

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It all began one cloudy chilly afternoon, when my neighbor pulled up into her drive way as I worked in my front yard. Megan was an attractive twenty-something who lived across the street with her husband, Ryan and their dog Clyde. They had only just moved into the small rental home a couple months earlier and had been married for just over a year. I introduced myself and helped her husband off load some heavy items. And beyond that day, we had maybe only shared a few brief and casual conversations, beyond a wave and a "hello", now and again across the way.

Megan was pretty, with a kind face and easy smile. Her long light brown hair was often tied into a ponytail, when it wasn't cascading past her shoulders. And from across the street she looked very average, often dressed in her scrubs. I wasn't sure if she was nurse or some other type of medical assistant. But up close, her green eyes were a beautiful contrast to her brown hair and her dark brown eye brows really complimented her face and eyes perfectly. Her fair skin, looked smooth and flawless. Her lips were almost heart shaped when she wasn't smiling and had a natural redness to them that made them stand out, needing no help from any type of lipstick. She, was about 5'6 I'd wager, and had a slim, naturally fit build, with a nice bottom.

I was too busy with my task of pulling weeds from the front of my home to do anything but steal a glance her way now and again. Megan was off loading some groceries as her large Pit Bull Mastiff mix, Clyde, harassed her. I might have offered to help, as she struggled with the fence and an arm full of groceries, but I was determined to finish with my weeds as quickly as possible and it was amusing seeing the petite brunette struggle. Not to mention, Clyde who was normally friendly, could sometimes be overly protective of Megan. He was a BIG dog, he came up to my waist, and I was 6 foot tall. I'd likely have caused more of a fuss, than my help was worth.

Megan was the type of girl who was cute no matter what she was doing. And it was always a little funny with her and Clyde, as he often knocked her to the ground. He was a large muscular dog, almost cartoonishly muscular, with a light grey fur that did nothing to hide the definition in his thick build and she seemed small next to him, as petite as she was. He really loved Megan though, and always seemed to want her attention and to play when she was alone with him in their fenced yard. Even though he knocked her around, he seemed to be holding back.

Everything seemed so normal until I noticed Megan's face was red, and she seemed nervous and embarrassed. I might have missed this detail, but I happened to look over at the right moment. For some reason, I was intrigued. Megan seemed aware of my presence, and looked around her towards the other houses. We lived in a small subdivision. The streets weren't paved, the houses were spread further apart and some of us had bigger yards than most other neighborhoods of this type, but you could sometimes see what your neighbors were doing in their yards if you looked down the street. However, on this day, I was the only one outside and of course I was the closest to them by far. 'What is she embarrassed for?!' I wondered as I tried to hide the fact I was watching. I had no idea how much I was succeeded in that my interest had been piqued and I was staring with a curious intent.

Megan made her last trip, "Clyde no..stop..just wait", I heard her, trying to quietly grunt at Clyde. The large dog was jumping, pushing and nearly knocking his young mistress over. I turned my head away and tried to look busy as I saw Megan's glance hurriedly turn towards me. I just as quickly turned back, and that's when I saw a red tip poking out of Clyde's sheath, his snout pushing into Megan's bottom. He was drooling and panting with excitement. It was then, that I realized just why my young neighbor was embarrassed. In that moment I remembered Ryan telling me, "Clyde was intact..he can be aggressive....sometimes." I hadn't been interested at the time, but the thought triggered an excitement inside of me now as the large canine was all over the girl next door.

I could see wet spots on the ass of Megan's light blue scrubs, from Clyde's wet nose and the drool from his snout. I was staring openly now as the large Pit Bull seemed to physically dominating this young woman. As she stepped inside, her enthusiastic dog made her stumble to the ground, she turned and bounced on her bottom. I saw Clyde lunge forward, licking her face, as she kicked the door closed and fell back, letting out a little muffled squeal. "Mmmrm Clyd-", and the door slammed shut.

I was staring at a closed door as my member was throbbing in my pants. My mind replaying the events I had just witnessed. Small details began to burn into my consciousness. The large outline of the muscular beast, his large swinging balls as he pressed forward, his tongue lashing out at Megan's soft cheek and lips. The way his snout pushed at her mouth as fell back. Then the closed door. My mind raced with what could be happening behind that door as i knelt there and stared as if I were in a trance.

'Why is this so...exciting?!' I wondered to myself. I hadn't seen anything odd. Dogs, did those things. They jumped, they got erections. 'If he wanted her...could she stop him?! Megan seemed to be embarrassed that i could see..not at what her dog was doing.' I knew none of this should excite me, but it did. It was crazy of me to imagine there was anything sexual going on behind that closed door, but i couldn't stop thinking about it. And, i knew if i didn't go over there and look, it would haunt me forever.

