

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

\*Note: this story contains excerpts from Nancy Friday's book, "Men in Love."

"...The woman who seduces her dog declares she is the same as he - wild and out of control, no thought of guilt or delicacy. Just sex, pure sex, animal sex - and let love, tenderness, commitment, and all the other rules come back tomorrow."

Liz sat curled up in the big armchair in her bedroom. She was engrossed with her new book; absorbing each and every word as quickly as she could turn the pages.

"...In the most primitive dreams of both sexes, we are all seduced by ideas of being stripped down, relieved of the burdens of civilization, operating on an unthinking, biological level at last. Society and our parents made us good girls and boys; these fantasies are a trip away from all that. They get behind the facade and let us enjoy a few safe moments as the uninhibited animals we all were at the beginning of life."

Liz wasn't aware that her right hand was softly caressing her breasts and gently squeezing her erect nipples through her tank top as she kept a firm grip on the book with her left hand. She bit her lower lip and was breathing faster with a quickening irregularity as she read each salacious word.

"...I have always envied dogs and their tremendous, long-lasting climax. I've never owned a male dog that I didn't jack off, or one that didn't love me for doing it for him. Sometimes just watching a dog's prick jerk and squirt for fifteen or twenty minutes or longer is enough to turn me on; and other times, all that doggie come puddling up on the floor seems an awful waste; and in my fantasy, it is all going down my throat or up my anus."

The words stirred her desires, making her heart beat faster and her face, breasts, and genitals flush and warm. Combined with the heat and humidity of the August afternoon her skin glowed with a fine sheen of perspiration. A drop of sweat formed at the base of her neck then leisurely flowed down her chest to disappear in the crevasse between her breasts. She squeezed her thighs together while nervously shifting her hips in the chair as she continued to read her book. Liz's right hand slid down her body and pulled at the elastic of her leggings as she spread her legs out onto the ottoman. She felt the soaked material in the crotch against her thighs as she wiggled her hips and pulled them down to her knees. Liz hadn't masturbated in years but right now she wasn't even conscious of what she was doing; her body craved to be touched and she needed to be caressed now.

"...Dogs, I have found, are just as orally excitable with a male as with a female. Good old "Rover" gets just as horny licking on my cock as he does licking on my wife's pussy. Unfortunately, it doesn't have the same effect on me as it does on my wife (and a lot of other females, apparently)."

"Oh my God!" Liz cried as she furiously slid her fingers over her clit. Her vagina was engorged and wet as her hand moved faster and faster to stimulate her swollen clit. Her nipples were hard and erect; straining against the sweat-soaked material of her tank top. Her breasts ached to be touched, licked, nibbled and sucked but Liz wasn't going to put down the book or stop rubbing her pussy.

"...The dog we have now has a big prick, and masturbating him is kind of tricky. As I gently rub my highly excited prick and keep it just on the verge of coming, my fantasy takes over and I am on my hands and knees and that big prick is hung up in my asshole and squirting all that wonderful come up inside me. Or it is in my mouth and I am swallowing all of it, or it is in my wife's pussy and his come is running out down her legs, or it is in her mouth and she is swallowing it while I eat her

pussy, and on and on.

“Ahhhh! Ahhhhhh!” Liz screamed as she dropped the book to the floor and convulsed with a wonderful orgasm. Her fingers were a blur of motion, glistening with her juices when she suddenly stopped and her body became rigid. She clenched her abdomen hard as she gasped for air and squeezed her right hand between her legs with her left arm held tight against her body her hand firmly cupping her right breast. She lay there for the next several minutes shaking and quivering, crying out in short gasps, as wave after wave of pleasure flowed through her body.

When Liz regained her composure she couldn't believe what just happened. Every nerve in her body was still tingling as she lay there exhausted trying to catch her breath. She couldn't remember the last time she had multiple orgasms; especially one like this. The enormity of what just happened slowly began to hit her and she began to softly cry. But these weren't tears of sadness or guilt they were tears of joy. Liz hadn't felt this good or alive in years.

Liz looked over at the alarm clock beside the bed; it was 3:15 pm. She'd better get cleaned up and start dinner; Steve would be home in a couple of hours. She got up from the chair and bent over to pick up her book and the leggings she'd removed. As she stood she noticed the large wet spot on the chair. She made her way into the bathroom where she turned on the shower. She pulled the tank top over her head and threw it on the floor then grabbed a hair clip from the counter next to the sink. Gathering her shoulder-length brunette hair together behind her head she rolled it into a curl and clipped it up so it wouldn't get wet.

Looking at herself in the mirror she sighed. “You're such a bad girl, Elizabeth.” She said with a devilish smirk.

As Liz stared at herself in the mirror her smirk slowly faded. Liz didn't like looking at herself naked. She had been a popular girl with her choice of any of the boys in high school and young men in college. She'd even done some modeling work while in college but now that she was approaching the high-side of 30 she longed to see the young firm female body of her youth. She was still fairly athletic and attended aerobics classes several times a week but time and gravity were taking their toll. She wasn't 20 anymore. Liz turned and climbed into the shower. The warm water felt soothing on her skin as it flowed over her body. Steam filled the shower stall swallowing her body in the warm mist.

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## **Chapter Two**

Liz's assessment of her looks, like many women, was far too critical. She was a beautiful woman who was only getting better with age. Many men lusted for and fantasized about making love to her. Her sensual dark eyes, high cheekbones, and full lips were the type of classic good looks that woman coveted and instantly captivated men of all ages; all men with the exception of one; her husband Steve.

Steve and Liz hadn't made love in months. When they did have sex Steve seemed as if he were trying to get it over with as fast as possible. It was just fucking. Steve hadn't always been like this. They use to make hot, passionate love until they were both exhausted. But now Liz was feeling like she was losing her sex appeal and the ability to seduce the man she loved. She tried to re-ignite a spark in their love life by wearing sexy lingerie and dressing to entice him but nothing seemed to work.

One day, while shopping at the mall, Liz strolled into a bookstore with the idea of finding a book like “The Joy of Sex.” She was perusing the books in the human sexuality section when she came across

“Men in Love - Men’s Sexual Fantasies: The Triumph of Love Over Rage” by Nancy Friday. Liz pulled the book off the shelf and opened it to the table of contents; Masturbation, Sharing and Living Out Fantasies, Oral Sex, Animals... Animals? Liz’s heart stopped and she felt her face become flush. She quickly closed the book and looked around to see if anyone had seen her. She quickly slid the book back on the shelf. She couldn’t believe what she just read but she also felt a twinge in the pit of her stomach and her nipples becoming sensitive and erect.

Liz started to walk away then stopped. She bit her lower lip then turned back to look at the book on the shelf. She paused and looked around again before grabbing the book and heading to the cashier at the front of the store. She nervously placed the book on the counter and fumbled in her purse to retrieve her wallet and pull out a credit card. Liz felt as if she were standing there naked exposing her inner dirty desires in front of this stranger behind the counter. She looked at the clerk with a nervous smile as she rang up her purchase. Liz studied the woman and wondered if she knew what kind of kinky eroticism Liz was buying.

That was over a week ago now. She had started reading her book with the intent of finding ways to titillate Steve with new erotic sex play but instead discovered a previously unknown door into a side of her own sexual psyche. Most of the stories in the book were typical fantasies of rape, gangbangs, interracial sex, golden showers and other sexual acts and variations she’d heard of before. And while she had heard crude stories of women in movies shown at stag parties performing with dogs or donkeys she’d always assumed these were gross exaggerations or extremely lewd woman who’d do anything for money. She never considered the tales to be true or even sexually exciting. But now she was mesmerized reading the secret fantasies of men that described their erotic desire to see women having sexual intercourse with animals; especially the stories about dogs.

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### **Chapter Three**

Liz groggily entered the kitchen in her tank top and panties. It was too hot to sleep in anything else. Steve had left for the office hours ago; he’d become a workaholic lately preferring to spend his time at work than at home with her. She made herself a pot of coffee and turned on the morning news. Once the coffee was brewed she poured herself a cup and stared out the kitchen window sipping on her morning coffee and watching the early morning light clearing out the shadows and brightening into day. The cool comfort of the morning air was giving way to the warmth of the rising sun. It was going to be another hot day.

She heard a loud bark and looked over into her neighbor’s yard to see Fritz bounding across their backyard to bark at someone or something beyond her view. Fritz was a handsome dog, a beautifully colored male German Shepherd with a lean, firm muscular build. She craned her neck to see what he was so interested in when Fritz turned back and strolled to stand in the center of the yard. Liz gazed at Fritz with a new sense of curiosity and wonder having read the tales from Ms. Friday’s book. Was it really possible for a woman to be physically intimate with an animal like Fritz? She unconsciously tilted her hips ever so slightly up to press her pubic mound firmly against the counter. She clenched her butt cheeks while holding her coffee cup with both hands her arms pulled tight against her chest as she contemplated the possibilities. She was transfixed watching his every move when he turned, sat and began licking himself. A soft sigh escaped from Liz’s mouth as she watched him clean himself. She bit her lower lip and became lost in a fog of erotic desire; her hips now softly rocking against the counter as she tried to imagine his cock poking out of a hairy sheath.

Liz took a deep breath and sighed, thinking back to that day a little over a month ago when she first met Fritz. She and Steve had just moved into this house when their new neighbor Donna came over

to welcome them to the neighborhood and invite them over for a barbeque on Saturday with just her and her husband, John. She and Steve were thrilled at the opportunity to get to know their new neighbor's and readily accepted her gracious invitation.

When Saturday came Steve grabbed a bottle of wine and they headed next door. It was a warm evening for early June; Liz wore a light halter top with summer shorts and sandals. Steve rang the doorbell and they heard the deep bark of a big dog. The door opened revealing a tall, handsome man in his early fifties and standing next to him was a large German Shepherd.

"Hi, I'm John. You must be our new neighbors, Steve and Liz. Come on in. This is Fritz. You needn't be afraid of him; he's just a big lover at heart."

Donna was making her way to the front door wiping her hands on a kitchen towel. Fritz had been sniffing Steve when he stopped and turned his attention towards Liz. Smelling the scent of a female he did as many dogs do and stuck his snout between her legs. His cold, wet nose traveled up Liz's inner thigh, through the opening in the leg of her short shorts and straight to the crotch of her panties.

"Ah!" Liz squealed at the unexpected intrusion as she quickly reached down to push his head away.

"Fritz! No! Bad dog!" Donna scolded. "John, put that damn dog out in the backyard. I'm sorry about that; he's always sticking his nose where it shouldn't be. Can I get you both something to drink?"

John grabbed the dog by the collar and led him through the hallway to the kitchen and out the sliding glass door to the patio. Donna invited Liz and Steve into the kitchen where she got Steve a beer and poured Liz a glass of wine.

The rest of the evening was fairly uneventful. The two couples enjoyed a great dinner on the patio with several bottles of wine as they talked, laughed and got to know each other better. They were quickly becoming friends with their new neighbors. After dinner, they sat around the patio table enjoying their wine and the cool evening breeze that started to blow.

"Oh, that feels so good," exclaimed Donna as she undid the top button and fanned her shirt against her chest. "This has been an unusually warm start to June."

Fritz came over and laid down next to John.

"He's a beautiful dog," Steve said. "Is he a pure breed?"

"He sure is," John said proudly. John explained that Fritz came from a long and distinguished bloodline. His ancestry traced back to before World War I and Horand von Grafrath, the first registered German Shepherd.

"He's a highly sought after stud and has sired a number of litters. Periodically we'll have bitches here for a week or two to have Fritz breed them." John was a little intoxicated and felt pretty comfortable with his new neighbor when he leaned toward Steve and said, "You should see the cock on that bastard. I've seen it when he's about to breed a bitch in the backyard here and I'm not ashamed to say he's made me envious of that thing."

Donna frowned at John then reached over to playfully slap him on the arm. "John! My goodness, there's no reason to be so crude."

Liz didn't think much about John's comment at the time but she remembered tilting her head and

looking down at the big dog with a sense of curiosity. Seeing him this morning after having read "Men in Love" made her look at Fritz with new eyes. She no longer saw him as the neighbor's pet but rather as a potentially virile male.

Liz ran back upstairs to bed and grabbed her copy of "Men in Love"...

"...Ultimately, my fantasies boil down to a woman being fucked by a dog, preferably a pet that she has access to on a daily basis, and preferably of the larger species such as the German shepherd or Great Dane. Further, it is a requirement that she take his "all" with his first mighty thrust; and as his "knot" swells to full size inside her, her relatively small vaginal sphincter muscles hold him fast (in other words, they are "hung up") until he is spent, which in most dogs is from twenty to thirty minutes. The knot at the base of the canine penis will grow up to five inches in diameter (a fact) in these larger species; and further, the dog does not come like a man but will maintain his erection for up to thirty minutes, pumping his semen all the while."

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## Chapter Four

Liz had finished paying the bills online and reading her email. Steve wouldn't be home for another four hours. She was killing a little time on-line reading some of the headline stories on MSN when her mind started to wander to the same place that she seemed to go these days. She was thinking about the dog fantasies she'd been reading and the recurrent theme of a dog's knot swelling and becoming lodged inside a woman until they were "hung-up." She couldn't explain why but the thought of a male dog penetrating her with his penis and using her as his bitch, to have his cock swell up and become tied with her all the while ejaculating his semen into her womb intrigued and excited her. She was obsessed with the idea; it rarely left her private thoughts. She could feel her nipples becoming erect as her body reacted to the fantasy her mind was creating.

As she sat there at the computer, Liz realized she had never really seen a dog's penis before. The stories described red-tipped penises with a knot or knob at the base. Curious to know more, Liz opened a new browser window to Google and entered "dog penis" in the search box; 62,500,000 results. She pursed her lips and nervously squirmed in her chair while quickly glancing around the room. She knew no one else was in the house with her but she felt like a child who knowingly is being bad and doing something wrong.

The first result was "Canine penis - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia." She clicked on the link to the Wikipedia article and there, halfway down the article, was a picture of a dog penis with the caption "Erect bulbus glandis (1) in a Labrador Retriever." Her hand slowly slipped inside the waistband of her shorts as she read the article.

*"Male dogs, as well as wolves, have a bulbus glandis at the base of their penises. The penis sometimes emerges from the fur-covered sheath during sexual arousal. During coitus the bulbus glandis swells up and results in a 'tie' (the male and female dogs being tied together). Muscles in the vagina of the female assist the retention by contracting. Male dogs have a conspicuous penis sheath..."*

"At the time of penetration, the canine penis is not erect, and can only penetrate the female because it includes a narrow bone called the "baculum", a feature of most placental mammals. When the male achieves penetration, he will usually hold the female tighter and thrust deeply. It is during this time that the male's penis expands and it is important that the bulbus gland is sufficiently far enough inside for the female to be able to trap it. Unlike human sexual intercourse, where the male

penis commonly becomes erect before entering the female, canine copulation involves the male first penetrating the female, after which swelling of the penis to erection occurs, which usually happens rapidly.”

Liz’s hand was trying to rub her clitoris but was restricted by the confines of her shorts. Frustrated, she unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts and swiftly pulled them to her knees.

*“Male canines are the only animals that have a locking bulbus glandis or “bulb”, a spherical area of erectile tissue at the base of the penis. During copulation, and only after the male’s penis is fully inside the female’s vagina, the bulbus glandis becomes engorged with blood. When the female’s vagina subsequently contracts, the penis becomes locked inside the female. This is known as “tying” or “knotting”...*

“The bulbus glandis (also called a knot) is an erectile tissue structure on the penis of canid mammals, including wolves, coyotes and Darwin’s Fox. During mating the tissues swell up and lock (tie) immediately after penetration of the male’s penis inside the female. The locking is completed by circular muscles just inside the females vagina tightening thus preventing the male from withdrawing. The circular muscles also contract intermittently, which has the effect of stimulating ejaculation of sperm, followed by prostatic fluid, as well as maintaining the swelling of the penis and therefore the tie, for some time. For domestic dogs the tie may last up to half an hour or more, though usually less.”

Liz’s index and middle fingers were a blur of motion furiously rubbing her hard clit. She stared at the photo of the dog penis and imagined the firm, hard red cock invading her body until it swelled and became tied with her; his hot sperm spewing out of the pointed tip into her womb. Liz threw her head back and cried out as her orgasm set her nerves on fire. She thrust two fingers into her vagina and repeated rocked her hips up to meet the imaginary dog penis she was fucking.

Liz sat slouched in the chair; hot, sweaty, and spent catching her breath. She slowly rose up from the chair and pulled her shorts back up then head upstairs to take a shower before fixing dinner. Steve would be home soon.

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## **Chapter Five**

Liz was kind of glad to have the whole house to herself for the week. Steve left hours before she got up to catch a 6:35 am flight to Irvine, CA for the quarterly sales review meetings and wouldn’t be back until late Friday night. He’d been such a prick lately that she wasn’t going to miss the tension and drama.

Liz rarely had visitors during the day so when the doorbell rang a little after nine o’clock she wondered who would be calling so early. Liz opened the door to see her neighbor Donna.

“Hi,” Liz said with a perky smile.

“Liz, I need a favor. Would you be able to watch Fritz for us this week?”

Liz was slightly taken off guard by Donna’s request; she felt the blood leave her face as her heart skipped a beat at the thought of being left alone with Fritz. An image of Fritz mounting her naked body flashed briefly in her mind’s eye. She didn’t think she could trust herself to be left alone with him and was a little afraid of the idea. She started to stammer out a reply, trying to quickly come up with an excuse for why she couldn’t, but before she could say anything Donna continued.



“John’s uncle passed away last night. John’s mother was his only remaining relative and she’s asked John and me to come help her with the funeral arrangements and to help settle his affairs. We don’t like putting Fritz in a kennel; we’ve had some bad experiences in the past. You’d really be doing us a huge favor if you’d care for him while we’re gone. He’s really not very much trouble...”

Liz regained her senses and quickly replied, “Oh, oh of course! Anything I can do to help. Tell John we’re so sorry to hear about his uncle’s passing. Is there anything else we can do?”

“I’d be grateful if you’d water my plants when you came over. That would be great. Here’s a key to the house. I’ll leave a note on the counter in the kitchen with contact information, where to find Fritz’s food and stuff. If you’d come by in the morning to let him out and then again in the evening that should be enough. If you have the time and can play with him a little I’m sure he’d appreciate the attention, he gets lonely when we leave him. I think that’s about it. We’ll be leaving for the airport in a couple of hours so if you could go over and let him out later this afternoon that’d be great. Thank you again. I really appreciate this, Liz. I gotta run, I have a million things to do before we go. Bye.”

Liz’s hands trembled as she closed the door and stared at the key in her hand. Was this some kind of perverted morality test or kismet? She’d driven herself crazy with desire fantasizing about coitus with a dog and now fate had delivered a virile stud male canine to her. Stop it! What are you thinking! Fantasizing about sex with a dog was one thing but doing it for real was something on a completely different level. Her logical side was wrestling with her sexual desires. Yet, while fucking Fritz was out of the question, what was the harm in checking out his package? That wasn’t so awful, was it? She was just curious to know if the reality of his male member lived up to all the hype in the stories. What would it hurt to just take a little peek if the opportunity arose?

