray herself again. She was jerking the cock all through this of course, as I guess training and experience took over. The chestnut ejaculated three or four more blasts all over the poor woman before he ran dry. Everybody was deathly silent, and Eloise just dropped the horse's penis. It shrank out of sight pretty quickly, and she turned to us and said, 'Can somebody get me a bloody towel?', and we all cracked up."

Antonio leaned in to her and handed her a towel, helping her to her feet. She started wiping off her chest, drenched as it was with what looked like a half gallon of yellow custard. Antonio said to her with a smile, "You realize, my dear, that you just swallowed nearly \$15,000 dollars worth of semen!" She just looked at him with a rather wild look in her eyes, and replied, "I'll write you a check."

We smiled at Charlie. "Wow." was all Ed could say. I didn't know what to say. It seemed almost impossible to believe. But then again, after the events of the day, I'd probably be inclined to believe almost anything where these people were involved.

"We spent the rest of the day just exploring the ranch, and enjoying Alberto's hospitality. The country around his place was beautiful, and he had large herds of beef cattle, about 40 horses, and even several dozen sheep and llama and alpacas, all of which he raised for their beef, hides, and wool, and in the case of the horses and some bulls, semen. He said he employed almost 100 people from the surrounding villages, and donated a good portion of the meat, dairy, and hide output from his ranch to their homes. Everybody loved him, it seemed."

"Did Eloise ever actually have sex with a horse?" Ed wanted to know.

"Well, sort of. That night we all had a bit too much to drink, and she dared us to come out to the barn and watch her try to fuck the big grey stallion. She got naked out there and laid down underneath of him on an old bench of some type, and Sandra and Gloria got down next to her and the three of them started jerking the horse off. His cock was even more enormous than the chestnut's earlier, and I thought the women were going to end up fighting each other for the right to make him ejaculate. Eloise smeared a bunch of grease or something all over her crotch, and started to try to push his cock into her. She got the big flared head in and screamed bloody murder, but said not to let her stop, she wanted to get as much in as she could. Meanwhile, the poor horse is whinnying and stamping his hooves and we were afraid he'd try to rear up and hurt her. So Sam and Richard and I rigged up some sort of reins across the animal's back and over his head, so he couldn't get loose and hurt Eloise or anyone else, for that matter."

"She's grunting and squealing and the horse is making snuffling noises because he's frustrated at not being able to seat himself completely in this odd, pale little mare. Now, Eloise is a good sized woman, about five feet nine or so, and she's had three children, so her hips are mature and have been widened before. But even so, the head of this stallion's cock was probably three or four inches across and something like that just does not slip up into a vagina without some work. Gloria was down underneath holding the rest of his shaft straight, as it was so long that it was bending under the effort. Suddenly, about three or four more inches popped in and Eloise screamed out that she was coming, and she shook and shuddered. Richard and I just looked on in amazement. She was madly rubbing the top of her vulva, and rolling her hips up and down, trying to the more of the beast's penis inside of her. Frankly, we were afraid for her health. Despite what some might say, there often is simply no way that a penis as large and as long as a full-grown horse's can fit inside a human female without tearing something and becoming a real health hazard."

I shivered. I knew what it felt like when a knot popped inside of me for the first time, I could just imagine what it felt like to that poor woman.

"But Eloise begged us to let the beast continue trying to mate with her. It was alarming but we looked at each other, and to her husband Sam, and he nodded his head and so Gloria started furiously rubbing the exposed part of the shaft and Eloise started rotating her hips like a hula dancer and the horse was snorting and snuffling and after about 30 seconds Eloise let out a blood curdling scream and yelled "He's COMING!! MY GOD HE'S COMING I CAN FEEL IT!" and a torrent of milky liquid squirted out of the junction between the animal's penis and her vaginal lips. It lasted a good 10 or 20 seconds, the poor beast was beside himself with frustration, probably, and Eloise was panting and stamping her own feet up and down on either side of the bench and then it was over. The penis softened considerably, and slithered out of her vagina, with, as you can imagine, a good amount of semen following along after it, which dripped out of the exhausted woman for several moments."

"We all just silently stared at her, and then Sam went up to her with a towel and she stood up on rather shaky legs and we all went back to the ranch house. He took her up and put her in the bathtub in their room, and then came back down. He said she was still kind of woozy, both from liquor and the rather magnificent fucking she just took but she wasn't bleeding or anything. Two days later, we all flew back up to Miami, and that was that, more or less."

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Part Seven - A Learning Experience

Looking back now, I'm still amazed at what went on at that Lodge for the rest of the weekend. I was not the only performer there, not by a long shot. It was an eye-opening experience for me, watching OTHER women have sex with animals. It made me feel that I was part of a sizable, yet dedicated and loving group. I knew that what we were doing, and witnessing, was certainly something that a majority of the public out there would denounce as perverted and obscene. But by the same token, no one could deny that there was a sizable contingent of people who enjoyed this form of sexual behavior. Was that wrong? Was that something to be looked down upon, or even criminalized? I thought not. Certainly, the people were all here voluntarily. I saw no one there under duress, although one "skit" later on Saturday afternoon featured what could only be described as play-rape of a rather buxom, and ultimately, semen-covered, 50-ish woman by half-a-dozen absolutely princely-looking Dobermans. I made a mental note to investigate that scenario later on. <smile>

And the animals certainly weren't being mistreated. Charlie took Ed and me on a tour of the animal care facilities on Sunday morning, and I was very impressed by the accommodations provided for the

non-human performers. Heated pens that were each the size of a small room, with plenty of food and water for them, and a large exercise area out the rear of the lodge. I watched the dogs chase Frisbees excitedly, and they played ball with some of the attendants. Each animal was meticulously bathed, groomed and brushed, and the three vets on staff were all graduates of one of the most highly regarded Veterinary programs in the world, one that cared for million-dollar race horses and prized bulls and exotic circus animals. I've toured the facilities there since then, in the suburbs west of Philadelphia, and take it from an 'expert', these are the most dedicated, most caring, most professional veterinarians in the world.

Saturday morning, we watched several performances by women whose specialties seemed to be mixed species mating - one or more human men, and at least one canine. Each male was treated to both oral and vaginal caresses during the sequences. Three of the women took their canine partner's ejaculations vaginally, and two took them orally. One of the women even laid back on the wide pad that had been put down, and I watched fascinated as four of those marvelous looking hunks of men jerked off wildly onto her face and hair as her pussy was pounded into submission by a large Rottweiler.

After a scrumptious lunch of garden salad, roast beef, home-baked breads and rolls, cheeses, and wine, we watched a video that had been sent to the group by a sister organization in Brazil. I was amazed at the performances by several cocoa-skinned Brazilian beauties who seemed perfectly at home fellating and attempting intercourse with fully grown horses. Obviously, the huge size of the horse penises made real oral sex pretty much impossible, but I watched with bemused interest as these women held the large flared cap of the equine penis in their mouths and then rolled the 18 or 20-inch shaft back and forth in an attempt to excite the horses to climax.

One young girl did manage, at least from the video point of view, to get what looked like about five or six inches of a horse cock up inside of her, and proceeded to shake her booty well enough to cause what appeared to be a massive ejaculation, flooding her womb with at least a cup or so of milky yellowish semen, which came flooding out of her when the snake-like appendage was pulled free. Other scenes showed women strapped into some sort of low-hanging sling beneath their horses, which it was later explained to me were "belly-riding", a practice which, if the physics and engineering problems were surmounted, appeared to hold some promise for an extremely arousing ride around the old O-K corral. The way I saw it, the problem with trying to fuck a horse, beyond the size of his cock, is that the horse is going to want to saw that thing back and forth two feet at a time, and the girl needs to be able to limit that to seven or eight inches, at the most. So a sling underneath that she can slide back and forth on, with control, could be the key.

Later in the afternoon, I was flabbergasted to see that the group actually put on several seminars for women interested in improving their skills at bestiality. Ed and Charlie were out running some errand or another that needed attention, so I was on my own all afternoon. I started taking notes as I wandered from conference room to conference room.

The first one I looked in on was titled "How To Take the Knot". There were perhaps a dozen or so women in the small room there, and I took a chair in the back. There was a large video screen in one corner of the room, and a laptop on a lectern next to it. The instructor was the young raven-haired woman that had attended to me the night before - I'd learned her name was Yvette, and I caught her eye and smiled as I sat down. She was standing behind a large wide work-bench sort of table that was about six feet from end to end, and came up about to her belly button. She didn't have a blouse or other top on, and her perky C-cup sized breasts rose proudly on her chest. One nipple had a sparkling diamond on a short chain suspended from the post cleaving through it. Oh, to have the tits of a twenty-year old, I remember thinking wistfully. I listened attentively to her 'lecture', which had started a minute or so before I came in.

“...and being able to accept the knot, as it’s called, of the dog’s penis is the culmination of this process. The knot varies in size from dog to dog, but in virtually all cases, is about one-and-a-half to two times wider in diameter than the rest of the shaft forward of it. There appears to be no standard correlation between the length of the shaft and the size of the knot, per se. Some dog penises are quite long and thin, and the placement of the knot makes it difficult for the typical woman’s vagina to fully open widely enough for the knot to be pushed in, without the tip of the penis pushing into the cervix. As we all know, sometimes that can be painful.”

An older, brown-haired woman raised her hand.

“Does my guy’s knot HAVE to go in me? I’m a little small down there and every time he pushes really hard against me, and I think it hurts him as much as me.” She looked really crestfallen.

“Well, it’s the dog’s natural instinct to push the knot into the vaginal opening. It seals the birth canal and ensures that as much of his semen flows into the bitches’ womb as possible. However, as most of you know, the dog can reach climax and ejaculate even if the knot does not penetrate. No matter which opening it’s aimed at. Trust me, I’ve swallowed quarts and quarts of semen from all kinds of doggies over the years, and my mouth is no way big enough to have a knot in it!” the young girl smiled back.

“But, then again, any woman mature enough to have a baby can certainly be conditioned to take a dog’s knot. They may be large, but none are as big as a baby’s head. So any of you who have had a baby, I can guarantee that we’ll show you how to train your pelvic muscles to expand enough. Those of you who haven’t had a child, well, you may have to work a little harder, but it can be done, believe me.”

The girl reached down to the large table in front of her. Arrayed across it were seven or eight dildoes, each formed in the shape of a doggie cock. I’d never seen them before, and I was fascinated by them. I made a mental note to get one. Or two. Or three.. LOL!!!


“Here’s a typical canine dildo, available in our gift shop and through the online catalog as well. As you can see, the shaft is roughly five inches long, culminating in a chisel-pointed glans, with a noticeable urethral tip.” She handled the dildo sensuously, running a closed fist up and down the shaft as she pointed the end at the class. “Not all dogs have a penis that ends in this rather pronounced angle - some are relatively flat and squat. Me, I prefer the angled end, especially for giving oral sex to a dog. It’s something my tongue can work with.” She grinned. “At the end, this little tip, of course, is where all that good stuff comes from.” She held one hand around the shaft, just forwards of the knot. “There are times when you do not want the knot to enter you, of course, and the best way to ensure that is for either you, or your partner if you have one, to hold the shaft of the penis lightly, in front of the knot. Be careful, though, because the dog’s shaft is much more sensitive than a guy’s. It’s going to feel just as hard, though, if not harder. Make a ring with your thumb and forefinger if you need to, and keep the knot from going any farther in than you want it to.”

She put that dildo down, and picked up an even larger one. This one was a beauty, fully eight or nine inches from the knot to the tip, and a good inch and a half or two inches in diameter. The end was flatter than her first demo model. The knot looked like it was as big around as a tennis ball, and the whole thing was formed in a striking red and white color scheme. I thought, ‘I have to get one!’

“If any of you are fortunate enough to have a mature Great Dane...” she paused, and looked around the room expectantly. Four hands went up. “...then you’ll probably recognize this bad boy.” She smiled. “I sometimes call it The Pussy Wrecker. It’s modeled after a champion stud Great Dane from

England who fathered dozens and dozens of puppies, and even today, is called upon to mate with some pretty well known bitches. I don't want to brag" she continued, "but I actually got the entire penis of this marvelous animal down my throat, to the knot here, and up my cooze. It took a lot of work, and a lot of lubrication, but I got the knot in and let me tell you, it rubbed up against my G-spot for about 15 minutes, and I came so much and so hard they had to scrape me off the ceiling." She blushed lightly. "I leaked his cum for the next three days."

The audience stirred in recognition, but she continued. "Something like this is not to be attempted lightly. You could be seriously injured if you're not trained, and prepared, and willing to make the effort. So, let's continue."

She picked up another of the faux doggie cocks again, and I noticed that this one had a length of clear plastic tubing leading from the end behind the knot to what looked like a large squeeze bulb that she held in her other hand. She walked around to the front of the table and as she came around, the entire room gasped in surprise. Our instructor was completely naked. Well, except for the red high heels. And belly chain. And, it appeared, a clit ring. She had the body for it though. I was instantly jealous again. 

She leaned back against the butt-high table edge, and spread her long legs about four feet apart. She looked down at her crotch, and we all watched fascinated as she rubbed the top of her slit with an elegantly polished fingernail. She held the doggy dildo around the knot, and slowly licked the tip and the first couple of inches, getting it wet and slick. Then she reached down and slid the rubber boner slowly up into her vaginal canal. I craned my head out into the aisle to get a better look. I have to admit I was finding this very arousing.

"Now...once the shaft has entered you..." she had to pause and take a breath here, and I saw a rosy flush extend across her cleavage and up into her neck. "...and he's pushing rapidly in and out of your vagina, you will feel the rapid pulsing, and probably rather copious amounts of pre-cum and lubrication will be shooting out. You want to get as much of this really slippery liquid concentrated at the very opening of your vulva, so spread it around on your lips as much as possible." She started pistoning the dildo in and out of her tunnel, not as rapidly as most dogs, but with real purpose and determination. We could see the shiny coating of her lube start to glisten on the outer lips of her cleanly shaven vagina. She gave a pump on the bulb, and the liquid around her crotch became even more pronounced, with a slightly milky sheen.

She breathlessly tried to narrate her movements as she fucked herself with the substantial dildo in front of the class, but she was very energetic with the dildo, and had to pause after nearly every word. "As...he...gets...more...and...more...rapid...you'll feel..oh god.....you'll feel..the knot...-" Then she had to stop for a moment and quiver. I think she had a little mini-orgasm. "the knot...begin to...enlarge...and...push...against you." She bent her head down and watched her own crotch being assaulted over and over by the large plastic dong she was wielding. She rotated it back and forth and side to side, probably foaming up the interior walls of her pussy with the shaft. Then she kind of tensed up and gave a grunt, and we watched in awe as she pushed the big knot of the dildo right up against her outer lips, then took a deep breath and pushed the lemon-sized knot right up and into her vagina with another deep grunt. The class seemed to gasp in astonishment, all as one. I know I did.

"Oh fuck..." she breathed quietly. Her chest was rising and falling with her deep breathing, and I watched the little suspended diamond sparkle from the overhead lights. "Once the knot is in you....for most women...you'll feel it rub against your G-spot.." and she once again rotated the visible part of the dildo around in a big circle between her thighs. "You may...need to move your hips up and down a bit until you feel it...but once you do, it should start...to...feel...marvelous..." Her voice

cracked a bit as she obviously did just that. She bit her bottom lip and her midsection quivered and shook as she had what looked like a very nice orgasm. She froze and her legs quivered and she squeaked again, still slowly rotating the exposed dildo.

“Once the knot has entered and effectively....sealed, the dog will now start to ejaculate the full....seminal load he’s been saving for you, which may take....several...MINUTES!” she almost screamed the word, and then she held up the rubber bulb in her left hand and squeezed it with all her might. I could only imagine the stream of slippery, warm juice being shot out of the other end of her toy, blasting with scalding force against the mouth of her womb. She squeezed it again, and again, inundating her uterus with the fake cum. Small drips of it leaked out of her at the seal where her labia met the dildo’s knot.

Once she’d emptied the bulb of its’ contents, she shook again, slowly, and bowed her head. Her entire upper body was bathed in sweat, and her legs quivered as she rode out her climax, and the class of entranced women watched in silent awe. Finally, after several long moments, she looked back up at her audience, and brushed a tendril of hair away from her flushed face. “Once your boy - “ she stopped again for a second to take a breath. “oh man....once your boy has finished ejaculating, he may try to pull free suddenly. This is something you don’t want to encourage.” She smiled. “Try to keep his interest for a few moments, talk to him, keeping a good hold on his forelegs if you have them. You want the knot to shrink in size a little bit to make it easier on you. You’ll be able to tell if the knot has reduced when you start to leak..” and she looked down at her own sodden crotch and, grunting, pulled slowly on her toy until the bulbous knot slipped out of her vagina with an audible ‘squelch’ sound, and a torrent of very realistic-looking semen poured out of the round, dark opening between her legs, washing down the insides of both thighs. She nonchalantly swiveled on her hips to one side and pulled some paper towels from a pile on the table behind her, swabbing herself dry while she continued.

“We recommend that you exercise your Kegels at least once daily for several minutes, and if you have access to great toys such as these”, and she indicated the battalion of artistic pussy-pleasers behind her on the workbench, “they can be used to gradually stretch your musculature and help you adapt to the size of your boy’s knot.”

She straightened up and walked slowly around to the back of the workbench. “Now, we have a short film of various knotting events from the last few performances here at the Lodge, and I think you’ll find them quite informative. Pay close attention to the time in each scene immediately before the knot enters the woman, and then just as it comes out again.” She lowered the lights, and hit a button on the laptop in front of her, and the screen off to the side lit up with a video.

While everyone was concentrating on her and the video starting, I slowly, quietly got up and left the room. Out in the hallway, I looked to either side of me, and, hearing some commotion coming from another room a few doors away, I strolled down the hall the few feet and checked it out. The easel outside made me chuckle.

“Fellatio with Fido - Fun or Phooey?”

I pushed open the door and went in.

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## **Part Eight - Fellatio with Fido**

The conference room was dark as I walked in, so I tried to get in and close the door behind me as quickly as I could without creating a disturbance. No such luck. The bright light out in the hall

outlined me as I tried to slide through the doorway, and nearly every head in the room turned to see who it was that interrupted things. I froze, and the instructor at the front of the room paused the video I noticed they were watching.

“Well, my goodness Barbara, we’re delighted you could make it to our little seminar!” she said gaily. It was one of the attendants I’d seen around the Lodge, a somewhat plain looking woman of about 35 or so, brunette, kinda short in stature. She had on a nearly transparent white silk blouse and her bra-less, large and somewhat droopy boobs were on display. It was nice to see that not everyone here was a five-foot-ten inch blonde with D-cup tits and legs that went on forever. I blushed and smiled, and weakly waved at them. Astoundingly, I heard someone in the back, in the dark shadows, begin to softly clap, and before I could say or do anything, nearly everyone in the room was applauding, for some reason. Then it finally dawned on me, the idiot, that they were probably showing their appreciation of my performance the night before.

“I’m Gail, by the way, and we were just in the middle of watching a video. But now that everyone here has seen you, I think we’d all be very honored if you wouldn’t mind taking questions from the group for a few minutes?” the woman asked me, rather brazenly, I might add.