Suddenly I was on my feet and making my way into neighbor's yard. I hopped the fence and went to the side of the house to the first window, not far from the front door Megan had kicked closed just a minute or two ago. I could hear noises of a struggle as I approached the window, but my mind refused to recognize them until i looked inside. My mouth dropped open and my eyes became saucers as i took in the unbelievable sight of a young beautiful woman on her hands and knees, her head thrown back, her mouth hanging open as she moaned in pleasure and surprise. Clyde was draped over her back, thrusting into her at a faster speed than any man could hope to match. The large dog's eyes were narrowed and glassy as he bucked wildly into Megan. I could hear his groans and growls of pleasure mixed in with the girl's own lewd throaty moans. "Uhh gahhhd", was the only thing close to words that came out of her mouth. They were faced away from the door and practically directly towards me, but neither noticed or cared. Clyde's forelegs were tightly gripping Megan's hips, her pants and panties had been pushed down to her knees. "OH FUCK!" I heard Megan cry out, suddenly falling forward, though she managed to keep her ass up in the air as the large Pit Bull held onto her hips.

Her head was turned to the side, as Clyde hovered over her, frozen, save for his heavy panting. His mouth open wide appearing to wear a large grin as his long thick tongue lolled out to one side. Megan's loud moans came with every breath. "Uhhh..fuhhh-k..." She sounded relieved and satisfied. Clyde's legs dropped down, he didn't move, but leaned down to lick at Megan's cheek, she turned and the two shared a lewd and deep kiss. I couldn't believe what i was seeing and i couldn't pull my eyes away. The two stayed there in that position for what was maybe another minute or two, as they stirred, i moved away and scurried back to my house.

I stood in my home, replaying the events that had just played out. I had never seen anything like it and had never really imagined a woman letting her dog do that. My mind could barely grasp it. But, i knew I had seen something profound. And, I wanted MORE.

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After the day's event, I faced a restless night. I had gotten out of bed and gotten on my laptop, I started to look up everything I could on bestiality. I found porn easy enough, but none of it equaled

what I had seen hours ago. Most of the movies, the women involved weren't half as passionate as Megan had been in the breezeway with Clyde. I read a few stories, and while nothing truly satisfied my new thirst for knowledge, I saw enough that my thoughts quieted enough for me to finally find sleep.

The next day, work went slow. My thoughts were still on Megan and Clyde. I thought the day would never end. I knew Megan got home about the same time I did, and I wondered if I would get another show. When the day ended I rushed home. I usually arrived home a little earlier than Megan, so once inside I moved to my window to watch and wait for her return. Clyde wasn't out in the yard. And the impulse to say 'hello', to Megan hit me. When her little red car pulled into the drive way, I casually walked outside. "Hey there neighbor.." I shouted across the street and waved.

The slight brunette turned towards me, blushing and waved back hesitantly. She looked nervous, embarrassed even and hurried inside, letting Clyde out into the yard. It finally hit me, 'She saw me.', I thought to myself. 'How could I be so stupid?! Of course she saw me!!' My face turned red and I retreated into my house feeling like a child who had been caught doing something wrong. My mind raced in a panic, as I remembered I hadn't exactly been subtle when I ran across the street to peek into my neighbor's window. Not only had Megan seen me, but any of my neighbors might have seen me. My mind found calm once I realized, 'She must be terrified...of what I could do.' I sympathized with her and worried what she must think.

I heard Clyde barking at the door and moved to my window to glance over, after a few more barks, the young brunette opened her door and quickly let the large Pit Bull inside. Immediately my imagination ran wild, my heart raced and my thoughts went straight into the gutter as I became obsessed with women being with dogs. I went to my computer, after satisfying my most primal of desires, I started searching around the internet, not just for pictures and videos, but for anything I could find on bestiality. It was then I found the term, Zoophilia. And suddenly a whole new world opened up. I read some research on human sexuality, but found it unsatisfactory. It was then I found a forum, full of people who were attracted to animals. There I soaked in as many experiences as I could, and found links to better videos. A lot were amateur, some were of professional quality. 'How had I missed all of this my entire life?', I wondered as I poured myself into this new world. I was 45, and I had heard of bestiality, but not the term Zoophilia. That was new to me, people called themselves Zoo's and lusted after animals. I found it all so fascinating and exciting. I was obsessed.

I didn't dare to sneak next door again. And the next week I waved to Megan and Ryan whenever I saw them. Ryan would happily wave and shout back. But, Megan would only politely respond and hurry away. I wondered if she had told Ryan I had peeped in the window. I wondered if Ryan knew at all, about his dog and his wife. I had to know, so I plotted to walk over and talk to Ryan when I saw him next.

Ryan kept a sporadic schedule, usually getting home at dusk. He was a contractor of some type and often worked weekends. On Friday, I caught him arriving home. The sun was still up, but dropping steadily behind the trees at the end of our road. "Hey there.." I shouted and walked over to greet the shorter young man. Ryan had dark brown hair, his hands were calloused. He was skinny, and his clothes were stained, dirty and tattered a bit here and there from his hard day's work. I started the conversation asking him what he did and then we talked about sports. I was probing to see if Megan had said anything to him, and from what I could tell, she hadn't. I didn't keep him long, but became a bit more informed on my new neighbors. "Well..let me know if you ever need anything..have a good night. " And I went back to my house.