Liz went over to Donna and John’s house later that evening where she was greeted at the door by Fritz. He seemed truly glad to see her; his tail was practically wagging his whole body. Liz bent over and held his head in her hands.

“Hi, Fritz, how are you, boy?” There was a bit of a nervous tone to her voice. “Do you want to go out? Huh? Do you need to go out and do your business? Huh, boy?” Fritz seemed to understand and ran to the patio door waiting for her to let him out into the yard.

Liz slid the door open and followed Fritz into the back yard. Standing on the patio she watched him sniff the bush at the edge of the patio then lift his leg to pee. She caught her breath a little as she watched the golden streamflow from the girthy sheath on his belly. His furry sheath looked so big and beautiful leading down to the sizable black sack of his scrotum with the weighty orbs of his testicles inside dangling against his thigh. She felt a twinge in her stomach as she thought she caught a glimpse of the tiny pink tip of his penis at the center of the black fur peeking out of the end of his sheath.

Liz nervously sat down in one of the patio chairs as she watched Fritz walk around the yard marking his territory. After he was done he came and sat in front of her. Liz took his head in her hands and caressed his head, periodically scratching the top of his head and ears. She slowly moved her hands down to rub his chest, shoulders and upper back. She could feel the strong, toned muscles of his body under the fur. She was finding the powerful strength in this beautiful creature’s body to be intoxicating.

She didn’t even realize she was biting the tip of her tongue and breathing short, shallow breaths as her hands continued to mindlessly caress and rub his body. Her body was instinctively becoming aroused and anxious on a primordial level; her nipples were hard and sensitive against the material



of her shirt. She squirmed in the chair as she felt the moisture from her body beginning to soak her panties. A little voice was crying out deep in the dark recesses of her brain. She wanted to see it. She wanted to touch it. Would he let her?

“You’re a good boy, aren’t you? Good boy, Fritz” Liz cooed in a breathy, sultry voice. She kept petting and stroking his body while working her hands slowly down his chest and back. She was using her nails to lightly scratch his chest and upper belly when he startled her by moving back from her. A look of disappointment filled her face; had she gone too far? Fritz adjusted his weight on his front legs then laid down on his back exposing his belly for Liz to scratch.

A big smile returned to Liz’s face. “You like that, boy? Hmmm? You like it when I scratch your belly?”

Liz pushed the chair back and sat on her side on the patio next to Fritz using her left arm to prop herself up. She resumed scratching and rubbing his belly with a new sense of playfulness and a bit of sensuality using her right hand running the length of his chest. She enjoyed the feel of his warm body against her hand with his coarse fur flowing between her fingers. Her hand paused briefly when she felt his heart pounding in his chest. She lightly rested the palm of her hand to savor the life force flowing in his body as she stared into his eyes.

Biting her lower lip she slowly moved her hand and then her eyes down his belly and between his hind legs anxiously seeking to see the forbidden fruit hidden within. Her hand was shaking uncontrollably as she slowly and sensually ran her nails up and down his belly on either side of his sheath. She let the back of her hand nonchalantly brush against his sheath to see if it bothered him. Liz suddenly gasped when she unexpectedly felt something firm inside. She looked into Fritz’s eyes but was quickly reassured he didn’t seem to mind her touching him.

Liz decided to be a bit bolder and used her hand to gently rub his sheath. Fritz turned his head to look at her but then laid back down and let her continue her exploration. She could feel his firm penis in the sheath. When her touch moved down to the base near his balls she felt a small, firm, round ball-like shape a little smaller than a lime. That must be it, that’s got to be his knot. She remembered reading about how it swelled inside the female until they became tied. She didn’t see how something so small could ever grow large enough to become trapped inside a woman. She continued to gently fondle and probe the tuber that was buried in his sheath gradually increasing her grip and stroking him with quick little movements of her wrist until the glistening pink tip of his penis began to poke out the end.

“Ohhhhhh!” Liz softly cried out as she stared at his pointed appendage while impulsively squeezing her thighs tightly together. “Oh! Oh, my!” she thought. “I cumming...” She felt the warm moisture that was weeping from her pussy slowly soak her panties. She was surprised and a bit embarrassed by the little shudder of sexual intimacy she shared with Fritz from just touching and looking at his penis. Embarrassed and a little afraid, she quickly released his sheath from her grip and let her hand slid to her side.

Reality started flooding back into Liz’s consciousness; anxiety was now replacing desire. She quickly looked around the yard to see if any of the neighbors could have seen her or what she’d just done. She held her breath for several excruciating minutes as she surveyed her surroundings before finally letting out a sigh of relief when she was certain her momentary indiscretion was safe from prying eyes. This is too crazy. I can’t be doing this. “Just put those nasty ideas out of your head, Liz.” she thought to herself. She shook her head and gave Fritz a pensive smile.

“Come on, boy, let’s go inside and get you some dinner.”

## Chapter Six

The rest of Liz's evening was a torrent of thoughts and emotions. She was anxious, nervous, afraid, and horny all at the same time. She tried to watch TV but couldn't concentrate on anything except Fritz and what she'd done. She was like a teenage girl obsessed with a new boy. She wondered what he thought if anything, about her or what she did to him. She wanted to go next door and see him again but knew that she couldn't trust herself. She forced herself to go to bed and try to forget her wild, perverse thoughts of Fritz.

Liz woke up the next morning exhausted. She'd barely gotten a few hours of sleep. She'd tossed-and-turned all night thinking of Fritz and wondering what he'd do if given the chance. Would he fuck her? What would she do? Could she really let a dog have sex with her? It was so wrong, so taboo. She repeatedly told herself that reality rarely lived up to the fantasy.

Liz went next door and let Fritz out, fed him, made sure he had fresh water then watered Donna's plants. To be safe she left Fritz outside as she tended to Donna's plants. It took all her concentration and willpower to not touch or think of Fritz as anything but the neighbor's pet.

When she got home she tried to busy herself with housework then spending time in her garden. But the harder she tried to put Fritz out of her mind the more she thought of him and how he felt as she caressed his body. She longed, no yearned, to see him again.

Liz came in from working in the yard a little after 12:00 pm, she was hot, sweaty and in need of a cool drink. She filled a glass with ice and pulled the pitcher with iced tea from the refrigerator. Just the sound of the liquid flowing over the cracking ice was refreshing. She tilted her head back and savored the cool refreshment flowing down her throat. She brought the glass down and gave a sigh of relief from the heat and thirst. She rubbed the cool condensation from the glass over her forehead then down her face and neck coming to rest on her chest. The cold ice felt good on her naked skin.

As she stood there recovering from the heat she poured herself another glass of iced tea and sipped her drink. The smell of her sweat and the suntan lotion on her body mixed into a sensual aroma. It made her think of beautiful women in skimpy swimwear at the beach sunning their golden bodies. Hard physical work had always been a bit of an aphrodisiac for Liz. She'd worked hard outside this morning, her body mildly ached from the physical activity but she felt good. And now, with the scent of her sweat mixing with the suntan lotion on her body filling her nose, she was feeling really horny. She wanted to be physically stimulated, better yet, to be sexually ravaged until she was satiated and drained. She briefly considered going next door to visit Fritz but her better senses ruled fearing what she might do. She ultimately decided to go upstairs and take matters into her own hands, so to speak. After being chaste, except for sex with Steve, for so many years, her abstinence from self-abuse was now almost non-existent. This would give her the release her body craved and hopefully drive the lewd thoughts of Fritz out of her mind.

Liz raced upstairs to the bedroom and retrieved her copy of "Men in Love" hidden under the mattress on her side of the bed. She was aching for both physical relief and from the demons in her mind. She quickly flipped the pages of the book to one of her favorite stories...

*"Hence, we have our lady on her hands and knees, for he has taken her typically dog fashion, writhing in a steady stream of orgasms as her sex is inextricably connected and meshed with his, which may be an interminable length of time by human standards."*

"...My wife has confessed that her virginity was lost to a family pet, a large collie dog. I believe that

my fantasy began about the same time that she told me about the collie.”

Liz was rubbing her clit as she became lost in the fantasy imaging the young woman losing her virginity to the large Collie. She reached into her nightstand and grabbed her vibrator. In one swift motion, she turned it on and lowered the tip to touch her clitoris as she pictured the big dog’s red penis sliding into the young woman’s vagina, his cock swelling and expanding inside her until they were tied. His cock stuck inside her shooting his sperm into her womb. Liz’s own vagina was excited, wet, and swollen in response to her desire to be savagely used by a cock. Her dazed mind reluctantly accepting she didn’t want just any cock, she wanted to be used by a dog’s cock. To feel him stuck inside her as he throbs and ejaculates into her womb.

Liz was close, so very, very close... She was on the edge... She frantically flipped the pages and read more to feed her obsession. “...This fantasy of mine is based on a “stag” movie:

*“Scene opens: A young, dark-haired girl is seated on a couch. She is nude except for white, six-inch heels. Her legs are crossed. A large male boxer appears. She pats him for a moment. Then she opens her legs, and the dog sniffs her cunt. Soon the dog is lapping her cunt. She opens her legs wider and moves her ass to the edge of the sofa. When he tries to mount her leg, she pushes him down; and the dog makes eager, prancing movements as though he can’t wait to fuck her. The girl pats her cunt, and the boxer licks her cunt again. Then she stands up. All the while, the boxer is licking the girl frantically. Next she drops to her hands and knees. The dog approaches her rear end and sniffs and starts to lick her again. Then he tries to mount her, but she teases him by rapidly moving her ass. The dog starts to lick her again which she seems to enjoy as she remains motionless. Now he mounts her with more determination and succeeds in grasping her about the waist with his front legs. He starts to make thrusting movements and the tip of his red cock can be seen searching for her cunt hole. The girl rotates her hips slightly, and the red tip enters her cunt.”*

“Oh, God, yes... Fuck her... Fuck her...” Liz softly cried as she dipped her fingers into her moist, swollen pussy.

*“Now he goes to work in earnest as more and more of his cock comes out of the sheath. The camera moves in close, a large red bulge appears at the base of his penis; he is thrusting madly now, at last the bulge goes into her cunt. The camera moves back and NOW appears the most erotic scene that I have ever witnessed in my life. The dog’s feet have left the floor. Clinging to the girl’s waist, he thrusts wildly. Faster and faster he drives his cock deeper into the girl’s cunt. It continues until suddenly all movement stops except for spasms as the dog comes. He then collapses to the floor, panting rapidly. The camera now moves in for a close-up of the girl’s cunt. It moves in so close, her cunt can be seen twitching. Then a thin stream of clear dog “come” pours from her cunt to the floor. She remains on her hands and knees for a few more minutes as she enjoys her orgasm. Next, she gets to her feet, approaches the dog, and lifts him by the front legs so the audience can see his huge penis still dripping....”*

“Aaahhh...” Liz cried out between clenched teeth as she fell into the dark abyss of her fantasy.

Liz slid the vibrator deep into her pussy as the explosive ecstasy of orgasm after orgasm raced through her convulsing body. Her pussy was on fire as every nerve in her body simultaneously pulsed and tingled with electricity. Her nipples ached with a longing to be sucked and nibbled. The vision of the woman on stage in the fantasy was no longer a faceless young girl but had morphed into her own in her mind. She was now the girl on the stage, naked except for her white shoes with six-inch stiletto heels. The dog was no longer some boxer but a beautiful German Shepard, the dog was now Fritz in her fantasy. She was now the woman on a stage being frantically fucked by Fritz while an audience of horny men watched. Fritz was on her back with his front paws firmly clasped

around her waist poking his hot cock at her butt searching for the entrance to her wet and willing pussy. She imagined him savagely thrusting his hips until he finds her pussy with just the tip of his penis. With his cock now in a position to enter her, he begins thrusting with renewed vigor, shoving his penis inside her, each stroke probing deeper and deeper into her body. She's imagining his cock swelling larger as his knot grows until he's stuck inside her vagina and they become tied. Once they are inexorably bound together, she imagines him throbbing inside her as she feels his cock beginning to pulse followed by the warmth of his sperm filling her womb.

"AAAHHHHH!!" she screamed as she came; her body stiffening and shaking over and over again. Her cries were loud enough to scare the neighbors but didn't care. After several long minutes of being tossed on a turbulent sea of little orgasms, the torrent finally subsided and Liz slowly relaxed then became limp on the bed. She was drenched in sweat and trying to catch her breath when she curled up into a ball then started to whimper and cry in frustration. She was still horny as hell. She longed to have someone ravish her body. This cold hard vibrator just wasn't the same as having a firm, warm male cock filling and using her body until she could feel the wonderful twitching sensation of his penis inside her signaling the explosive ejaculation of his semen inside her.

Before she knew what she was doing, Liz had jumped off the bed, threw on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt and was headed out the door to John and Donna's house. She was a woman possessed as she scurried out of her house and headed next door. When she opened the door Fritz was already waiting there for her as if he somehow knew she was coming. She paused as she looked at him, her heart pounding in her chest as she stood trembling before him. She quickly looked around the room and immediately decided she didn't want to do this here, not in their house. But she didn't want any of the other neighbors seeing her taking Fritz out the front door and over to her house either. Too many unanswerable questions.

"Come on Fritz. Do you want to go over to my house? Come on..." She led him through the kitchen and out the sliding door to the backyard then over to the gate in the fence between their houses. Standing on the tips of her toes, she poked her head over the fence and paused to make sure nobody was around. Satisfied they were in the clear she then swiftly escorted Fritz by the collar from his backyard, through the gate into her yard then brought him across the patio through the sliding glass door and into her kitchen.

Once inside she let go of his collar and let him explore his new surroundings. Liz was shaking like a leaf as she watched him roam around the room. Oh, God. What was she doing? She'd brought the neighbor's dog into her house to do what? Was she really going to do it? She didn't want to think about what she was doing. If she did she'd probably come to her senses and stop it immediately, but she didn't want to come to her senses. She wanted to do something senseless.

"Come on, Fritz, let's go upstairs. Come on boy." Liz commanded as she patted her thigh and moved down the hallway to the stairs that lead to her bedroom. Fritz followed then stopped at the base of the stairs to watch her ascend the steps. Once at the top she turned and waited for him. He cocked his head looking at her quizzically then quickly scaled the stairs and joined her. Liz entered her bedroom with Fritz at her side. Her heart was racing as she closed the door behind her and the dog; her fingers trembling as she turned the lock.

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## **Chapter Seven**

Liz turned to face the room, pressing her head and shoulders against the door with her hands behind her waist. She watched Fritz as he nonchalantly strolled around sniffing and exploring her boudoir.

Her chest was rising and falling with each unsteady breath she took, her nipples straining against the material of her t-shirt. She felt like a teenage girl who'd just snuck a boy into her room. Liz was paralyzed with fear as she searched deep inside to muster the courage to move away from the door. Finally, she slowly lowered herself to sit on the floor, her body melting into a pool about her waist. She shifted her body to sit with her legs bent, out to her left side as she braced her leaning torso with her right arm. A simple smile graced her face as she apprehensively patted the carpet next to her to get his attention. The big dog stopped his curious exploration to turn his head to look at her then came over to sit by her side.

Liz gently took his head in her hands and began stroking and caressing him as she'd done the day before, her fingers running down his neck through the coarse hair to his chest and shoulders. The smell of his hot breath and the sight of his pink tongue fluttering between his pointed white teeth as he panted inches away from her face evoked pangs of what she was about to do. Somewhere in the recesses of her mind, she sensed the good girl inside her quivering with trepidation as her devilish desires prevailed to feast on the perverse images infusing her thoughts. Her eyes flared as she began a slow, deep panting. A provocative craving now burned in her loins as her body subconsciously prepared her for submitting to a virile male for his sexual gratification.

She brought her face close to his. Looking him deep in the eyes she whispered with a playfully seductive smile, "Do you want to be my lover, big boy? Hmm? What do you think, Fritz? Do you want to do this with me? Do you want to fuck me?"

The uneasiness and uncertainty in her voice were obvious as she searched in his eyes for any sense of comprehension. She continued to pet and stroke his body waiting for any gesture or sign of collusion when Fritz eventually lowered his head, shifted his weight then playfully leaned into her as he laid down beside her exposing his belly for her to pet. This simple gesture broke the agonizing tension building in Liz and made her laugh.

"Oh. Did you like it when I rubbed your belly? Hmm? You want me to do that again? Or are you just trying to tempt me with your sexy cock and balls? Hmmm?" she said with a sultry smile.

Liz calmed down a bit as she ran her fingers the length of his chest and belly, once again enjoying the feeling of his beautiful coat and the strong, muscular body beneath. As he lay there on his side panting and basking in her attention Liz turned her eyes to look down his now familiar body. She gazed with newfound lust at the thick wooly sheath bobbing up-and-down on his belly with each sharp breath he took. She slowly worked her hands down his body until she was lightly scratching his belly with the tips of her fingernails.

"You like that, Fritz? Does it feel good when I scratch your belly? Hmm?"

Liz was more daring now since he'd already let her touch his sheath yesterday. She maneuvered her hand down even farther between his legs until she touched his hairy scrotum, delicately tracing the curves of the large testicles within. Fritz lifted his head and turned to look at her. Liz froze and stared into his eyes wondering if she had gone too far. Fritz licked her arm then laid back down, shifting his body to roll fully onto his back causing his hind legs to spread open and fully expose his genitals to her.

Liz let out a little sigh of relief then eagerly returned her attention back to Fritz's lower belly. Her breathing now faster and more labored as she felt her body becoming aroused as she stared lustfully at his sheath and balls. She gently touched the tip of his hairy sheath with the tip of her index finger, pausing to trace a little circle over the opening, then ran her hand over the entire length of his large, furry sheath. She could feel his hard penis with its curious knob hidden inside but it seemed

different than she remembered; the knot was somewhat bigger than yesterday. Still, it didn't feel very large. The stories mentioned the dog's penis and knot swelling during intercourse until he became stuck inside the female. She didn't see how Fritz's little knob could possibly grow large enough to become stuck inside her. While the idea of his penis swelling so large as to become stuck inside her was intriguing and really erotic, it was probably best that it couldn't happen.

She softly stroked his penis in its sheath as her hand continued down the shaft until coming to rest on his beautiful testicles. They were magnificent dark orbs the size of small plums in a tight little furry sack. She lightly scratched and teased them with her nails then gently caressed and cupped them in her hand. His balls were so soft and warm in the palm of her hand. She bent down and gently blew on them, watching the hairs shiver in the breeze from her lips. The thought of the warm sperm in his balls inexplicably excited her female instincts on a deeply primal level as a naughty chill ran through her bones.