“Uh...no, not..I mean, thank you..um, I don’t know-“ I stuttered like a dunce as I stood there turning beet red. And then I more or less realized that we were all here together - I mean, we were all kinky animal lovers, and I had nothing more to be ashamed of than anybody else in the room. Geeze, they were in a seminar on how to suck a dog’s cock, fercryinoutloud! And then I got kind of proud of myself. I’d never really had anybody seek out my advice or instruction on anything. And here were about twenty or so women, and four guys, who wanted to pick my brains. I shrugged and giggled a bit and then said “Sure, I guess, why not? I’m no expert or anything...” as I walked to the front of the room. I stood off to one side and leaned my hands over on the top of a chair. Then I pointed at a woman in the second row off to one side with her hand up like we were in 9th grade geography or something.

“Yes?”

“Um, first, I really liked your show last night. It was amazing!” she gushed. I nodded and said “Thanks, I guess.”

She continued. “How does it taste?” she giggled and nodded her head. “The cum, I mean, I’ve never done it. With a dog, I mean. Is it icky?”

I thought for a couple of seconds. “Well, I’m sure it varies, just like it does with guys - “ and I cocked my head and looked around the room, “- but the only taste I’ve really noticed is a kind of coppery or metallic taste. Ever lick aluminum foil? But most of the time, I don’t even notice the taste. Feed your boy pineapple, I suppose.” I said, grinning. I’d known about the pineapple trick with Ed for years. Like sucking a fruit popsicle. “Yes, next?” I pointed to a gal on the other side of the room.

“How long have you been doing this?”

I scratched my ear. “I guess, just a little under a year. It pretty much happened by accident.”

“Was Hector the first dog you...you know, sucked?” asked the next student.

“More or less, yes. On a regular basis, that is. He seems to really like it. Brutus, not so much.”

I spent the next 10 or 15 minutes answering questions about my past and my experiences with all my pups, even including Star. Then I finally begged off any more, and sat in the chair up in the front

row there, and played Sally Student.

Gail had turned on the lights as I was up there being grilled, and she had one of those wooden easels with a big paper flip chart thingy on it, turned to a huge diagram of a dog penis. She laser pointed it.

“Ok, let’s get back to our diagram. As we noted, the typical canine penis ranges anywhere from four to up to 10 or 11 inches in length. It varies with breed. Obviously, your Chihuahua is not going to be able to rock your world as well as your Doberman or Great Dane.” she said, laughing. The class tittered. “Most are also slimmer than a typical guy’s penis would be of the same length. This becomes very important when we get down to sucking. Slimmer, and more flexible, and in many ways smoother, we’ll discuss just how simple it is to actually perform deep throat sucking on your pup, and the techniques for swallowing the head of the cock once it’s past the back of your tongue.”

“Unlike Barb, I actually started sucking my doggie’s bone at a much younger age.” She blushed a bit. “Let’s just say I was above legal driving age, but under legal drinking age, shall we? I was home alone, and Buster, my first canine lover, had just spent a half hour licking my coochie to about a hundred and fifty seven orgasms, and although I was almost exhausted, I felt bad for him. I saw his lovely red cock pushed out of the sheath, and it was spraying his lube constantly, all over my leg and the bedspread, and everywhere. I didn’t want to have to explain to my mother why there was dried dog semen all over my bed, so I took a deep breath, leaned over, and slipped the shaft right into my mouth.”

She stopped to take a breath, and then continued, the class hanging on her every word.

“At first, I was kinda shocked at the heat - doggie cum and all is much hotter than human sperm, because a dog’s internal temperature is higher - about 105 to 107 degrees, I think. So it almost felt like someone was spraying hot water onto my tonsils. But then once I got used to it, it wasn’t bad. Not bad at all. He’s spray four or five times, and then I’d swallow it, and he’d spray again, and I’d swallow it. This went on for a couple of minutes, I wasn’t really sucking him, I just had his cock in my mouth while he jetted.”

I noticed that her nipples had hardened into big, pencil-eraser sized points, and were poking out the front of her shirt noticeably. I guessed Gail was one hot number, after all. I smiled.

“Then he started jerking against my lips, and before I could do anything about it, he’s pushed his cock all the way to the back of my mouth, and I had to grab at it to keep him from jamming his knot all the way back into my molars. So now his cock was all the way at the back of my throat, and I felt like I was going to gag or choke, and suddenly I swallowed, and the contraction of my upper throat muscles simply pulled the tip of his dick back and over the back of my tongue, and POP, I was deep throating my dog. I started to breathe through my nose, just like I’d learned to do with my boyfriend, who, by the way, was not as long, but was significantly wider and thicker than Buster.”

OK, so by now, you could feel the tension in the room as all these women listened to her describe her first canine fellatio experience. I didn’t look to see, but I could imagine that there were more than just a few fingers starting to rub crotches.

“I swallowed as rapidly as I could to provide more stimulation to him, and then I felt the hottest jet of something go pouring down my esophagus, and realized after a second that he was cumming down my throat, straight into my stomach. I hiccupped, and swallowed again, and the hot stream kept on coming. I’d had guys cum in my mouth before, and, you know, with them, it’s like squirt, pause, squirt, squirt, pause, squirt, and they’re pretty much finished after maybe four squirts, right? But not ol’ Buster, no siree bob! It felt like someone was pouring hot soup right into my tummy, and

even my stomach felt warm. He squirted over and over again for what seemed like a really long time, but was probably only thirty seconds or so. But that's a LOT of cum, right? He was whimpering and whining and my tummy was starting to really feel hot."

Now I was sure that there were a lot of secretive snatches being fingered.

"I pulled my head back, and his cock came up out of my throat and rested on my tongue, so I pressed it up into the roof of my mouth, and I felt, actually felt, the pulses of semen run through it and squirt out into the back of my tongue. That's the first time I actually tasted the cum and it was a little odd, not as salty as guy cum, but much much hotter, and a little bitter. The biggest difference, I guess, to me, is that doggie sperm is nowhere near as thick as guy cum. So he sprayed into my mouth another five or six times, and then he finally ran dry, I guess, because he pulled out really fast, and went over to the corner of the room, whirled around about five times, and then layed down and started licking himself. I sat up in the bed and burped. Ugh, that tasted really BAD when I did that!"

The class laughed in nervous agreement.

She flipped the page over. The next image was of the business end of a doggie cock, blown up and magnified to about the size of a medium pizza. Hold the anchovies.

"So, anyway, the head of most canine penises is flatter, with a pronounced ridge along one side, and a urethral tip at the very end." she pointed. "Note that the shaft is usually multi-colored, with red and white being prominent, but black and gray also found quite commonly. Obviously, there is no circumcision, so every dog is "uncut", as they say in the biz." She smiled at us.

"The greatest thing about dog penises, as far as I'm concerned, is their cleanliness. I mean, heck, it's hidden in the sheath when not in use, and the dog cleans it himself about every fifteen minutes. I'll take a dog cock over most guys, on the spur of the moment, every time. I mean, come on. With a guy, it's stuffed in their hot, sweaty underwear all day long, they're scratchin' and pullin' at it every 30 seconds, I mean, really, you know?" she went on, driving the class into near hysterics.

"Also, when a dog gets hard, he starts shooting out a liquid that, in nature, is intended to clean and more or less disinfect both him and the female dog he's about to mount. He spurts this stuff out for several minutes before the actual ejaculatory process starts, so you never have to worry about tasting pee, if you know what I mean. Ugh, eh?" she laughed again. Gail was a real hoot.

"Ok, now, there are a couple of things to remember when performing fellatio on your dog. First off, their cocks were not, sadly, designed to be sucked on. They're a lot more, well, 'sensitive', than a guy is - they're not really covered with a thick layer of external skin. So you have to be very careful with your teeth. Believe me, you do not want to take a nip out of Buster's beanpole by accident, or even on purpose. Your dog will instantly not like it a bit."

I had to smile at that - I remembered one time when I was practicing on Hector and he accidentally kicked me with one of his back paws, scratching the hell out of my thigh. I bit down on him slightly, not in retaliation, but because the scratch hurt like the bejeezus. He yelped and pulled away from me really quick and stood up and growled at me, and I could tell he did not appreciate my teeth. Ever since then, I made it a habit to be really really careful with my teeth.

"Your doggie partner may or may not like to have you suck back and forth on his shaft, as opposed to just holding it in your mouth and letting him move it back and forth. He may be totally clueless about getting a blowjob. He certainly won't be able to jam it back and forth between your lips like he does when he's in a vagina, whether it's yours or that cute little cocker spaniel from down the street."

"Now, what I do is to get my Buster to lay down on his back, and I hold his rear legs out of the way. He's become used to me by now but it will take a while. A dog uses this kind of posture to show submission, and it may not be very natural or easy for your big, dominant male to understand that he's not submitting to you, he's gonna get a nice treat." She smiled.

"Barb, can you tell us how you and Hector go about it when you want to give him an oral treat?" she looked over at me and I blushed again, unconsciously.

"Umm, well, we started a while back kinda informally. I was already laying down on the floor, and he came over to me and started licking my face. I pushed him around and he sat down like a big lump with his butt right next to my head. I just wriggled around and as I came around to his front, I noticed that he'd come out of his sheath almost completely, and I'd never really looked at his co...well, penis, that much. Suddenly I was eye to eye with it, just a couple of inches from my face. Of course, I'm there staring at it like an idiot, and all of a sudden he starts spraying and I got a faceful of his pre-cum. At first I giggled at the shock of it, and so I grabbed his penis around the base but it was jerking around wildly and Hector was pumping at me like they do, you know, and, well, he was spritzing all over my face. So without really thinking, I opened my mouth as wide as I could and I aimed the tip of his cock at me, and he sprayed right straight down my tongue with about six really strong, hot, streams of pre-cum. I closed my mouth to swallow, and quickly re-opened, and let him continue to squirt. Then I simply leaned forwards towards the tip, and before I was really thinking clearly, I just put my lips over the end and sucked him in. I felt those really hot, slightly greasy and slippery jets of juice shoot over my tongue, and I kept swallowing every few seconds, and then I just started twirling my tongue all around, just like I'd do with a guy, and Hector started thrusting back and forth, but I made sure I kept control with my other hand." I paused to take a breath.

"So I'm there sitting on my butt, back up against the bed, and Hector is standing up over me with his big front paws on the bed, and he started hunching his hips, but not nearly so forcefully and fast as he would be if he was actually with a bitch." I stopped to look around the small group of people, who here hanging on my every word as if I was describing how I discovered a cure for cancer.

"Part of me, a detached part of my brain, thought that Hector actually KNEW he wasn't screwing a bitch, that he couldn't pound away at my mouth like mad. He thrust into my mouth over and over again, and I kept a firm grip on him just behind the knot so he wouldn't knock my teeth out. I said to myself, 'Barb, old gal, there's a big dog fucking your face.' And he was. My dog was fucking my mouth, and I was going along with it. I kept swallowing his jets of pre-cum every couple of seconds, and we went on like that for at least a couple or three or four minutes. And then I felt him sort of shiver all over, and he whined a little bit, deep in his throat. I had adjusted my hand to hold his shaft in front of his knot, because I really didn't want him trying to shove that thing into my mouth. And then I felt it. I actually felt him climax. I felt the shaft of his cock kind of swell and pulse and a long jet of semen shot up from his insides, past my fingers, and blew into my mouth."

I could feel the tension in the room again. For some reason, I was really getting into this. I must be crazy.

"That first spurt of doggie semen that flooded my mouth was hot, ever so hot, and it seemed like there was a HUGE amount of it. Some of it leaked out of the seal between my lips and his cock and dripped down onto my right boob. I pulled my head back a bit to make more room in my mouth, and I swallowed, roughly, almost choking on the mass of what seemed like boiling hot sperm. Just as my mouth cleared, and I felt that hot load slide down my throat, Hector reared back and fired again, and damn if this blast wasn't bigger than the first. My cheeks ballooned out and I actually did gag a little bit, because I wasn't quite ready for it, I'm sure all you ladies know what I mean..." I smiled, raising an eyebrow and looking around the room. I saw almost all of the women nod their heads in



agreement.

"I gulped again, just in time for the THIRD shot. This one splashed off my tongue and the taste and tang of it finally registered in my brain. Metallic, yeah, as we've said. Sharp, kind of. Not at all gluey or clogging like guys can sometimes be. I guess, more watered down? And hot. Really hot. But not at all unpleasant. Not bad at all. And now we'd gotten down into a rhythm. Hector would shake and shiver and blast my mouth with a load of puppies, and I'd swallow it down and rub my tongue around on the top of his dick. We did that, oh, I'll bet twelve or fourteen times. My tummy was feeling a little full. Finally, though, Hector emptied his tanks and he pulled away from me, clambered down off the bed, and, believe it or not, licked my face before he turned around, walked over to the corner of the bedroom and laid down. I sat there, pretty much stunned, almost drunk on doggie cum, "cum drunk", I guess you'd call it. My belly felt really hot and full, like I'd just swallowed a huge bowl of hot soup, which in a way I guess I did, only it was puppy soup, not chicken noodle or tomato."

"I swallowed a couple of times to clear my throat, but my teeth and gums and the inside of my mouth tasted like, and even smelled like, dog. I felt so wicked, so depraved. I guarantee you that the first time you ever let a doggie cum in your mouth and you swallow it, it's a life changing experience. Life changing. You've felled another species. Consider the first time you ever let a man cum in your mouth, and multiply that feeling, that...mental state, if you will, and multiply it by about a hundred. That's what you'll feel like. I won't lie. You may hate it, and yourself. But consider. No one was hurt. No one was forced, woman or beast. Your doggie may or may not even like it. I am fortunate. I love doing it, and Hector loves it. Brutus does not."

I stopped and looked around. I noticed a hand go up, a cute little redhead who looked like she should have been in cheerleading practice after school instead of some vast hunting lodge hidden somewhere up in the hills, a million miles from who-knows-where, in a seminar on semen swallowing. I nodded at her, smiling.

"Um, last night, when you were, you know, with Hector and he was..well, you know, ejaculating in...in your mouth...do you find it easier to swallow each time he shoots, or wait and like, swallow it all at once, or what?" she stammered, charmingly.

"Well,... - " I started to answer, and then waited, questioningly, hoping she'd get the hint and give me a name.

"Ariel. Ariel Sawyer. I'm here with my uncle Bert." She answered. I raised an eyebrow. I'd actually heard some of the other members speak of her. Highly regarded. Sexy as all get out. She'd actually been filmed during her first doggie encounter a year or so ago. She was starting so young, I actually envied her. Had I known then what I know now, I'd have lost my doggie cherry before I was out of my teens, too.

"Well Ariel, that's a very good question. I think it really depends on the size of each ejaculated stream. Some doggies probably won't shoot a great deal, and you can let it build up until you have a nice tasty mouthful, and then swallow. Other dogs, like my Hector, will shoot a huge amount each time they jet, and it's easier, you won't choke, if you try to swallow each time. Like last night."

"Yeah, I mean, I watched, and it looked like he was shooting forever or something..." she said.

"Yeah, he's like that. He's got tremendous capacity. I counted them all."

"No way!" she blurted out. "No way!"

"Way." I laughed. Her eyes brightened up.

“Get the frig out!” she giggled.

“Guess!” I challenged her.

Her brow furrowed. She tilted her head at me and I saw one lip curl.

“Twelve...no, fifteen.”

I went “Hummpf. Not even close.”

“Shut UP!” Now half the class was laughing as we sparred back and forth.

“Thirty three times. Hector shot 33 jets of sperm into my mouth last night.”

“Shut the front door!” she giggled at me. “Holy god, you’re my hero!” she gushed. “Can I, um, come up and give you a hug? My god, thirty three cums! My god..” she was standing and walking up to me before I could even answer, so I just held out my arms and she came up to me and we hugged. And that seemed to start a pattern in the class, as each and every one of them came up, shook my hand, and gave me a warm and encouraging hug as they filed out of the room. I was floating on air by the time the last one finished, leaving only the staffer Gail and me in the room at the end. She looked at me with a glint in her eye, nodding her head slowly up and down.

“Know what?” she asked.

“No, what?”

“You just might be the one.”

“The one what?” I asked back, puzzled at her curious actions. She was smiling and had a slight ‘cat-ate-the-canary’ look about her.

“Yep, you just might be the one, finally. If anybody can, it’s you.”

“WHAT? What are you talking about?”

“No one’s ever told you?”

“Told me what?”

“You don’t know about The Prize?”

“What prize? C’mon Gail, what the heck are you talking about?” I laughed at her theatrics.

She looked at me for a second or two.

“About 10 years ago, before I got involved here, I think even before Charlie got here, two of the nuttier members of the group had an argument. One thing led to another, and before you know it, the two of them put up FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS each!”

“For what, Gail, for what?”

“A million dollars. A cool, million dollars. As a prize. A perverted one, sure, almost disgusting, but for a million dollars, who the fuck cares, eh?”

I shook my head. "I still don't get what you're talking about."

"These two old geezers put up a million frickin' dollars."

"For WHAT!" I almost shouted at her. I was getting exasperated now. This broad was driving me nuts.

She took a deep breath and smiled at me.

"Sucking off dogs."

I looked at her.

"So? I've done that. So have you."

"No, not just 'dogs'. DOGS!" she emphasized. "LOTS of dogs. LOTS and LOTS of DOGS!"

"Get out." I joked, laughing. She had to be fucking with me.

"Nope. A million bucks. To the first woman who sucks off fifty dogs. All at once. One after the other. Without getting sick, or barfing or anything. There's no time limit, but she can't stop for more than five minutes between dogs. And if she gives up at 49, tough titties, as they say. She gets nothing except a belly full of doggie cum."

"My god. Are they serious?"

"Yep. I've seen it, the check, that is. They have it in a safe in the office."

"Has anybody, you know, tried?"

"Hell yeah. Several. No one's even come close." She leaned forwards to me. "I barfed at twenty two!" She laughed uproariously. "My husband Dan thought it was hilarious, the shit."

I stood back from her.

"HMMMMMM....." I thought.

## **Part 9 - Alternative Fucks**

After those two rather all-consuming seminars, I decided to go back to the small suite that Ed and I had been assigned for the weekend, only stopping at the kennels to check on Brutus and Hector. They were both fast asleep, having gorged on premium dog food earlier in the day, and spending a good two hours romping around in the back exercise yard. I stopped to chat with the kennel attendant for a few minutes, but ultimately found myself back at the room, and simply crashed back on the bed fully clothed, where I snoozed for an hour or two.

I was gently awakened by Ed squeezing my shoulder and kissing me lightly on the lips. I pulled him down onto me and spread my legs, pulling my skirt up to my waist to let me get open for him. I roughly grabbed at his belt while he pulled my blouse apart, freeing my boobs for his mouth to start suckling. He kissed me again, sliding his tongue into my mouth, swabbing at my gums. I gave it back to him just as well, slobbering all over his chiseled lips and chin myself. God, I loved this man. I fucking loved him. I loved fucking him. Don't get me wrong, I love fucking my dogs. But that's just fucking. I'm not in LOVE with my dogs. I adore getting fucked by them, but I adore even more that Ed loves me fucking my dogs, and loves me even more. God I love this man. I moaned into his mouth.

“Fuck me Ed, fuck me good. I need it. I want you.”

I needed a good fuck from a human dick this time, I'd been wound up all afternoon. We managed to get his pants down and his rapidly erecting cock nosed into my wet and slippery furrow, teasing my clit into arousal. A little hip swaying, and twist or two, and then he was sliding in, and I loved that feeling. My Ed's dick was so familiar and comforting to me, I sometimes thought I could go through life with it in my pussy 24 hours a day. His lips met mine and we swapped spit as he started thrusting in and out of my welcoming channel.