I didn't find out too much, but I learned Ryan and Megan were both 22, she was nurse and he was General contractor, he did carpentry, dry wall, pretty much whatever needed to be done. He worked

under a successful builder. Their dog Clyde was Pit Bull, mixed with a Mastiff and a few other things. Ryan stole him from his Dad who was going to use him for dog fighting. "I wont do that..but..lots of people like dogs like this..so I'm gonna breed him." he had said. It didn't seem like he knew what he was doing there, but then again, I didnt know anything about it either.

I was surprised the next day when Ryan came knocking on my door. "Hey..me and Missus are gonna go on a day trip. Can you take care of Clyde for us? It'll just be for today..we'll be back in the morning."

I nodded and agreed. Ryan gave me a key and walked me over to show me where Clyde's food was, and gave me a proper introduction to his dog. Clyde was much more friendly than I had seen him before, but that was because Megan wasn't in the house. She was out in their car. "help yerself to some beer in the Fridge..if ya could..maybe spend an hour over here inside with Clyde once you let him inside. We got Cable." I nodded and agreed to the terms.

I fed Clyde, and said my 'good-byes' to Ryan and Megan. Megan seemed more relaxed, but still slightly uncomfortable and unsure as we shared a brief pleasantry. I left the large dog outside in his yard all day. It was perfect weather, I went over to feed him once more and then when night came, as i promised, I went over to let Clyde inside and feed him one last time. I grabbed a beer, and started to snoop around as the Pit Bull enjoyed his dinner. The house was well kept, there was a spare room that smelled heavily of dog. Which was strange, because the rest of the house didn't. The room was bare, except for the queen-sized bed, which only had only a sheet on it. And as i stepped closer to the bed, there was an odd musky smell.

I made my way around the house, seeing no family pictures. I got the sense Ryan wasn't close with his family and there was no signs Megan had any herself. Their bedroom looked pretty typical, but very clean and orderly. I snooped a bit more, and found another curious item in the bottom of drawer reserved for sex toys. A collar, which, looked as if it were a feminine version of Clyde's black leather and studded collar. There was a tag engraved with the word, 'Bitch'. Ryan must know, my steady reading of the Zoo forum told me that most of the women who enjoyed their dogs had a human partner too.

I had seen enough and watched a little TV, Clyde came over for some head scratches before laying on the floor and began to clean himself. I couldn't help but take notice as he licked around his sheath. It looked like he must have a huge cock, his balls were big too and hung to one side. I imagined how they must have slapped into Megan as that hulking Pit Bull held onto her and thrust wildly. 'How could that petite 22 year old take all that?', i asked myself. My heart raced and my cock got hard, I looked at the door, seeing where the dog had taken his mistress the week before. After seeing all those videos, it was clear that it wasn't Megan and Clyde's first time. in fact, they looked much more well practiced than the majority of those videos. Clyde was two years old, I had learned from Ryan. Over that time, i wondered how many times the Pit Bull Mastiff mix had fucked a human bitch.

I let the dog out one last time before locking him in the house and returning to my own. I had learned a lot over the past week. And that room was clearly Clyde's, and I wondered how often Megan joined him there. 'Did she spend entire nights with him? What did Ryan do? Watched..' I concluded. It was an incredible sight, how could he not?!

The picture became clearer, but i still had so many questions. And there was only one way I would get the answer. Megan. I knew it would be awkward and possibly invasive, but I had to talk to her. I knew it I had crossed some lines, snooping, going over and peeping in the window. This was all so crazy and I just had to know. I had to try and i would kick myself if i didn't. First things first, I knew I

had to apologize to her, then, maybe we could talk. I started to make a plan...

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It wasn't until mid-week that I saw Megan again and had a chance to approach her. Ryan seemed to have a couple extra days off and I wasn't sure what he knew and what he didn't. In any case I didn't want him to see me approaching his wife, especially since i didn't know how my apology would be received.

When i got home Wednesday to see Ryan's truck gone, I suddenly became nervous. "Today was the day..", I told myself. All week, I had been going through what I would say and just how i would approach my neighbor, 'I mean...there are only SO many ways this can be handled', I rationalized to myself over and over. Sometimes, I had a tendency to over-think things, especially when I was interested in something. And since seeing Clyde mount Megan, it was all I could ever think about. I wanted to know everything, 'How did it start? How does he make you feel? Is it love? Is it lust? is it just a kink?', I wasn't going to bombard her with questions, but I couldn't help wanting to know everything. This was all so new to me and more than that, it turned me on and excited me for reasons I couldn't fully explain.

The moment arrived when I heard another set of tired moving slowly over the gravel on our road, I looked out the window to Megan turning into her driveway. My heart raced and I felt pulled out to her. 'I need to get this over with', I thought to myself and then darted out my door. She had no sooner opened her door when she heard me say, "Megan..hey..i wanted to talk to you...", i could see I had startled her, as she reeled back a bit, as if to retreat back into her car. "Oh..sorry..", I said stopping and raising my hand as if to signal, 'I come in peace'. "...nothing big..", i continued, wanting to reassure her, "I..uhh..I just wanted to say I'm sorry." She visibly relaxed, but still seemed put off. "Sorry..", I said again, "I just came to apologize for last week...I had no right..", her face started to redden and her eye brows arched up with a look of worry. "I saw you fall...and..I..thought you might be hurt..and I should have knocked..and..", the look of concern and embarrassment continued to grow on the 22 year old's young face. I had practice my excuse over and over, out loud and in my head all week, 'why wasn't this working?!' Then it hit me, 'She needs a different kind of reassurance.'