Her hand was shaking as she moved it back up to nonchalantly stroke his sheath again. She felt a strange magnetism drawing her to him as she looked up-and-down the length of his magnificent body and marveled at his physique. He was a gorgeous creature; strong, vigorous, potent, alpha male. She wondered if his penis looked like the large, red, veined dog penis she'd seen on Wikipedia. Her fantasy vision of a beautiful, large dog cock suddenly vanished as she was brought back to the moment when her hand brushed against something wet. She looked down at her hand absentmindedly stroking his sheath to see a gleaming tiny pink tip protruding from the black center at the end of his hairy sheath. A faint, breathy sigh escaped from Liz's lips as her legs quivered with a subtle tremble originating in her womb. God help her, but she wanted to know what it was like to be his bitch, to have him take her, to feel his hard cock slipping deep inside her, to have his throbbing cock spewing sperm into her womb. Unease tormented her as the last of her sensibilities made her realize what was happening before disappearing from her mind. She was going to willingly give herself to him, to offer her body to him for his carnal pleasure, and he'd be fucking her like one of the many bitches he'd bred.

Liz looked again into the dark pools of his eyes, "Okay, Fritz. How do we do this? Hmmm? What do I need to do? I've never seduced a dog before." After a short pause, she stood up to look down at Fritz spread eagle on the floor. "I guess I should be naked. Okay..."

Liz quickly kicked off her shoes then unfastened the button on her jeans and slowly lowered the zipper keeping her gaze fixed on Fritz as he lay on the floor. She swallowed hard as she rocked her hips back-and-forth sliding her jeans down her thighs until they were around her knees then pulled them off her ankles and threw them across the room to the armchair. Fritz watched as the jeans flew through the air to land across the arm of the chair then turned his head back to look at Liz. Liz had raised her top up over her head working her head and arms out of the openings before throwing it on top of the pile with her jeans. She paused for a moment, standing there in her bra and panties looking down at the dog who she was about to fuck. Her heart was beating a million times a second in her chest, the pounding sound in her ears was deafening but she could still hear the anxiety in the fast-paced quivering of her breath. She knew this was a point of no return. If she took off her underwear now she'd have crossed a line that couldn't be undone and she would never be the same woman she was now.

Standing there before Fritz she was frozen with fear; her arms crossed over her chest holding her breasts close. She was standing on the edge of an emotional precipice, struggling with her demons. Why did the thought of having sex with a dog excite her so much? This was so wrong, so taboo. Was that why it excited her? What would people think if they ever knew what she was about to do? She looked down again at his sheath and saw the pink, glistening tip of his penis protruding slightly more than a moment ago. She was mesmerized watching his penis bounce up and down as he

panted. She noticed a clear drop of fluid oozing from the tiny opening at the end of his cock. The drop grew until it fell lazily to his belly leaving a thin, trailing thread back to the tip of his bobbing penis. His keen sense of smell was being flooded with the scent of her female pheromones. Due to no direct action of her own choosing, Liz's desires were preparing her for coitus, secreting copious lubrication from the walls of her vagina in anticipation of being penetrated.

"Oh, God..." she sighed as she trembled before him. "God help me, but I want to feel your cock in me. I want you to fuck me..." She slowly reached behind her back to unfasten her bra, shrugged her shoulders forward to let the straps slip down her arms followed by the rest of the bra as the cups released her plump breasts before falling to the floor at her feet. Liz slid her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and, bending at her waist, pulled them to her ankles in one swift move. Stepping out of her panties she pushed them with her toe over to the side to rest on top of her bra. She'd become so excited for him to fuck her she was almost embarrassed at the excessive moisture soaking the crotch of her panties.

Naked and exposed, she stood palpitating before him. "Now what do I do?" she murmured quietly.

Liz took a tiny step back as Fritz raised himself off the floor to move toward her. What was he going to do? What should she do? Should she get down on the floor on all fours? Before she could react Fritz stopped before her and stuck his nose in her panties. He sniffed at them taking in the aroma of her vaginal lubrication then started to lick the slick moisture from the crotch.

Liz smiled, her timidity somewhat abated. "You like that baby? Hmmm? If you like that I have something here you're going to love."

Liz laid down with her back on the carpet then raised her knees and spread her legs open with her pouty vagina toward Fritz. She reached down and touched herself feeling her warm moist swollen lips. Sliding her middle finger up and down the slit between her lips gently pushing them apart before inserting two fingers into the soft, pink opening. She was soaking wet and ready to be penetrated. Liz moved her fingers up to her clitoris and began furiously stroking the hard little nub as she looked glassy-eyed over her naked body and between her open thighs to watch the dog licking her panties.

Fritz looked up from his tasty treat and watched Liz moaning on the floor before him, she began lightly rocking her hips up-and-down as her fingers moved faster over her clit. He smelled the familiar yet somewhat unique scent of a human female ready to be bred. Fritz cautiously moved over to Liz until his head was inches from her crotch, she could feel his hot breath on her skin. His nostrils flared as he cautiously sniffed at her pussy then slowly moved in closer. Liz's body jerked as she squealed when his cold wet nose touched her hot pussy causing Fritz to recoil several steps from her.

"No, no, no, baby. It's okay. Come back. Please... I promise I won't do that again. It's okay. Come on, please come back..." she cooed in the sweetest little voice she could find as she rocked her hips at him.

Her soothing words seemed to reassure Fritz as he moved back in to seek the source of the pheromones that kept luring him to this female. This time when his cold nose touched her swollen labia Liz bit her lip and stifled a meek cry in her throat as she made her body rigid to remain still. Fritz gently and tentatively stuck out his tongue to lightly taste the nectar coming from her pussy. After a few gentle licks, he grew bolder and began licking her with more vigor, running his tongue between her fingers and dipping the tip inside her open vagina. It wasn't long before Fritz was enthusiastically lapping at her pussy with the same interest and determination he did devouring a



dish of his favorite ice cream. His tongue was going everywhere between her spread thighs bathing her vulva and pubic hair in his saliva. Her body melted as she savored his oral attention. He was darting his devious tongue in-and-out of her vagina with a skill no man had ever shown, touching places inside her no tongue had ever been before. His long licks were driving her wild; he'd start down at her anus then drag it over the length of her vagina to end with the tip of his tongue flicking her clit.

"Ohhhh, God, yes, yes..." Liz sighed with closed eyes as she felt his wet, rough tongue rapidly slide up and over her clit again and again.

Liz closed her eyes as she descended into a decadent heaven of unsavory pleasure. Fritz was sending marvelous little shivers through her body as he lapped at her pussy with his magnificent tongue. He was making her squeal and moan with delight as her pussy gushed with tiny pulses of moisture for him to suckle from her vagina. Fritz's abundant saliva mixed with the juices flowing from her body to cascade down the puffy folds of her gaping labia, over her puckered little anus where they formed into drops that fell into a puddle on the carpet beneath her. Liz's cunt was now on fire, burning with a desire she hadn't felt in years, maybe ever. Every lick of his tongue on her clit was sending evermore powerful electric shockwaves racing through her body to her nipples. Liz began pinching and twisting her nipples harder and harder as Fritz licked her pussy faster and faster. God, her nipples ached to be sucked.

Before she could comprehend what happened, Fritz abruptly stopped his oral assault on her pussy causing Liz to cry out. He'd taken her so close to the edge but then abruptly stopped leaving her to fall hard. Liz lowered her knees and clamped her thighs firmly together as she wrapped her arms tight around her chest. She laid there for several long minutes shuddering on the floor as her body slowly calmed and her mind cleared.

"Oh, baby, that was good... That was so good, it was incredible..." Liz said breathlessly as she panted trying to catch her breath. She was reluctantly grateful for the unexpected reprieve; she didn't know how much more stimulation she could have taken from his dastardly tongue. Her nerves were still on edge as she quivered with little aftershocks from his oral assault on her pussy.

Liz's eyes were still closed as she calmed herself. Her breathing was now returning to a slower, more natural pace as she lay still recovering from Fritz's wonderful cunnilingus. She was still savoring the last traces of fleeting pleasure and regaining her composure when she felt Fritz step over her body to straddle her waist. Opening her eyes she found him hovering just above her, mere inches separating their bodies. He was briskly arching his back and dry humping the air above her hips, his sheath and ball sack wildly flailing in the space between them as he desperately sought a vagina, her vagina, for his cock. She watched with stunned fascination as his pink, pointed cock began to extend slightly more out of its sheath. With every thrust of his hips, his penis bobbing and spitting above her naked body. Little streams of clear fluid were jetting from the pointed tip landing everywhere including on her chest, belly, and thighs. Liz watched in awe as a sizable pulse of viscous liquid shot from the obscene tip to land in the tight little curls of her pubic mound with the other gooey drops collecting on her body.

Liz's face suddenly went pale. Oh, God. This was it, the moment of truth. Liz caught her breath, swallowed hard, and started nervously panting as she watched his swelling cock sway and squirt above her body. Her kinky sex fantasy she'd masturbated to for days was about to happen for real. This big, horny dog was ready to fuck her, his swelling penis just inches away from her wet vagina. She felt an intense physical craving within her loins aching to have his cock inside her as if her body had a mind of its own. This is what she wanted, so why was she hesitating? She looked up at him with a blank soulless stare. Fear and detachment filled her eyes. Then, without thinking, she slowly

rolled to her side and lifted her shaking body up on her hands and knees, her breasts flowing across her chest to hang below her. As she turned over Fritz moved aside to allow her to get into position. Liz spread her legs then arched her back, tilting her hips up to fully expose her vagina and offer herself to him. She closed her eyes and held her breath as she braced herself for what was to come next.

Seconds passed that seemed like an eternity as she waited for Fritz to make his move.

“Ugh...” she meekly grunted as his furry body landed on her back. She gasped in shock as he savagely gripped her waist with his front legs and forcefully pulled her hips toward his flailing cock. He laid his head on her right shoulder while pressing his chest firmly against her back; she could feel his hot panting breath on her cheek. Her breasts swayed and clapped as her arms buckled slightly under his weight. It felt odd to have so much fur against her naked skin especially on her butt and between her thighs. His body savagely convulsed on top of her in response to the erratic, rapid thrusting of his muscular hips as his expanding cock desperately sought the entrance to her wet pussy. She cried out several times as his bony appendage poked and stabbed at her vulva causing her to lurch forward which in turn seemed to annoy him evoking a growl resonating in his throat as he increased his grip on her waist.

Just when she was beginning to regret succumbing to her perverse fantasy, it happened. She felt the hot tip of his hard, slick penis slide into her pussy. Warm little jets of pre-cum shot just inside her vagina only to leak out again in big drips dribbling from her pussy lips onto her pubic mound, thighs, and puddling in the carpet. She could feel his swelling penis getting larger as he wildly thrust deeper inside her only to have him practically pull his cock out of her in his blind rage to fuck her.

Liz whimpered and grunted like an animal as she frantically tried to accommodate his erratic thrusting only to find she was no match for his brawn. There was no tenderness in his lusty pursuit of her sex. Fritz, who only moments ago was fairly docile, was now a powerful alpha male exerting his dominance fueled by primal lust to fuck and breed his bitch. Liz continued to whimper and moan, occasionally crying out, as she fully submitted to his desire.

Fritz adjusted his vice-like grip about her waist as he now transitioned into a more vigorous, controlled thrusting of his cock into her vagina, his hips forcefully slapping against her butt as he drove ever deeper into her body. His front legs pressed against her sides as his paws tucked up under her belly next to her pubic mound. The sound of his belly smacking her butt mixed with the slurping sucking noise of his swelling cock pumping in-and-out of her wet cunt filled the room. Her breasts swaying as her head jerked back with each might plunge of his cock into her cunt. Liz frantically began gyrating her hips in a desperate attempt to help him get all the way inside her pussy. The physical animal in her had ignited and was now caught up in the sexual tension of the moment. The insane madness of his animal passion to breed his bitch combined with the wild thrusting of his penis was driving her crazy.

“Oh, God, baby... fuck me. Ohhh... Ah, ah... Do it... Give it to me... fuck me...” Liz pleaded.

His cock felt so warm, the hot tip banging her cervix on each forceful forward thrust, the course, short hair on his sheath rubbing against her labia. Her mind was being inundated with emotions and physical sensations. She couldn't be certain but she thought she could feel his cock swelling and rapidly growing larger inside her with every stroke of his cock as he fucked her. It was hard for her to tell because she was so wet and he was pumping his cock in and out of her so fast. The obscene sucking, slurping sound emanating from her vagina as his cock pumped in-and-out of her juicy cunt embarrassed yet excited her. Everything was happening so fast. In the midst of all the frenzied excitement of their unholy union, she started to feel something different. His cock started to hurt

her. His cock was so big now, filling her unlike anything before. She now felt something even bigger being pushed inside her, stretching her vagina wider. She'd feel something slip inside her, press on her G-spot and bladder before being rapidly being pulled back out again. She sensed this new intruder was growing quickly in size, stretching her vagina ever wider to accommodate its expanding girth as he forced it inside her over and over again. She also sensed each of his penetrating thrusts were meeting ever more resistance keeping his penis from easily sliding into her before he'd aggressively push himself deeper into her filling her with his huge cock...

"Oh my God. Is that his knot? Is he trying to tie with me?" her mind screamed. She remembered the image of the dog penis she'd seen on Wikipedia and what it said about male dogs forcing their swelling knot into females after penetration. She couldn't see how big his cock was but she definitely knew the cock inside her was now filling her unlike anything ever before, pressing against her cervix and stretching her vagina. She started worrying it would hurt if she tensed up or resisted so she tried to relax the best she could so he could do what his instincts were driving him to do. On his very next lunge, she felt his thrust slowed as her vagina strained to accommodate his swollen cock as determinedly pushed hard against her. She cried out in pain as she felt herself being stretched open followed by her vagina closing around and swallowing his cock. Instantly she felt the pressure of something big inside her pressing against her bladder and G-spot. Fritz tried to pull back but was unable to get his cock out of her cunt. Fritz ceased his rapid thrusting, adjusted his grip on her waist, keeping his bitch in place while he inseminated her. Liz felt his embedded cock begin throbbing inside her followed by the unmistakable twitch which she knew oh so well which was then followed by a warmth that flowed outward in her belly.

"Ohhh! OHHHH! OH MY GOD!! Ughhh! Ahhhh! OH MY GOD! Ahhh!" she screamed. Fritz was cumming in her. Liz threw her head back gasping for air, her face locked in an expression of shock and lust. She started convulsing uncontrollably; her abdomen rapidly tensing and relaxing as she hyperventilated causing her vagina to constrict ever tighter around his huge cock. She felt the pressure from the tip of his cock firmly pushing against her cervix and his hot semen squirting into her womb. Her pussy had never felt so full; his cock was touching her in ways she'd never experienced.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh... Oh, my God!" she panted as Fritz continued to throb and squirt in her. "Oh, oh... Ahhhhh!" Her body shook as she came again.

Liz lifted her head and looked across the room and there, in the full-length mirror, she saw a sweaty, naked woman on her hands and knees with a large dog laying on her back firmly embracing her in an obviously obscene carnal act. She was strangely mesmerized by the erotic image of the woman being fucked by a dog. It was like a surreal out-of-body experience to watch her and Fritz in the mirror while simultaneously feeling his strong, firm body gripping her waist and ejaculating in her pussy.

"Ohhhhhhh..." she sighed feeling his cock twitch again and new warmth radiating from deep in her womb. Fritz was fucking her. Oh God, she was being fucked by a dog. Her brain was screaming "Shit, shit, shit..." but her body was emersed in a sea of euphoric pleasure as Fritz' cock continued to throb and spew hot dog seed into her womb.

Time had no meaning. Her brain had no comprehension or sense for how long Fritz had been fucking her but her arms were getting tired supporting herself along with Fritz's weight on her back. She bent her elbows and gently lowered herself to rest on her forearms careful not to disturb Fritz as he continued to cum in her. Her breasts lightly swayed as she shifted her body down; her hard erect nipples aching to be touched. Fritz released his grip on her waist and placed his front legs on the floor on either side of her body.

Closing her eyes she lowered her head straight down to rest her forehead on the carpet. Catching her breath she slowly opened her eyes to see her perspiration covered body caged between Fritz's legs as he kept her prisoner on his cock. Little rivers of sweat were collecting and trickling over her skin. Framed in the valley between her breasts she saw her spread thighs and the wet, matted hair of her pubic mound. A tiny river was leaking from her pussy running into her pubic hair where a small drop of semi-cloudy liquid was forming on a coil of several hairs just above her clit. She watched as the droplet continued to grow until it was large enough to fall leaving a sticky, web-like string as it fell from her pubic mound.

"Ahhhhh..." she cried feebly as a small orgasm quivered through her. The thought of his sperm filling her womb, his little puppy swimmers racing up her uterus in a futile attempt to impregnate her was so kinky and erotic.

She looked down her body again and noticed a small bulge in her tummy below her belly button. She shifted her weight onto her left arm then reached down with her right hand to touch her swollen tummy. Pressing her fingers lightly against her skin she felt something hard filling her belly; she thought it must be his engorged knot pushing against her insides. She moved her hand down further to run her fingers through her wet pubic hair and touch her swollen clitoris and labia. She gently rubbed her middle finger over her clit then slowly worked it up between her pussy lips to explore the penis buried in her. She felt his hairy sheath against the back of her hand and the hot penis extending out of it then disappearing between her puffy labia and into the recesses of her vagina. She gently pushed her finger between her lips and into her wet vagina when she immediately felt a large round ball sealing their genitals together. It was huge! How did he manage to get that thing inside her? She briefly wondered how he going to get it out of her when she decided she didn't care she just wanted it to stay where it was forever.

Pulling her hand back she glided her fingers over his sheath following it back to his scrotum. She ran her fingertips over his tight ball sack then reached up to tenderly cup his balls in the palm of her hand; this caused Fritz to squirm slightly and he tried to pull out of her. His movements brought some minor discomfort to Liz but his attempt to withdraw only confirmed they were still firmly joined in their obscene carnal union. His balls were so big and warm in her hand. While she was caressing his testicles she felt them twitch and move in her hand followed by yet another warmth radiating deep in her womb. It was then that she realized the constricting of his balls was happening in unison with the twitching of his cock. He was still cumming in her! Another squirt of his sperm had just traveled down the length of his cock to be deposited in her womb.

"Ahhh..." her feeble cries of pleasure were becoming more of a whimper. The thought of being Fritz's bitch and him cumming in her made her cum again. How much longer was this going to last? He was wearing her out; she didn't know how much more of this stimulation she could take as he continued to fill her with his hot seed.

She released his balls and let her hand fall to the floor, the back of her hand coming to rest in the damp carpeting between her legs. She turned her head and dropped her shoulders to the floor exhausted. Fritz moved but was still unable to free his cock from the pussy holding him tight. There was a little pain when he tried to pull out but she was so spent that all she could do was manage a weak cry and several grunts from deep in her throat. Fritz twisted his body, pivoting on his cock to stand with the front half of his body next to her on her right side but his belly and hindquarters were still resting on her butt. She was grateful to have his weight and hot chest off her back. He was still ejaculating in her but jets of cum shooting inside her seemed to be getting smaller and less frequent.