“Oh god honey, you're so wet..so wet...” he grunted roughly, his cock sluicing through my depths, his hands just inside my shoulders, pulling me onto him as he pushed in. His cock made wet, 'schlucking' sounds as it slid in and out. I realized why I was so wet.

“It's....Brutus...his...his..cu-...cu-...cum...he's...st...st...still...in there...” I gasped to the rhythm of Ed's big dick pounding into me. I got the image in my mind. My uterus, still flooded with dog semen from last night's mating. I knew I had a very tightly constricted cervix, and it wasn't uncommon for me to leak semen after a mating for two or three days. The tip of Ed's cock, banging into it, and the cum from last night squelching out of my womb and down into my vag, coating Ed's cock was a thrilling thought. I shivered through a nice cum, and grabbed his butt cheeks, pulling him down and deeper into me.

“Fuck me Ed, fuck me deep..” I grunted, vocalizing my lust. He groaned again and leaned down to bite a nipple and drive me crazy again. His cock banged into me, frantic pelvic thrusts driving down into me, my hips pushing just as hard back up.

“Give me your cum, fuck it into me. I want it. I need it” I whispered breathlessly, egging him on with my words, and bumping my pelvis up into him like a two dollar hooker during Fleet Week. I wanted his semen in me, wanted it far up into me, mixing with Brutus's, flooding my womb with hot, sperm-filled cum.

Ed continued to thrust into me, over and over, filling my wanting pussy with his nice, hard pink human cock. He leaned up above me and grabbed both of my boobs with his hands, squeezing them almost painfully, my nipples crushed under his palms. I kept bouncing my hips up at him, meeting each thrust. Our crotches were getting soaked, between sweat and cum and my internal wetness, these sheets would need to be changed before we slept for the night, that's for sure.

He stopped for a second and reached back.

“Give me your ankles” he grunted.

I lifted my feet up and he grabbed both of my ankles, and then slid us back to the side of the bed, his feet now on the floor. He lifted my legs up and then leaned forwards, trying to pin my ankles behind my ears. I winced.

“Jesusfuck, Ed, I'm not 19 any more!” I wheezed at him. He just growled and kept leaning. My legs were now splayed out above me, held in his tight grip. His hips kept thrusting fiercely into my crotch, his curved cocktip smashing into my cervix with every piston-like move, almost painfully. I let myself go into the animalistic carnality of the fucking, shuddering again as my clit got hammered into submission by his pubic bone.

I squeezed at him, my Kegel exercises paying off as usual. Then again.

“Cum, you fucker, cum in my wet cunt, spray that hot cum right into me!” I yelled at him, goading

him on. Dirty talk always made Ed crazy horny.

“Shoot that cum up there, mix it with that fucking doggie cum, give me your puppies!” I screamed in passion. That put him over the edge. He pushed down into me one last time, it felt like he was trying to push his cock right through the mattress and he groaned in release. I felt his whole body spasm and his cock spit a stream of white right up against my clasping cervix, which reacted as evolution designed and sucked the whole mass right into my uterus. His dick shook again, and again, and then again, spurting huge masses of sperm-laden semen straight into my brain, it felt like. I came again as he did, our mutual climaxes finally dwindling away, as he let my legs fall, and he tumbled over onto the bed next to me. I shook like I’d been tasered. He draped one arm over my boobs, and I lifted one leg over his. Within minutes we were both asleep.

*Home, two days later...*

After we got home late Sunday night, Ed and I couldn’t stop talking about the weekend “retreat” we’d enjoyed. I had no idea I would enjoy it so much – but my exhibitionist streak came on full flower, and I had no qualms about performing in front of strangers. Somehow, knowing that they were also bestial lovers made it easier. At times, I thought I was actually showing off, showing them how well I could do. And the rest of the weekend was just as much fun – sitting in on the seminars, enjoying the meals and the camaraderie. We met Gail’s husband, a short, balding man who nevertheless was quite charming, if not the most attractive man at the Lodge. He and Gail seemed deeply in love and lust, it seemed. I actually hated leaving when the limo picked us up after Sunday dinner for the trip home.

For the next few weeks, life was normal – or as normal as it gets when the lady of the house is giving a wake-up blowjob to her husband every morning, cooking him breakfast with a couple tablespoons of his cum in her stomach, and then spending the rest of the day while he’s at work mating three or four times with their big, sexy, horny, beautiful dogs. Some days I’d go an entire morning without making love with either of them, other days I’d do them both twice before lunch. All I usually wore around the house was a loose robe, just in case someone came to the door. I probably smelled of dog cum all day long. I spent a lot of time relaxing in the hot tub.

When Ed got home, we’d snuggle on the sofa for a while, then he’d go and shower and get cleaned up a bit, and we’d have a nice dinner. Then maybe some TV for a while, and then we’d fuck like teenagers in front of the fireplace. Life was good.

A month or so after our Lodge weekend, I had my regular semi-annual check up with my OB-GYN. I was there in the chair, legs akimbo, and she’s got the speculum in me, opened up all the way, peering at my womb.

“You know, Barbara, you have a very tightly constricted cervix. Do you ever feel discomfort or pain during intercourse?” she said, in an offhand matter.

I thought about the banging my insides took, not just from Ed, but from Brutus and Hector. “Well, sometimes, yes”, I answered hesitantly.

“Can I propose something? I can do a quick outpatient procedure for you, it involves surgically dilating the cervix to lessen the impact, so to speak. I can open it up to four or five centimeters, and it may make relations less uncomfortable. It’s a very simple procedure, only takes about fifteen minutes. You rest here, I check to make sure there’s no additional bleeding, and you go home in an hour.”

I thought for a moment. Not just about Ed, either. Brutus and Hector had made a habit out of

banging the hell out of my insides.

“Can you do seven or eight centimeters?”

She looked at me for a second, one eyebrow raised. “My, your husband must be very well endowed. You’re a lucky girl.” She smiled. “Sure, I don’t think that will be a problem. Let me get some instruments, and take a few measurements, and if things look good, we can make an appointment for a few days from now and take care of it.”

So she did, and we did, and I did. I went back about five days later, and an hour and ten minutes after I got to her office, I had a nicely surgically dilated cervix. She said I had no problems whatsoever, in fact the tissues around my cervix and uterus were thick and healthy and showed no sign of weakness or trauma. I thought ‘yeah, that’s ‘cause the callouses were built up from my giant dog’s cock banging into them!...’ but I didn’t say anything. Of course, the only drawback was she prohibited any vaginal intercourse for a week. She smiled at me when she gave me my post-op instructions, saying “Now, you can’t have anything longer than a finger up there for a while, but there are always alternatives, right? Would you like some K-Y samples or anything?” I blushed a bit but took them anyway. Looked like Ed and I would be traveling the ol’ Hershey Highway for a while.

On my way home, I thought about my pups. Hector would probably not be a problem – he’d come to look forwards to my oral attentions to him, it seemed, and always went away happy. Brutus, though, poor Brutus would either have to go without for a few days, or we’d need to find some alternative way to relieve his build-up. As I’ve already noted, he didn’t care for oral sex at all, pulling away and whining every time I tried to get my mouth around him. And apart from that one accidental ass-fucking I’d gotten from him a few months earlier, he’d not shown any real interest in my butt. Not that I’d offered it, of course – his cock felt far too good in my vag for me to consider alternative entries. So we’d need to figure something out. I knew how he got when he went even 24 hours without popping off – he’d get moody, and even surly and almost mean, growling at Hector and in general just acting like a brat until he got his rocks off. The big baby.

Next day, after Ed left for work, I decided to see what I could do with Brutus. First off, of course, I Fleet’ed my lower intestine three times to make sure I was nice and clean. Then I took a nice hot bath with lots of oil beads to soften me up, and had a large glass of wine to help me loosen up and relax. Then I went in to the bedroom and put some towels down on the floor at the foot of the bed just in case things got a little messy. I called Brutus up, and closed the bedroom door so we wouldn’t be bothered. I squeezed a good dollop of Astroglide onto my forefinger, reached back, and opened myself up to push it in. A few more fingerfuls, and I figured my channel was about as well lubricated as it needed to be. I took a medium sized anal toy and, kneeling on the towels with my head down and ass up, I pushed it into me and whirled it around a bit, willing myself to relax and let my sphincter open up. Bru was walking around me nervously, whining, letting me know that he’d gotten my ‘scent’ and was anxiously awaiting the opportunity to shove his hot shaft up my cooze and deliver his load of puppy juice into my womb. Little did he suspect, of course, that I had a detour planned for him. I coo’ed and whispered to him softly, trying to keep him calm.

When I felt my ass was relaxed enough for him, I assumed our regular position, the one he’d been trained to recognize, and patted my butt cheeks, saying “Up, boy!”. The only difference now was that I used my other hand to cover my vulva, and I tried to tilt my pelvis down a little bit to make my ass more accessible. It took several tries, and about five minutes of Brutus banging the hell out of my inner thighs and backside, and stepping painfully on my calf, but I was finally able to get him lined up with my butt and I pushed back against his tip, hoping to get him to seat himself and start moving.

I needn't have worried. Once the end of his dick found itself in a warm, wet opening, it didn't matter. Evolution took over, and he shoved the first six or seven inches right into my guts. I cried out a little, it still hurt, even with the lube and the wine, but I was determined to give this part of me to my boy. He started thrusting in and out, getting into his regular rhythm, and I concentrated on letting my body relax and accept it. With my left hand, I reached down between my legs and started rubbing my clit, knowing that that extra stimulation would help me. I didn't expect to reach orgasm from the ass fucking so I wanted to make sure I got one or two manually.

I groaned again as Brutus seemed to thrust especially deeply a few times, and the sound of his huge dog cock sliding in and out of my rectum echoed in the bedroom. The rhythmic bumping of his crotch into my butt cheeks made that age-old 'bunk-bunk-bunk-bunk' noise. I let my forehead rest on the towels beneath me and the two of us just fucked away for several minutes. I gave myself a nice cum from my fingers and then, in the haze, realized I'd forgotten a very important thing. His knot. There was no way in hell I wanted to get Brutus knotted into my asshole. He had started to speed up and I knew from experience that once he started pushing, he would be difficult, if not impossible, to stop. I reached behind me with my free hand, and then reluctantly with the other one, and tried to make a barrier outside of my ass with both hands. I'm sure I looked like some kind of idiot, my head down, facing sideways on my cheek, both hands back around my butt trying to fend off a 110 pound canine intent on incubating about 8 ounces of puppy juice into my ass. I felt his knot smash into my fingers over and over, and then he slowed down and shoved another half inch into my ass, while my clasped hands feverishly kept his pulsing knot from breaching my ass. Then he started to ejaculate. The hot semen shooting from Brutus's cock, buried nine or ten inches into my rectum, seemed to ignite a fire in my colon. I had to let go with one hand, and I pinched and rubbed and pulled my tender little clit until I felt a million sparks shooting out every nerve in my body. I shuddered and shook and my legs started cramping from the intense physical stimulation I was getting. This orgasm was one of the best I can ever remember, my pussy just exploded in sensations, my entire midsection feeling like there were a million bees flying in and out of me, my sphincter clenching and unclenching around Brutus's shaft, his cock spitting jet after jet of hot, very hot, semen into my guts. My rock-hard nipples rubbed on the carpet, eliciting another moan out of me, and I left my clit to grab my left boob and pinch as hard as I could. I shrieked in pain/pleasure and shook my hips like a twerker in a rap video. Brutus was panting and drooling above my back, and I felt his wet slobber fall down on my upper back, and even my head and hair.

We shook and screamed and panted and woof'ed until Brutus's magnificent balls were totally emptied into me. When he finished, he abruptly pulled out of me with a rather crude wet squelching sound, and ran off to his corner. I just laid there exhausted, my ass up in the air, my mouth open, drooling onto the towel, one hand squeezing my boob, the other under my sweating forehead. I was still shuddering in pleasure, and my psyche had not yet returned to the Milky Way galaxy from its jaunt around the universe.

Ten minutes later, I finally got up the will, not to say ability, to spin around and plop down on my now-rather sore ass. Yeah, now that the cums had dissipated, the soreness was evident. Brutus really fucked the shit out of me, to put it bluntly. I tried to stay clenched, and staggered to the bathroom to sit and let myself drain. You don't want to know how that sounded, trust me!

I sat on the hopper thinking, 'Jeezus, I don't know if I can take a week more of that. My poor little ass is gonna get destroyed!' I developed a new found respect for porn actresses that went through that sort of thing. But then I thought, at least with a guy you can communicate with him to slow down or take it easy - with a dog, once they get situated, they go at full speed with no concern for your well-being.

I cleaned up, took a shower, washing all the dog drool out of my hair, and went downstairs to get a

bite to eat and drink and lay down on the sofa for a while. A little Judge Judy took my mind off things. I was almost snoozing when I felt a wet nose lift my right hand up off my belly. Hector. I suppose he felt left out. Poor guy. I ignored him for about five minutes, but he wasn't taking NO for an answer, so I downed the rest of my wine, tightened my robe around me, and slid down to the floor. I dipped my head under his belly and was greeted with the nicest looking doggie dick I'd seen in a while - nice and hard, dripping with love juice, throbbing to his pulse, slick and clean and smelling like dog, but a nice smell of dog, masculine, male, primal, with one purpose and only one purpose - embed itself deeply into a female and eject out half a pint of tasty, sweet, salty, hot and slippery sperm-filled semen. How could I resist. I pulled a pillow down to help prop my head up and opened up, pulling his hips forwards to meet my mouth with his penis. Hector whimpered in pleasure, and began his rapid, but not hurried thrusting. I just pursed my lips around his shaft and tickled it with my tongue as it slid in and out of my mouth by four or five inches.

I couldn't keep my free hand from sliding down to my coochie and teasing my poor lonely clit until she poked her head out from her hoodie and demanded attention. I'd usually not worried about my own pleasure when I was orally satisfying Hector like this, but for some reason I was still on a sexual high of some type, and all I wanted to do was cum, and then cum again. I rubbed up and down my vaginal lips with my pinky and ring finger and played with my clit with the others. I had a really nice one that buzzed me half-loopy, and then just as I was about to crest and blow another off, the hard wet bone in my mouth shot out a boiling jet of semen that nearly took my head off. I gulped it down in shock and that's when my second orgasm hit. Hector was panting like a mile runner and I felt his cock shiver and spit again, another holt jolt banged off my teeth and gums and leaked out of my lips before I could adjust. My own orgasm was building and building again, not like a bomb going off but more like a huge earthquake that kept on growing, my body feeling like it was being tasered, my legs clenched again, my toes curled, and my eyes started tearing up. Hector fired again and again, and I gulped his juice down as fast as I could.

Finally, he finished, I was in a daze, I couldn't tell you if he was cumming for 30 seconds or 30 minutes. But his lovely cock finally stopped draining onto my tongue and I swabbed it clean as he pulled it free. His tail was wagging so fast there was a breeze from it. I let my head fall back off the pillow and just lay there again in the warm glow of the second huge orgasm I'd had that day. My breathing finally calmed down, and I could do nothing but lay my head on the pillow there and pass out, a slight drool of my own saliva and Hector's cum drying on my chin.

When Ed got home from work a few hours later, I'd cleaned up (again!) and put on some sexy, slinky lingerie to meet him at the door. I was still feeling sexually charged up. We kissed and he felt my boobs through the see-thru gown I had on. My nipples hardened immediately.

"Ummmm..jeeze, honey, what's the occasion? You look fabulous!" he said breathlessly. I slid my tongue into his mouth and checked for cavities, rubbing my crotch up against his thigh like I was soliciting a \$50 lap dance. With one hand I rubbed up and down along his zippered slacks, feeling the male muscle in there start to firm up. Does a woman good to know that she can still arouse her mate. I didn't want to leave a wet spot on his trousers, so I continued pulling him into the house, slamming the door behind him. I gave him my glass of wine and sank to my knees in front of him, right in the hallway, and pulled his zipper down. I wormed my hand in and pulled out his cock before it got too hard to bend, and popped it into my mouth. Sweaty, hot, a little musky, it tasted like man. Working man. Hard working man. Ed put one hand on top of my head and caressed my hair while I went to work on him.

I licked all around his crown to get it nice and wet, and pushed it into my mouth. My tongue danced around his shaft and his cock firmed up completely now, a stiff, raging boner that I was determined to drain as fast as I could. I put both hands on his butt cheeks and started rapidly fucking my face on



his cock, drooling and blowing bubbles as his pre-cum and my spit joined to make a hot, wet, welcoming lather.

It didn't take long for Ed to start to shake and his cock to prepare to lose its load. When I felt that tell tale quiver, I suddenly felt really nasty and I surprised both of us. Just as he started to blast out his pleasure, I pulled his cock out and jerked it madly, right at my sweaty face. The first huge jet of cum shot out and struck me just below my right eye, bouncing up across it and whamming into my eyebrow. The second blast hit me smack dab in the middle of my upper lip and drooled down into my yawning mouth. Three and four blew across the bridge of my nose and stung wetly in my other eye. Drops and small jets of cum continued to eject from his cock as I sluttishly painted my face with his semen. As he finished, I popped his cock back into my mouth and sucked it as hard as I could, willing the last drops of his sperm to flow up the tube and into my mouth.

I smacked my lips and kissed the tip of his cock as it slowly drooped back, and then tucked it in to his slacks. Ed just looked down at me, panting himself.

"Holy shit woman, that was spectacular! What got into you today!" he grinned, helping me stand. I hugged him again and he kissed me on the lips - never squeamish about his own cum on me, Ed was a special guy.

The next week was a true learning and growing experience for me. That night, I welcomed Ed in my ass and we shared a hot, sexy, truly wonderful experience, and then spent the night snuggled in each other's arms (after a little cleanup, I must add).

I gave Brutus my ass each day for the next week, and he became quite used to it, far as I could tell. The trick of course, was to make sure he didn't get in to my vag first, and also to keep his knot out. But after a while, I don't think he could tell any difference. I found out that I could have absolutely mind-blowing anal orgasms from his rough thrusting and my manual stimulations. Plenty of lube and a few minutes of prep made a big difference. His first big thrusts usually elicited a jolt of pain, but it quickly went away once we got moving. After every session, I checked carefully for any blood or injuries, but luckily, I never found any.

Then one night, Charlie called. He said they were planning another event at the lodge and would we like to attend, perhaps do a show or two, and meet some more of the group. I'd been thinking a lot about the "prize" that Gail had told me about, and decided that I'd run it past Charlie and see what the scoop was. I'd told Ed about it, of course, and he was, after the incredulity passed, supportive, if not slightly apprehensive.

"Charlie, I was talking to Gail last time, and she mentioned something about a bet between two of your members a few years ago, and that now there's a prize for any woman who can..well, do a lot of oral on dogs? Do you know anything about that?"

There was a long pause.

"Yes. Actually, she's correct. Do you think you would consider attempting it? It's nothing to be taken lightly, because it would need a lot of planning and preparation to set up."

I affirmed my determination.

"Ok, then. Gail told you about the details, then, correct? You must bring 50 dogs to orgasm, primarily using only your mouth, although some manual stimulation is allowed. The ejaculate must be swallowed, although a certain amount spilled on your face or upper body is allowed. There can be no more than a five-minute period between dogs, although you are allowed to take as much time as you need. If you become ill or have to stop for any reason, the contest ends and you get nothing. But

if you succeed, you will be given the check for one million dollars. Is that what you are letting yourself in to?"

I gulped, self consciously. "Yeah. I know. What the heck. I've probably done Hector that many times."

"In one night?"