I had researched the subject of bestiality and zoophilia every day and night since seeing my neighbor give herself to her dog, I knew the people who played feared getting caught by someone who would judge them or report them. "Listen...I don't have any problem with it. I think it's great..", I had meant to reassure her, not sound like a fan, now, my face reddened and i was the one embarrassed. I leaned back on my heels, ready to retreat myself. I turned my head, looking to the ground, as I lifted my arm, putting my hand to the back of my head scratching it and looking like I wanted to disappear into the ether. This apparently made Megan feel better, because when I lifted my eyes back to her she relaxed much more. "I just wanted to apologize ..is all. I'm sorry to invade your privacy. It won't happen again..and if you ever..need anything..I'm...here."

"Okay..", Megan replied, almost meekly and looked to be at a loss for words.

As she nodded and stood, I stepped back, returning her nod, feeling like a fool. I knew I had crossed a line, just with peeking in her window. And, then i made it worse by snooping, "Thankfully she doesn't know about that..", I told myself. It did nothing to dissuade my guilt, which had grown exponentially in the last few moments. I knew I was on the wrong, but I realized just HOW wrong I had been, as I apologized to Megan. 'You deserve to look like a moron..you jack ass!', I scolded myself as i turned and walked away.

"Hey Erik", Megan called out to me softly. I turned, perking up a bit like a puppy hearing his name called. "Thank you..", she said sincerely her face calm. She gave me a soft half smile before turning around and heading into her house. A weight lifted off of me and I felt better, but still, a part of me felt indebted to her, for invading her privacy.

The rest of the night passed as any other night might have before I discovered the World of Animal Love, I watched some TV, made my dinner and pattered around my home. My curiosity was gone and the fire inside of me had been put out, and I felt like a juvenile delinquent who had been scared straight. A strange peace had washed over me. I slept soundly, vowing to never invade my neighbor's privacy again.

My fire and curiosity returned in full force the next morning, and I spent the rest of the week continuing my research, but ignoring my neighbors. Then came Saturday morning, and my routine was interrupted by a knock at the door. Outside the sky was clear, the sun bright and the grass popped with a fresh green color. The neighborhood was alive with the sounds of birds singing in their trees, kids out in their yards and lawnmowers were just being started up up and down every street. And there at my door was a smiling fresh faced Megan, "Hi", she waved through the screen. Her long brown hair cascading past her shoulders. It was warm, but it was still strange to see my pretty neighbor in anything other than scrubs or jeans. She wore some form fitting white shorts that went down mid-thigh, and a matching crop top that showed off her smooth mid-drift.

"Hey there", I said, sounding pleasantly surprised and wearing a big smile of my own. "Come on in..I have some iced tea if you'd like...I just made it."

"Oh that's great..yes please", she replied, and strolled inside looking completely comfortable and as if we were old friends. And, in this moment, it certainly felt that way. I poured us two tall glassed of iced tea, handed Megan her's and just like that we started talking as familiar as you please. It began about tea, how our Mother's used to make it, having it at family picnics and then the neighborhood and how nice it was to finally have nice warm, Spring weather on the weekend.

We talked effortlessly and as if we were old friends and not new neighbors who had shared an awkward moment or two. The conversation was light and casual, it came easy and was even that plain, simple sort of fun that you have when you relate to someone for absolutely no reason what so ever. It wasn't until I asked, "So..where's Ryan?", that our conversation became more personal and intimate.

The mood was still light, but Megan answered with an exuberant sigh, "Ughhh!", she threw head back to exaggerate just a bit more. "He's on some project out of State. I HATE it when he does that...", and then she went on to explain that she hates being alone and she didn't know anyone out here. It should have been or felt strange to both or either of us, talking this way and so freely, so suddenly given the events of the past two weeks. Yet, I didn't feel that way and Megan seemed to not feel that way either, as we continued our lively conversation. It flowed naturally and quickly as we got to know each other. I was enjoying talking and listening to Megan so much, I hadn't thought about what had happened or my new obsession, at all.

I learned Megan didn't have a lot of family and they weren't close, neither did Ryan, which is why they bonded so quickly. They both moved to get away from the drama of Ryan's father, and old acquaintances. "You're easy to talk to Erik", she said, before asking me about my own situation. I told her about my ex wife, how we couldn't have any kids. And, at this point I didn't want any, "Me neither!" Megan said, and as if she read my mind, "I just don't wanna be responsible for anyone else or deal with any of it."