Liz's mind was in a fog. How long had he been fucking her? She'd lost all sense of time. His cock was still firmly embedded in her but he didn't feel as big as when he first tied with her. His knot was still

pressing against her bladder making it feel like she had to pee. While it was a little uncomfortable in a strange way it seemed to heighten her experience.

Fritz turned and tried once again to free his cock from her pussy. Liz quickly rose up on her hands as he swung his leg over her back bringing them butt-to-butt with his cock still inside her pussy and his bushy tail laying across her back. Fritz tried moving away from her again pulling his cock and stretching her vagina wider in an effort to release him. This time she squeezed her abdomen muscles hard trying to help him expel his penis from her body.

“Aaaarrrrggghhhhh!” she grunted between clenched teeth as she bore down again. Her vagina stretched wide followed by a violent gush of fluid running down her legs then a vacant emptiness in her belly as his cock plopped out of her. She fell forward to lay face down on the carpet gasping and panting for air. Her pussy suddenly felt so empty and vacant without his cock.

Liz rolled onto her back to relax and began lightly tracing her fingers over her exhausted body. She was hot, sweaty and physically drained. That was undoubtedly the most intense fuck she’d ever experienced. She turned to look at Fritz and saw he was cleaning himself. She watched with fascination as he licked his cock and marveled at its size. She could see it was shrinking as he licked it and yet it was still a good five or six-inch-long, fat shaft in front of a lemon size knob at its base. Her fingers were now mindlessly running through her wet, matted pubic mound as she stared at his cock and wondered how much bigger it had been when it was inside her and he was tied with her. A curious emptiness filled her abdomen as her body seemed to yearn to have him inside her again.

Liz struggled to lift her abused and well-fucked body off the floor. She needed to take a quick shower then take Fritz back home. As she walked to the bathroom a trickle of Fritz’s sperm seeped out of her vagina and down her leg.

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## **Chapter Eight**

Liz sat out on the patio sipping her Merlot and watched the changing colors of the setting sun painted across the scattered clouds. She was lost in her thoughts, contemplating the mysterious joys and experiences life had to offer. She smiled thinking how she was happier and more content now than she’d been in a very long time. She couldn’t remember the last time she felt this good. She’d come to terms with what she’d done with Fritz earlier today and had resolved to never regret the experience.

After her tryst with Fritz, while she was in the shower, a terrible sense of shame and guilt had taken hold of her overwhelming her emotions. Voices in her head started calling her a slut and whore for what she’d just done. “How could you fuck a dog? A dog! You’re such a slut!” She started crying to the point of sobbing, pressing her forehead against the cool tile wall of the shower her tears merging with the cleansing water from above that flowed over her head and body.

Fritz heard her sobs and came into the bathroom to sit just outside the shower door and look at her. She turned her head and seeing him there she wiped the steam and water away from the glass door in a little circle with her fingertips to see him better. He cocked his head looking back at her; his tongue hanging out as he panted. Looking at him made her smile. He looked so happy and innocent sitting there, his presence had a calming effect on her.

What was so awful about what they did? After reading all the other kinky fantasies men have was this really so bad? She had little to no interest in most of the other sexual variations but she didn’t judge anyone that did enjoy them. People acted out those fantasies all the time so what was wrong

with her living her fantasy? She didn't have any weird pretenses about what she had done with Fritz. It was pure, unadulterated sex between a virile male and a willing female for their mutual physical gratification. It was just sex. While she held an endearing affection for Fritz she wasn't "in love" with him; she was in love with what his magnificent cock and tongue did for her. She'd have had similar affections for any dog that could do the same. If she was a dog slut so be it, to hell with anybody that looked down on her for it. It wasn't any of their business anyway...

Liz stopped her crying then closed her eyes as she raised her head and moved into the warm spray of water raining down on her naked body. She concentrated on the soothing embrace of the water caressing her skin as it flowed over her face, neck, then down her breasts, stomach, and thighs. She couldn't hear the voices in her head anymore; there was only the pleasurable sensation of the water on her skin. She pumped some body soap on the shower scrunchie then lathered and cleaned her body with the fresh-scented soap. The shower was so rejuvenating that she didn't want it to end. As she turned off the water she briefly rested her head against the tile once again. She closed her eyes, smiled and took a deep breath savoring the euphoria of the moment.

Liz got out of the shower and lightly toweled her body; she left most of the water on her skin so it would cool her as it evaporated. She bent her head down, wrapped her hair in the towel, and tossed her head back. Standing there naked before Fritz she noticed he was studying her every move. She saw his sheath bobbing up-and-down as he panted; the tiny pink tip of his penis peeking out the end.

"Uh, no way lover. I think we've had enough fun for today." She said with a wistful smirk.

Liz grabbed a fresh pair of panties and a bra from the dresser in the bedroom. As she walked back into the bathroom she felt a little drip on her inner thigh. Reaching down she ran her middle finger over her labia to see what was leaking from her. Looking at her finger she ran her thumb over the clear fluid on her fingertip. It was Fritz's semen. She'd read somewhere that sperm can remain in a woman's womb for as long as 72 hours after having sex. God only knows how much semen he sprayed in her womb but it sure seemed like a lot. She grabbed a light days pad from under the sink, stepped into her panties then placed the pad in the crotch before pulling them up around her waist.

"How much cum did you squirt in me? Hmmm?" she said with a wry smile as she stood and adjusted the elastic waistband of her panties. Liz bent forward so her breasts would hang free as she put her arms through the straps in her bra and gently placed each breast into a supporting cup then pulled the bra onto her shoulders. Fritz continued to watch her as she reached behind her back to fasten the bra then adjust the fit.

As Liz finished drying her hair and putting on a little make-up she could see Fritz in the mirror standing behind her, watching her. What was he thinking she wondered? He wasn't a stupid animal, he obviously was capable of showing displays of affection, he could also become angry or frighten, but ultimately he was still just a dog. Was there any sort of joy or pleasure for him beyond the physical act of their sexual union? Or was his desire to fuck her just his instinctive primitive drive to inseminate any willing female? Was her own intense desire to feel his hot cock squirting sperm in her womb any different?

"Arghhh..." Liz shook her head then said to no one in particular, "You think too much. That was the most intense, mind-blowing sex you've ever had. Just leave it at that!"

Liz walked into the closet and put on a pair of khaki shorts with a sleeveless cotton blouse. She grabbed a pair of leather summer sandals and walked out of the closet, past Fritz, and over to the armchair. Sitting on the ottoman she slipped the sandals on her feet and buckled the straps.

Liz stood up and crossed the room to unlock and open the bedroom door.

“Okay, lover, let’s get you back home.”

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## Chapter Nine

Liz heard the muffled sound of the phone ringing inside. She set her wine glass on the patio table and ran inside to grab the phone in the kitchen.

“Hello.”

“Hi, Liz.” It was Steve calling from California.

“Oh. Hi, sweetheart. How are the sales meetings going? Are you having a good time?” Liz walked back out to the patio with the phone.

“You know, rah-rah, go team, go! Let’s get out there and sell, sell, sell. The same old bullshit they always preach. You sound awfully cheerful, what have you been up to?”

Liz smiled to herself and thought, wouldn’t you like to know. She knew he’d never believe her even if she told him. As she sat back down in the chair she was certain she could still feel traces of Fritz’s semen in her vagina.

“Oh, nothing much really. It’s been pretty quiet here. I’m sitting outside on the patio enjoying a glass of wine and watching the sunset. It’s really a beautiful evening.”

Steve sensed something different in Liz’s demeanor. “What’re you up to, Elizabeth?”

“What do you mean? I’m not up to anything!” she defended herself a little too aggressively.

“I don’t know what’s going on but you sure sound different.” The tone of Steve’s voice was turning stern.

“Nothing is going on. Jeez! Can’t I just be in a good mood?”

“Not usually. What’d you do, go out and blow a bunch of money on yourself at the mall?”

“No! Maybe I’m in such a good mood because I haven’t had to deal with you all week.” Liz regretted her harsh words almost as soon as she heard them leave her mouth. She hated being such a bitch but why was he being such a jerk?

“Fine, I can tell when I’m not wanted. I guess I’ll just talk to you when I see you on Friday. Bye.” And with that, he hung up on her.

“Arghh! Jerk!” God, he could be such a prick sometimes.

The sun had finally set and night was settling into the neighborhood. Liz sat fuming in the darkness finishing her wine listening to the crickets and the distant drone of traffic. Before calling it a night and going to bed she thought she’d better go let Fritz out one more time.

When Liz opened the door Fritz came running to greet her, his tail wagging and his tongue hanging from the side as he panted. It almost looked like a silly smile which made Liz smile back at him.

“Hello, handsome. Do you want to go out?” Liz said in a soft, tired voice.



Fritz followed closely at her side as she led him to the patio door and let him out into the yard. She watched him run into the yard and disappear into the shadows. She was glad she couldn't see him doing his business. When he reappeared he saw his tennis ball in the grass and ran to retrieve it. He brought the ball to Liz and dropped it at her feet, wagging his tail and looking at her with those sad German Shepherd eyes.

"You want to play a little before I go? Okay, but just for a little bit." Liz picked up the ball and tossed it into the yard. Fritz sped off after the toy leaping and attacking his artificial prey. God, he was beautiful to watch. When he ran and pounced she could see the firm strong muscles of his body flexing and contracting like a Greek Adonis. Each time he returned the ball to her feet like a gift from a conquering hero to his Queen. She'd then bend at the waist, pick up the ball and throw it again, sending him on another quest for her as she savored his every move.

Liz was becoming physically aroused with this game of theirs. Her imagination was starting to get the best of her. She was his Aphrodite and he was her Hercules. She started reflecting on how good his cock felt inside her and how empty her pussy felt right now. She bit her lower lip as she longed to have him forcefully take her, to feel his strong, muscular body tied once again with her using her flesh for his carnal pleasure.

"Oh, God. Okay, that's it. Fritz, I've got to go or I won't be able to control myself." She said in a weak and shaky voice.

With that, she escorted Fritz back into the house. She made sure he had fresh food and water then quickly moved to the front door, pulling it shut and locking it behind her. She wasn't sure if she was locking the door to keep intruders out or preventing her own devilish demons from getting in. She hadn't really considered whether or not she'd ever have sex with Fritz again. Their "experiment" earlier today was to satisfy a lewd curiosity driven by insatiable desire. She needed to control herself or she'd drive herself insane. Steve was going to be back the day after tomorrow and John and Donna would be back on Saturday or Sunday. What would she do then?

It had been a long day. Liz was tired and in need of a good rest. She took a deep breath and slowly headed home in the darkness.

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## **Chapter Ten**

Liz was confused. How did she get here? Where was she going? She was outside walking behind Steve, he was taking her somewhere. She was totally naked, her hair pulled back into a ponytail with several loose strands hanging down on each side framing her face. Around her neck was a worn leather collar attached to a leash that ran down her chest and between the cleavage of her breasts. Steve was on the other end of the leash leading her to John and Donna's house. As they approached the house, John opened the door and smiled at them. The two men talked but she couldn't make out what they were saying. John shook Steve's hand then took the leash from him and proceeded to lead her back to the kitchen.

Entering the kitchen she turned to see Donna baking pies and smiling at her.

"Oh my, what a pretty girl. Fritz is really going to like her." Liz couldn't understand why Donna wasn't appalled to see her walking through her kitchen naked. Why was she saying Fritz would like her? What was going on?

She felt a gentle tug from the leash and turned to look at John who was trying to get Liz's attention

to have her follow him into the backyard. She began following him again as he led her out onto the back lawn. John reached up to where the clasp on the leash was hooked to her collar and gave it two short, sharp tugs. He was saying something she couldn't comprehend but she did understand that he wanted her to get down on the grass. Liz looked over her shoulder and saw Steve and Donna smiling, talking and pointing at her. Why wasn't Steve helping her?

John gave Liz's collar two more short, sharp tugs and she complied with his implied command. She bent her knees and lowered herself down until she was kneeling. John then lightly but firmly pulled forward on the leash indicating he wanted her on her hands and knees. Liz was confused at what was happening to her but she once again complied with his will. Now that she was on her hands and knees John unfastened the leash from her collar and began petting and stroking her hair with his other hand as if she were a dog.

"Good girl, Lizzie, good girl." He praised her in a soft and soothing tone. Then in a louder, more commanding voice he called out, "Here Fritz, come here boy! We have a new bitch for you to breed."

Oh my God! How did they find out about her and Fritz? She looked over at Steve and Donna chatting and laughing as they watched her.

"There he is. Come here boy and mount this bitch." John said with an unusual glee in his voice. He then patted her butt indicating he wanted Fritz to mount her.

Liz turned her head to see Fritz literally appear from nowhere, his big red cock fully engorged and obscenely swaying back-and-forth under his belly as he ran to her. John stepped back to stand with Steve and Donna as they witnessed Fritz come up behind Liz and swiftly mount her, grabbing her waist firmly between his front legs. As Fritz jabbed his penis at her butt she wiggled her hips trying to help him find her wet hole as she had done before.

"God, damn! Look at that horny little bitch. She wants that cock of his in her wet little pussy." John exclaimed. "Steve, this one's on me, I'm going to waive Fritz's stud fee."

Liz couldn't believe what she was hearing. Had Steve arranged this whole thing with John? Why were they doing this to her? How could Donna just stand there and watch them treat her like this?

Then she felt Fritz's hard cock pushing into her wet vagina. He started fucking her hard and fast, a sloppy wet sucking sound was coming from their conjoined genitals, her breasts were swinging and slapping together in response to his forceful thrusts. His beautiful cock was once again stretching and filling her pussy. Liz closed her eyes and let out a heavy sigh. It felt so good to feel him in her again. She didn't care anymore who was watching her or why. She was in ecstasy and that was all that mattered. She concentrated on the sensation of his hot cock sliding in-and-out of her body, picturing his penis working its way once again into her pussy as her body embraced and swallowed his knot.

When she felt the now familiar pressure of his swelling knot pushing against her labia forcing its way into her vagina she knew this would be the thrust that would tie them together and begin the wondrous torrent of hot sperm shooting from his cock into her womb. She quickly arched her hips upward then pushed back hard against his thrusting hips eager to take all of his magnificent cock and knot deep inside so she could feel the exquisite warmth of his cum as he ejaculated into her.

As she focused on feeling Fritz's knot swelling inside her to stretch and fill her vagina, she pictured the obscene red, throbbing penis growing ever larger inside her pussy and the increasing pressure building on her bladder when she was startled to hear a number of audible gasps followed by applause. Liz opened her eyes to find she was on a circular red velvet mattress at the center of a

stage in a darkly lit room. Bright stage lights were focused on her from several directions flooding her in light. She was still on her hands and knees with Fritz on her back, his cock firmly embedded in her vagina, the tip of his penis pressed up hard against her uterus as he continued to throb and squirt his sperm in her. She looked around the stage into the darkness beyond the pools of light that bathed her and Fritz and sensed the presence of many men and women watching her being fucked by Fritz.

She raised her head and saw her image reflected everywhere she looked; mirrors and television screens amplifying and replicating their lewd bestial performance for the perverse entertainment and enjoyment of the patrons of the show. She barely recognized herself in the images projected around the room. She was the epitome of an ultra-feminine human female. Her hair and make-up were done impeccably; sultry dark eyes with shiny ruby red lips. She thought the woman she saw being fucked by the dog looked stunning and sexy in her black bustier with lace-top thigh-high black stockings and black pointed-toe pumps with stiletto heels. She became even more aroused as she watched herself being fucked by the dog and seeing the effect it was having on their audience. She felt like a siren or a femme fatale, a woman that every man in the audience longed to possess and yet the male that she'd given herself to was a dog.

Fritz continued to throb and squirt in her. It felt so good but she hadn't cum. Why hadn't she cum? She was sooo close. This was torture. She could hear the sound of men masturbating in the audience; the grunts and groans of animals in the dark pleasuring themselves watching Fritz use her for his pleasure. Then from out of the shadows, she started to see squirts of their ejaculate glistening in the light as they arched through the air to land on the stage in a vain attempt to reach her. At first, there were just a few meager strands of cum dropping on the stage and bed. But the longer Fritz held her and came in her pussy, more and more cum rained on the stage from the dark.

Oh, God, why couldn't she cum? She felt as if she was on the edge of a red hot knife. Her nerves were on fire. Not being able to cum was driving her crazy. Her body ached with pain. Liz rocked her hips frantically trying to get the relief she so desperately needed, pleading with Fritz to help her. "Please, please make me cum, baby! I'm so close..."

Then she felt him pulling his hips away from her. "No, no, no! Not yet, not yet! Please, baby, just a little bit longer. Please, I'm almost there." Liz pleaded but to no avail.

"NOO!! AGHHHH!!!" she screamed before sobbing a river of tears. "Nooo... noooo..."

Fritz pulled his cock out of her with an audible plop which was immediately followed by a gush of his semen spraying out of her pussy soaking her nylons and the red velvet mattress between her thighs. Little globules of sperm oozed from her gaping vagina, some clinging to matted ringlets of her pubic hair, then dripped in long sticky strings before dropping into a pool between her legs.

The audience erupted with wild cheers and thunderous applause. Catcalls and whistles filled her ears. The sound of birds chirping mixed with the cacophony of sounds in her head, louder and louder until the birds completely drown out all the other noise. The lights on the stage faded to black.

Liz blinked several times then slowly opened her eyes. The sun was coming up and the birds were making an awful racket outside. What a way to start the day. She was so horny, her body ached for relief. The physical stress in her dream world had metastasized into the reality of her morning. There was no way her vibrator was going to be able to scratch this itch. This was her last day alone with Fritz, possibly forever. While that thought made her sad she decided she was going to make the most of today. She didn't know exactly what she was going to do but she was going to make it a day to remember...

## Chapter Eleven

Liz needed coffee.

She rolled out of bed and headed down to the kitchen in her tank top and panties. Her erotic wet dream was muddled but coming back to her clearer and clearer as she groggily reached for the coffee in the cupboard. She generally didn't remember her dreams but this one was so vivid, parts of it she almost wished were real. She filled the machine with water and turned it on to brew. The idea of being caught or watched while Fritz ravaged her body was so frightening but at the same time it was also unexpectedly exciting in a perverse way.

In those moments after she awoke she was so horny she desperately wanted to cum. She never had a wet dream leave her so worked up craving sex. She tried getting some relief from her vibrator but it just made her wetter and wanting more, it made her want Fritz inside her again. When she slid the hard plastic shaft into her vagina she whimpered like a wounded animal while rocking her hips trying to cum on the lifeless substitute phallus, wishing it was larger and had a knot.

After several long frustrating minutes, she pulled the vibrator out of her vagina and threw it to the floor by the bed. She needed a cock, a real, hot, throbbing penis spewing wonderful sperm into her womb. She wanted, no she needed, Fritz's cock. His cock felt sooo good inside her; he filled her like nothing else she'd ever experienced. And when he came the warmth of his cum radiated in her womb setting her soul on fire. She wanted to feel like that again.