I thought. "Yeah, that's the big difference. Umm, where do you get the dogs. What kind are they?"

"That's what takes the preparation and setup. There will be a mix, of course. But most of them will have been, shall we say, 'trained'. They belong to our members and are fully checked out. It just takes a while to get everything scheduled and planned. But don't you concern yourself with that. We'll take care of everything."

We spoke for a few more minutes, and Charlie rung off, ending with his endorsement of my challenge, and saying how the other members of the group would be excited to hear of it. He thought it could be set up in time for the next gathering. I'd have three weeks to prepare.

I practiced. A lot. Poor Hector almost had his balls sucked out. And Ed too. Every day, I'd do Hector for ten minutes, then stop for a while, then ten minutes again. Just sucking. Sucking, over and over. Getting my lips and mouth used to it. Ten minutes on, ten off. For two hours. Morning and afternoon. I let Hector cum each time, at the very end, and noticed that the longer I made him wait, the larger his cum load was. We also tried some dietary things to see what might make his cum taste differently. We found that giving him different kinds of fruit mixed in with his regular kibble, and letting him drink natural fruit juices helped reduce the metallic tang of his semen. I also found that if I sucked on a small mint as I was doing him, the extra saliva I generated helped keep my mouth from getting dry and irritating him.

So for three weeks, I sucked a lot of doggie dick. And human dick. Good thing I like fellatio! And a really good thing that cum isn't fattening, or I'd weigh a ton.

Finally the big weekend rolled around. Charlie had kept in touch, bringing me up to date on the plans and scheduling and all. Luckily, everything pretty much worked out, and he said the whole group was getting buzzed with excitement. There were members coming in from all over the country for this. I blushed at his words, but secretly I was really getting excited.

The limo came for us early in the afternoon, and we all piled in, just like last time.

Off to my big adventure!

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Part Ten - The Canine Cum-petition

Like last time, Charlie met us at the front door and escorted us to our suite. We wined, we dined, we watched the shows. There were four separate "acts", so to speak. One woman attempted a canine double-penetration but it didn't quite come off - each time she got one dog seated in one orifice, the other would pull out, and vice versa. But it was entertaining to watch. She ended up fucking one and jerking the other to a very spectacular orgasm all over her body. My friend from last time, Gail, performed a mating that was actually very sensual. She put on a little "skit" pretending to be a young girl home from school and experiencing her very first animal coupling. She enjoyed a very thorough licking from her mate, a large and quite energetic Pit Bull, and then played the very

hesitant and virginal schoolgirl allowing the beast to penetrate her cute little pussy. She was shaved completely, and the moisture left around her labia by the oral attentions of the pit bull shined brightly under the lights of the theatre. The dog climbed up on her back with what appeared to be a great deal of familiarity, and after a few hesitant thrusts, he found the opening he was looking for, and sank his surprisingly large penis deep into Gail in one big push. She squealed in surprise and dipped her head down, laying her shoulders on the mat underneath them both and angling her hips up at just the right height.

The large dog pummeled her quite rapidly for several minutes, eliciting several grunts, groans, and gasps from Gail. If she was acting, she was doing very well. I have a feeling it was pretty real, though. When the dog generated his knot and really started to pound away at her, I almost feared for her well-being, but then realized that she'd been doing this for quite a while, as she confessed to me last time, so I wasn't too worried for her.

He managed to get his knot into her, and we watched his butt throb and convulse a bunch of times as he squirted his doggy semen up into her womb. I envied her. I'd grown to really love that feeling. Speaking of which, remind me to tell you about the first few times I mated with Brutus and Hector after I healed from my little 'operation' - talk about blowing my mind! Holy fuck!

Gail and her date for the evening tied for about 10 minutes, while she groaned and shuddered through several climaxes, assisted by her rapidly thrumming fingers that we could all see working away at her clitoris. Finally though, the dog's knot subsided enough for him to pull out with an audible "plop", and the audience was treated to the lovely sight of several ounces of warm, white semen burbling out of Gail's reddened vaginal opening. The lights faded on her sweaty form and the audience applauded with some fervor. It was a great act.

After the shows, we all enjoyed a short after-party with champagne and snacks. I talked with Gail for a few minutes and commended her on her performance.

"Well, I'm so glad you liked it. Buster and I have been putting on that 'schoolgirl' show for several years now, and everybody seems to like it. He was really full of himself tonight, though. My poor kitty got so flooded with his spermies that I think I'm still dripping!" and before I could react, she reached under her short mini skirt with a free hand and ran a finger through her slit, coming back out and up with a damp finger coated in aromatic Pit Bull semen. She popped the finger in her mouth and smacked her lips with an exaggerated grin.

"You're a slut!" I laughed at her. She smiled back and leaned up to kiss me lightly on the cheek.

I re-acquainted myself with Tara and Yvette, the two girls who'd helped me out and worked with me on my first visit here. Tara, the dark haired one, grabbed my arm in with a conspiratorial wink and pulled me to one side.

"Sweetie, the rumors here are that you're going to go for the million dollar prize this weekend? Are you?" she whispered at me. "We noticed that a bunch of large vans have pulled up over the last few hours and a TON of dogs have been brought down to the kennels, so we figured someone was up to something, but we didn't know who. They're pretty close-mouthed about that sort of thing around here for some reason."

I blushed crimson red, but nodded sheepishly. "Yeah. I figured what the heck, I've got nothing to lose. And a million dollars! Can you believe it?"

She smiled at me and squeezed my arm. "Honey, wish I had the balls to do it. I could use the money!" she laughed.

"Couldn't we all!" I said in agreement. Just then, Charlie came over and pulled me away from her.

"Barbara, my dear, I want you to come and meet someone. He's the fellow responsible for putting everything together this weekend." We strolled over to where a very handsome and cultured man stood holding court, talking with two couples and another man.

Charlie excused his interruption, and motioned to me. "Richard Masterson, may I present Miss Barbara, our featured guest this weekend. I wanted to introduce her to you, so you may meet and explain to her exactly what the contest requires."

I extended a hand, and Masterson reached out to hold it with both of his and shook it lightly but warmly. He smiled, two rows of sparking white teeth, and his eyes crinkled at me, they were a gorgeous dark blue and I almost went weak at the knees. He could have been GQ model, although a bit older than their normal style. I put his age at between 45 and 55, but he had a full head of dark hair with just a hint of grey at the temples. He was beautiful. I smiled and blushed.

"Barbara, it is indeed an honor and a pleasure to make your acquaintance. I'm so glad you've decided to, well, compete, for the prize that we've set aside. I am sorry that I missed your performance last meeting, but the members tell me it was spectacular. You've certainly made a number of fans, of that there is no doubt."

His voice was deep and hypnotic - combine Sam Elliott and James Earl Jones and you've got a good idea of it.

"Now then, I assume Charles has briefed you on the basics? Let me explain more fully, if you will." He took my elbow and escorted me from the dining room and out into a large terrace that looked out to the southern edge of the estate, where a small lake filled a low hollow in the rolling meadow, its surface reflecting the full moon like a diamond on velvet.

"This prize has been available since, oh, the mid 1970s, so far as I know. One of our more eccentric members at that time had a very strong desire to see women performing oral sex on animals. Dogs, goats, boars, horses, whatever, he would make it a point to either watch in person or obtain film evidence of such acts. His capacity for consumption of that particular fetish was for the most part, limitless. Often he would hire women and pay them \$100 per climax to orally satisfy dog after dog for as long as they could, while sitting there watching the acts. Rumor has it that one weekend a particularly beautiful and driven young Russian girl made over \$2500 before her stomach rebelled and she, unfortunately, vomited up the emissions of the last dozen or so animals that she'd pleased. Of course, Paul, that was his name, paid her anyway."

"Ultimately, Paul decided to offer a prize to the first woman who could successfully fellate fifty dogs, bringing them to climax and swallowing the emissions. He put no time limit on the attempt per se, but did require that all of the acts take place without a major interruption - we later simply specified that a break of up to five minutes could be taken between each dog. He also required that the woman not be sick to her stomach or otherwise be unable to finish the tasks, after the poor unfortunate Russian girl's experience. There have been, I think, seven attempts since then to win the prize, with one woman trying twice - her first try ended rather abruptly at 18, and the second go-round just a few weeks later got her all the way to 31 orgasms consumed before she accidentally choked quite severely on a large Great Dane's climax, and had to withdraw. Shame, actually, we were really rooting for her. So that's it, in a nutshell. Do you have any questions, my lovely lady?"

"Well, I kind of wondered about the dogs - what kind are there going to be?"

"As you can imagine, this sort of thing requires a fair amount of planning and preparation, not to say

discretion. Luckily, several of our members have boarding and breeding facilities that give them access to large numbers of intact male dogs throughout the year, so once we have a woman lined up to attempt to win the prize, we set in motion a rigorously detailed plan that takes all the necessary logistics into consideration. We set up the transportation, and care and feeding of all of the canine performers, and subject each and every one of them to a very thorough veterinary screening to ensure that they're all healthy, able to perform, temperamentally sound and able to, shall we say, output healthy emissions. All the dogs are used to being handled, most of them have been involved in bestial relationships for some time. They range in size from beagles to Danes, Afghan hounds, Ridgebacks, Dobermans, Boxers, Retrievers, German Shepherds, Setters, even several full-size poodles, so I'm told.

I thought about that. I was in for a real Doggy United Nations of sperm, I supposed. Part of me was very curious about the various flavors and consistencies that I was sure to encounter. But I was, oddly, looking forwards to it. The million dollar prize took away an awful lot of hesitancy, I'll say that.

"So, anyway, here's how it will work. Tomorrow morning around 10 am, Tara and Yvette will come to get you in your suite, and bring you to one of our smaller theater rooms. It's not the size of our main amphitheater, but instead allows for a more cozy, intimate setting. You'll have access to various large and small pillows, some foam bolsters, towels, plenty of water, fruit juice or wine, which ever you prefer. There will also be a selection of, um, toys, for you to utilize should you desire to. Several vibrators, a Hitachi Magic Wand, and so on. Feel free to use them. In fact, feel free to pleasure yourself as much as you like. This is not supposed to be torture or punishment - it's supposed to be a contest with a very nice prize at the end, that is all. In fact, I can even have Tara or Yvette provide some stimulation for you, if you'd like - simply say the word. The room allows for only about 20 or 25 viewers at any one time, we expect that people will simply come in for a few moments or so, and then leave to make room for others. Good so far?"

I nodded.

"The dogs will be brought in one by one. The handler can either stay there with you to provide assistance, or leave you alone. It's all up to you. You're allowed to manually stimulate the dogs in order to get the penis out of the sheath if it's not already present, but oral attention must begin once the animal is fully erect and spraying lube. After each climax, you will face the main camera - Oh, I did mention that the entire event will be filmed, did I not? - and open your mouth so as much of the ejaculation as possible can be verified. We realize that a certain amount will, of necessity, be swallowed at times, but the rules of the contest still require visual proof of each emission before you swallow it. After the camera has verified the success of your efforts, you can swallow, take a sip of water or juice or whatever, and go on to the next dog. Clear?"

I nodded again, and he wished me success, and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I asked him one question. "I would like my Hector to be number 50, if you don't mind - just for my own sake."

"Certainly my dear, certainly. We'll make sure he's prepared and ready when the time comes."

He was quite charming, I will say that. But I got the impression there was an undercurrent of firm, if not almost severe, resolve.

That night, Ed and I enjoyed very passionate and loving sex, and he gave me several deep and satisfying orgasms using both his tongue and his very nicely hard cock. He made a wet and squishy deposit deep in my womb at the end, and we fell asleep snuggled and warm under the goose down covers.

The next morning, I took a nice hot shower and cleaned myself up. I shaved my pubis nice and smooth, as well as my legs and Ed helped me rub body lotion all over. We almost got side tracked, but I managed to distract him and promise I'd tend to him later on. I decided to dress in a simple bra and panty set with some heels. I picked out a nice black bra with a lace border and a black thong that pretty much disappeared into my butt crack, and outlined my lower lips in a rather pronounced camel toe. I felt naughty, after all! I slipped my favorite pair of Jimmy Choo's on my freshly manicured feet, and I was about ready to go. Yvette showed up around 9 a.m. with a cart full of breakfast choices. I didn't think that a big breakfast would be a good idea, so I just had a few pieces of toast, a scrambled egg, and a cup of tea. Finally, the moment had arrived.

"Well, I guess I'm ready. Lead on, sweetie, let's get this orgy started!" I cracked to Yvette. She and Ed and I headed to the small showroom where I'd do my thing. I have to admit my stomach was full of butterflies. I really didn't know how my body would react to what I assumed would be a fairly large amount of semen. I'd seen porn where girls swallowed a mouthful or two from five or six or even ten guys, and seen pictures of some kind of weird Japanese genre called 'gokkun' where a petite little Japanese girl drank what look like a beer stein full of cum, so I know it was possible. But I'd never heard of anyone doing it with doggy juice. Perhaps I was blazing a new trail.

When we got to the room, Charlie, Richard, and a few others were waiting there to wish me luck. I saw Gail, who gave me a thumbs up. I returned the gesture, and took a deep breath.

"I'm ready. Let's go." I said, and walked to the center of the room, looking around. The room was about 30 feet square, with four or five rows of seats taking up about half of it. There was rounded, raised platform with a soft vinyl or plastic mat across the top, and several large pillows scattered around it. There was one odd-looking thing, a big foam cushion shaped like a long triangle that was about six inches high at one end, tapering down to a point along the other edge. After thinking about it for a while, I realized that it would allow a woman to recline, at a slight upward angle, and suck on dog standing over her. There was a camera coming down from the ceiling centered directly over the platform, and also three others on tripods surrounding it. The way it was set up, at least one camera would be getting a good shot of the action no matter where it occurred. I even noticed a small, lighted counter along one wall that was currently reading "0", but would obviously be incremented as I went on.

Ed, Charlie, Richard and the rest filed in after me, and after a moment, a soft bell chimed. I looked nervously to the door on the other side of the room from which would parade my paramours for the event. Then the door opened noiselessly, and a young man walked through leading a well groomed Fox Terrier on a leash. He led the dog up to the platform, and the dog jumped up like he knew what it was all about. I looked at Ed one last time and gave him a weak smile, and then bent to my task.

I do mean "bent". The terrier rolled over on his back, with his handler offering encouragement. He looked at me and smiled. I peeked at the terrier's equipment. He already had about two inches of penis poking out, so I gently massaged his sheath to see if we could encourage any more. I leaned over and gave his wet tip a tentative lick. It tasted clean, if bland. Pursing my lips, I sucked the couple of inches of visible penis into my mouth and rubbed back and forth on his sheath to get the rest out. Within just a few seconds, I had a fairly nice sized doggy dick in my mouth, it was firm and smooth feeling to my tongue. The pooch was panting, his tongue lolling out of this mouth, and goofy look on his face. I guess males are the same everywhere. Get their cock in a pretty woman's mouth and they turn into idiots. LOL

I sucked the penis into my mouth, it was almost a perfect size to just hit the back of my mouth and bend down a little bit into my throat as I hit the bottom of the shaft. His knot swelled, and it wasn't too large at all. I pushed my tongue out to swipe around on it, and continued to apply strong suction

on what was turning out to be a very pleasant cock to suck on. I closed my eyes and just let myself go. I pushed my mouth and lips up and down on the terrier's cock for several minutes, my cheeks caving in with suction each time I retreated towards the now spritzing tip. I swallowed the pre-cum a few times, it had an aromatic, almost nutty taste, no pun intended! Suddenly, he whimpered and his hips vibrated like he was being shocked, and a very warm jet of terrier cum splashed strongly against the roof of my mouth. Remembering the instructions at the last moment, I closed my throat off and pulled to the very tip of his penis to make room. I sucked again, willing the stream of semen to travel up the length the shaft and jet into my mouth. The taste was different, not strong at all, with just a hint of a rich, raw flavor. My canine partner jetted four more times into my rapidly filling mouth, until I could sense he was finishing. I let his still-spasming cock slip out of my lips, and my face was splashed by his last two outpourings. He scrambled up and stood on the platform next to me, tail wagging happily. I dipped my head, and then turned to the close up camera and opened my mouth, sloshing my tongue around in the warm lake of sperm. After proving that I'd done my job, I slurped up the small drop that overflowed my bottom lip, and swallowed noisily and lustily, so there would be no doubt. I felt the hot juice slide down my throat into my tummy. I left the cum on my face untouched, feeling one splash of it start to slide down my cheek.

The counter chimed to "1", and as I turned to watch the satisfied terrier be escorted out, a regal looking black and tan German Shepard entered the room at Tara's side. This was a very strong looking dog, but his face was friendly and Tara seemed calm and self-assured with him. She snapped her fingers, and he hopped up on the platform just as the terrier had, after stopping to sniff it and assure himself that all was safe and sound. As I leaned over to see what my next challenge would be, Tara leaned in to lick my earlobe and a shiver went down my spine. She whispered, "Let's have fun..." and as I lay partly on my side to begin sucking the Shepard, she pushed my right leg up and open, and pulled my thong aside. Her tongue slid up along my slit and she nibbled at my clit, and I gave myself to the feelings.

The Shepard was already showing, a nice, thick, very red and slippery looking dagger about six inches in length. He was already shooting out lube, so I let it spray me a time or two. I put my right hand at the base of his shaft, just out of the sheath, and angled the cock up to my lips. As I opened my mouth to take in the tip, another stream of pre-cum shot out and hit me right in the upper lip. I quickly enveloped his cock and sucked in the first few inches. The Shep's right leg kicked a bit at my sudden move but he still seemed calm and content. His lube was spraying out in a warm stream about every few seconds. I went down on him as far as I could, and then felt the tip of his penis hit the back of my mouth. I wasn't sure about trying to get any more of him in my throat, so I concentrated on simply sucking pretty hard and moving my head back and forth on his shaft. I'd go all the way to the tip, and then back down, almost to his now-visible knot. The lube tasted raw, organic, almost tangy. It didn't take me long to draw this guy out.

Meanwhile, I was loving what Tara was doing down at my pussy. It was almost too much, too hard to concentrate while she was nibbling on my clit with a finger up inside me gently rubbing at my G-spot. I redoubled my efforts at getting the Shepard off, and just as I quivered through a nice little cum, his big cock shot out a very strong stream of cum that I couldn't help but gulp down, it shot that far back. I quickly shut off my throat again, and pounded my face back and forth on his shaft, sucking madly, pulling hot ounces of sperm up out of his balls. When I had my mouthful, I again let him slide out, and cum sprayed across the top of my chest and down over my boobs. When he finished, he rolled over and scrambled to his feet.

As he was spraying me with his last few shots, Tara bit down hard on my clit and I had to grab her head and pull her away from me before I went ballistic. I turned to the camera, cum sliding down my cleavage and my face flushed, and proudly showed it my prize. Before I spilled it, I gulped it down to join the first load in my tummy, and the counter chimed again.

I was starting to really get into this exhibitionist slash cum queen role now. I pulled Tara's head back into my crotch and ground my pelvis against her face. I wouldn't be the only gal in this show to get cum on her face.

I took a breath, a swallow of wine, and waited for my next temporary boyfriend. I glanced over at Ed and the others. He smiled and blew me a kiss. Just then, the side door swished open, and a full size coal black French Poodle was led in. He was a big poodle, I don't think I'd ever seen one as tall as he was. He woof'ed at me, pulling on his handler's leash, seemingly quite anxious to get going. As they came up to me, the handler spoke.