I offered some alcohol, and soon enough we were slightly buzzed, an hour had passed and we were still talking with no signs of stopping. Even when she ran across the street to check on Clyde, she would pop right back and we'd pick up right where we left off. A few more drinks, and an hour later, the conversation started to become more intimate. "So..what's yer deal?" Megan asked, smiling, "Girlfriend? Anything?" I laughed and mentioned the last one I had a couple months ago ended badly when i didn't want her to move in. "Sometimes I wish i hadn't of married Ryan", Megan blurted after I had finished, "..but then...I wouldn't have...", her eyes turned to her yard across the street. "It was HIS idea..ya know...", she started, I didn't have to ask what she was talking about, whether it was the hours I had spent getting to know her, or that we were sharing some sort of wave length, I knew she was talking about her and Clyde. "I never looked at a dog and thought....I want that...not before Ryan."

'This was it', i thought to myself, '..answers..'. I had been engrossed in just talking to Megan, but now that she turned to the conversation to her and her dog, I was enthralled. "So...how did it start?", I asked and she explained how it all started with a discussion on whether or not they should have Clyde fixed. Megan wanted to, but Ryan wanted to stud Clyde out.

"He's not like a pure bred Pit or whatever...", Megan said the sentence the way she might have said to Ryan as she acted out their conversation, "..but i guess people still want dogs like him..", she took a sip, her eye brows raised suggestively and she laughed as she said pleased with herself, "..and I guess i know why", her hand moved over her breast, which looked pert and perfect under the white cotton confines of her crop top. They weren't large, but well suited to her small slight frame. I wasn't an expert at cup sizes, but they were at least a full B cup, maybe even bigger. She wasn't wearing a bra and her hard nipples were clear as day, drawing my eyes as her hand traveled over her body. It was clear her sexual excitement had nothing to do with me or Ryan. "Some times I think..this is all so wrong..and then sometimes...", the look on her face said it all, she chewed on her lower lip and her eyes looked up and nearly closed as her words fell short and she retreated into her thoughts for a long moment. She cleared her throat and smiled at me, my mouth must have been hanging open. "Oh you like that huh?!", she said playfully.

I nodded, "I never knew about any of this...but i'd be lying if i didn't admit I've been insanely curious and it's sexy as hell. I'm not even sure why."

"You like to see a girl humiliated..dominated..it's alright." She said sweetly.

"No...", I said suddenly, "...it's not that at all. I mean..I can't say what it is exactly but it's not that. I mean..I saw him kiss you...and you looked like you loved it..THAT is what was sexy. You two were so intimate..", or it had appeared to me at the time, but maybe i was wrong. "..at least I thought.", i finished sounding unsure.

Megan didn't miss a beat as her hand touched the top of mine. "No...it was..", she said, sounding almost relieved. "Clyde is sweet....and..loving. Sometimes he takes what he wants....but..", she sighed pleasantly and exclaimed, "Hhhh..it feels so good to talk to someone about this...you don't understand. " She took a drink and deep breath, and started her story. "It started with Ryan making a joke of it...he was testing me. I like to be submissive...so..that was a part of it. And..I loved Ryan...i really did..", she paused for a moment and I got the impression that had changed. "I wanted to belong to him and give him absolutely everything...all of me...", she would pause to recount her feelings and thoughts at each and every turn in her story and it was very clear, she was falling out of love with her husband. "He talked me into jerking Clyde off....at first it was just gross and funny. I mean..i never even saw a dog's cock before. I didn't know anything about them. But, Ryan started wanting me to do it all the time..and it turned him on..so it turned me on. And...then he had Clyde lick me...and then we just kept doing more. And then...before you knew it..he had me fucking Clyde.

The first time was....short...and weird..but not bad....but i felt weird after..like..I just fucked a dog...like..I couldn't take that back..but the way Ryan enjoyed it..I didn't feel ashamed or guilty..til i thought about someone else finding out. Uhh..I couldn't look at my friends....for weeks after. So..I retreated into this world with Ryan..and i made him the center of my universe."

Once Megan started her story, she seemed to relive the events, as she spoke them. And if her words fell short, her emotions and expressions painted the picture in my own mind so clearly, I felt as if i were there, seeing Clyde's thick head move between her creamy thighs. Megan arched her back as she described Clyde licking Ryan's sperm out of her pussy. "His tongue went so deep..I could feel his whiskers and soft hair between my thighs...where my skin is so soft and sensitive..", her legs parted in the chair and her hands moved to her knees then slid upward, my eyes widened as i followed her hands to her thighs, then up her stomach and then through her long hair as she lifted her locks and let them fall back down with a sigh. "I had never cum so fucking hard...feelin' his muzzle pressed against my mound..his tongue delving deep inside of me so fast...UHnnnnn..gahhhh...he wouldn't stop..he LOVED the taste of me. I was so wet..i just couldn't stop gushin'. And I liked it...I really liked it after that...well..when Clyde would do that to me."