Liz grabbed a cup and poured herself some coffee. She savored the aroma and carefully sipped the hot, black liquid. Sitting down at the kitchen table she looked out into the yard and started to collect her thoughts. How was she going to do this? Bringing Fritz over here again and letting him fuck her wasn't a problem. But was that what she needed? A quick doggy fuck? An even better question was, is that what she wanted? This could easily be the last time she got to have sex with Fritz or any dog for that matter. The last time she'd feel the strange and wonderfully unique penis of a dog in her vagina. After today all she'd have is the memories of these two very special days.

Liz sipped her coffee and thought about her erotic dream. She kept replaying in her mind the idea of being a femme fatale giving her sexual favors to a virile male dog and how sensual and exotic it made her feel in her dream. Liz smiled. She liked the idea of beauty fucking her beast. She was sure Fritz wouldn't care how she looked so long as she gave him her wet and willing pussy. But she kind of got off on the idea of accentuating her feminine wiles to become the female seducer of a savage beast. The more she considered the idea the wetter she was getting, her nipples were becoming firm and erect. She liked this idea, she liked it a lot. "We have a winner." she thought to herself as she continued to sip her coffee.

After she finished her coffee, Liz got dressed and headed next door to check on Fritz. He seemed to be getting use to this new routine as he was waiting for her at the door.

"Hi, lover. How are you today?" Liz cooed with a big smile. She got down on her knees and gave him a big hug. She liked feeling his body pressed against hers. She held his head in her hands and looked into his eyes.

"Are you ready to go out? Hmm?"

Fritz pulled away from her and anxiously ran to the patio door waiting for her to let him out. Liz opened the door and set him free to roam his domain. Liz knew she'd get too aroused watching him so she closed the door and let him be while she busied herself taking care of Donna's plants and

getting Fritz fresh water and more food.

When Liz finally returned to the patio door she found Fritz sitting there waiting for her. He stared at her through the sliding glass door panting. Liz knew his panting would be causing his sheath, and his beautiful cock inside, to be bobbing up-and-down in that obscene rhythmic manner that made her heart flutter. Sure enough, looking between his legs, there it was his bobbing hairy sheath with the one-eyed pink monster peeking out and waving at her. Liz felt a tingling in her crotch and weakness in her legs. She was tempted to strip naked and let him ravage her right now but resisted the urge.

Liz slid open the door, "Get in here, stud." As she closed the door behind him he turned and stuck his snout up her shorts.

"Ahh. Ugh-ugh. I'm glad to see you too, but we're going to save that for later, lover." Liz said as she slowly turned and gently pushed him back. "I've got bigger plans in store for us. A quick roll in the proverbial hay just isn't going to do it for this girl today."

Fritz followed Liz to the front door. She opened the door a crack so Fritz couldn't follow then slid her body out until just her head and shoulders remained.

"I'll come back for you around five then we're going to play a very special game. How does that sound, lover?" With that, she gave him a big smile and blew him a kiss. Fritz had no idea what she was saying. He cocked his head as she disappeared and he heard the key turn in the lock. He stood there wagging his tail staring at the door wondering when she would come back.

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## **Chapter Twelve**

Liz was practically giddy walking through the mall. She was on a mission to find several special items to fill in pieces missing from her wardrobe to complete a femme fatale ensemble she envisioned for herself. She already had a nice pair of Nine West black patent leather pointy toe pumps with 3 ½" heels. Not quite stiletto heels but good enough. She also had her Victoria's Secret silky black mid-thigh length kimono that she got a year or so ago. But she needed make-up, new nylons and either a bustier or a corset.

She headed to the L'Oreal Paris counter first to get some make-up. She needed eyeshadow, liner, mascara, nail polish, and lipstick. While perusing the eye shadow displays it wasn't long before a clerk came over to her.

"May I help you?"

"Ah, yes, yes you can. I'm going to a theme party and I need some pretty extreme make-up."

"Oh, what did you have in mind?" she asked inquisitively.

"This seems so silly but my husband is going as a 1930's movie mogul and I'm to be his starlet femme fatale." Well, looking the part of a femme fatale was true, she thought. "And I'm thinking about doing my make-up so I have dark, sultry eyes with bright red glossy lipstick. I don't want to look cheap. I want to look like a sexy femme fatale. It all sounds so silly doesn't it?"

"No, not at all! That sounds so fun!" said the clerk with a smile as she touched Liz's arm. Liz smirked and thought you can't begin to imagine how much fun I plan to have.

"I think we can find you some things to give you the sexy yet chic look you want."

The woman showed Liz a number of products but they finally settled on Lush Raven eyeshadow, Carbon Black liquid eyeliner, Voluminous Blackest Black mascara, Blackbuster for her eyebrows, Caught Red-handed Colour Riche Nail polish, Infallible Le Rouge Coral Seduction lipstick and some extreme shine Red Ravishing lip gloss. She showed Liz how to apply the eye make-up to get a glamorous look and avoid having raccoon eyes. Liz had to contain her nervous giggles when the woman showed her several lipsticks. Each time she pulled the cap off a tube of lipstick and twisted the cylinder to advance the lipstick all she could think about was how it looked like Fritz's penis extending out of his sheath towards her. How apropos she mused.

With her make-up purchases in hand, she strolled through the mall to Victoria's Secret. She was able to find the lace-top thigh-high hosiery she wanted but didn't like any of the lingerie or corsets she saw. Then she remembered the lingerie shop in the little strip mall across the street. This was one of those "spice up your life" boutiques that sold lingerie, lotions, candles, and other novelties. Liz had never been inside but was sure they must have something she'd like.

When Liz pulled into the parking lot she was thankful there were only a couple of other cars. She sat in the car looking at the entrance waiting to get the courage to go into the store. "What are you so worried about? It's just a lingerie store." She chided to herself.

She quickly strolled from the car into the store. Once inside she was surprised to find the store was quite nice and nothing like she imagined. She wasn't quite sure what she imagined but definitely something seedier than what she found. It looked like a department store that specializes in romance items for adults. She scanned the layout of the store then headed for the women's apparel section where she found lingerie sets, babydolls, teddies, and leather clothing. While she looked through the rack of lingerie sets a young woman came up behind her.

"Can I help you find something?"

Liz hadn't seen her approaching and was slightly startled. "Oh, uh, no, no I'm just looking right now. Thanks."

"Well, just let me know if I can help." And with a smile, she discreetly backed away to let Liz continue her search.

The teddies and babydolls were too frilly for what she had in mind. Then she moved over to the leather clothing section. This was more of what she had pictured. There were faux leather skirts, dresses, catsuits, and corsets. She pulled out one of the corsets and held it up. It had a zipper up the front with a lace-up back and matching g-string. This was exactly what she had in mind. She turned and looked in the mirror on the wall and held the corset up to her to check the look and size. This was going to work very nicely. Then, just when she thought she'd made her decision she saw another almost identical corset but this one fits under the breasts leaving them exposed.

Liz picked up the corset and read the tag;

"Pleather Tempt Tease Corset. Show off your sexy side in this tempting tease faux leather corset from Allure Leather. This stunning piece of lingerie includes black pasties and a matching g-string."

Liz pictured herself in the black corset and knew this was the one.

Once she got back home she took her shopping bags up to her bedroom. She pulled the corset and package of stockings out of their bags and laid them on the bed. She then went into her closet and

retrieved her black kimono and black pumps and laid them next to the corset. Surveying the items on the bed Liz bit her lower lip, smiled and got a devilish gleam in her eyes. She was getting excited just with the prospect of how sexy she was going to look.

She looked over at the clock by the bed. It was 4:38 pm, time to get Fritz.

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## Chapter Thirteen

As Liz headed next door to get Fritz she saw Ray across the street watering his flower beds. She smiled and waved as she strolled down her driveway toward the street.

"Hi, Ray. How are you? Are you enjoying all this heat?" she said sarcastically.

"No! It's wreaking havoc on all our flowers. Where's Steve? I haven't seen him around lately."

"He's been in Irvine, California this week for sales meetings. He'll be back tomorrow evening."

"You should have let us know Steve was out of town. Sue and I would have loved to have you over for dinner."

"Thanks, but I've kind of enjoyed my private time this week, it's given me the opportunity to indulge my guilty pleasures, things I can't do when Steve is around." She said with a demure and innocent smile. Liz could hardly believe she said that to Ray.

"Well, why don't you come over tonight? I'm sure Sue would love to have you join us for dinner."

"Thanks but I think I'll pass. Steve will be home tomorrow and I have some things I want to do tonight." Boy, was that an understatement!

"Yeah, I understand. When Sue's gone its pizza, beer and endless hours of ESPN for me."

Liz looked down, smiled and thought how boring and tame that sounded compared to her new guilty pleasure.

"What's up with John and Donna? We haven't seen them either this week."

"Oh, John's uncle passed away and they had to go help his mother with the funeral and settle his uncle's affairs. I'm watching Fritz and their house for them while they're away. They should be back either Saturday or Sunday."

"How's Fritz doing? Is he being good for you?" Ray asked innocently enough.

Liz thought, "You have no idea how good he's been for me..."

"Yes, yes he's been a very good dog. He's really a sweetheart and very obedient. Well, I should get over there and let him out. I'll talk to you later; say 'hi' to Sue for me." Liz turned and headed back to John and Donna's house.

She could feel Ray's eyes following her as she walked away. Ever since she and Steve moved into the neighborhood she got the sense Ray was attracted to her. He always paid excessive attention to her and hung on her every word whenever she and Steve got together with them. On several occasions she noticed Sue giving him nasty looks when he'd fawn over her. Liz didn't have any interest in Ray



but it was still nice to be desired. If he knew what she had planned for Fritz he'd probably kill to switch places with him tonight.

When she opened the door she heard Fritz come running to greet her. "Hi, baby, did you miss me? I missed you. I've been thinking about you all day." She bent down and took his head in her hands and looked into his big dark eyes, "Are you ready to come back to my house and play with me? Hmmm? Do you want to put that nasty cock of yours in my pussy again? Hmmm? How does that sound?"

She knew he didn't understand a word she was saying but she enjoyed the whimsical notion that he understood perfectly well and was as eager to fuck her as she was to have him fuck her.

"I'm going to let you out for a bit then we'll sneak over to my house." Then Liz stood and said, "I have to make sure Ray's not still outside." She looked back down at Fritz, "We don't need to get anybody's suspicions aroused, do we lover?"

Liz let Fritz out to the backyard then came back and looked out the little windows in the front door checking to see if Ray was still outside. He must have gone in as she didn't see him around and the hose was gone. As she turned from the door she noticed a leash hanging from a peg on the coat rack. She grabbed it thinking it would be easier to lead Fritz on the leash rather than stooping over and holding his collar.

Liz slipped out the sliding glass door into the backyard. She didn't even need to call Fritz as he came running over to her the instant he saw her on the patio. She reached down and clipped the leash to the D-ring on his collar. Liz was surprised at the ease and comfort with which she now started executing her plan. While there was a little fear and nervousness in her actions it was nothing like what she experienced yesterday. She suspected her carnal desires and the craving to relive the sexual ecstasy she shared with Fritz gave her the confidence she needed to be bolder today.

"Are you ready? Let's go to my place, lover."

Liz walked to the gate with Fritz at her side. He seemed a bit more submissive with his leash on, following closely at her heel. Liz peeked again over the fence to make sure no one was around. When she was certain the coast was clear she quickly led Fritz out one gate then quickly through the gate into her backyard and entered her house through the sliding glass door into the kitchen.

Sliding the door closed behind her, she turned and bent down to unfasten the leash from Fritz's collar. She tilted her head and studied his collar with an inquisitive look. It was an inch wide black leather strap with a silver buckle; his name tag and license hanging from the D-ring. She looked at his collar and had a crazy notion that he should be unencumbered from such domination trappings. It represented his submission and ownership to John and Donna but tonight she was going to willingly submit her body to his domination.

"How would you like to be rid of that thing for tonight? Hmmm?" She grabbed the buckle and unfastened the strap and removed it from his neck thus freeing him. She unclasped the leash from the D-ring and set it coiled up on the counter next to the sliding glass door. She looked at the leather strap in her hands for several minutes then placed it against her throat. Her hands fumbled with joining the ends together behind her as she bent her head down and securely fastened the buckle. With the collar in place around her neck she ran her fingers over the leather restraint that bound her, feeling the cool metal tags against the notch at the base of her throat and the etched letters of Fritz's name on the tag.

"There, now I belong to you. I'm your bitch for the night..." Liz sighed in a breathy, sultry voice. "Make yourself at home down here while I get ready. I don't know if this is going to do anything for

you but I have something planned that's making me wet just thinking about it."

Fritz stayed in the kitchen and watched her walk out of the room wondering if she was going to call him to her room...

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## **Chapter Fourteen**

When Liz reached the stairs she decided she'd like to enjoy a little wine as she was getting ready. She turned around and entered the kitchen again to find Fritz still standing where she left him.

"Don't get too excited, big guy, I'm just getting some wine then I'll go get ready." Liz opened the pantry and selected a bottle of her favorite Merlot. Fritz watched her as she opened the bottle and grabbed a wine glass from the cupboard.

"It's too bad you don't drink otherwise I'd offer you something." She said with a pensive smile.

Liz grabbed the wine bottle by the neck with her left hand and cupped the glass in her right then headed back upstairs. Upon entering her bedroom she closed the door behind her, she didn't want to see Fritz until she was ready for him. She moved into the bathroom, set the glass on the counter, and proceeded to pour herself some wine. The deep rich burgundy color of the liquid splashed against the bottom of the goblet then flowed and swirled to fill the void. Liz never thought pouring wine into a glass could be so erotic but her mind was obsessed with thoughts of sex. The image of the wine flowing in the glass made her think of Fritz's sperm splashing against the back of her vagina and filling her as he poured his semen in her pussy. Her mind and body were aroused by the erotic imagery; her nipples stiffened and strained against her bra, her breath quickened and her face became flush. She gave a deep sigh and touched the leather collar around her neck resisting the urge to just call Fritz to her now and let him fuck her silly.

"Calm down, Elizabeth, you have all evening." She said to herself as she took several deep, steady calming breaths.

She took a sip of wine then turned to run a nice hot bath for herself in the Jacuzzi bathtub. She grabbed the glass jar sitting on the tub deck containing lavender-scented bath salts. She removed the lid and brought the jar up to her nose. Closing her eyes she inhaled the fragrant aroma.

"Ahhh... I love the smell of lavender." She poured the crystals into the hot water now filling the tub watching them fizz and bubble as they dissolved. The smell of lavender rose from the tub and spread to fill the room.

Liz wanted to complete the ambiance of her bath with candles but it was still too light outside so she went around the bedroom and bathroom pulling all the shades. With the rooms now darker she retrieved a book of matches from her dresser and lit the candles on the nightstand next to the bed. She glanced at the sexy lingerie carefully laid out on the comforter and smiled then moved into the bathroom to light the candles that sat on the deck around the tub. She pursed her lips and softly exhaled to blow out the match then bent down to turn off the water filling the tub.

Almost ready, she thought to herself. She retrieved the can of Skintimate shaving gel and her Venus razor from under the sink and placed them on the tub deck then poured a little more wine in her glass and set it next to the razor. There, she was now ready to pamper herself with a luxurious bath. No, wait; there was one more thing she needed. Liz went to her nightstand and pulled out her copy of "Men in Love."

Returning to the tub she set the book next to her glass of wine. Kicking off her shoes, Liz crossed her arms across her body and grabbed her shirt lifting her arms and pulling it over her head in a single swift motion then dropped it to the floor. Reaching behind her back she gathered and stretched the elastic material of her bra to unfasten the hooks. She shrugged the straps off her shoulders letting it fall down her arms into her hands and releasing her breasts. She dropped the bra on top of her shirt on the floor. Sucking in her tummy she placed her left hand on the waist and undid the button and unzipped her shorts with her right hand. Placing her hands on either side of her hips she slipped her thumbs inside the waistband of her shorts and panties pulling them off her hips then down her thighs and legs stepping out of them and leaving a pool of her clothes at her feet. She opened a drawer in the cabinet and pulled out a hair clip. Gathering her hair in her hands she twisted it in a clump behind her head and clipped it up.

Liz stood at the edge of the tub naked except for the leather collar around her neck. She lifted her right leg and poised a pointed toe over the hot, fragrant water. She slowly immersed her leg in the water, letting her leg acclimate to the temperature. Once she was ready she shifted her weight and brought her left leg into the tub and gingerly lowered her body into the water. As she squatted the hot liquid licked her skin then consumed and embraced her until only her neck and head were above the water.

“Ohhhh...” Liz closed her eyes and savored the experience. What was it about a hot bath? Even on a hot summer day, a nice hot bath could still feel so good. She took several slow, deep relaxing breaths and opened her eyes. She reached for her wine and took a sip. The smell of lavender filled her nose. This was heavenly.

Liz picked up her book and flipped through the pages getting them a little wet as she looked for her favorite passages. She still enjoyed reading the fantasies but they seemed a bit diminished and lacking now that she experienced the real thing. None of the stories captured the intensity or eroticism of the carnal act she shared with Fritz. The power of his savage animal desire to use and ravage her body for his sexual gratification, the fullness and pressure inside her vagina when she took all of his penis with its obscene knot, and, best of all, the hot, warm feeling radiating from her womb as his twitching cock sprayed copious amounts of sperm inside her pussy.

Liz dropped the book on the floor and slid her hand under the water continuing down her body to caress and play with her pubic mound. She closed her eyes and slowly moved her middle finger closer and closer to her clitoris. When her finger finally made contact with her swollen nub it sent shivers through her body. As she gently rubbed her clit she relived the memory of Fritz taking her and fucking her with his beautiful cock. She remembered the mixed feelings of fear and ecstasy as his knot forcefully invaded her body then stretched and filled her.

Liz opened her eyes and took a deep breath. She had to stop this otherwise she was going to cum. She didn't want to cum just yet; she wanted to save her orgasms to share with Fritz. She took another sip of wine then rose up and sat on the tub deck while reaching for the razor and can of shaving gel. She applied the foamy gel to her right calf then gently removed the foam with the razor cleaning the razor in the tub water between strokes. She repeated the ritual with her left leg then cleaned up the hair under her arms. Before she put her razor away she looked at her pubic hair and decided she needed a little trim there as well. She squirted more shaving gel on her fingers and applied the foaming gel to her upper inner thighs and the top and sides of her bush leaving a two-inch-wide by four-inch patch of fur above her clitoris. She carefully removed the shaving cream from her pussy sculpting a sexy little tuft of pubic hair above her vagina.

Liz slipped back into the water and ran her hands over her legs and crotch to remove the remnants of shaving cream. It was time to get out of the bath, the water was becoming tepid. Liz opened the

tub stopper and released the water. She stood and carefully stepped out of the tub grabbing a towel. She dabbed the water on her body leaving a thin film of moisture on her skin. Walking into the bedroom she picked up the kimono robe and slipped it over her shoulders, tying the sash belt securely around her waist.