"He's been trained for male superior position. Know what that is?"

I shook my head.

You use the angled cushion. Just lay back, with your head at the top. He'll stand over you and thrust into your mouth. All you need to do is hold his hind legs at your shoulders. He's done this many times before."

I was intrigued. I put the cushion up on the platform and climbed up myself, laying down with my head up on the wide end. The poodle clambered up, walking up over me until his hindquarters were pointing at my face, including his nice looking French penis. It was showing already, dripping a steady stream of lube and pre-cum on my boobs. He stopped, and his handler said something to him. I reached up and pulled him the last few inches until his tip contacted my lips and it seemed that as soon as he felt flesh on his cock, he started thrusting. It was rough, but not too bad. I just made an oval with my lips and let the dog push in and out. I made a few adjustments to my posture and the angle we were at, and it was actually not bad. Sometimes, it just feels sexy to get your face fucked. I reached up with one hand to feel his ball sack, rolling the two stones around it in, whipping up some cream for me. I felt Tara's fingers gently sliding up and down my own crease.

The poodle was energetic, I'll say that. He'd speed up and then slow down and then speed up again. I found that I had to put one hand on his knot to keep it from banging into my lips, I didn't want a loose tooth out of this encounter. He was constantly spraying lube into my mouth, it had a sharp taste, almost like tangy sauce. He fucked my face with abandon for several minutes, until I felt him shudder and three fast squirts of poodle cum blew into my mouth. I was ready, and closed off to capture it all in my mouth. He squirted again, this time it felt like a pretty good sized stream, and I could hear it sloshing around inside my oral cavity. When he stopped, he just stood there for several seconds, soaking his cock in the mouthful of cum he'd just gifted me with. I rubbed around his shaft with my tongue, making sure that all of his juice was transferred to me, squeezing his balls very lightly. I gradually pulled back on his shaft, making sure that I sucked it clean of everything. His semen was actually sweet tasting, not salty or sour at all. It reminded me of slightly watered-down coffee creamer, actually. I was very pleasantly surprised.

Once again, I turned to the crowd and the camera and displayed my prize. This mouthful was the biggest of the three so far, and it took me two swallows to get it all down. I beamed and rubbed my tummy like a little kid. The counter chimed to '3', and I made a mental note to try French Poodle sperm more often.

As I rested for a brief moment, I scooped up some spillage from the tops of my boobs and sucked it from my fingers. I even offered one fingertip to Tara, who saucily sucked my index finger between her red lipstick'ed lips and shared with me. She had the Hitachi in her hand and gave me an evil grin.

I heard the door open again, and looked over to see a brown Boxer being led in, he had black tipped ears and a hot, wet tongue lolling out of his mouth. I moved the cushion out of the way and patted the platform for him to jump up. As soon as he did, I rolled him onto his side, but he seemed uncomfortable that way. His feet kicked and he rolled back over and tried to stand up. I let him stand there, rubbing his spine and coo'ing softly to him to calm him down. I started rubbing along his sheath, to see if I could get him to show us something. After just a few seconds, he pushed a few inches out and I softly gasped. His cock was huge, way out of proportion to his body. It was probably two inches in diameter, and as he grew out of the sheath, I saw that the shaft was a pointed at the tip, but then swelled out halfway down before narrowing back down a bit just before the knot. It was a dark, angry looking red and white, very aggressive looking, and leaking pre-cum. I let some get on my hands and started to jerk the shaft gently back and forth, and pretty soon I had a fully erect, eight or nine inch boxer cock to deal with. I moved behind him, and pulled the cock down and back, so it was pointing away from him, like it would be if he tied butt-to-butt with a bitch. I wasn't sure I could even get my mouth around the bulge down the shaft but I gave it my old college try.

I crouched down and tried to angle my mouth and throat. The first few inches disappeared between my lips, and I swallowed the jets of pre-cum. Salty, metallic, a bit sour. This position was a bit awkward for me, so I turned my head sideways and tried it like that instead. This was better. For some reason, the Boxer wasn't moving back and forth at all, so I started to do it myself, I moved my mouth up and down on his cock, coming down to the bulge and opening as wide as I could to get it in. By the time I hit the bulge, the tip was rubbing against the back of my throat, and I almost gagged and choked. Between that and the fact that I was holding my head more or less sideways, I wanted to get this one over as soon as possible. I tightened up my lips and sucked as hard as I could, willing the ejaculation up out of his nuts. I jiggled his knot back and forth with my hand, using my other arm to keep my balance in this odd position. I pulled back and forth with my lips and mouth, twirling my tongue around whatever part of his cock that was in my mouth at the time. I closed my eyes and just fucked my face back and forth on him, drooling and grunting and gasping for breath every few seconds. It seemed to be taking forever, I even had a tear or two escape from my eyes as I gave this Boxer a blowjob like none he'd ever gotten.

Finally, after what seemed like an hour, I felt him shiver and a wet jet of sperm splashed into my mouth, and it tasted terrible. Ugh! I tried to ignore the musky, harsh bitterness, and pulled my face off the blasting cock after just two or three shots. I closed my lips and pointed the cock at my face, hoping the explosions and my self-directed doggy facial would make up for my lack of enthusiasm for this burst of semen.

Jets of his hot semen flew into my hair, and stung my eyes. I blinked the cum out of my left eye, and pointed the fleshy cannon downwards, much preferring the slime to slide down over my boobs rather than my face. It felt like little hot needles were being poked into me, but thankfully, it ended quickly. I turned away from the dog and rubbed the semen into my skin, showing the camera my mouthful of rather icky tasting stuff. I gulped it down quickly and then took a big swig of water to cleanse my palate.

Four down. Forty-six to go. For the briefest moment, I had a doubt whether or not this was really a wise thing to get myself into. But then the other part of me took over and said, "Fuck it, sweetheart. A little gunky cum isn't going to kill you, and there will be a million ways to get over it in a little while." I took another swig of water and swished it around in my mouth, and then, rather unladylike, spit it into a bowl nearby. I took stock of myself. I had semen drying and flaking on my face and upper chest from at least three different dogs, and my hair was crusted with it too. My thong had somehow disappeared in all the excitement, for which I blamed the grinning Tara next to me. I decided to shrug off the bra as well, at this point what was the difference? I tossed it off to the side and rubbed my boobs with what liquid sperm was still left on me. My nipples responded by

hardening up and poking out, and I offered one to Tara. The little minx latched onto my left tit and sucked it dry of the cooling sperm, while one hand slid up my inner thigh to rub my pussy again.

My next furry boyfriend was a small beagle who couldn't have weighed more than fifteen pounds. I rolled him on his back, and about five minutes in had another mouthful of canine semen. I also had a whirring vibrator stuck up my snatch, courtesy of Tara, who was doing her best to match my number of orgasms to the counter on the wall.

And that's the way it went for the better part of the next hour. I did a Collie, another Shepherd, a black Lab, another Terrier, and a short-haired mutt of indeterminate parentage who rather savagely fucked my mouth almost to the point of pain, until Tara grabbed his hindquarters and slowed him down somewhat, finally pulling him right out of my exhausted mouth just as he reached climax. He drenched my sweaty face with at least six or seven huge streams of warm semen before I managed to get my lips around his jetting tip and take the next few jets in my mouth. My eyes stung with the salty brew he sprayed all over. I had it dripping off my nose, my eyebrows, even got some in my ear. I showed the camera and gulped it down, and Tara licked my face clean while we kissed and made out like a couple of porno stars. She'd made me cum at least a half dozen times as I worked, and even took a couple of quick trips with her own pretty lips up and down a doggie dick or two. But she knew that I was the 'star' of this production, she was just there for some added titillation. And speaking of tits, she manhandled mine like she wanted to take them home with her! She used a vibe on the nipples, rubbed cum into them every time I got splashed, and sucked hard on one or the other several times. She loved tits.

After I brought each pup to climax, I dutifully showed the lake of white semen in my mouth to the camera, and sent the loads down with an exaggerated gulp and swallow. My stomach seemed to be handling the onslaught with no ill effects so far, and I felt that I could complete the effort and walk away with the check with ease.

The canine parade continued. I noticed people getting up to leave the room, and others coming in, but it looked like Ed and Charlie stayed put. I was glad my hubby was here to offer moral support if need be. Plus, I know he got a perverted thrill out of seeing me give so many blowjobs, the deviate.

It wasn't until I was somewhere in the 20s that I had my first real issue. I'd just finished a chocolate Lab who licked my face in grateful appreciation after I downed his half-cup of puppies, and was taking a short, quick break to have some fruit juice. I'd been at it for almost three hours, and even Tara had taken a break from making me cum, and was there just running her hands up and down my sides or through my somewhat cummy hair. She produced a warm towel from somewhere and cleaned the worst of the drool, spit, cum and sweat off of me, paying perhaps more attention than she needed to on my crotch.

When the door opened to present my next partner, I was astonished to see what came through. It was a huge, grey Great Dane that probably dwarfed even my big guys, who were no slouches. This dog could stand in front of me and lick my tits, which I know because he did just that. His head seemed as big as a horse, and his broad, red tongue looked like a slab of sirloin steak. He licked up one side and down the next, and I shivered at the unique feel of a tongue covering nearly all of my tit at one swipe. He slobbered in the valley between them, panting. His eyes gleamed at me and I held his head between my hands and said, theatrically, "My goodness you're a big boy! I certainly hope I'll be able to get my mouth on your great big, hard penis and suck all of your hot, tasty cum out!" I grinned at the camera.

I sat on the floor next to him, and he actually towered over me. His hips were at eye level. I was almost afraid to see the size of his equipment, and my fears were justified. Holy hell. I started to rub

his sheath and when his dark, wet cock began to emerge it just kept on coming. He was breathing heavily, and I watched fascinated as inch after inch of this dog's penis kept poking out. It was dripping wet, shiny, and smelled like hay. It looked like a rolling pin. The tip was broad and shiny, but narrowed to a point, and his piss slit looked big enough to push a pencil into. This boy was definitely going to be a challenge.

Luckily for me, his handler, a tiny little girl who I knew was at least 21 but looked more like a teen, knew the secret for keeping him calm, yet aroused. She scratched him behind his elephant ears and said, "His name is Goliath. He loves getting blow jobs, and will stand completely still for you. I've spent years training him. We perfected a diet for him that makes his semen taste like the most tasty ranch dressing you've ever had!", laughing good-naturedly. "And he makes a lot, too, so be prepared!"

I wriggled down underneath of him and angled his dick towards my mouth, opening as wide as I could and nearly dislocating my jaw. His head barely fit in, and I had to be especially careful with my teeth. But I managed to slide the first few inches of his marvelously erect cock into my mouth, but there was no way I could get more than that. I gave him some tongue action, as best I could with nearly my entire mouth filled with cock. He started leaking thick, aromatic precum that assaulted my senses as I tasted the heady, strong liquid. She was right - even his lube tasted good. I started jerking the cock towards my lips, holding him gingerly with my fingertips. I didn't want to spook him or cause any discomfort. But his cock was smooth and slippery and shiny, and he seemed to respond well to my manual efforts. Tara leaned in and started massaging his ball sack, which looked like it held two tennis balls. My god, if he has a full head of steam I'm going to be drowning, I thought to myself.

"I worked him up a few minutes ago while we were waiting, so he's not gonna take very long..." the girl said. "I can usually get him off in three or four minutes, 'cause like I said, he really, REALLY likes blowjobs, and I've had him since he was a puppy. He's only three years old." I had continued to work on his shaft with both hands, while teasing the head of his cock with my mouth and lips, and Tara was rolling his balls around like she was mixing clay. A minute passed. I swallowed more pre-cum. Another minute passed. Now the pre-cum was starting to taste stronger, thicker. I kept my hand motion going on him, squeezing gently and rubbing back and forth from my lips down all the way to the beginning of his knot, nearly a foot away. I wasn't really surprised when his whole body seemed to shudder like he was about to explode. He went "WOOF!" deep in his chest, and I felt the vein on the outside of his shaft pulse and vibrate as the first wave blew out of his testicles and several hundred million Great Dane sperm crashed into the back of my mouth like a wet, white thunderclap. I hurriedly pulled back until my lips formed a seal around the rim of his cockhead and continued to jerk him off.

"Yeah! Yeah! That's the way, he loves that!" the girl yipped excitedly, jumping up and down with glee. "Go ahead, squeeze his balls, trust me, you won't hurt him, he's fine!" she said to Tara, who had continued to generate semen from the lucky pooch. Meanwhile, I was nearly drowning in dog jizz. I had to swallow roughly, sending the thick pasty cum down my throat, and the back of my mind thought, 'jeeze, it does taste like ranch dressing!'. This dog was a freak of nature. It felt like someone had turned on a yoghurt hose in my mouth. Cum leaked out of the seal my tired lips made around the head of his penis, dripping wetly down off my chin onto my boobs, and even down onto my crotch and thighs as we bounced around. The feel of his syrupy semen sliding down over my clit was heavenly. Jet after creamy jet flew out of him into my mouth and I couldn't help swallowing two or three times just to clear my mouth. That damn Tara was not helping. Finally, I just tilted my head up, under his spitting knob, and let his emissions drain down into my mouth. I ended up getting hot, thick semen all over me again, it criss-crossed my face in heavy lines, looping up into my hair, down my neck and completely shutting one eye. But the big beast ran dry at last, and his last few drops

fell wetly into my gaping mouth.

“Holy shit!” Tara breathed next to me. “You should see yourself! You’re absolutely covered! It’s so fuckin’ sexy!”

“Yeah, that’s my boy Goli,” pitched in the girl. “He’s given me more facials than I can count! It’s good for the skin, too!” she squeaked. I didn’t know about that, but if it was, I wouldn’t have a wrinkle until I was 95.

I pursed my lips closed and tried to turn my head to where I remembered the camera to be, and tilted my head back so I could open and show. As I did, a wave of excess semen broke over my lower lip and cascaded down my chin, and felt the pasty covering on my face start to slide down.

I couldn’t help it. I was so turned on by the absolute decadence of the whole act that I shoved my hand down over my pussy lips and yanked on my clit, grabbing it between two slippery fingers and rubbing the dog semen all around my opening, and I came, explosively, moaning out my release, my hips shaking, my feet and legs clenching and unclenching, shuddering through an orgasm like a thousand super-nova had just detonated in my brain, and I collapsed down, flat on my back, looking up at the still-dripping red penis of this magnificent creature.

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## **Part Eleven - Culmination**

I lay there, panting, trying to catch my breath, staring up at the flaming red torpedo that was, rather alarmingly, still stiff and erect and dripping milky semen on my dazed face. I felt drops landing wetly on my cheeks and lips. My tongue came out to swipe them away, and after a few seconds, I propped myself up on my elbows and looked dazedly out at the small audience.

Tara whispered down to me, “Don’t wait too long, honey. Remember the time limit.” She reminded me that to stay in the running for the million-dollar prize, I could take no more than five minutes between dogs. I shook my head to clear the cobwebs, and reached for a bottle of water. I took a long, cool pull at it, washing the taste of the not-altogether-unpleasant taste of the Dane’s cum out of my mouth. Splashing a bit of it over my head and neck to complete the mini-break, I gave the huge Goliath a hug and a smack on the rump. “I’ll see you later, big boy!” I chuckled as the big dopey guy was led off by his bemused handler.

The next pup to come through the door was a sleek looking Doberman, black as the ace of spades. He was already poking out of his sheath, a dark red, almost black penis with a broad, flat head and a pronounced tip that was spritzing clear lube. I led the pooch up next to me and he sat down flat on the floor. All attempts to get him to lay on his back were fruitless - I tried, his woman handler tried, even she and I and Tara together could not get him to lay down for me. He kept getting back on his butt, and we could hear a very low grumbling in his rib cage as we tried over and over. I realized that the only way this would work was for me to worm my way down between the dark columns of his front legs and his groin, and tilt my head sideways to get at his cock. It took a little maneuvering, but after a moment or two, I was able to get my head into his belly, and he didn’t seem to mind that. I reached out with my tongue to lick up and down his trembling shaft to gauge his readiness. His penis was hot to the touch and had a sharp tangy taste. He offered no resistance as I wormed my way up his fully extended shaft and worked my lips around the end. Lube sprayed across my jaw and chin as I did. Finally I captured the end of his cock and started massaging the tip with my tongue. He began a rapid, but shallow thrusting between my lips, and I tightened them around him and reached down towards his balls to find the knot. Massaging it with my fingers, I closed my eyes and

mentally urged the animal to release the contents of his balls as quickly as possible.

*"come on boy, cum for mama, cum for mama..give me those spurts, those hot spurts of doggy love...come on, shoot, boy, shoot that stuff, give it to me, let me taste that stuff, I want it, I want it..come on, come on, dammit, cum in my mouth, boy..."*

His rapid thrusting never wavered. Two or three inches of his cock at a time pistoned rapidly back and forth between my slick lips, pounding my tongue down. His sprays of lube were tickling the back of my mouth, and I swallowed several times. Still he went on, the Energizer Bunny of dogs. A minute, then two, then three passed. I was starting to get frustrated. Finally, concerned and needing to take a deep breath, I pulled off his cock, and unconsciously at the same time squeezed his ball-sac with the fingertips of my left hand as my right held his bulbous knot.

That must have been a trigger. Just as his cock cleared my lips, a tremendously hot jet of semen shot out of it, splashing straight back to the top of my throat, and I instinctively swallowed it, nearly coughing it back out in the process. A second, and third jet quickly followed, so I gulped at his spitting cock like a fish to a lure, and sealed my lips around it, capturing each warm spurt until my mouth started to fill. I'd let up on his knot by now, but still kept a firm grip on the base of his shaft so as to control him somewhat. As my mouth filled, I pulled back and let his cock pop out of my mouth, still spitting, and his next few jets flew up and over the side of my head. I pulled my head out from underneath him and let his cock pulsate and shiver as he finished his ejaculation. I felt a little sorry for the big guy, spraying his seed around the place instead of finding a nice warm pussy or mouth to take it, but it was his own fault, I thought - if he'd only let us put him on his back, he'd have been able to shoot it all someplace warm and wet.

I showed the camera my prize and gulped it down. It was pretty tasteless, just hot and slightly acid. Another gulp of water, and I waited for my next prize.

In short order, I swallowed the cum of a Cane Corso, two Dalmations, another Weimaraner, a German Shepard, a silver-coated, very friendly Husky sled dog with luxurious warm fur, a short-haired Collie, a Boxer, and a largish dog whose breed I didn't recognize. The Shepard must have been really charged up, because he spurted a hot stream of semen across my tongue about 10 seconds after I started sucking on him and then flooded my mouth with several pulses of very hot liquid. It was virtually tasteless. I can't say the same about one of the Boxers, his cum tasted absolutely horrible and I couldn't wait to wash my mouth out with a couple of swallows of fruit juice. I made a face and went "BLEAAATH!" after I showed the camera, and I heard some of the people in the audience titter. I wondered how many people had come in and out since my start.

Tara had kept busy, at times licking my damp pussy, other times running various vibes and dildoes around my lips and clit, or even slowly fucking my channel with one of the doggy-cock shaped ones. I came almost as often as all the dogs, and to tell the truth, my orgasms were getting to be more tiring than taking care of the dogs! A girl can only cum so much before she has to take a rest, you know?

It was just as I'd finished the beautiful blue-eyed Husky and smacked my lips after downing his tasty offering, that Tara came to hug me and whisper breathlessly, "Honey, you did it! You've done 32 beautiful dogs, that's a new record! It's so exciting!" she bubbled at me, obviously happy for my somewhat bizarre, but still erotic and exciting achievement. I grinned at her and rubbed my tummy.