Megan let out a long breath, her eyes looked distant her tone and posture changed, "The sex...with Clyde was still..mostly for Ryan...he had me do things to Clyde..like..suck him and lick his ass. It started to become about control...which..I like...sometimes..." She let out a sigh and looked at me. "Ryan...thinks being dominant means treating me like shit...humiliating me...", she sighed again, as if to stop herself from going on. "And that's what it was like as he trained Clyde to fuck me." Megan took another drink and then continued deepening her voice the way women do when they imitate their boyfriend or husband, "You're his bitch...he gets you whenever I'm not fucking you. You're his fuck toy..his cock sleeve. You like ti you filthy slut..", she paused and then started speaking normally again, "...the way he talked to me was different after that. It was like..he got me to do all these things for him...and he KNEW I would do anything. He started treating me like a slave. It got bad...but..then..we had this huge fight and I almost left..I mean I almost had a break down. Ryan ran off one night and it was just me and Clyde. He was so sweet..he cuddled right up to me. He started to lick the tears from my face..and then...we kissed."

A faint smile crept up the corners of Megan's mouth, as her glassy green eyes looked fanciful at nothing in particular for a long moment and then looked into my eyes. "He slowed his tongue down...real slow...it moved over my lips so softly..like he knew how to kiss me. My mouth opened...and my lips pressed up against his muzzle..I softly suckled his tongue as my hands moved over his body. We kissed like a couple for a long while..until I was so hot and bothered I had to have him. For the first time i REALLY wanted to fuck him. I pulled off my sweats and he fucked me the way a normal guy would...my legs wrapped around him. And he went for longer than he ever had...and he locked with me....his big knot for the first time didn't hurt...and he stayed inside of me..after cummin'...he and I cuddled and locked together..like he knew I NEEDED that. It was the best sex i ever had."

Megan's hand had moved between her legs at some point, I had been too engrossed in her words that my eyes stayed locked with hers. Her story and the way she told it was too intense I wouldn't have noticed if the World had decided to end. The 22 year old's hand was between her closed thighs, rubbing her mound a top her shorts. She was chewing on her lip and her hand was now squeezing mine. She gave my hand one last squeeze as she took a deep breath and leaned back. Her other hand had pulled away from her hot spot and her legs had relaxed and parted. She didn't climax, but she seemed satisfied having put pressure against her sex. In no way did she stop because she realized what she was doing, it was as if she were saving her climax for later. I suspected, for Clyde. "He wants it all the time..ya know.", she bragged, seeming pleased with herself. "Everyday most times..and if I make him wait too long..like a week..he'll go crazy and just take me...kinda like he did

when you saw...but that was just two days of not getting any or me not...taking care of him. Most days he'll want it morning..noon..and night...over and over again..he really can't get enough."

Megan was so expressive as she spoke, raising her eyes brows to emphasize every word, pausing to smile suggestively. She was doing it to drive us both wild, she was turning herself on, more and more, so much so, she shifted in her chair making it creak against the hardwood floor. I could tell she wanted to go running to Clyde and i could also tell she wanted to tease me with her story, as she must have seen how excited I was, my eyes glued to her as i hung on her every word. She also seemed to want to tease herself and drive herself into a frenzy before surrendering.

"So...", she continued having made up her mind to finish up her story, her voice less infused with the sexual energy that had consumed her the last few minutes, "...after making love to Clyde for the first time...really giving myself to him..for my own reasons...things got better. I think Ryan noticed things had changed between me and Clyde...he saw how much I liked it..and our sex was lasting longer and I was cumming all the time and Clyde wanted it much more. He acted right after awhile...but..things are..." she sighed. "He's gone a lot..I think he's seeing someone since we moved out here...maybe that's why we came out here in the first place...and what's strange is..I don't care."

I mentioned how i knew I wasn't in love with my ex, telling my own short story before asking if she thought she wanted to leave Ryan. "i think so..yeah..we almost never have sex. I mean..he lies to watch me and Clyde instead...but..he doesn't tell me to do things anymore..he just asks me to tell him when me and my boy are gonna...fuck." Her eyes flared and she smiled again, her tone becoming more sexual, "So..I'll be in the other room...and..I'll just cry out..YES CLYDE...", she giggles and leans forward slapping my hand, "...and that's my signal to Ryan..he comes running every time."

She took a breath and explained that it's only when Ryan is home. And never at night when she sleeps with Clyde in his bed. The bare room in their home, with the bed and the single sheet covering it, some nights, Megan would spend the evening there, sleeping and fucking, at bed time, in the middle of the night and in the morning before leaving bed. She was in the middle of describing a carnal encounter when suddenly she stopped, "I'm sorry...." she sighed deeply, grabbing my hand and squeezing it hard, "...this has been great..but...these drinks and all that talk...I have to go to him or I'm gonna burst."

My eyes were wide like a star struck boy, my mouth hanging open, all i could do was nod and mouth the words, 'yeah..sure..okay', though any sound was absent. She ran out and across the street, in the fence and to her front door so fast, she could have given an Olympic athlete a run for their money. Even an eager Clyde trailed her, racing in the door just behind her, leaving me standing like a fool at my screen door, wishing I could see.

It was half a minute later that my cell phone rang, Megan flashed on the screen, in the midst of our morning conversation, we had exchanged numbers. I pushed the button to answer, but didn't say anything upon hearing, "UHn...uhh", the breathy sighs of Megan as she was being fucked by her muscular Pit Bull. I could hear the longing groans of Clyde and a wet slapping noise set to a fast rhythm. "Muh..Uhh..a-are you there?", she asked in a breathy voice.