Over the next hour, Liz manicured and painted her nails, fixed her hair and applied her make-up. It was a little bit tedious but when she was done it made her feel so feminine and sexy. She did her hair in a sexy, rocker waves style that she thought made her look really hot. She applied her make-up as the woman at the cosmetics counter had instructed. Her eyes were dark and sultry with a hint of being Egyptian without being cartoonish or looking like a raccoon. The dark shadows of her eyes starkly contrasted with the shockingly bright red of her lips and nails.

She moved into the bedroom and took off her kimono robe, placing it on the bed. She picked up the corset and wrapped it around her torso pulling it tight to slide the pin into the box of the zipper halves. She grabbed the pull tab between the thumb and index finger of her right hand and pulled it up while holding the bottom with her left hand. The zipper stopped just above the bottom of and between her breasts. She pulled and adjusted the corset lifting her breasts so the top of the corset fit under the crease of each breast. It was a snug fit.

She grabbed the package of lace-top thigh-high hosiery tearing the plastic wrapper and removing the black stockings from the cardboard. She walked around and sat in the armchair then rolled a stocking into a circular ring and placed her right foot into the black silk. She smiled thinking how sexy her red toenails looked sliding into the sheer black material. She pulled the nylon up straightening her leg in the air as the nylon covered her foot, calf, knee and finally her thigh. She adjusted the stay-up lace-top and straightened the seam that ran down the back. She repeated the process putting the other nylon on her left leg. With both nylons on she stood and attached the straps from the corset to the nylons. Liz thought these were a little silly since the nylons had stay-up tops but they did look sexy.

Liz moved back to stand by the bed to look at the remaining pieces lying there. She picked up one of the pasties that came with the corset. Turning it over in her hand she grimaced and decided it was unnecessary. Why would she want to cover her nipples? She explicitly bought this corset because it exposed her breasts; she wasn't going to now cover her nipples. She tossed the pasties aside and picked up the matching g-string. She took it into the bathroom and found the petroleum jelly under her sink. G-strings were okay but they could get uncomfortable. She applied a little petroleum jelly to the strap that ran from the bottom of the crotch triangle up to the waist strap. Stepping into the g-string she pulled it up her waist so the waist strap was just above her hip bones. She adjusted the small patch of material to cover her pussy and the string between her butt cheeks. Wiggling her hips she confirmed for herself that the fit was comfortable enough.

She walked back into the bedroom and stepped into her Nine West black pumps then reached over to pick-up the kimono robe and slipped it over her shoulders. She glimpsed at her reflection in the mirror across the room. She gave herself a seductive smile then walked the hip-swaying, one foot in front of the other sultry walk of a femme fatale around the bed, across the room coming to a stop in front of the mirror. She didn't recognize the woman staring back at her. She was getting aroused looking at this sexual siren. She wanted to see this sexy female being fucked; specifically being fucked by a large horny male dog. Liz bit her lower lip showing her beautiful white teeth against the glossy bright red background of her lips. She was ready.

Liz closed the kimono around her body and tied the sash belt firmly about her waist. She walked back to the bed and blew out the candles on the nightstand then took her silver vibrator from the drawer. She went into the bathroom and blew out the candles around the tub and picked up her

glass and the bottle of wine. She moved back into the bedroom and placed her hand on the knob, paused and closed her eyes. She felt her knees getting weak and she was noticeably shaking.

“God, Liz, what are you doing?” she sighed in a small child-like voice. No, stop that! She wanted this. She knew she wanted this more than anything else right now but you had to be a pretty cool and shallow person if you didn’t at least have a fleeting moment of doubt. She’d already crossed the line of sexual taboo yesterday so why not enjoy it? Liz took a deep breath and looked around the room. It was almost 7:00 pm. Ready or not, Fritz, here I come.

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## Chapter Fifteen

Her heels clicked on the hardwood floor as she made her way into the kitchen, her seductively, slinky entrance through the hallway reminiscent of a model strolling down a fashion show runway. Nervously biting the tip of her tongue, a mischievous grin graced her lips, as her eyes slowly scanned the room until she spotted Fritz lying on the carpet in the family room in front of the fireplace. She felt the material of her g-string becoming wet against her vulva and her knees getting weak as she softly sighed at the sight of him and the thought of what she was about to do. Her face suddenly felt hot as she became flush and started to softly pant. Fritz raised his head to stare at her causing her nipples to stiffen and her heart to start rapidly pounding in her chest and beating in her ears. Liz was still a little nervous about what she was doing; after all, she’d only done this once before.

“So, what do you think, Lover? How do I look?” She said in a breathy voice that trembled with fear as a nervous come-hither smile graced her pretty face. She was a vision of exotic feminine beauty seductively standing before this savage beast, somewhat cool and confident on the outside while shaking like a leaf inside. Several frail gasps escaped from her red glossy lips as Fritz got up off the floor and casually strolled toward her sniffing her scent in the air as he approached her. Her pheromones filled his snout and flooded his brain as he remembered the distinct aroma of this female and the pleasure her body gave him. The pointed tip of his tiny pink cock began to slowly protrude out of the center of the hairy sheath under his belly as his body associated her scent with the female bitch he bred yesterday. She looked strangely different now but her scent was unmistakable to him. Liz was shaking as he stopped before her inquisitively looking into her eyes before lowering his snout to press his nose against her crotch and deeply inhaling her scent. Liz froze as she felt him cautiously extend his tongue and begin licking at the frothy moisture now seeping through the flimsy black fabric covering her pussy.

“Ohhhh God....” Liz sighed as she closed her eyes, tilting her head back savoring the soft pressure of his tongue on her g-string as he teased her vagina. She opened her mouth silently gasping for air while stifling a cry then, after what felt like several long minutes, slowly exhaling while letting a soft crying whimper escape from her luscious glossy red lips. Fritz continued licking her crotch with increasing determination trying to snake his tongue around the edges of the barrier that prevented him from tasting the source of her sweet nectar. Her g-string was becoming soaked with her flowing sexual secretions and his saliva. Liz instinctively responded to her lover’s advances by spreading her thighs ever so slightly and gently rocking her hips into his snout. She loved the feeling of his tongue teasing her pussy and was dying to remove the tiny cloth barrier that prevented his tongue from slipping inside her.

Liz was almost at the point of no return, her body aching to succumb to his desires. The bottle of wine was about to fall from her hands when a little voice began to cry out in her head “No! No, not yet!.” Liz took a deep breath and opened her eyes wide. She stepped back from his snout and

squeezed her thighs together, jutting her butt away from him to deny her pussy to his invasive probing tongue.

“Whew! Okay... Okay, that’s enough of that for right now.” She swallowed hard. “Just, just give me a minute then we’ll do more of that. I promise. Oh yeah, we’ll do more of that...” She said while panting and trying to catch her breath.

Liz turned and set the wine bottle, vibrator, and glass on the kitchen island counter. No sooner had she turned and set them down when her body was suddenly slammed against the island. She managed to quickly catch and support her upper body with her arms as her exposed breasts pressed against the cool surface of the counter, almost knocking over the wine bottle and her glass, as she felt the weight of Fritz’s body landing on her back. His strong muscular legs swiftly clamped tight around her waist as he tried to pull her to the floor and fuck her.

“Ughhhh...” she grunted as he knocked the air out of her. She quickly spread her legs to steady her balance and brace herself against Fritz’s sudden attempt to forcefully take her to satisfy his lust. The rapid thrusting motion of his body on her back repeatedly pushed her shoulders and chest into the hard marble surface of the counter. His raw animal lust for her sex was intoxicating and excited her. She fought the urge to submit to him and just drop to the floor on her hands and knees and yield to his will.

Liz was at his mercy as he trapped her against the counter, unwilling to let her go as he feverishly sought to insert his cock into her body. She felt his hard boney penis poking, squirting and slapping the back of her thighs then wildly flailing in the void between her legs, searching in vain with a savage hunger for her vagina. His penis was only a foot or so away from her vagina but it might as well have been a million miles. After what seemed like an eternity but was actually only a brief minute of frenzied lust, it became apparent to Fritz that he wasn’t going to be able to mount this bitch. Defeated, he reluctantly released her and slid down off her back, his cock swaying and bouncing under his belly as little clear jets of pre-cum squirted from the pointed tip.

Liz was still trying to catch her breath as she slowly lifted herself from the counter and turned to look at Fritz. She could see he was frustrated at not being able to fuck her and was still arching his back, humping the air beneath him as if he was fucking an imaginary vagina. His cock was extended out of his sheath but still relatively small. Little pools of his pre-cum were scattered everywhere on the floor.

“So I guess you liked fucking my pussy yesterday? Hmmm? Do you want to fuck me again? Huh? Do you want to bury that big nasty bone of yours in my pussy again? Hmmm?” Liz taunted breathlessly as she watched him sit then spread his hind legs so he could lick his balls and receding cock. The power her pussy had over him was intoxicating. Fritz’s blind animal desire for her body frightened and excited her. His lust for her sex unleashed in her soul her own primal sexual craving to be penetrated and filled with his male seed. She had no more doubts; she knew she had to have him in her. To be as one with him again with his hot, swollen penis locked inside her throbbing and squirting warm jets of his seed deep into her womb. Tied together sexually, savoring the euphoria of their bodies in a taboo conjoined union.

“Be a good boy and let me finish getting ready, then we’ll play some more. Lay down. Down. Good boy. Now stay!” Liz commanded in a soft but firm voice.

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## Chapter Sixteen

Liz stood up straight adjusting her corset then walked past Fritz into the family room. She pushed the coffee table back towards the fireplace to make space in the center of the room. She then turned and squatted in front of the television pulling open the drawer in the media cabinet below. She grabbed the Sony camcorder, mini-tripod, and the camcorder video cable. She connected the camcorder to the 55" flat-screen TV and set it to display without recording. Liz had a perverse desire, no it was more of a dark craving, to watch her and Fritz as they fucked each other. When he fucked her yesterday, one of the more erotic moments that stuck vividly in her mind was when she saw herself in the mirror. The sight of Fritz on her back as she felt his cock throbbing and cumming inside her was seared into her memory forever.

Liz glanced over her shoulder at Fritz. He was being a good dog; he was still lying on the kitchen floor with his head cocked curiously watching her. She set the mini-tripod with the camcorder underneath the TV in front of the media cabinet pointing into the room. Picking up the remote she stood up, took two steps back then turned the TV on. Pressing the "Source" button she selected Input 1 and the screen filled with an image of a beautiful femme fatale.

Liz smiled at herself then turning to Fritz she seductively batted her eyes, "Almost ready, Lover..."

She then retrieved a blanket and a beach towel from the linen closet and brought them back to the family room. She threw the beach towel on the oversized ottoman in front of the armchair for later then spread the blanket out on the floor in the middle of the room. Moving back into the kitchen, she went to the freezer pulling out a carton of Dryer's French Vanilla ice cream and set it on the island countertop. Grabbing a bowl and spoon she scooped ice cream into the bowl and put the carton away licking the sweet, sticky treat from her fingers. Fritz intently watched her as she picked up the bowl of ice cream, vibrator, and wine glass and placed them on the coffee table in the family room. The only thing left to do was light the candles and pour another glass of wine.

Liz walked back to the kitchen, found the lighter in the junk drawer then grabbed the bottle of wine. After placing the bottle on the coffee table she proceeded to light the big round ivory candles on the coffee table followed by the candles on the fireplace mantle and a special vanilla-scented candle on the bookshelf next to the TV. She then crossed the room and closed the drapes making the room take on a dark and intimate mood, shadows danced on the walls in the flickering candlelight. Picking up the remote for the stereo she turned it on and selected her favorite smooth jazz station.

There, now everything was ready as she had planned, the stage was set. Pouring herself a glass of wine she turned and looked at Fritz who had obediently stayed where she left him. There was a slight quiver to her hand as she raised the glass to her lips all the while keeping her gaze locked on him. Her heart was now racing again and her jittery nerves were on edge. Her nipples had become ultra-sensitive to the silky material of her robe that was lightly moving over them as her breasts rose and fell with her every breath. This wasn't fear of the unknown as she'd experienced yesterday. She wasn't afraid anymore, this was raw sexual tension and the anticipation of what was to come next. She was an addict and Fritz's beautiful cock was her drug.

"Hey, Lover, are you ready to have some fun? Come here, baby..." Liz said in a low sultry voice. Fritz got up and crossed the room to stand before her eager to be in her favor once more. Liz turned her head to look at the television to see their images projected on the large screen. She thought they looked beautiful together in the soft hues of the candlelight; a sexy woman in erotic black lingerie and her handsome German Shepherd lover. She set her wine glass down on the coffee table and watched herself on the television as she unfastened the sash belt on her kimono robe and let the silky material flow like water off her shoulders, down her arms and pool into her hands. She tossed the robe on the couch where it gathered into a silky black puddle.

## Chapter Seventeen

Liz's full, round, beautiful exposed breasts gently rose and fell as she gazed into Fritz's dark eyes. Her butt cheeks clenched as she felt a yearning deep in her womb and an ache in her hard, stiffening nipples. While Fritz may never understand what she was doing, she hoped he at least sensed her vulnerability and somehow knew she was taking a first step in seducing him and ultimately would be offering her body to him tonight for his pleasure.

"Sit baby. Sit!" she commanded in a soft, sensual voice. Fritz complied and sat obediently before his mistress.

Taking a deep breath, she placed one hand over the other to lightly press on her lower abdomen trying to contain the emptiness she felt inside her womb. She watched the TV as she ran her hands over the waistline of the corset slowly moving up her torso to cradle and massage her breasts and pinched her nipples. Fritz watched her with curious fascination as she made love to the camera. Liz enjoyed seeing the exotic look of her bright red nails against her skin as she gently squeezed and rolled her nipples between her index fingers and thumbs. Bending at the waist, allowing her supple breasts to lightly rock and sway, she reached for the vibrator lying on the coffee table. Standing upright once again, she turned her toy on then rubbed the blunt silver tip in little circles around the areola and nipple of her right breast.

"Ohhhh..." She sighed as she closed her eyes. The oscillating vibrations of the mechanical phallus sent tingling shivers through her breast which radiated out to her pussy and down to her toes. Fritz started to get up and approach her but Liz quickly stopped him, commanding him to stay.

Liz continued to watch herself on the television as she moved the vibrator to massage her upper arms and shoulders then back again to stimulate her breasts. Slowly moving the magic wand over her body caused goosebumps to appear on her skin which induced delicious shivers all the way to her bones. As she tilted her head back she ran the vibrator over her stretched throat while her left hand gathered her hair and pushed it up to the top of her head. A soft growl emanated from deep in her throat as she turned her head from side-to-side while savoring the sensual vibrations of her toy. She was having fun teasing Fritz while flirting with the camera.

Looking down at Fritz she saw that he was obediently waiting for her lead, several times he whined begging her to let him move. She also noticed the pointed little tip of his penis poking out of the center of his sheath, peeking at her from its ominous hiding place. Smiling, she decided she'd tormented him enough, set the vibrator aside then knelt down on the blanket next to him reaching out to run her fingers through his coat. His hot breath warmed her chest as he panted and they looked into each other's eyes. She loved feeling his firm hard body and wondered if he sensed how much she wanted him.

"Lay down, baby. Come on. Lay down, Fritz." She coaxed and guided him to lay down beside her with his back to her so his chest and belly were towards the camera. She watched their image on the TV as she ran her hands the length of his body periodically pausing to rub and massage his muscles. His masculine male body was intoxicating to her. She licked her lips as her chest rose and fell with each short, shallow breath she took. Moving her fingers through the hair on his chest she could feel his strong, beating heart in the palms of her hands. She pulled him closer resting her head on his shoulder pressing her bare breasts into coarse hairs on his back.

Closing her eyes she slowly worked her right hand down his body feeling his rib cage then his



abdomen and finally coming to rest at his large hairy sheath. Her heart pounded like thunder in her ears as she gently tried to close her hand around his sheath. She could feel his firm penis hiding inside.

“Oh, baby.” She sighed as she buried her face into his neck as she started to fondle and slowly stroke his hairy sheath, feeling the hard cock inside as she gently rocked her hips into his back. “I’ve missed you. I’ve missed you so much. I want to feel you inside me again.”

Liz rubbed her nose into the back of Fritz’s neck as she held him tight and gently exhaled into his fur. She could feel his penis growing and expanding in her hand as she continued to caress him and hold him close to her. She released her grip around his sheath to lightly push his leg aside with the palm of her hand so she’d have a better view of his penis. A deep, breathy sigh escaped from her lips as she bit her tongue when she saw his glistening pink penis poking out of his furry belly. It was only a little bigger than her index finger; long, shiny, skinny and ending in a pointed tip. She marveled at the thought of how such a small cock could grow to be so big that it could fill and ultimately swell so large that it would be stuck tight inside her pussy.

Wetting her lips, she slid down his body until her face was inches away from his cock. She puckered her luscious red lips into a small sensual circle then softly blew on his penis. The hair around the end of his sheath waved in the gentle rush of air from her lips. Fritz craned his head to see what she was doing. Liz turned her head to look at him then smiled a devilish grin as she gazed into his eyes and seductively licked her lips. Did she dare taste it? What would he do if she ran her tongue over his penis? She turned back to look at his penis then leaned in and carefully licked the drop of fluid forming at the tip of his cock. She could barely taste it but the slightly salty liquid was like an aphrodisiac to her. She could feel her g-string getting wetter as a warmth washed over her and flooded her body.

Liz continued her salacious exploration of Fritz’s genitals softly rubbing and caressing his belly, sheath and finally moving down to touch his balls. She smiled as she teasingly scratched and tickled his scrotum with her glossy red nails then running her fingertips in little circles around his beautiful plum-sized balls. She loved feeling the heat they radiated as she gently cupped each one in the palm of her hand. Her loins pulsed and quivered ever so slightly as she savored the thought that the sperm now in his testicles soon would be ejaculated deep into her womb.

Bending her head to his penis again she extended the tip of her tongue to barely touch yet flick and tease his boney appendage. Fritz didn’t seem to mind the attention so she bravely decided she wanted to try sucking his cock. She formed her lips into a tight little circle as if she were about to whistle then slid her glossy red lips down the length of his still tiny shaft. It was like having a hot little Popsicle in her mouth. She curled her tongue around his penis as she bobbed her head up-and-down fucking his penis with her mouth when she suddenly felt a hot little squirt spray the back of her throat. A muffled moan sounded in her throat as she squeezed her thighs tight and felt her vagina constrict and quiver with a tiny orgasm. Not wanting to stop the blowjob she was giving Fritz, she continued softly sucking him for several minutes without swallowing letting his pre-cum ejaculate collect in a pool in her mouth.

“Ahhh” she cried as she came up for air opening her mouth while carefully keeping the saved liquid in her mouth. She swirled her tongue in the mildly acrid pool then looked directly into the camera with a devilish grin and swallowed his pre-cum, licking her luscious lips as she felt the warm fluid slide down her throat coming to rest in her belly.