"That's a lotta damn sperm!" I laughed at her.

After the last pup, I heard a slight buzz of excitement coming from the crowd, and looked with curiosity towards the door my canine boyfriends were coming through. I saw what caused the

commotion. A tall, statuesque woman with flaming red hair and a rich black leather corset wasping her waist paraded through the door, holding the leashes of two huge, regal looking Irish Wolfhounds. They were absolutely gorgeous. Tinged a royal looking grey-black, their fur was trimmed short. They walked like one, right next to each other, their heads held high and long legs casually traversing the small distance between them and the stage platform where I waited.

The woman walked up to me, and the dogs sat at her feet attentively, their eyes bright, their breathing audible and hot on my thighs. She was exquisite. Bright green eyes, cheekbones any supermodel would kill her hairdresser for, sparkling white teeth behind wet liquid lips, and a full round bosom that was supported by the two half-cups of her corset. Her nipples stood out in half-inch erections, one of them sporting a gold ring. The corset hugged her curves, flaring out over womanly, but still slim hips. Her mound was prominent, shaved closer than a billiard ball, pooching out over perfectly smooth and round labia. Her clitoral hood was dark pink, with a tiny ring holding a small gem in it. Six lacy straps flowed down over the upper thigh of each leg, clamped to rich-looking silky stockings with seams down the back and Cuban heels. Her feet filled rhinestone studded stiletto heels that added three or four inches to her already staggering six feet or so. I'm 5'10' in flats, and she was half a head taller than I.

She gazed at me with a sparkle in her eyes, and reached up one fingertip and lazily traced it across my lower lip while I stood, almost transfixed by her. She pulled a drop of white liquid left over from the last dog, out from the corner of my mouth and looked at it curiously, then licked it off with a bright red tongue-tip.

"Lovely..." she purred at me. Then she tilted her head a bit to acknowledge the Wolfhounds at her feet. "These guys are brothers from the same litter. Their sire was an AKC champion of his breed three years running," she continued, nodding down at the proud dogs. "They've already fathered two litters apiece themselves. In fact we had their semen tested at a breeding laboratory and their sperm counts were off the charts. The vet said there were three or four times as many motile sperm cells in their cum as in most dogs. And-" and she looked at me with a saucy smile, "it tastes incredible."

I nodded to her, but she wasn't finished.

"There's something we'd like for you to try. We'd all be very happy if you could manage it."

"What is it?" I asked, curious.

"We want you to do both at once."

I looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"They've...done it before." She smiled at me, a flicker of a shared secret flitting across her eyes. "You sit back against the cushions, and they'll back up to you. You'll find that their..equipment...can be bent backwards quite easily, as it is when knotted. I'll hold them steady to either side. They are both quite lengthy, you'll have no problem reaching them." As she talked, Tara helped me get situated, seated on a low cushion, leaning back against one of the trapezoidal cushions. My legs stretched out away from me.

Then the redhead backed them up, one on either side of me, until their hindquarters were just angled off my shoulders. She held one's tail out of the way, Tara held the other. Then they both leaned down underneath their dog's midsection and, what a surprise, in moments I had two tasty looking, dripping red penises staring me in the face, anxiously awaiting the chance to drop several fluid ounces of their reportedly sperm-dense jizz into my stomach. They were finely formed, smooth reddish cylinders, both an easy seven or eight inches from the knot out to the smooth, tapered tip

where the tiny cones poked out like little tits. I grasped one in each hand, my fingers fitting smoothly around the sexy torpedoes. The crazy thought that they looked like red lipsticks bounced into my brain.

One started to spritz almost immediately. I leaned forwards slightly, opened my mouth, and the hound backed up to me. I reached out to grasp his cock, sliding his warm and slippery shaft between my lips and tasting the faintly smoke-tinged jets of his lube. I let my hand slide gently down his tube, my fingers gently massaging over the building knot and then juggling the smooth sack with his balls floating inside.

Suddenly I felt a poke on my right cheek, and his brother's torpedo was there, desiring admittance to my mouth as well. I felt his hot sprays across my cheek and nose, the slightly slick liquid sliding down my face. I turned just a bit, keeping his brother's shaft securely snug in my mouth with a strong tongue, and parted my lips to allow the second pointed flesh to gain admittance. Tara helped him shuffle backwards several inches, and then I was able to slide a good part of his shaft into my mouth as well, stretching my lips open as wide as I was able, almost unhinging my jawbone in the process. I probably looked a bit like those photos of a South American anaconda swallowing a pig.

It was a tremendously decadent feeling, sitting there in front of an audience, with not just one, but two huge dog penises sliding in and out of my mouth, my face already wet with pre-cum, long sliding trails of lube mixed with saliva flowing out of my lips, dropping off my chin and making silvery trails of shiny liquid between my boobs. One trail had even made its way all the way down my torso to slide hotly across my clit and down over my labia. I couldn't stop a shiver of excitement from quaking through my body. Closing my eyes, I sat there, my hands slowly jacking the two cocks back and forth between my lips and the knots, my tongue swiping back and forth across the two heads, fighting for space in my stuffed mouth. I swallowed convulsively time after time, sending liquid pre-cum and my spit down to pool in my already sperm-infused stomach.

I felt a tongue swipe across my pussy. I sighed lightly and spread my legs further, letting Tara (yeah, I peeked) get closer in to me. She put one hand on each thigh, pushing my legs apart and diving into my center, her tongue swiping up and down and side to side across my nectar-flavored lips. The redhead was standing between my feet, one hand on each dog's collar, just holding them steady. They HAD done this before.

My tongue continued to wrestle with the two throbbing shafts filling my mouth to overflowing. But I realized that neither dog was getting enough stimulation to achieve climax, there just wasn't enough room for them both to piston in and out. I held a shaft in each hand, holding them steady, and then alternated between them. I pushed my face over one shaft, forcing my lips as deep as I could, until the tip of his cock banged my soft palate and brought a tear to my eye. Then I sucked like mad for a few seconds, caving my cheeks in, then pulled back to almost the end, and then sucked back down, three, four, five times, then did another deep dive and gave him a five second suck.

Then it was his brother's turn. Same process. In and out a couple of times, then a deep shot to the back of my throat and a vacuum lock, then back and forth half a dozen times, and then another Hoover.

While each shaft cooled in the open air, it continued to spray lube and pre-cum all over me, until my poor face was soaked. It was in my hair, all across my forehead, cascading down over my eyebrows and into my eyes (where it stung, a bit), and flowing down over both cheeks. My tits started looking like ski slopes, what with the cum sliding down off my face, and my own drool and spit spilling out of my mouth. This was a sloppy job. Even my hands and fingers were soaked.

Of course, this whole time, Tara was down eating my coochie like a woman possessed. This chick liked pussy, there's no doubt in my mind. She wormed a finger or two up into my channel and scratched around the roof of my vagina, sending my G-spot into tremors that soon threatened to split open my orgasm like the San Andreas fault.

I was starting to lose control sexually. This happened every now and then, when my brain and nervous system became so overloaded with sensory information and external stimuli that it simply disconnected from my consciousness and floated away, and all I wanted to do was center the universe around my pussy and clit and cum for a hundred years. The odor of pussy, and dog, and sweat, and even cum permeated my brain and short circuited those few rational thoughts I still had.

Still I continued to suck on the two heavy cocks in my hands, feverishly shoving one into my mouth and trying to suck the skin off of it, and then the other, back and forth in a froth of spit and saliva and sweat. Finally I jammed the two shafts together again, and gulped at them like a salmon after a lure. I pushed my head forwards, ignoring the pain of my stretched jaw, feeling the jolt of nerve pain radiate up from my jaw to my ears, and forced both shafts to the very back of my mouth. Gasping, I pulled back, gulping the pool of juice in my mouth down, and took a deep, wheezing breath. Tara redoubled her efforts. I did it again, my tongue sliding under the twin cylinders, feeling their heat, feeling them begin to tremble. Another breath. Another deep plunge, and a powerful suction that made my eyes bulge. I counted to myself as both shafts vibrated at the back of my mouth.

1suck....2suck....3suck....4suck....5suck....gasp and breathe...then gulp them in again.

1suck.....2suck.....3suck.....4suck.....5suck.....tongue lashing. Swallowing...gasp, and breathe...

My eyes poured out tears. My breath came in short gasps. My legs started to shake and quiver.

On the fifth or sixth complete deep throat suck, I heard one of the dogs whine and grunt deep in his chest. I tightened my lips around both of them and then suddenly felt the shafts in my hands vibrate and pulse and the back of my mouth was flooded with a huge wave of semen that nearly choked me, I had no choice but swallow roughly as the sperm-rich liquid flowed down into my stomach. But what nearly killed me was Tara, who at that exact moment bit down, not too gently, on my clitoris and my nervous system exploded in orgasm. My feet shot out straight and my leg muscles tensed and contracted over and over. My taste buds were set on fire with the tangy, tart taste of both dog's semen at the same time. Again I swallowed, but there was so much semen it had nowhere to go. It poured out of the corners of my mouth and dripped in two long, thick streams off my chin and down over my heaving breasts. I pulled the two cocks from my mouth and screamed in release and orgasm, my whole body shaking like a leaf. My hands worked automatically, jerking the two slick penises back and forth, pulling sperm and semen out of those magnificent balls in a seemingly never-ending stream.

Sprays of hot sperm battered my soaked face, semen splattering over my entire head from my hair to my neck. You could actually hear the jets striking my skin, a sibilant skittering sound like shooting a water pistol at wax paper. Time seemed to slow down, like it does when you're in a traffic accident or something. I lifted my face up to shower in the hot, milky streams being directed at me. My fists pulled squirt after squirt of doggie cum out of my two studs, and I imagined the millions upon millions of miniscule sperm cells merging with my body. I closed my eyes in ecstasy, shivering with the climaxes rocking my core over and over, shaking my head from side to side. My cheeks and forehead were bathed in wet, life-giving ejaculate. White jets cascaded down both sides of my nose, dripping wetly into my open, gasping mouth. It pooled in the sockets of my eyes, webbing my lashes like spider silk. I felt it splashing into my hair, soaking in like some fabulous designer conditioner. My chin dripped it down onto my heaving breasts, both nipples by now covered in white like the



winter peaks in Aspen. Over and over the two huge beasts emptied their male essence. My clit continued to be worried by Tara, who by now had grasped it between her teeth and tugged, her tongue beating a rhythm on the sensitive bud, back and forth, sending sexual shocks up my spine.

I pointed the shaft in my left hand towards my open mouth, wanting to feel and taste the hot, salty jets pounding onto my waiting tongue. I jerked the shaft smoothly, drawing streams of scalding semen into my mouth, the wavering tip sometimes missing the mark and spraying random squirts onto my lips. The other shaft I continued to use as a sperm facial dispenser, bathing my features with the rich, salty, spicy semen, drawing it up from the wolfhound's almost inexhaustible testicles. My face was covered in the sexy slime, thick waves of it spreading across every inch, until there was not a dry speck left. Layers of the white flowed down my cheeks, dripping from my jaw onto my chest.

I moaned in joy, bliss overtaking my consciousness, babbling nonsense as I continued to suffer from Tara's torment of my pussy. I was a female possessed, sex consumed, nothing but a quivering mass of orgasming nerve endings being hosed from head to toe with canine semen, a bestial apex of desire. I felt a roaring in my ears and saw a million points of light explode behind my eyebrows as my clit shuddered one last time, expanding its root to twice its normal size as Tara nibbled on it and swiped up across my pussy lips with her broad, devilish tongue. I passed out.

I woke scant minutes later. Opening my eyes, I peeked through white webs of semen, blinking frantically to clear my vision. My lashes felt glued together with the huge blobs of dog semen pooling on my face. My breath was coming in ragged gasps, and my pussy felt like it was being rubbed with sandpaper. I used one finger to try to wipe the cum from out of my left eye, and only made it worse, as my hands were soaked in it. Gradually, dipping my head down to prod gravity into doing its part in clearing my eye sockets, I focused through the white veil clouding my vision, to see one of the magnificent hounds who had just inundated me with his sperm lapping away happily at my red and puffy labia. 'Oh fuck...' I gasped, spitting small drips of semen out.

"Holy shit, honey, you should see yourself. Jeezusgod, you're drenched!" Tara tittered at me. She and the redhead were standing there looking at me. I was still semi-dazed, half sitting up, my legs splayed out like a giraffe bending down to drink, my upper body whitewashed by the gargantuan seminal output of the two Irish Wolfhounds who now stood by, drained, sated and satisfied, one eagerly performing enthusiastic, but inexpert cunnilingus on me, the other sitting patiently by his mistress.

The redhead came to my side and crouched down to wipe a wet strand of my hair out of my face. Oddly, the only thing that struck me at the time was my view of her bald labia that stretched open visibly in the dark junction of her thighs as she leaned in to my ear.

"Zeus and Apollo absolutely love you. They've never cum that much, even for me." She stage-whispered loud enough for most of the audience to hear.

"Zeus? Apollo?" I groaned out.

"Yeah", she smiled, "My parents were big Magnum P.I. fans when they were younger."

"Parents?"

"Of course. They belong to my family."

"Do they know...how can you..have you..." I babbled incoherently. I looked at her with a frown and a questioning look.

"We'll talk later. I **have** to have you when this is all done." She smiled at me, one hand tracing lazily up over my left breast and across my nipple, slimy and wet with semen.

I looked up at the camera and opened my mouth. It was still partly clogged with semen, and I swallowed it noisily after the verification. I looked down at myself. I'd never seen so much cum. I was literally caked in it, and parts were drying into crusty, white trails. Tara leaned in and started licking the most moist parts of my body, which seemed to be my ribcage, the slopes of my breasts, and the hollow of my neck. The redhead started kissing the wetness off my face, licking across my cheeks and forehead, smacking her lips saucily as she vacuumed my face clean of her dogs' spendings. I just lay there trying to get my breathing back under control. I ran my hands across the tops of my thighs and over my hip bones, making sure all my joints were still connected.

As they finally finished, each took an arm and helped me stand. I took the offered water gratefully and washed down the sperm still clogging my throat and making my tongue taste like Irish cream.

"Let us know when you're ready." Tara winked at me. I took a few more swallows and cleared my throat, and rubbed my face dry with a towel. I didn't bother with the rest of my body, I assumed that I'd be getting even more cum on me anyway. I nodded at her, and within a moment or two, the door at the side of the stage opened up and my next canine partner walked through.

To tell you the truth, though, I hardly remember the next hour. I was in a cum daze. Cum drunk, I think they call it sometimes. I was so wiped out by the tremendously earth-shattering orgasms I'd just had, my mind simply shut down and retreated back into a quiet place to recover. If I close my eyes, all I can remember is a succession of dog dicks pointing at my lips, red tubes of canine sex, spitting and spraying hot, steamy liquid at me and in me. Sweet, salty, metallic, tangy, all the flavors of the month barely registered in my brain. None were especially horrible, none were especially noteworthy. I simply sucked and swallowed. Sucked and swallowed. Gulping tablespoonful after tablespoonful of semen from my canine lovers.

It was after I'd finished off a large French Poodle and sent his half-cupful of cum down to join the quart or so sloshing around in my belly, that Tara, Ed, and Richard Masterson surrounded me, grins on all their faces, Ed's lit up like a kid on Christmas morning.

Masterson spoke first. "My dear, it appears that you've done it! Claude there was your number 49, you've managed to successfully fellate every dog presented to you, and provide us with an absolutely mind-boggling six and a half hours of scintillating entertainment. You couldn't have seen it all, but while you were performing, several couples watching were so overwrought with fervor that they copulated right here in the audience. I myself felt the need to accept the offers of two very special women. But your Ed, as you might guess, resisted all blandishments to engage in a liason with anyone else."

I smiled at him and raised my eyebrows in an exaggerated manner.

"He better have! I'm gonna need a good seeing-to when this is all over!" I laughed. Ed came in and hugged me, impervious to the mixed fluids all over my body.

"My goodness, honey, I can't believe this! You've been stunning! I never would have suspected this out of you a few months ago!" he gushed, kissing me wetly on the lips and squeezing my breasts. I loved his touch, and shivered in anticipation. I leaned up to whisper in his ear.

"I'm gonna fuck your brains out you sexy man, as soon as this is over..." I teased, running one hand across the bulge in his slacks. He grinned at me and kissed my cheek again.

I looked around. The small auditorium/theatre had filled to capacity, I guessed that there were probably 80 to 90 people there, more even than usually came to the lodge for the weekend parties. The word had gotten out.

“And now, for the grand finale, your very own magnificent animal Brutus is to be the recipient of your fiftieth lovely oral caress” Masterson intoned to me in particular but to the audience as a whole. Turning, he pointed to the side entrance door where Tara strode out leading my boy on a short leash. He’d been brushed and combed to a brilliant sheen, and he let out an excited bark when he saw me waiting.

“Here boy, c’mon boy..” I chirped, slapping my thigh. Tara unhooked him from the leash and he bounded over to me, his broad tongue lolling out and his tail whiplashing from side to side in excitement. He jumped when he got close enough, and he nearly knocked me on my ass. I laughed with him, and grabbed his ears to give him a quick peck on the nose.

“Ok, ok, big boy, I know what you need. Don’t worry, mommy’s here to drain all that nasty cum out of your big old balls, don’t you worry.” I whispered to him, loud enough for all to hear anyway. Once again, I was surprised at myself to see how much of a public dog slut I’d become. I pushed him down onto all fours, and reached underneath to work his cock out of his sheath. He was way ahead of me, about four inches of his lipstick tube poking out. I scrunched down next to him and leaned in to give him a lick and work the rest of his pussy pleaser out. I captured the very tip of his trembling shaft and sucked it into my mouth, the broad flat end and leaking nozzle imparting a familiar taste and texture to me.

I slowly slid the soft fur of his sheath back and forth to encourage more exposure, and sucked hard, pulling his wet cock deeper into my mouth. At the same time, I moved him around so he was sideways to the main part of my audience. I peeked down underneath his ribcage to see them all, and a tiny shiver ran through my body as I absorbed the fact that so many complete strangers were about to watch me suck off a dog.

When Bru was fully exposed and his cock was shooting out warm jets of lube and pre-cum, I straightened up and wriggled around behind him, pulling his flexible shaft down and between his legs to point menacingly up at me. I sat back a bit to admire his shaft and let the audience see just how much red gristle I was about to engulf and pleasure with my mouth. Brutus’s cock was, as always, magnificent. Mostly dark red, with light splotches of white here and there, it was probably eight full inches from his tip down to the billiard-ball sized knot he sported. It bulged somewhat about half-way down the shaft. There was almost room enough for my fingers to fully encircle the space between his knot and scrotum. My left hand held his knot gently, and I closed my eyes and dreamily aimed the spitting rod at my open mouth.

Always give the people what they want, I say.

Spurt after hot spurt flew across the four or five inches separating the tip of Brutus’s cock and my glistening lips. I felt them slide wetly across my tongue, or ping into my lips like little tiny love arrows. One went up my nose when my hand jiggled a little too much. Gradually, I moved my head forwards until I felt his hot shaft slide over my bottom lip. I closed my mouth over the shaft and hollowed my cheeks in suction, doing my best to get that golf ball through his garden hose.