"Yessss", i hissed and fell down on my couch, my cock pushing against my jeans.

"Goo-ooooo-hhhdd.....uhnn goood b-booyyy", I wasn't sure if she was talking to me or the dog. "I needed it so baaaaad", she called out in a lusty voice.

I swallowed hard, saying nothing, only breathing hard and pulling the front of jeans open, and my

boxers down as I started stroking my cock.

“He’s so big..he..ohh he needed this as much as I did...I’m SO WET”, her voiced raised up into a loud moan, quickly followed a deep groan from Clyde as his pace audibly quickened. The slapping was louder, the wet sounds of their sex was too and with Megan’s cry we all seemed to climax simultaneously. “UHNNn FUHHHHHHHK!” I imagined Megan being filled with Clyde’s load as I saw my own shoot straight up into the air

I was quiet, saying nothing and trying to keep my deep heavy breaths as silent as possible, I wanted to hear every little sound. My head was spinning and body was like jello as I listened to Megan let out a low lingering moan that expressed her deep satisfaction. “ohhhh...Clyde...”, she sighed, her voice speaking of love. “God Erik...it was so good....this...and the talking to...andhhhhh...maybe you can come over....later?”

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Later...

It was an hour before Megan gave me the ‘okay’ to come over, it had felt like an eternity. After listening to her moan and breath as Clyde fucked her, no amount of masturbating could quell my burning desire for more. I felt as insatiable as Megan described her loving pet. I had a few more drinks, a cold shower and none of it helped the time pass any faster, nor did it do a thing to make my dick soft. I had to put on a pair of sweat pants, just to run across the street, as my hard on would not relent.

I was at Megan’s door in a flash, much to her amusement. “You look as excited as Clyde..”, she giggled. The 22 year old seemed to be glowing and fresh from the shower, though she must have used a blow dryer on her hair, because those long brown locks were half dry. She was wearing a pink satin robe that only came down to the top of her thighs, it lay open, revealing her taut figure and pale creamy skin. I admired all body types, and in this moment, her body seemed perfect, for her age and build. She every bit, the average girl next door, yet, there was nothing average about her. Her breasts were pert, a humble b cup, with small coin sized nipples, brown in color and hard with excitement. My eyes moved over her smooth tummy to the little pubic patch on her pelvis. The hair had been trimmed, it wasn’t quite long and thick enough to completely hide the pale skin beneath, which seemed even more erotic. And the hair, which looked soft and fine formed a natural triangle.

Clyde barked and came bursting to the door. I had made a commotion from my knocking and bursting into the door, breathing heavily and saying “Hey”. The large muscular dog padded between the two of us, sniffing the air in front of me, then my hand as I instinctively reached down. Clyde sniffed my hand and softened his stance, but did not let me pet him. It was clear he recognized me and was indifferent to my presence, but he stood between me and Megan. I was still hard, and the dog sensed my arousal.

“I’m glad you came over..it’s nice to share with someone who doesn’t judge me...” she paused, seeing my obvious excitement in my dark sweat pants, “...and you share my excitement..”, she continued with a giggle. “i feel safe with you....and Clyde likes you too. Even if he’s being a little territorial right now.” She turned and walked further into the house, her canine lover eyed me for a moment, before slowly turning and following her.

I wasn’t entirely sure Megan was inviting me over to watch, fuck or something else entirely. Seeing her in that robe, like that, had my hopes up. And truth be told, after seeing her body only half covered and perfect, I wasn’t sure if I’d rather get a show or have her. I had a feeling, neither alone

would fully satisfy me, at this point.

I began to follow, Clyde moved faster to catch up to his human, though in that moment, I saw Megan as his mistress, it's what happened next that truly and clearly demonstrated the 22 year old beauty was HIS, and he was in charge. The light grey dog stuck his muzzle under the pink robe, bumping his cold wet nose into Megan's ass. "No.." she giggled her hand reach back trying to shoo the pit bull away with a discouraging sway of her hand, "..not yet silly..we-", Clyde again pushed his nose into her, Megan took in a sharp breath and giggled. "It's cuz you're here..he wants you to know I'm HIS" A few wet sloppy licks between her thighs had the young wife turning around to me and pushing the back of her robe down. She had the look of playful amusement, arousal and slight disapproval. "Clyyyde" she playfully whined.

The muscle bound Pit moved in time with the light brunette, rounding behind her and jumping up, his paws hitting the small of her back. Megan stumbled forward, and just when i moved to try and catch her Clyde barked loudly at me. It was a warning, an instruction, a booming 'NO' that rang in my ears. It was so loud, I felt it as clearly as i heard it. I froze, the lithe 22 year old recovered and just as she did once more the dog leapt up, growling lowly, this time his strong fore-legs grabbed at her waist and his human's knees started to buckle and give in.