Liz reached for the wine glass and sipped her wine, chasing Fritz’s pre-cum down her throat and cleansing her palette. She noticed the ice cream on the coffee table had started to melt and was now

becoming soft. She took the spoon and stirred the ice cream until it was a cold, creamy concoction the consistency of pancake batter.

“Okay, Fritz, it’s your turn to make me feel good.” Liz got up and grabbed some pillows off the couch. She laid back down on the blanket with her head and shoulders propped up on the pillows. Dipping her fingers into the cool mixture she rubbed some on her throat just above the dog collar she wore that bore his name. The cold ice cream on her skin gave her goosebumps as it melted and ran down her neck.

“Come here, Lover. Lick my body.” Fritz stood and looked curiously at her then cautiously moved closer. He tried to stick his nose in the bowl.

“Unh-uh” Liz scolded as she moved the bowl to her other side away from Fritz. “You have to lick it off my body.”

Fritz took another cautious step forward and tentatively licked at a drip of ice cream running down the side of her throat. Tasting the sweet treat he seemed to understand her new game and began licking her skin in earnest. Liz took more ice cream in her two fingers and wiped them across her collar bone. Fritz immediately licked and lapped up the sweet concoction melting on her body. Liz relished the feeling of his long, wet tongue cleaning the sticky liquid from her skin. When he finished cleaning the ice cream from her body she dipped her fingers into the bowl again and scooped up another dollop which she rubbed in circles until it covered her left breast and nipple. Fritz was now becoming an expert at her little game; he enthusiastically licked her breast and nipple over and over hungrily searching for more.

Liz was going wild from the erotic sensations. The cold ice cream on her breasts and areolas followed by Fritz’s hot, rough tongue was driving her deliciously crazy. Each time he finished licking her clean she quickly smeared more ice cream on her breasts so he’d continue tormenting and lashing her tits with his tongue. The tingles and shivers he was causing were painfully delightful.

After a while of Fritz’s oral attention, Liz’s breasts were becoming hyper-sensitive and in need of a break but her thighs were now quivering as her pussy begged for attention. Liz knew exactly where she wanted Fritz to put his tongue next. She lifted her butt and pulled the soaked g-string down her waist until it was around her thighs. Lowering her hips back down on the blanket she raised her shapely legs one at a time carefully removing the garment and exposing her neatly trimmed pussy.

Tossing the soaked g-string aside she lightly rubbed her fingertips over her swollen labia then moved up to run her fingers through her pubic mound. She toyed with her neatly trimmed pubic hair twisting the curls in circles around her finger. Liz then spread her legs slightly apart, just enough for Fritz to stand between them, while raising her knees and digging her spiked heels into the blanket. Biting her lower lip she dipped her fingers into the bowl scooping out another dollop of ice cream then rubbing the cold concoction over her pubic mound and labia.

“Ohhh...” she sighed as the cold ice cream slowly melted into creamy white streams, some forming into small pools in the little recesses on either side of her pubic mound while others trickled down along her pussy into the crevasse between her butt cheeks. She was panting in shallow quivering breaths, her chest quickly rising and falling waiting for him to lick her pussy. Liz stared at him with lust-filled eyes and watched him as he moved between her legs to get a better position to lick his treat. When he stepped between her legs her panting quickened as he lowered his head to her pussy. Liz squealed as his slobbering tongue repeatedly lashed out at her body, again and again, bathing her hips and crotch in saliva while removing the sticky treat from her skin.

When he stopped Liz quickly reached for more ice cream and smeared it over her pussy to entice him to continue ravaging her body with his tongue. As Fritz's rough slobbering tongue touched her skin, she moaned and turned her head to watch him on the big screen with his head bobbing up-and-down between her legs as his long tongue slithered in and out of his mouth. She was mesmerized watching herself squirming on the floor, her hips undulating, as he buried his head between her legs.

Fritz licked Liz for several wonderful long minutes until he had cleaned the last traces of ice cream from her body then he stood back and waited for her to do it again. Liz looked at her canine lover with burning desire as she paused to savor the euphoric tingling in her body and the sexual tension building between her and this beautiful beast. She stared at him standing between her open thighs watching him over the rhythmic rise and fall of her chest while looking deep into his eyes as she panted and tried to calm herself a bit before going further.

Her eyes never left his as her heartbeat slowly steadied and the flushed heat in her crotch and face calmed and she stepped back from the edge of a wonderful abyss. Fritz just stood obediently panting and watching her, his cock slowly shrinking and receding into his sheath. Her labia were now engorged and swollen; her hypersensitive pussy could feel his hot breath washing over her skin as he panted waiting for more.

Without saying a word, Liz spread her thighs slightly wider, never breaking eye contact with her lover, causing the lips of her labia to part exposing her pink and glistening vagina. Reaching down with her left hand she rubbed her fingers over her clit then moved her index and middle fingers down between her pussy lips to gently spread and hold them open. With her right hand, she scooped up a generous portion of ice cream from the bowl. As she moved her hand to her vagina small drops of ice cream dripped on her belly and pubic hair before she slid her fingers with the ice cream deep inside her pussy to deposit it for Fritz to retrieve.

"Ahhh..." she gasped as the cold concoction settled against the hot flesh in her vagina. She moved her hands up to hold and squeeze her breasts as she panted, watched and waited for Fritz to lick her. After the briefest of moments, she felt something trickling down over her anus and knew the ice cream was beginning to leak out of her pussy. Upon seeing the white liquid slowly leaking from between her pouty labia, Fritz moved back in to claim his treat, firmly pushing his tongue inside her pussy seeking the source of the melting liquid.

"Oh, God yes!" Liz cried out as his tongue repeatedly forced its way inside her pussy darting and curling inside her vagina as he devoured the ice cream within. Liz suddenly turned into a whimpering, convulsing mass of hot flesh on the floor as his thick, long doggy tongue wiggled and moved like a snake inside her pussy. Each time his tongue slid across her erect clit shockwaves fired throughout her body and into her bones bringing her closer and closer to the edge until she finally screamed!

"AAAAAGGGGHHH! I'm coming, I'm coming... Oh, God... I'm coming...."

Fritz stopped what he was doing and stepped back as Liz clamped her thighs together and rolled to her side curled over holding her stomach. Her abdomen was constricting and relaxing with the orgasm ravaging her body. The world disappeared as nirvana flowed in to consume and cradle her soul.

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## **Chapter Eighteen**

Liz loved the sensual smell of vanilla; the aroma of the scented candle now filled the room. Her breathing had slowed to a steady pace of short deep breaths as her body still quivered with little spasms of pleasure. Slowly opening her eyes she blinked several times to clear the haze from her vision to focus on the shifting shadows morphing on the ceiling in the soft amber light. Reality was gradually seeping back into her consciousness as her body finished reveling in the experience of Fritz's cunnilingus. She hadn't felt this wonderfully alive in such a long time, maybe ever. And she wanted more. Her body craved more. She was completely addicted to the physical pleasures her beautiful new lover gave and she desperately wanted to make him feel good in return.

Liz lazily rolled over onto her back to look up at Fritz who had been staring down at her. She smiled pensively at him as she studied his handsome face in the soft candlelight. God, he was beautiful and she was all his for the taking tonight. She knew he was just a dog but she never felt closer to another living creature than she did to him at this moment.

"Silly human female, huh baby? I'll bet your other bitches don't go wild like this when you make them feel good, do they?" She said with a nervous laugh. Sitting up she wrapped her arms around his neck and held him close to her chest, his coarse fur and warm body pressing against her sensitive nipples and full breasts.

"Do you still want to fuck me, handsome?" Liz asked in a soft little voice as she sat back and looked into his eyes.

"Hmmm? Do you want to put your hot doggy cock in my tight little pussy? Huh?" She studied his face wondering if he understood what she was saying. Liz sighed with a submissive pleading look, "I want you so bad. I don't think you understand how much I want you. Do you want me too? Hmmm? I need to feel that amazing cock of yours cumming inside me again. I want to make you feel good too, lover. You seemed to like fucking me yesterday. Do you want to do it again? Hmm? How about it, baby? Do you want to fuck me now?"

Liz bit the right side of her lower lip, her pearly white teeth sensually deforming her ruby red lip as she stared deep into his dark eyes. Breaking her gaze she slowly rose up to stand before her lover. Fritz leaned in and stuck his muzzle in her crotch to smell her swollen and excited pussy. He may not have understood her words but he did understand the physical signs of an aroused female ready and willing to be bred. He couldn't tell her but his mind was filled with an overwhelming desire to fuck her. He could feel the mild, euphoric tingling sensation of his scrotum beginning to constrict as his penis began to swell with desire in anticipation of breeding this horny bitch.

"Ahh!" Liz lightly squealed but forced herself to remain still as his cold, wet nose pressed against her clit and he took a good whiff of her sex before she eased her crotch away from his nose.

"Yes, baby, my pussy is going to be all yours tonight just give me one more minute to prepare myself for you, lover..." Liz felt a little guilty pulling away from him yet again but this time it was necessary. She moved past Fritz to push the large ottoman to the center of the room. Fritz stood back and watched her move about the room, panting and wagging his tail as he sensed something good was about to happen. Liz kept looking over her shoulder at the television as she positioned the ottoman, making sure she would be able to watch Fritz on the big screen as he fucked her.

Once she was satisfied with the location of her soon to be breeding bed she picked up the beach towel and spread it over the ottoman. Bending at the waist her supple breasts hung down with a ripe, full beautifully as they gently swayed with the movement of her body. After seeing the large puddle of cum on the bedroom carpet yesterday she didn't want to have to explain any large cum stains on the ottoman to Steve. With the towel in place, Liz stood up straight and took a deep

cleansing breath, her hard, erect nipples standing out before her on her full, pillowy breasts. She then turned on her heels and gave Fritz a sultry look only the daughter of the devil could give before gracefully lowering herself down to sit with her butt on the edge on the ottoman. Turning her head to look at herself on the television she gave herself an approving smirk then looked back over her shoulder at Fritz with a seductive gleam in her eyes.

“Come here, baby. I’m ready for you, lover. My body is now all yours to use. Breed me like one of your nasty bitches...” Liz said with a smile. She spread her legs open and patted her pubic mound, inviting her lover in to take her sex. Liz tipped her head back slightly, letting her hair flow over her back, and started to breathe in short, quick, nervous breaths as Fritz cautiously moved towards her. When he came up between her thighs she leaned her head forward, looking into his eyes, and reached out to hold his head in her hands. She caressed and stroked his ears with her fingers then leaned farther forward to nuzzle his head, her breasts gently swaying on either side of his snout as his whiskers tickled her nipples. Sitting up she patted her stomach trying to coax him to climb on top of her.

“Come here, Fritz. Up. Up, baby!” She placed her hands on his shoulders then gently guided him to rise up and stand with his front legs on either side of her hips. Fritz awkwardly lifted himself to stand with his front paws on the ottoman and his upper body pressed against hers, his head resting on her right shoulder. Liz hugged him then slowly lowered her torso back to lie flat on the ottoman while simultaneously pulling him with her until he stood over her shaking and quivering body. Fritz’s front legs were now on either side of her heaving breasts; his hips and the tip of his cock mere inches from her wet, waiting vagina. She could feel his thick, hairy sheath gently swaying in the tiny space between her thighs next to her swollen vulva. She swallowed hard as she gazed up at him with a look of fear and lust before starting a shallow panting like a bitch in heat. She could feel herself getting wetter as her body instinctively prepared for him to penetrate her. She held his shoulders in her arms, keeping her gaze fixed on his face, as she spread her thighs wider causing her labia to part as she offered herself to him, waiting for him to make the next move.

Fritz didn’t know what to do. He had never fucked a bitch this way before so he just looked down at her nervous and uncertain what to do.

“Come on, baby. Fuck me... Please fuck me...” Liz whimpered in a tiny voice as she pleaded with him to take her. She began grunting and rocking her hips up to rub against his furry belly in frustrated desperation trying to entice him to fuck her. As the excruciatingly long, awkward seconds passed she became increasingly exasperated and was aching to have him ram his cock into her pussy.

Unable to wait for him any longer, Liz moved her left arm up over his body placing her hand firmly between his shoulder blades while lowering her right hand down to slide between their bodies eagerly seeking his hard cock. Liz’s steel-eyed, empty gaze was locked on Fritz as the palm of her hand traveled down the length of his warm, furry belly until her fingers found his sheath; the pointed tip of his cock was barely poking out of the end. She wrapped her fingers gently around the sheath; her thighs quivering a bit as she felt his hard, firm cock inside its protective home.

“Ohhhh...” she sighed. “Don’t you want to fuck me, baby?” She cooed in a tiny breathless voice as she gently rocked her hips up-and-down, rocking her pussy just inches from his sheathed cock. Looking up at him she stuck out her pretty bottom lip and pouted. “Aren’t you interested in fucking Lizzie’s pussy?”

Liz began stroking his cock with short, rapid, little movements. She could feel his hot, hairy ball sack start swinging between his legs to brush against her inner thigh as she pulled and pushed his sheath. She loved the sensation of his furry sleeve in her hand as it slid over his firm penis. She

could even feel a small round ball hidden at the base of his cock as it began to swell in her hand encouraging her to quicken the pace of her fondling. Liz got a nasty smirk on her face and let out a nervously little victory giggle as she realized her stimulating touch was having the desired effect on him as his cock expanded in her hand.

“You like that, baby? Does that feel good?” She said as she stared up at him with lust-filled eyes.

His hard, boney penis continued to swell in her hand until the slick, pointed tip once again began extending out of his hairy sheath. Soon, hot little jets of pre-cum started squirting out of the tip onto her pussy and inner thighs. Drips ran down her skin to a low point near her butt where they collected together in a little stream running down her skin to the towel. Liz tried aiming his spritzing cock at her gaping pussy but Fritz had started jerking his hips in search of the entrance to her moist cunt but was being restricted in his quest by the grip she had on his cock. Since Fritz now understood what she needed Liz released his cock so he could fuck her.

“Oh, God, yes, baby, that’s it! Ahh... Ahh... Yes!” she cried as Fritz began an awkward, jerky thrusting of his pelvis which quickly turned into a wild flailing of his extending cock in search of her moist and eager vagina. In the next frantic heartbeats of the two lovers his hard, boney appendage repeatedly stabbed at her crotch but failed to find the opening in her vulva leading to her vagina. A firm, lust-filled thrust of his cock poked her pussy on the left side then slid up between their bodies with the tip of his penis gliding through her furry little pubic patch while squirting hot pre-cum fluid over her stomach. Feeling his hot, slick cock on her soft belly as it sprayed warm pre-cum drove her insane.

“Ohhh, God, yes! Yes!! That’s it, baby. Fuck me! Put your hot cock in me. Use my pussy...” She panted and screamed as she stared up at him while rocking her hips in a desperate effort to capture his cock in her cunt.

“Ahh!... Ahh! That’s it! Come on, baby, give it to me... Ahh!” Liz cried out as Fritz frantically sought to bury his cock in her. His wild pelvic thrusts poked and stabbed at her pussy but failed to find the mark. Several times the pointed tip of his penis slipped inside barely penetrating her only to be instantly removed in the confusion and frenzy of his wild thrusting. He was driving her crazy with desire as he unintentionally teased and tormented her pussy. She had to have him. She had to have him filling her cunt and spraying his hot seed in her womb. She was an addict possessed with an overwhelming physical craving to have his cock inside her.

Liz kicked off her shoes then sliding her hands down his lurching body she raised her legs around his body. She reached out to grab her thighs just below the backs of her knees. Grasping her legs firmly in each hand she pulled her legs back and further apart tilting her hips and raising her vagina toward his cock. She was now completely vulnerable and totally spread open for him to penetrate her body. She was offering her gaping, wet pussy to his hot, stiff male appendage. Liz was practically catatonic as she lay there staring up at him as he hovered over her hunching and jerking his squirting penis at her. She was panting to the point of hyperventilating with frustrated sexual desire, waiting for his cock to enter her. Her pussy was on fire, aching to have his cock fill and fuck her. She clenched her butt cheeks which tilted her hips up slightly more and brought her vagina even closer to his throbbing male probe when he suddenly thrust his hard cock hard into her wet cunt and she felt his hot poker slip deep inside her cunt.

“OOHH! Oh, GOD, YES! Fuck me, baby, fuck me!” she screamed as Fritz instinctively did what came naturally to him. His hips were a blur of motion as he rapidly and savagely penetrated this horny bitch over and over with his hot, swelling cock. His hairy ball sack was spanking her anus as his large, full testicles swung obscenely between his legs. His hind legs kept coming up off the floor as if

he was trying to climb inside her. He was now consumed with a raging desire to push his cock ever deeper into her body as his knot expanded and swelled with each salacious stroke. Liz's pussy was now so wet from their mutual sexual secretions that their carnal union made a loud, sloppy, slurping sound as they fucked each other with wild abandon. Fritz ravaged her pussy, again and again, waiting for his swelling knot to become stuck inside this bitch to be followed by the rapture of her vagina closing firmly around him tying them together and triggering the ejaculation his simple brain craved.

Liz grunted and moaned like an animal as he forcefully rammed his cock in and out of her pussy. Her chest and head lightly rocked back against the ottoman with each powerful thrust of his muscular body. Liz clenched her teeth then tightened her grip on her legs as she held herself open for Fritz as he slammed his hips against her and penetrated and stretched her pussy in ways she never experienced before. As impossible as it seemed his cock felt larger and was probing deeper into her than when he fucked her yesterday. She could feel his fat cock swelling and pushing her womb up into her stomach. At times he was so brutal in his assault on her pussy that he made her wince in pain but it was quickly replaced with a pleasant, warm tingling sensation as her vagina stretched and molded around his growing hot cock. Staring up at her canine lover with a dazed look of lustful passion Liz caught a glimpse of the erotically perverse scene displayed on the television screen in the corner of her eye. She turned her head to look at the television screen to see a huge dog anxiously fucking a beautiful woman. The perverse yet erotic image of this powerful canine male coupling with a woman for his sexual gratification excited her immensely. She was mesmerized by the thought of their unnatural inter-species union somehow worked so perfectly, so beautifully. How could this be wrong when it felt so good...

"Ugh, ugh, ugh... Oh, oh... Oh, my God! AAAGGHHH!!" The sight of Fritz fucking her while feeling him inside her was soooo hot! It was driving her wild. She could feel her orgasm building...

Liz released her grip on her legs and wrapped them around her lover's back, locking her ankles together over his gyrating hips. She ran her hands over his back grabbing fists full of his fur as she pulled him closer and rocked her hips up to meet his thrusts, feeling his cock push ever deeper into her body. She panted in short, quick breaths between clenched teeth as her body shook with a beautiful toe-curling orgasm. Her vagina gushed and constricted around his penis further stimulating her lover and causing his knot to suddenly swell larger. His cock was now huge as he drove the tennis ball-sized knot inside her cunt. With one last forceful thrust, she felt her pussy being stretched wide then closing tight around him. Fritz tried pulling out but was now captured tight inside her vagina. He continued several small futile thrusts tugging and twisting his cock inside her as her vagina wrapped around his throbbing penis. This was the same wonderful fullness in her belly she'd experienced yesterday and she knew they were once again tied.