I pushed until I felt the end slide into the soft palate at the back of my mouth. I’d sucked so much cock in the last half dozen hours that I didn’t have even a slight urge to gag. *‘Perhaps that will be a long term benefit of this exercise’*, I remember thinking. I slid back and then forward again, getting about half of his shaft in. I wanted more, though. The bulge. I wanted that bulge in my mouth

completely, I wanted my lips to kiss his knot. That meant that I'd need to bend about three inches of his cock down into the top of my throat.

I took a deep breath and licked my lips, and then surrounded his shaft. I took in as much as I could, until I felt the tip hit the back of my mouth. I hesitated a brief moment, and then simultaneously pushed my face forwards and swallowed. I felt the end of his cock slide roughly across the top of my throat and then point downwards. I pushed some more and closed my eyes and concentrated, visualizing the meaty shaft bending around the base of my tongue and down into my esophagus. I could feel another inch or so slide down and again I pushed. My clit tingled. My lips wormed down his slimy red shaft a little bit more, and then I felt them part and the wide bulge that was my target snaked into my mouth. I swallowed again, nearly choking, and then pushed one final time, and I felt my mouth fill with the huge bulk.

My lips closed back around the narrower part and I smiled inwardly, knowing that I'd done it. My eyes still closed, I sucked and sucked as hard as I could, my cheeks hollowing visibly to the crowd watching me. Gulping for air, my nose flared.

Sure now that I could repeat the task, I pulled back, my lips flowing over the bulge again in the opposite direction, then sliding wetly along the shaft as it hit the air again. I let just the tip rest between my teeth, breathing deeply. Resolved, again I inhaled the stiff dog cock, swallowing as it hit my throat and forcing my lips over the wide bulge. Again, my mouth filled with the bulk, and my cheeks hollowed as I tried to suck him inside out.

I got the rhythm. I deep-throated Brutus's entire cock, all the way to the knot, several more times, my mind detaching once again and my entire being focused only on the wet mouth and throat that I provided for my pet, his dark red cock quivering with need each time he disappeared into my neck. The lodge disappeared. Ed and Richard and Tara and the rest, disappeared. The audience disappeared. It was just me and my dog. My mouth, his penis. My hands, his balls. He was fucking my brain. I pictured the wet, white semen bubbling and frothing in his nuts, agitated, heating up, the muscles in his belly and groin tensing and then relaxing, prepping for the inevitable climactic surge that would pulsate through him and propel his liquid love deep into my being.

I was nothing but a sucking mouth and throat, a vessel for this canine's semen. I could feel the huge pool of canine cum already in my stomach, most of it already digested, becoming part of me, the cells being transformed in my body into sugars and proteins and the rest, being absorbed into my organs and muscles and tissues, into my very blood and being.

Still I pistoned Brutus back and forth into my head. His body was shaking, prolonging the delicious agony I'm sure he was feeling. I knew that his explosion was coming, any second. Time slowed. I felt his heartbeat though the tough canine muscle that was becoming part of me. My lips felt every nerve, every fiber of his cock, the slight veins running around just below the surface. My tongue felt the bumpy, corrugated tip with its leaking valve, just seconds away from flaring open and spitting out gallons of semen.

One hand drifted down to my own core, fingers roughly squeezing my clit, building my own release back up, sliding back and forth along my drenched pussy lips. My nostrils flared as I clenched my gut and tightened my midsection. The cock started to tremble, and I felt his nuts pull up slightly in my other hand. It was beginning. I thrust three fingers as deep in to me as my awkward posture would allow and scratched my G-spot with a long fingernail.

Deep inside Brutus's body, his testes clenched and muscles constricted, and the liquid flowing through his reproductive system gathered steam, preparing to jet out into my anxiously waiting

belly. He shook and quivered one last time, and let out a deep, rough growl/bark.

My upper lip felt it first, a wave of pressure that burrowed through the nearby knot and then pulsed outwards, flowing along the shaft. The stream rocketed out, spraying from the wet tip, sperm and semen mixing with my saliva, pounding against the exposed back of my mouth like white paint shot from a cannon. I orgasmed in concert, my clit erupting with fire and sending needles down every nerve in my body, my pussy spasmed and I gushed liquid out, soaking my hand and wrist. Twin bolts of electric fire radiated out from my pussy, ran up my spine and then shot out my tits, making my nipples throb and turn deep red and it felt like lightning bolts shot out of them. My brain melted in ecstasy, and I gulped. The semen slid wetly and warmly down my throat. I groaned from deep in my gut.

Another pulsating stream of Brutus's love for his mistress pounded out, erupting from his cock. I pulled back slightly, making room, feeling it pool hotly on my tongue, the flavor sending erotic tingles straight to my brain. I inhaled the aroma of his canine strength, my nose and sinuses expanding with sensation. I sucked strongly on the three or four inches of cock in my mouth, starting another load out from his balls. I didn't want any interruption. I wanted his cum pissing into my throat. I could spend hours just sucking the sweet, salty semen from him. It would be all the sustenance I needed. I swallowed the second burst. My hand pulled up and out on his shaft, sliding smoothly over the knot and bulge. The wet concoction of sperm blasted out, soaking the inside of my mouth, covering my teeth and gums and coating my inner walls while I sucked again, needing another jolt.

The fourth burst of semen that blew from his cock was the largest and hottest and richest yet, it felt like heavy wet cream. I let my tongue wash it around inside my mouth, not wanting to swallow yet, wanting instead to let it soak into my tastebuds and seep in to every crack and cranny in my mouth, under my tongue and lips.

My own orgasm valleyed down, the fire and thunder echoing away, but I knew without even thinking that it was not over. I squeezed my clit again and pulled her away from her little protective hood, yanking left and then right until it slipped from my greasy fingers. The climax seemed to start right in the center of my belly and radiate outwards. I moved my hand up to roughly pinch and pull my right nipple, and again I rocketed in pleasure. The lake of semen in my mouth was suddenly flooded to twice its size as Brutus's testicles seemed bottomless, disgorging another batch of puppies. I twirled my tongue around the tip of his penis, and swallowed a small bit of the huge mouthful I'd saved. Sperm leaked out at the corners of my lips, twin trails of white rolling down my chin and dropping off onto my torso. My right hand, suddenly wet, pinched again at my nipple, screaming in delicious agony. White cum dripped down like milk, my bosoms filling with dog semen, my tits able to feed me whenever I wanted. The perverse yet delicious thought bounced into my brain.

My left hand jerked again, pulling, pulling yet another dose up out of him and into me. I wanted it all. I would never be satisfied. My mouth was nearly at capacity. I had to pull back, letting just the very tip of his cock peek through my pursed lips, spitting its last few jets of rich dog cum. I exhaled, seemingly for the first time in hours, my body drenched in sweat and saliva and semen. My legs quivered, dangerously close to cramping. Wetness gushed from between my pussy lips, drooling down and dripping to the rich leather below me.

Brutus was empty. Drained dry. He whimpered quietly. I reluctantly let him pull away, knowing he'd pad off to the side and lay down, to clean himself. I envied him his ability to lick his own cock.

I raised my head, angled up towards the camera zooming in. My eyes blinked, tearing, stinging from sweat and left over semen. The milky lake in my mouth threatened to overflow, the dam of my lips

barely able to hold it back, and still some leaked from my tightly closed mouth. I tilted my head back as far as I could, and slowly opened. The camera saw my mouth literally filled with semen. My tongue waggled back and forth, making waves, causing a good bit to slosh out over my lower lip and drool down my front. I used a free hand to wipe the drips back up and over my lip into my mouth again. I let the camera linger on the view, spiderwebs of thick milky semen criss-crossing my open mouth, connecting teeth to tongue, tongue to cheek. I swallowed once, trying to lose no more than a bit of my molten prize to my stomach. The level dropped a bit. I breathed heavily through my nose. Another small swallow. My tongue poked up now, a red island in the sea of white.

I savored the salty, piquant taste of the load that Brutus had given up to me. It was like a briny soup, not unpleasant, but warm and full of body. I swallowed again, and reopened, turning now to the audience, who I acknowledged for the first time in several minutes. I looked at Ed, love in my eyes and semen in my mouth. Swallowed again and saw him grin and wink.

I was almost done now, just a tongue-full left. I swished it around in my mouth, trying to get the very most out of its presence. Finally, I gently closed my eyes, tilted my head up and swallowed the last bit down.

I was done. I'd finished. My stomach burbled, filled with the combined outpourings of half a hundred canine partners. I was soaking wet, inside and out, hair a mess, makeup nonexistent, and not a stitch of clothing left on me except one shoe, somehow. I don't know how the other one had come off, or even when. I kicked off the straggler.

The audience erupted into wild cheering and applause, I glanced to my left and saw Tara jumping up and down and clapping in glee. Ed and Mr Masterson came up, Ed beaming and Masterson grinning ear to ear. Masterson stood next to me and waited for the applause to die down, his arm around my shoulder. Ed stood on the other side, his arm around my waist.

"Well, some might say they'd never thought they'd see this day, but it pleases me no end to announce that we finally have a winner of our - " and he stopped to emphasize each word, "MILLION DOLLAR PRIZE!", at which the audience again exploded into cheers and applause. I blushed. Oddly. A dark flush covered my chest and neck.

Masterson reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a white and blue check which he proudly showed me, and it was indeed a bank check formally crafted and signed, with my name now on the Pay To line. I blinked. I couldn't believe it for a moment, it all seemed so unreal. To tell the truth, for most of the last six hours, I wasn't even thinking of the money, the eroticism and sexuality of the moment had taken over and pushed everything else aside. I blushed again and took the check, holding it up to the audience.

The rest of the day was a blur. I gave the check to Ed. We went back to the room after a few minutes of handshakes and congratulations from people I didn't know. First off, I peed like a racehorse. then took a nice long hot shower, and then came out and Ed and I fucked like newlyweds. He came in my pussy twice, and I opened my ass to him after a brief rest, and he even managed to give me a small sperm enema before we both drifted off for a good long nap. We woke around 9pm and called for some food to be delivered.

Tomorrow, I'd recover. And find that redhead.

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Part Twelve - Shae

I stood in the bathroom of the suite we had at the lodge. Ed was snoring softly out in the bedroom, and I had snail trails of his lovely sperm sliding down the insides of both my thighs. I looked at myself in the mirror, and put my hand on my tummy, a few inches above my belly button. It was about where I guessed my stomach was. The stomach that was, at this moment, sloshing with probably at least a quart, if not more, of dog semen.

It literally bulged. I'm a trim gal as it is, I've been blessed with good genes and I exercise and eat right (so to speak..lol). I rubbed gently and massaged my tummy. Just inside there were literally billions of sperms swimming around, slowly being converted by my digestive system into sugars and starches and the other natural components, and would ultimately be absorbed by my system and become a part of me forever. A shudder ran through me. A good shudder, though. I was proud of what I'd done. I knew I had done something probably few women had ever done before, and I'd enjoyed it, and my audience had enjoyed it, and I'm fairly certain four dozen or so dogs enjoyed it. I slid my hand around on the smooth skin of my belly, and then burped. Now THAT was kinda rank, I'll have to admit. But I smiled to myself. Then I sat down and peed, freshened up a bit, and more or less waddled back to bed. I lay there for a while, flat on my back, just replaying the last few hours in my head, until I finally fell asleep.

I woke up to a big damp spot in the middle of the bed from our fun the night before, so I let Ed sleep and went and took another nice long bath in the big soaking tub we had in the suite. That felt good, really good. I mixed in some bath oil and rubbed it in all over, getting some much-needed moisture back into my skin. All the dried cum and spit and sweat I'd showered off the night before had really parched my skin. Last night in the shower I couldn't believe how covered I was in dried, crusty dog sperm. My hair was soaked and tangled in it, my crotch was leaking my own wetness, as well as Tara's, and trails of dried white cum leaked down my entire body from my forehead to my ankles. It took me twenty minutes with a sponge and half a bottle of body wash to finally feel human again!

This morning, though, I took the time to luxuriate in the hot water and suds, and shaved my legs and pussy nice and smooth again. I think I mentioned that I'd always kept a bit of a bush or at least a landing strip above my vaginal lips, but the last few weeks I'd shaved bare and I've really grown to prefer it.

Laying in that warm, aromatic bath I almost fell back asleep, but then had to pee really bad. I have to admit my tummy was a little bit queasy, not really a surprise after the quart or so of dog semen that I'd had pumped into it yesterday. I ordered up some room service, and about an hour later, after I'd wolfed down a stack of pancakes, a bowl of fresh fruit chunks, two glasses of orange juice and a steaming cup of coffee, I felt much better. Ed was awake by now, and we sat outside on the small balcony that looked over the rear of the lodge. The property sloped away from the building, and it was a lovely morning as the sun rose up above the treeline, casting golden light across the whole place. We sat out there with coffee, and I put my feet up on Ed's lap as we enjoyed the peaceful morning.

"Well...now what?" Ed grinned. "I guess we ought to talk about how to handle the money, right? What're your thoughts, babe?" he asked.

I thought for a moment. With all the excitement and orgasms and doggy cum, I had not really stopped to think about what the million dollars would do for us. Or to us.

"I want to donate some back to the club and lodge here - to help care for the pups, you know?" I said. "Maybe 10 percent, a hundred thousand?"

Ed nodded. "Sure. I agree."

“Pay off the house. Maybe make some improvements. Work on the yard. Put in a nice fenced area for Brutus and Hector. Get me a new car. Or van. Or both.” I smiled. “And I know you’ve always wanted a big manly truck. Knock yourself out, babe.” I held his hand. “I think we should bank as much as we can, though - no use blowing through it all in a couple of months like some drunken sailors.”

“I agree. I don’t want to quit my job, though - I’m too young to retire, and you’d probably want to kill me within the month if I was just hanging around the house all day long.” he laughed.

I smiled at him. “No, never. Maybe lock you in a closet, that’s all...” I grinned.

We sat and chatted for another hour. Finally I stood up and stretched, groaning at my full belly and slightly sore muscles. “Well, I guess I’d better put some clothes on and get going. I promised Tara and Yvette I’d have lunch with them before we left tonight, and I want to find that gorgeous redhead with the two Irish wolfhounds.”

I wandered into the bedroom and picked through my stuff looking for something to wear. I settled on a nice silky sheer white top that rubbed deliciously on my nips and was scooped scandalously low, and a dark green skirt that rode low on my hips and came down to not-quite-mid-thigh. I pulled on nude thigh-highs that left a couple inch gap of my skin above their lacy tops, and stepped into a sexy pair of ankle-strapped heels. Earrings, a couple of bangly bracelets and a velvet choker around my neck, and I was ready to go. Kissing Ed goodbye, I promised to find him later on and we’d get packed and call for the limo to take us home.

I went downstairs and peeked in a couple of the big rooms, but didn’t find Tara or Yvette anywhere. Finally I saw one of the other couples that I’d seen earlier at dinner when we first got here, and after we chatted for a moment (the woman wanted to know how it felt to have sucked so many dog cocks one after the other. I smiled, winked, and told her it was deliciously erotic), I asked if either of them had seen Tara or Yvette. The husband told me he’d seen Yvette just a few minutes earlier in the kitchen talking to one of the attendants, so I headed over there.

The kitchen here was a big, but rustic affair with big wooden cabinets lining two walls, a huge gas range, washing sinks, and the usual appliances. A window looked out on the side of the place, where several trucks and vans were still parked. Sure enough, Yvette was there, she’d just finished talking to one of the helpers and had a big bowl of what I took to be dog food in her hands. They both saw me at the same time.

“BARBARA! My god, how’re you doing? You were awesome yesterday!” the sexy woman shrieked as she ran over to give me a big hug. “Tara and I couldn’t stop talking about everything yesterday, we were up half the night. It was soooooo cool..” she gibbered at me, balancing the dog food bowl in one hand while she hopped back and forth in excitement.

I just laughed with her and hugged back, and told her it was fun for me too. She waved to the guy who’d given her the dog food and pulled my arm to bring me along with her.

“C’mon, I’m going downstairs to feed Clyde, he’s one of the boxers you did yesterday, his owner is picking him up in a few minutes to go home and I promised to see that he got his kibble and beef before he left.” She chattered like a sixth-grader at the dance. We left the kitchen and headed for the steps down to the basement area, which wasn’t really a basement so much as a separate space below the main lodge. The lodge was built into a slope, and the lower levels simply opened to the downslope grounds in the back of the place. There were about two dozen pens down there, about half holding a collection of barking and/or whining dogs. Each pen was about eight feet wide and maybe 12 or 14 feet long, and had an enclosed area at the back where the pups could retreat to

sleep. I recognized some of my 'boyfriends' from yesterday, the glorious Husky, a Shepherd or two, and the boxer that was Yvette's target. We walked down to his pen, and she dialed a number on the combination lock that kept his gate secured, and we went in. I scratched him behind one ear and said, "Hey big boy, how're ya feeling today?" but he was more interested in the big lunch being delivered by Yvette.

We let him eat in peace, and Yvette grabbed my hand again. "Hey, we're having lunch right? Tara told me to just give her a call when we're ready and she'll meet us." I nodded and we went back upstairs. You don't really care about our lunch, it was just three women eating and gabbing about this and that. I asked Tara where to find the regal Irish woman from yesterday, and she blushed a bit and told me which suite she was staying in.

"Oh my god. I went up with her last night after everything settled down. Would you believe she sleeps with both of those huge dogs in her bed! We had some wine, and then, well, she and I got romantic with each other, it was just so sexy there in her big bedroom with a fireplace and all. I came a bunch of times, and I let one of those huge dogs have me, Shae helped hold him steady and oh my god what a lover he is...." She went on and on about how great it was and Yvette and I looked at each other, amused.

I found out that Shae (that was her name, obviously) came to the lodge here about twice a year with her two dogs, and that she was a favorite of many of the people here. I pressed the two for more details, but all they would do is smile knowingly and tell me I'd have to find out for myself. While we were finishing up our dessert, Tara called Shae on her cell, and we were invited up to her suite. I was getting a bit horny with all the talk about fucking her dogs by Tara, and I could hardly wait.

Shae's suite was on the third floor of the lodge, with floor-to-ceiling windows that looked out onto a balcony bordered with intricate wrought iron railings. The living room was huge, easily 20 feet deep and 40 feet wide, a floor of highly polished hardwood covered here and there with ornate and rich oriental carpets. Several comfy looking chairs and divans were scattered around, and as we were ushered into the room by Shae, her two huge wolfhounds bounded into the room and rushed to stand by their mistress like 2/3rds of Cerberus. Tara and Yvette announced that they had to attend to some Lodge business, and after hugs and kisses all around, they left Shae and me alone. I stood back to admire this Celtic beauty.

I couldn't believe how Shae was dressed. If I thought she was sexy yesterday, she was an absolute knock-out today. Her flaming red hair was done up in a huge mass of waves cascading down over both shoulders, with long tendrils of curled hair streaming off to every side. Both ears sported dangling diamond earrings that looked to be a half carat each. A diamond necklace surrounded her graceful neck and nearly blinded me. Her eyes were set off by a smoky blue shadow, and the slightest hint of mascara and makeup did nothing but accentuate her traffic-stopping facial features. She had a leather shelf bra that was also studded with rhinestones all over, that held her magnificent boobs up and out for all to enjoy. Her breasts were perfectly round hemispheres, filling the cups of her bra to their capacity. They were nicely separated, cleavage by the acre. Her nipples were rouged red and the one ring sparkled in the light. Her midriff was bare, the only other real article of clothing a fancy garter belt that draped sexily over her hips and held up a pair of sheer stockings that climbed up her long lean legs almost to her crotch. On her feet were a pair of strappy black stilettos with open toes. She had a gold chain looped around her waist, and one end dangled down to the inside of her left thigh. Her bare pubis was glistening with moisture of some sort. Her vaginal lips were prominent, thick and bordered the sexy clit stud and ring that I remembered from yesterday. I could barely tear my eyes away from her womanhood. But I finally did, and looked at her with a smile.