"uhmmph", Megan let out a soft hum, the sound and her body language told me and her canine master, that she was surrendering. She dropped to her hands and knees, the dog relaxing a bit as she apologized, "Sorry...he just has to assert himself..show you who i belong to". The girl's tone sounded of defeat and arousal, I simply stood there, wide eyes and content with watching this all unfold. "This wasn't how I wanted you to see us..", the desire swelling up in her voice with every word, "..but he won't stop til I give him what he wants...w-what's h-hhis", her breath grew heavy with lust. Her head hung low, her hair falling to the floor as her one hand propped her up and the other pulled at her satin pink robe to move it out the domineering dog's way.

Clyde was growling lowly the entire time, and his growls seemed to have a tone beyond strength as if to accent his growing pleasure and lust. The guttural growls and Megan's words mixed into a hedonistic symphony. She was responding her master's voice and his call seemed to make her submissive and horny. She wasn't speaking with words, just with low hums and deep moans as every little movement that wasn't him entering her was an erotic torture. The Pit Bull had climbed onto his human's back, his hips already thrusting, impatient and wanting. I hadn't witnessed much of this, but it looked as if he knew those thrusts weren't going to put him inside her, they seemed half hearted, until the top round curve of the girl's ass slid to a spot on his stomach, then the muscular grey short hair hip's lunged forward and Megan's head shot up with a loud gasp, "Uhhhhhh!", all the breath seemed to leave her lungs, she arched her back and pushed her ass back into him. "Ohhhhh he's in deep", her voice low and dripping with a satisfied lust.

The monster dog's back feet had come off the floor for a moment, freezing his actions, but only until his paws touched the tile again. As soon as they did, his thrusting resumed. This time, they were not half-hearted. They were fast and powerful, so much so, that Megan's voice shook and trembled like she was holding on to jack hammer. The girl moaned and made noises that sounded like words, he long hair had fallen over her face, fanning out over her soft cheeks. Her green eyes were glazed over, looking up, and seemed to be ready to roll into the back of her head. Her mouth hung wide open and her arms were straight, tensed and now pushing her shoulders up. Megan's nails seemed to press into the tile floor of her dining room so hard, i thought they might snap, but they held.

'Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap, slap', the rapid relentless thrust of the canine set the pace and kept the time of sexual sounds that filled the house. Clyde let out a low satisfied, "hurr" every few moments, that seemed to be washed away by Megan's gasps for breath, deep moans and indecipherable words.

And behind all of that was the wet sound of the girl's wet pussy and that dog's big wet cock. The Pit Bull had a mouthful of brown hair for a moment as he seemed to be pulling back on it, as if to signal to me and her, she was HIS bitch. As if there could be any question of that.

I came in my pants without so much as touching myself as Clyde fucked Megan wildly on the dining room floor. I stood in front of them transfixed, watching and motionless, as it went on for several more minutes. I was sure Megan climaxed several times, but her orgasm reached a new apex when the dog finally burst inside of her. "AHHHHHH FUCK HE'S CUMMING!", she cried out in a high pitched wail. They both tensed and froze, my eyes grew wider as i took in the incredible sight. Megan's green eyes became wide saucers and stare blankly forward. I could hear a faint wet pressurized spurt let loose from under the two of them, and just then Clyde relaxed and slumped onto the girl's back. The 22 year old's arms stretched in opposite direction as her ass remained up, and her shoulders touched the ground, her head turned sideways as she let out a long low guttural sigh of satisfaction. "uhhhhh gahhhhhhd". I had never heard a woman sound so pleased.

In all of the videos I had seen, i had never seen a dog fuck a woman for so long, without stopping. Megan had told me they had fucked a lot, since their first time and it was clear, she wasn't exaggerating. They seemed to couple together effortlessly better than any video I had found. Clyde was panting, completely exhausted and spent. His head lay on his human lover's shoulder until her breasts touched the ground, then he reluctantly propped himself above her, his tongue lolling out, he eyes blink half open. The dog's drool landed on the floor and Megan's shoulder, she smiled as she came out of her stupor, her eyes moving to him, "You wore yourself off showing off huh?!", she teased.

Clyde let out a knowing whine, responding to her perfectly, his paws shifting on the ground as if to gather his strength. He swayed back and forth, I moved around to get a look from behind them, just in time to see the big red knot slowly plop out of Megan's pussy, a thick long shaft followed as did a few spurts of cum. Megan stretched out on the floor, seemingly too shaky to move. It was from her many and intense orgasms, she would later tell me. I had to pick her up and carry her to the couch. Clyde had moved to a corner of the living room, cleaned himself for a moment, then curled up into a ball and slept. He would be ready again in hour or so, the two of them gave me a few more shows that night, none as long and as intense as the first display of the Pit Bull's dominance.

Although nothing happened between Megan and I, we all spent the weekend together. They enjoyed me watching, and I relished witnessing their lust and love. It was a new beginning for all of us. From that weekend forward, I spoke to Megan everyday.

Ryan left sooner after, he had been cheating. He never said it, but Megan believed it was because he couldn't compete his dog, who he never considered leaving with. She and Clyde moved in with me.

*The End*