"AAHHHHH!!" Liz cried out as a second orgasm, more intense than the last, raked her body. She held Fritz close feeling his firm body next to her, his heart pounding in his chest, as she curled her toes while her body shook and quivered with orgasmic pleasure.

Her head was spinning. Everything was suddenly moving in slow motion. Her body was in a hypersensitive state she'd never felt before. As the lips of her labia closed around his knot she could feel the lewd bulb continue to swell and expand inside her vagina putting pressure on her bladder and G-spot. The tip of his cock was firmly lodged deep inside her vagina and pushing against her cervix. His cock was huge and a bit uncomfortable as it shoved her uterus up against her stomach yet it felt so good to be filled so completely. The pressure of her vagina constricting around his knot immediately triggered Fritz's instinctive physical response to release his sperm into this bitch. Liz stared up at Fritz wide-eyed as he closed his eyes and his body became rigid above her. She sensed the same familiar twitch in his cock common to all males just before they came.

“Oh, God, this is it! He’s going to cum...” she thought with frantic perception.

Liz rapidly clenched her butt cheeks with short, quick little movements that pressed her pussy up against his belly; the coarse short hairs around his sheath jabbing her labia as his penis continued to swell and pulse inside her cunt. Her body stiffened as she held her breath, her face frozen in an expression of a silent scream. In less than a heartbeat, he would be ejaculating his seed deep in her womb. The thought of it both terrified and excited her. Her face was hot and flushed; her nipples ached, and her body trembled with anticipation. Then it happened...

“OHH! OH, MY GOD! AHHH!” Liz cried out as she felt the first hot jets of his cum squirting deep inside her pussy. Her mind raced with images of his fat, red cock shooting nasty doggy seed directly into her womb. She clamped her legs firmly around Fritz’s waist holding him tighter against her body as they remained locked together each consumed in their own physical pleasure.

“Yes! Yes! That’s it, baby... Cum in me... Cum in my pussy...” She begged. “Ugh, ugh, ugh... Give me your cum... Ugh, ugh... That’s it, give it to me... Ugh, ugh... Use me, use my cunt...” she breathlessly begged as she continued to rock her hips as he ejaculated inside her.

Liz felt his cock repeatedly twitch and move inside her followed by the wonderful warmth of his sperm squirting in her belly. Her head was spinning as she slowly came down from the euphoric high of their union. She unlocked her ankles from around his back and lowered her stocking feet to the floor, as her frenzied convulsions slowed to a gentle rocking of her hips, feeling his swollen knot firmly locked in her pussy. His hairy scrotum and balls were nestled in the little crevasse below her pussy resting against her anus where they pulsed like a tiny beating heart as he kept spewing semen into her womb. His cock was huge and a bit uncomfortable but it felt so good to be so full of his hot cock and sperm.

Once he was tied to her there was little for her to do but lay there and let him use her until he was done cumming in her. It was so strange to just lie there impaled on his cock as he continued to ejaculate hot semen into her womb. A wild rollercoaster ride of physical sensations, mostly euphoric but mixed with a little pain.

Gazing up at Fritz she watched him through half-opened eyes as she caught her breath, her breathing slowing down to a steady rhythmic pace of deep measured breaths as if she just finished running a marathon. Fritz just stood stoic and unmoving over her perspiring body as he continued to spray his cum in her. She wondered what he was thinking if he thought anything at all about fucking her. Did he like her pussy? Did she make him feel good? He seemed so distant and unaffected while she was a physical and emotional wreck as they remained tied together in their conjoined sexual union.

After several more long minutes, Fritz shifted his weight and tried stepping back from her causing his knot to put more pressure on her bladder; the pain she felt confirmed he was still too big to slide out.

“Ahhh, no, no, no! Stay, Fritz! Ugh, ugh... Stay! You’re still too big, baby...” Liz cried as she grabbed his shoulders to hold him in place. She tried to relax but she could tell he was still cumming in her. The frequency of his ejaculations had slowed but his cock still periodically twitched in her followed by little warm sensations in her belly.

Fritz looked down at her then nervously looked around the room. She could tell he was done with her and just wanted to get down. She held him still in her arms as he licked his chops and started panting. The fog of lust had now lifted from her mind as Fritz was finishing his breeding of her. The



smell of his warm dog breath, his coarse fur on her breasts, crotch, and thighs, his hot penis and knot stuck in her vagina and the warm, glowing sensation of his sperm in her womb cemented the reality of what she'd just done in her mind. She turned to look at the television to see herself sexually conjoined with a dog. While her carnal craving for a dog's cock disturbed her on some level she didn't care. It's what she wanted and she had no regrets...

"Ahhhhh!" Fritz was pulling back again but this time it was different. The pain wasn't as bad and she could feel her pussy stretching around his knot. She bore down and squeezed her abdomen to help him expel his cock from her body.

"Ahhhhh!" she cried again and with one final push, she helped his cock pop out of her cunt followed by an embarrassing queef and a gush of semen. Her body went limp as a rag doll on the ottoman as Fritz stepped down and moved away. Even though she felt too weak to move she forced herself to lift her head to look at him, she wanted to see his cock. She let out a feeble, quivering sigh at the sight of his huge cock with the large knot as it bobbed beneath his belly. The thought of that beautiful cock having just fucked her made her face flush with uneasy excitement. She was physically spent but if he were to try mounting her again she'd willingly let him fuck her again. While it did feel good to have that monster out of her and the pressure from having such a big cock in her pussy to be gone there was also a sad emptiness inside her and a desire to be filled again.

Liz lay on the ottoman with her eyes closed recovering from her sexual tryst with Fritz. A warm trickle seeped from her swollen labia down her anus and pooled in the towel under her butt. She softly ran the tips of her fingers over her pussy as she reflected on how good his cock felt as he was squirting his seed in her. She fell asleep savoring the feel of his warm sperm inside her pussy.

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## **Chapter Nineteen**

Liz awoke to a mostly dark room; all the candles had burned out except for one dim, flickering flame giving off a faint amber glow. Her mind was woozy and in a state of disoriented confusion as she wondered what time it was. She knew it must be late but the house was still hot and muggy; the humidity made her skin moist and sticky. She mindlessly ran her hands down her body to caress her stomach, crotch, and thighs. Running her fingers through her matted pubic hair she could feel the dried and crusty remnants of Fritz's pre-cum that had sprayed copiously on her naked flesh as his penis frantically searched for her vagina. She wasn't sore but her pussy certainly felt like she'd been fucked hard and abused by a very large cock. A somber emptiness in the pit of her stomach filled her with a sense of loss, a sense of something missing. Gently she touched her clitoris with the fingertips of her right hand sending a delicious shiver through her body. She slowly slid her middle finger down, parting her labia and inserting the tip of her finger.

"Ohhhhhh..." An almost silent sigh escaped from her lips. Her fingertip rested in a pool of dog semen that remained trapped in her vagina. The thought of his sperm in her body satisfied some deep, dark primeval feminine desire to be bred by a virile male.

Liz turned her head to look at the television and saw her shadowy body barely visible in the dim light but clearly splayed across the ottoman. She looked and felt like a high price prostitute that had been ravaged and left by her client once he'd finished using her body.

The corset had become uncomfortable so she slowly lifted herself to sit upright on the ottoman and pulled the zipper down until it released her body from the confines of the sexy torso restraint. Her body was weak and tired from her physical sexual exertion with Fritz. Throwing the corset on the

floor she took a deep breath and groggily looked around the room as she peeled her nylons off one leg then the other.

Liz wrapped her arms across her bare chest and held herself tight while shrugging her shoulders and stretching her neck. She was naked save for the leather collar around her neck. She blinked several times before staring into the darkness to focus on the shadowy figure sitting patiently at the sliding door in the kitchen. As her eyes adjusted to the dim light she realized it was Fritz, he obviously wanted to go outside. Liz reached for her robe on the couch and slid it over her shoulders. The soft, silky material felt deliciously cool on her skin. She closed the robe around her body and tied the sash tight around her waist.

"I'm coming, baby. Just give me a second..."

As she approached the sliding glass door she reached over to turn on the light. Fritz craned his neck to watch her as she moved behind him. He softly whined and wagged his tail signaling his need to go out.

"Yes, lover, I'm here. I'll let you out." She unlatched the door then slid back the glass door and the screen. Fritz bolted out the door and disappeared into the inky black darkness of the back yard. There was no moon out so the night seemed impenetrable as she watched him slip into the shadows of the backyard.

Liz leaned against the door jamb as she waited for Fritz to finish his business. She felt good. She was tired, sweaty, a little gamy and in need of a nice hot shower but she felt content. She smiled as she relived the feeling of being filled with his cock. As crazy as it seemed, she yearned to be filled by him again.

Liz played mindlessly with the dog tags on the collar around her neck as she gazed into the darkness. Her time alone with Fritz was almost over. Steve would be back tomorrow and John and Donna would be back on either Saturday or Sunday. She was going to have to give Fritz back his collar and take him back to his house. She would probably never be able to enjoy his magnificent cock again. Her secret sexual decadence would be just a memory. The thought made her a little sad since it signaled the end. The end of something she didn't want to let go.

Liz continued to play with the dog tags as she started to wonder where Fritz had gone. Where was he? She was starting to get a little impatient, she needed to pee too after all. When she squeezed her thighs together the pressure on her bladder and sensitive vulva sent shivers through her body.

Just as she was about to call out to Fritz she looked down to see his leash on the counter. The leather strap mesmerized her as she continued to fondle the collar around her neck. Without thinking she turned out the light and let the darkness flow around her. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she unfastened her robe letting it fall to the floor around her feet. Picking up the leather coil she held the metal clasp in her hand as the length of the leash fell straight then bounced against her naked body. Reaching up she fastened the clasp on the D-ring of the collar. The leash hung from her neck running down her body, between her breasts, across her belly to dangle between her legs. To the rest of the world she was a woman and tomorrow that's who she'd be again but tonight she was Fritz's bitch and she was going to finish the night being his bitch.

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## **Chapter Twenty**

Liz stepped through the doorway into the dark night silently gliding over the patio then slipping her

toes into the cool grass of the back yard. She paused at the edge of the patio and nervously looked around the yard. She was standing outside literally naked to the world with a collar around her neck and the leash dangling down her body. The sound of her beating heart pounded in her ears. She was terrified yet excited, her face was warm and flush and her nipples were firm and erect in the cool night air. As she drank in the sights and sounds around her she took comfort in seeing the neighborhood was completely still with the exception of the sound of crickets and other distant creatures of the night. She studied the nearby houses to make sure they were dark and void of prying eyes. Scanning the yard she looked for Fritz but couldn't see him, she thought he must have gone into the trees or bushes at the back of the yard.

Lowering her body down onto her knees she leaned forward to place the palms of her hands in the grass and position herself on all fours, her beautiful breasts rolling forward to hang plump and full between her arms. She took several seductive "steps" into the yard as a four-legged creature, her hips undulating as her hands and knees skimmed over the surface of the grass. The leather leash fastened to her neck trailed beneath her and brushed against her breasts as they gently swayed with the rolling motion of her body.

She desperately needed to pee. Spreading her knees apart she lowered her hips until her pussy was just inches above the grass. She raised her head and curved her back allowing her hair to flow over her neck and shoulders. Her breasts cradled the dog leash in a gentle embrace as it ran from the ground up to the collar around her neck. Partially closing her eyes she relaxed and sighed as she let the warm golden liquid escape from her bladder. It felt so kinky being outside, totally naked and peeing in the grass like a female dog. She felt a little river of warmth running along her right calf as she continued to relieve herself. She never thought peeing could be so voluptuous.

As the warm stream between her legs slowed then came to a stop little drips collected on her labia then fell to the ground until a single last droplet clung to her body. As Liz savored her relief from the mild discomfort of her bladder she saw Fritz materializing in the darkness before her. Something seemed different about him; he strolled toward her with a stealthy, confident, yet commanding stride. He gazed inquisitively at her, lowering his head and smelling the air around her as he approached never taking his eyes off his prey. Liz froze and held her proud female animal pose as he slowly circled around her left side to come up behind her then moved his head between her legs. He sniffed at her urine puddle in the grass then brought his snout up to smell her wet pussy. He smelled her urine, her female sexual secretions and the remnants of his own semen.

A mild sense of fear suddenly sent a chill racing through her body. She'd never seen Fritz act like this before and was becoming a bit afraid of him. She didn't think he'd hurt her after all they'd shared but he was still an unpredictable animal at heart. He may be domesticated but his instincts were all alpha male.

Liz held her breath and remained rigidly locked in her erotic animal stance as she felt Fritz's tongue lightly lap at the little drip of pee dangling from her pussy. Her fear combined with the sensation of his hot, rough tongue on her exposed vulva excited her. He lightly lapped her pussy and pubic mound as he cleaned the pee from her cunt before moving on to force his way between her labia to taste his sperm in her vagina. Liz's arms trembled as she tried to keep still while biting her lower lip to stifle her moans. Her breasts rose and fell in short, quick staccato pulses as she inhaled the cool night air through her nose desperately trying not to make any noise that might alert someone to come investigate what was happening.

Once again she was a slave to her perverted desires as her body betrayed her yearning for him. His magical tongue teased and tormented her with a euphoric pleasure unknown to her before this week. Liz began whimpering deep in her throat as she rocked her butt at him with a subtle

oscillating jabbing movement with her hips quietly trying to persuade him to mount her as his tongue probed deeper and deeper into her swollen cunt. Her pussy was on fire and she wanted him to put his throbbing hose deep in her cunt to douse the flame. She wanted his cock in her again. She needed his cock in her.

Her mind screamed in silent agony as he tormented and teased her body. She wondered what she had to do to get him to mount her. Her pussy throbbed with desire so she knew her vulva and labia had to be plump, ripe, and wet indicating she was ready for him to breed her. But she also seemed to understand she was now in his world and he was the master of his domain and as her master, he'd have her when he was ready.

Just when she thought she couldn't stand any further abuse she felt him stop his cunnilingus followed by the weight of his body on her back. This was different than when he'd mounted her the other day in her bedroom. He was swift, powerful, and commanding. The grip of his paws around her waist was far stronger; his claws scratched her sides as he aggressively pulled her towards his cock with determined, confident strength. Liz quickly dropped down on her elbows, arching her back and raising her butt. She felt his hard, boney penis rapidly poking her butt and thighs while squirting hot jets of pre-cum. A mask with an expression of fear mixed with lust covered her face as she clenched her jaws and took short, quick gasps of air through her nose.

In his savage assault to find her vagina, Fritz poked his rod into her ass. Liz wanted to cry out but clenched her teeth and pursed her lips to stifle her cries. She arched her back like a cat and was relieved to feel him slip out of her butt leaving a trail of pre-cum fluid leaking out of her tiny clenched sphincter. Undeterred and unsatisfied she quickly arched her butt up against his furry belly and felt his penis poking at her vulva.

"God damn you!" her mind screamed. "Put that thing in my cunt! Please fuck me!" Yet the only noise she made was the hushed whimpers of a sexually frustrated female begging to be penetrated. Then, as if in answer to her pleas, she felt his hot, slick presence sink into her vagina filling and stretching her once again.

"Oh, God, yes!!!" she wanted to scream but settled for a deep groan in her throat. Her toes curled as her body shuddered with an orgasm. A tear slowly ran down her cheek as Fritz enthusiastically asserted his will over her body and began savagely fucking her. Liz savored the now familiar frenzied mating dance with Fritz as he forced his swelling cock deeper and deeper into her pussy until his cock was fully erect with his swollen knot securely sealed inside her. Liz desperately wanted to cry out as his penis throbbed with hot loads of cum spraying into her womb but was forced to suppress her feelings. Tears filled her eyes as a cauldron of emotions and sensations violently boiled inside her begging to be released. Liz dropped her shoulders to the ground, her face and breasts caressed by the soft, cool grass. Her body shook and quivered uncontrollably as she struggled to remain quiet in her rapture. She reached back and quickly grabbed Fritz's hind legs above his knees pulling his hairy loins against her butt and holding him tight against her body. The firm, sinewy muscles of his legs flexed and constricted in her hands in unison with the hot sperm she felt ejaculating from his twitching cock.

Another orgasm made her whimper and suppress a muffled cry as his cock swelled and sprayed his seed in her. She could feel her body holding him tight inside her as he continued to pulse his seed into her womb. She sensed his knot was still expanding in her because the pressure on her bladder was becoming ever more uncomfortable to the point she felt the need to pee again.

Liz kept a firm grip on Fritz as she savored the delicious sensations of his cock as he continued to jerk and spew sperm into her womb. She concentrated on how he felt inside her, wanting to forever

keep the memory this moment. She tried turning her head to look up at him but was only able to move enough to get a glimpse of him from the corner of her eye. She thought he looked beautiful as he stood majestically over her, his body taut and rigid, his head and neck stretched forward as he occasionally blinked his eyes. He seemed to be concentrating on his task at hand which she sensed was to ensure the successful breeding of his bitch.

Liz released her grip and let her hands fall beside her knees exhausted from the physical roller coaster ride of being fucked by Fritz. She was now satiated and wished Fritz would just finish with her and get off her back but knew he would be locked inside her for awhile as his knot was too big to be pulled out. She could feel his cock still twitching in her followed by small squirts of warm cum. Fritz released his grip on her waist then twisted his body to turn and get off her back but their genitals were still fused in coitus so he slid his leg over her back until they were butt to butt, his knot pulling against her vagina from within as his bushy tail lay across her back.

Suddenly, shocks of pain crashed Liz's euphoric bliss as Fritz's knot tugged against her vagina. She gasped then quickly rose up on her hands to backpedal in an effort to keep her butt as close to Fritz while quietly wincing in agony. His damn cock hurt when he tried to pull out too soon. Pleasure and pain, Fritz delivered both but the pleasure far exceeded the pain. Liz reached between her legs to gently rub and massage her vulva. Her fingers felt the skin of her labia stretched tight over the surface of the large ball trying to escape from her body.

Fritz moved again, pulling her several steps backward across the yard. She panted through clenched teeth as she awkwardly waddled behind him. The pain wasn't too bad now, his knot must be shrinking, she thought. This was humiliating, being stuck together at their genitals as he dragged her across the yard. Liz bore down hard trying to expel his cock. Fritz pulled forward again. She felt her pussy being pulled and stretched followed by a sudden emptiness and an embarrassing wet, sloppy queef followed by a torrent of warm semen being ejected from her cunt. She fell forward coming to rest face down in the grass. Remnants of his semen ran out of her closing labia in little streams to a pool forming under her crotch.

Liz let out a sigh and shuttered as she lay in the grass limp and wasted. My God, what a night, she thought. She laid there weak and drained yet glowing with a tingling warmth that radiated from every fiber of her body wondering what she was going to do now. She'd released an evil, seductive genie from the bottle. Her emotions started getting the best of her as her eyes began to well up with tears. Slowly she rolled onto her back and blankly stared out into the vast emptiness of the starry night sky.

*The End...?*