"My goodness you look ravishing, Shae! I don't know how you do it." She smiled at me, taking my hand and leaning in to give me a peck on the cheek.

"Oh stop. Compared to you, I'm just a beginner, I'm sure." She said graciously. She kept my hand, and led me to one of the overstuffed divans, where I sat and leaned back to enjoy the luxury. She sat in a large overstuffed chair across from me and crossed her legs in a move that would have garnered all 10s if it were an Olympic event.

"So, tell me, how did you ever do it yesterday? I wish I'd been able to be there and see your whole time, but I was delayed leaving home and just got here barely when I did. It must have been absolutely mind-blowing, no pun intended!" she laughed lightly. I hadn't noticed her very light Irish brogue yesterday. It was delightful.

"It was...something else, I'll say that. I wasn't really sure I could do it, to tell you the truth, I mean, in front of all those people, but you know, after a while, I just put them all out of my mind and concentrated on the pooches. Having Tara there to help was good too, she's such a dear, you know."

"Exactly!" she grinned, her eyebrows rising up with a knowing wink. "Zeus! Apollo!" she commanded, snapping her fingers. The two lovely beasts bounded up, one sitting on each side of her. I took a good look at them, something I hadn't really been able to do yesterday.

They were obviously related. Glorious grey-black fur had been trimmed closer and shorter than most Wolfies usually were, especially around their heads and necks. Their eyes were bright and glistening, and their jaws strong. Huge white teeth bespoke the damage they could do if they wanted to. Their bodies were long and lean and sleek, with rippling muscles just under the surface. Their paws made very slight 'click'ing sounds as they walked across the solid floor. I couldn't help but look down to their groins, and both dogs had two or so inches of hard, red flesh poking out of their sheaths, as if to say they were ready for use at any time.

"Magnificent, aren't they?" Shae asked, after I'd spent a long minute drinking in the beauty of her pets.

"My god, they are!" I gushed, blushing. "Please, tell me about them...- and you, of course!" I finished, smiling at her.

She reached to her side and produced a bottle of champagne, which soon found much of its contents poured into two crystal flutes. She offered one to me and took a sip of hers.

"HmMMM. They didn't tell you?" she asked, referring I guessed to Tara and Yvette.

"No, the bitches wouldn't say a word!" I laughed, sipping my drink. It was cool and bubbly and tasted very expensive.

Shae uncrossed and re-crossed her legs, the slick nylon of her stockings making a "swissssshh" sound as her thighs rubbed from one side to the other. She let one shoe dangle lazily from a perfectly manicured set of toes.

"It's been...different, I'll say that. Are you sure you want to hear it all?" she smiled at me. "I've led a very unorthodox life, to be sure."

I assured her that I was very interested in the whole story. She leaned back and began.

"My father grew up in County Cork in Ireland. In fact, he and Mother still live there. My father has

been a breeder since he was barely out of his teens. He worked well with the dogs in the county, and became quite well known. He bred setters, sporting dogs, hunting dogs, and the occasional collie or retriever. He started his own breeding station and training facility, and by the time he was twenty-five, he was one of the best known, and most successful, breeders in the UK. He understood the problems of purebreds, studying genetics and researching the problems of a limited gene pool, years before anyone else started considering it. It pained him terribly to see other breeders forcing litters out of the sires over and over again, with no regard for the litter's overall health or well-being."

"He met my mother at a show in England. She was a very young girl, but had chosen a life of service to animals. Her parents did not have the money to send her to veterinary school, so she cast about at shows and exhibitions, offering herself off as an intern, or helper, or whatever she could get. They hit it off immediately, and started dating that same week. Her parents were not pleased, at the time, because of the age difference, but they knew their daughter was so headstrong and willful that nothing they could do or say against their union would be taken to heart."

I nodded. My Dad had not been a big fan of Ed's when we first started dating because he was a decade older than I.

"Within a few weeks of their meeting, my mother had given her virginity to Father. She turned out to be a very sexual woman who, once introduced to love-making, came to desire it ever more frequently and with a broader and broader range of experiences. My father introduced her to anal sex within a few months, and it became as regular a practice as normal vaginal sex. She'd been introduced to oral sex well before meeting Father, and from what she told me and showed me as I grew up, she has produced probably thousands of ejaculations throughout her life, and continues to do so." She colored slightly as she transmitted this risqué bit of family history, and I nodded and smiled.

"I was born about three years after they married. Mother, however, suffered some internal disruptions during my birth, which rendered her unable to bear any more children. She and Father were heartbroken, of course, but by the same token, they lavished several children's-worth of affection on me instead. I was denied nothing as I grew up. I had the finest education possible, travelled widely with them, and enjoyed being exposed to the cultures, customs, and character of people all over the world. Tutors were brought in to fill the gaps left by a standard education, and before I was a teenager I'd learned to speak French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian and even a little bit of Mandarin Chinese. I seemed to have a natural gift for languages."

"I graduated from the Sorbonne when I was only 19, and then studied veterinary medicine at the University of Pennsylvania here in the States. I joined my family's breeding and training business as soon as I was qualified. It was then that I discovered my mother's secret."

Shae looked at me with a sparkle in her eyes. This woman, I thought to myself, was a supreme specimen. Beautiful, intelligent, cultured, sexy as hell, and conveyed a measure of sensuality and eroticism that I'd never encountered before.

"Oh really? It sounds like you didn't have any secrets at all, growing up. It must have been marvelous to have been exposed to so many different things as a youngster." I answered, anxious to have her continue the story.

"It was, it really was. I'm so very thankful, and appreciative, of the upbringing I had, which is one reason that I try to give back as much as I can. We've established a scholarship program for young women wanting to learn the veterinary sciences, and also established canine rescue and adoption programs all across the country. The business has been very good to my family, and we enjoy our 'benefits'. That's what I was leading up to."

I looked at her with curiosity.

“One evening I had planned to be out of town finishing up some business, but I finished early and decided to come home and surprise Mother and Father. As I came up our driveway, I was a little surprised to see about 10 or 15 strange cars in front of the house, arrayed along the semi-circular driveway. My parents must have decided to have a cocktail party, I thought to myself. I pulled into our garage as quietly as I could, and went around back to come in through the kitchen and dining room. We had a quite large back yard behind the house, it was fenced, of course, and we also had a tall hedge row surrounding the property. I’d never given it much thought, but as I turned the corner, I was shocked by the sight that greeted me.”

She paused, as much for effect as anything else.

“There were about twenty people gathered in a circle, and smack in the middle of it was my mother, being rather energetically fucked by a large Dalmation. My heart nearly stopped, and I froze. I couldn’t tear my eyes off the scene. My mother was grunting and gasping, and then she froze up and screamed out in climax and the dog pushed up against her, nearly knocking her flat on the ground. Of course, I realized the dog had just knotted her.”

I didn’t know how to respond to Shae’s revelation. I just gulped and goggled at her.

“I watched for a few more minutes, and then finally got up the nerve to silently turn around and sneak off. I sat in my car for the next hour, listening to the orgy going on in my back yard, getting more and more aroused as it sounded like my mother was being mounted over and over. Finally, the party seemed to be breaking up, it was nearly midnight. I debated driving away and returning the next morning, but I was shocked at my own fascination with the act that I’d seen. Of course, I knew that bestiality was real, and that there was a sizable portion of people who enjoyed it. And as I sat there, so many things that I’d seen or heard as I was growing up suddenly made sense. The light scratches on my mother’s ribs and back when I saw her nude or in a revealing bikini. Her fascination with pointing out each of the males’ sheaths to me as we worked with the dogs. Remarking about how large or powerful the penis looked as it projected out, joking about how ‘lucky’ the intended bitch was. Making sure I watched when the bitches were mounted. Teaching me how to handle the penises, washing them carefully and even masturbating them slightly. And the occasional times I saw her wipe her face of what I thought at the time was sweat, but was obviously semen, after she’d spent an hour or more in the kennels, behind locked doors.”

“Wow! So your mother-“

“-had been mounted by our dogs for years. I tell you, the knowledge of it sent an illicit thrill right through me. I decided that, rather than sneak off and then come back later as if nothing had happened, I would tell them what I’d seen, and see where it took me. I knew I couldn’t just go on as if nothing had happened. It was too much.”

“So I left the garage, and walked back around the back of the house. Mother and Father were still there. They were nude, which wasn’t a shock to me, but their pose was. Mother was on her knees, giving my Father what looked to be a very enthusiastic and, judging by his expression, well-received blow job.”

She giggled lightly. “His eyes were closed and his head was thrown back, and he was pumping my mother’s head back and forth on his cock, his hands entwined in her expensive but mostly ruined hair-do. I could see the slick moisture on the shaft as it filled and then retreated from my mother’s mouth. I crept closer still, and it appeared that Father may not have been the first lucky recipient of

my mother's oral skills that night. Her cheeks and forehead seemed quite liberally drenched with sperm. I watched, completely mesmerized, as they completed the act. My father arched his hips out and pulled my mother's face into his groin at the same time, and he grunted, loudly, and I heard Mother choke and then swallow. He grunted again, and then four or five more times, each time, I imagine, sending huge spurts of his semen down my mother's throat. Her swallows seared themselves into my senses. I will never forget that sound."

I nodded. I could see how something like that might be memorable.

"As my father finished his orgasm, I very lightly cleared my throat with a little 'harumph' sound, and walked into the circle of light that surrounded them. I decided to break the ice first, and said, 'that was so beautiful, Mother. I loved watching you.' Father turned a slight shade of red, but Mother turned to face me directly, still on her knees, and I could see her moving her tongue around in her mouth, and then she quite deliberately looked me right in the eye and swallowed one last time. Father helped her stand, and I walked up to them and hugged them. Mother kissed my cheek, and I could smell and feel the slightly greasy liquid trails all over her face. They asked how long I'd been watching, and I admitted that I'd seen her bestial mating."

"Wow! What did she say then?" I asked, leaning forward and taking a last swig of my champagne.

"Mother looked at me and said was very glad that I'd finally learned their secret, as she was so sorry that she'd had to hide it from me for so long. I reassured her that I was not in any way being judgmental or disapproving. I smiled at her, and said I was so very glad that she found joy in what she did, and that Father approved. He beamed at me too, and said it was actually his idea. He'd talked her into it just a few months after I was born. Her first canine mate was one of his prize German Shepherd dogs, and King took her half a dozen times that first night. She was hooked from then on."

I nodded. I understood how addictive doggy cock could be, if you approached it with the right frame of mind.

"The next day, Mother took me to the kennels. I'd laid awake almost all night, trembling with the anticipation of having my first canine partner. Of course, I'd lost my human virginity years before, so I was ready, willing, and able to stretch my personal boundaries. As we strolled into the pens, Mother explained the physicalities of the act, how she'd help guide my lover's penis into me, and how I may or may not be able to take the knot. I assured her I would try."

"We selected a nice, mature Golden Retriever for my first encounter. Scout was nearly five years old, and had already sired two litters of puppies through two different bitches. I'd known him all his life, he was a smart and very friendly pooch."

I noticed that Shae had, consciously or not, dropped the fingers of one hand to slide lazily around the top of her slit and toy with her clit. Her eyes had sort of dreamily half-closed as she spoke, remembering her canine deflowerment. It was lovely to watch, and I saw no harm in emulating her. My own fingers started thrumming across the hood of my clit, sending little electric shivers through my mid-section.

"Mother brought Scout from his large pen into one of the rooms we used for grooming and bathing. She put down a large mat that we used, and Scout walked right onto it. She gave him a command which I later learned was actually Gaelic, and he dropped and rolled onto his back. Some dogs do this to show submission, but Scout had been trained to do this to allow Mother access to his hindquarters. As with most of our male sires, he'd been kept well trimmed for cleanliness, and his

prominent sheath made a sizable ridge between his legs. Mother knelt down on one side of him, and motioned for me to go to his opposite side and do the same. She put her hand lightly on his sheath, and rubbing gently, my mother and I watched intently as his regal red penis came poking out, inch after inch. His cock was much larger than I'd expected, within just a few seconds she and I were pleased to see about seven inches of gleaming, red muscle and bone right in front of our eyes."

"Mother leaned down and swiped her tongue along his shaft slowly, and then captured the tip of it between her lips and sucked hard. Her eyes flashed up at me, sparkling with joy and erotic promise. She pulled off Scout's penis, and, holding it near the base, pointed it at me and whispered, "Now you, dear, now you." I swallowed into my dry throat. As many times as I'd seen dogs penises over my life, I'd not seen one this close up and certainly not right after my mother had felled its full length. I licked my lips, and leaned in slowly. I actually closed my eyes as I got close, and Mother aimed the shaft right between my lips. The first touch of wet, hot dog penis sent an electric thrill through me that I was totally unprepared for. The pure, unadulterated decadence of the act made my heart beat faster. I felt my nipples start to harden, and my pussy gushed of its own accord."

I nodded at Shae. I remembered the first time I'd ever touched my lips to a canine penis, and how the thought of that act created a watershed moment in my life. Everything before was before, but now, I'd sucked dog cock. I would never be able to erase that event from my psyche. I leaned forward and touched her lightly on the knee.

"I know. It's marvelous, isn't it? Just something about the wicked thrill, knowing that you're doing something so sexy and forbidden, but so amazing."

She put her hand on mine and looked into my eyes.

"I love to do wicked things. How about you, Barbara? Do you?"

I raised my eyebrows at her. "Yesterday you watched me suck off enough dogs to last a lifetime, including your two, who gave me a canine bukkake I'll never forget!" I said. "What could possibly top that?"

She leaned back. "Oh, I can think of a few things. Tell me, I saw you with Tara yesterday. Are you at all bi?"

I paused. "I'm really not sure. Up until recently, I'd never had any female experiences. Except for a couple of times in college, of course - you know how that is. But Tara and Yvette are certainly sexy, and they know their way around a pussy, if you know what I mean." I smiled at her. "Of course, someone like you could turn the most avowed het girl into a raving lesbian in a minute, I'd bet."

"Well, I don't know about that, but maybe we'll see, maybe we'll see..." Shae trailed off. "Anyway, where was I? Yes, Scout's hot cock was just sliding into my mouth. He started spurting the lube and pre-cum, and I was shocked at how bland it tasted. Not salty or bleachy at all, unlike the men I'd had in my mouth. It was just like hot, slightly greasy water. I let it flow down my throat, amazed at the idea that my mother was watching me swallow dog semen. Or at least, pre-cum. She put her hand on the back of my head and slowly pushed my head down, until I had four or five inches of Scout's cock in my mouth, and I felt it hit the back of my throat. I gagged a bit and choked, and Mother gave a light laugh and pulled me back, saying 'We'll have to work on that my dear, that will never do for a daughter of mine'. I gulped, and slid his cock into my mouth again, and this time I was able to get a lot of it in, and I just concentrated on not gagging. I held as much as I could in my mouth and sucked hard on it, really hard. He whined at me after a while, and Mother pulled my mouth up off his cock."

'He's fairly sensitive down there', she said. 'I think it's time we had him mount, don't you?' I nodded

at her, anxious to take the next step. Mother moved me into the right position, showing me how to keep my knees spread wide, and my back arched down, so that my hips and crotch were at the right angle for penetration. I rested on my forearms, my head down, trembling slightly. I was about to get fucked by a dog. A shiver ran up my spine, but I could hardly keep still, I was so nervous and anxious for it to begin. Mother put one hand between my shoulder blades, and told me to hold steady, and try not to move away when Scout finally mounted. Then she spanked my rump gently and snapped her fingers, and I felt him jump and put his paws around my ribcage, and felt his hindquarters start to piston at me. Mother guided his cock to my slit, and then I felt a tremendous pressure and a 'whoosh', and he pushed his entire length into me in one move. I cried out, not in pain, mostly in surprise and shock. I was so wet though, he slid right in and bounced his cock off my cervix. There was a sharp pinpoint of pain at that, but Mother held me down at my shoulders, and Scout got to work. You know how that feels - the jet-propelled speed, the rocking of the hips, that feel as his cock enlarges and stiffens up even more, shooting lube and precum into your depths. I groaned again, my legs trembling."

Shae stopped to take a breath. Her fingers had never slowed down their attack on her clit, and I watched in envy as she shuddered slightly and a red flush crept up her cheeks. She opened her eyes and smiled dreamily at me.

"Scout fucked me for long minutes, it seemed. I felt his knot pound into me over and over, but I just couldn't open enough for it to enter me completely. Mother held me and stroked my face and tried to comfort me. Finally, I felt Scout start to ejaculate hot, wet streams of semen into me, and I had my first ever canine-induced orgasm. The thought that millions and millions of doggy sperms were being shot into my own human womb made me absolutely frantic with desire. I just hung my head down and shuddered. He finally finished, and pulled out, and gallons of semen burbled out of me down my legs. I collapsed, exhausted. Mother covered me with a blanket and sat there next to me until I recovered."

"That must have been a wonderful feeling, knowing that your Mother could introduce you to canine loving, and be there to show you and support you and help you go on." I said to her, earnestly.

"It was. Once the initial hesitance had passed, we bonded even closer than before. Over the next few months, Mother and I had sex with over two dozen dogs. She taught me how to give them oral sex safely and I grew to love that part of my life. I'd always been orally fixated, and nothing pleased me more than being able to just walk into our kennels, pick out a lucky boy, roll him onto his back, and put my head down below his rib cage, and then suck on his lovely prick for as long as I wanted. I love the taste of dog semen, it's just so marvelous."

I smiled at her. "Tell me about it." We laughed.

Ten minutes later, we were both naked, lolling on her huge bed, and she'd just finished licking my pussy so well that the top of my head blew off when I came. I decided that I needed to return the favor, and I spent the next twenty minutes or so exploring her gorgeous pussy lips, and sliding my tongue as far up her vagina as I could. I lay between her legs, my mouth suctioning against her vulva, my two hands kneading and pulling on her tits. I worried her clit with my teeth, wringing half a dozen shattering climaxes out of her before we both collapsed in sated exhaustion. I learned that it was really fun to tickle the hell out of her clit ring with my tongue. Sweat poured off both of us. I adored her body. Her nipples were like rocks, perched high and proud on her porn-star tits, which I'd discovered were just naturally round and firm. Good genes, I guess. I'd love to see her mother one day.

Shae and I both napped for a while, just luxuriating in the feelings and the plush luxury of her

surroundings. Finally though, we both sat up. I ran my fingers through my hair.

“Jeeze, I must look a mess. God, girl, you made me into a madwoman!” I laughed at her. She grinned back at me.

“It was great though, wasn’t it? Are you ready for more?”

“More? What more could there be?”

“How would you like to have Zeus and Apollo fuck the shit out of you?”

I caught my breath. “I...I think I’d love that....” I’d almost forgotten about the dogs, snoozing patiently on the rugs at the foot of the bed. “Who should I do first?”

She looked at me, one eyebrow cocked saucily. “What do you mean, ‘first’ “?

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**Webmasters Note:** *One of the common issues with amateur erotica writers is often they run out of steam, and they don’t complete their stories. We can’t do anything about this, sorry, as authors offer their content for free we take what we’re given. Other erotica writers are welcome to take up this series where the author has stopped.*