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Max tightened his grip around my waist and thrust forward violently. His massive knot was forced into my tight pussy and swelled even more. I bit my lower lip to keep from screaming, not from the temporary pain but from the tidal wave of pleasure that crashed over me. I couldn't believe how incredible it felt as my body quaked uncontrollably. Less than twenty-four hours earlier, I wouldn't have thought I'd willingly put myself in this position.

I should start from the beginning.

I'm Sandy, twenty years old and in my second year of college. I'm 5'6" tall and weigh 127 pounds; my measurements are 34/26/36. I'm home visiting my parents in Southern California. It was just after noon when one of the neighbors I've known since I was a little girl pulled up next to my car as I was unloading my recent acquisitions from the mall.

"Hey, Sandy. What are you doing this weekend?" Henry Daniels asked.

Mr. Daniels was in his mid-fifties, handsome, and very well off. He and his wife Helen lived in the same wealthy neighborhood as my parents. I had seen his wife numerous times but was never introduced, and knowing what she looked like, I was sure he wasn't hitting on me with that question.

"I don't have anything planned except hanging around the house now my parents have left on their cruise," I said.

"I need someone to take care of Max, our dog, while I go to Palm Springs on business this weekend."

He explained that his partner had suddenly gotten sick and was supposed to meet some clients there. Now he had to go and take over, and with his wife out of town, there was no one to take care of Max. I liked helping people in need, so I agreed to meet him at his house in fifteen minutes so he could show me what needed to be done.

I put my shopping bags in the house and walked to the Daniels' house at the end of a cul-de-sac. The garage was open, and he loaded his golf bag and a suitcase into his BMW.

"Sorry to bother you on a Friday, but I'm desperate," he said. "I will make it worth your time."

He led me to the side gate and into their enormous backyard. Max was in his dog run and barked when we approached. He is the biggest four-year-old German shepherd I'd ever seen. Max was very intimidating, and I stayed back as Mr. Daniels opened the gate. To my surprise, he was very well-behaved. Max sat on command, and Mr. Daniels called me to meet him. I petted his head, and he licked my hand. He had once been a show dog, but now they only used him for his stud services.

Mr. Daniels told me he would feed Max before he left that afternoon, and I was to come over Saturday morning to feed him and let him out to run around the yard for an hour or so. I'd have to return Saturday evening and Sunday morning to do the same thing. Mrs. Daniels would be home from her spa weekend with her friends Sunday evening, so that she would take it from there. He walked me back out front after putting Max back in his run and gave me a key to the gate.

"Feel free to use the pool if you want, and since I know college students are always short of spending money," he said, reaching into his pocket. "Here is some for your time and trouble."

"Oh, Mr. Daniels, you don't have to," I said as he handed me three one hundred dollar bills.

He cut me off with a shake of his head and held up his hand. "You will be doing me a great service. Keep it."

"Thanks, Mr. Daniels," I said and headed home.

I woke up the next morning, had breakfast, put on one of the new bikinis I had just bought, and a loose tank top and shorts. I got a large beach towel and the rest of my tanning paraphernalia and put them in a bag before walking to the Daniels' house. I noticed yesterday that the houses on either side of theirs were vacant. A sign of the times around here. I unlocked the gate and went in. Max was eagerly awaiting me. I told him to sit before opening his gate, filling his bowl with food, and topping off his water.

He patiently waited for me to tell him it was OK to eat, and when I did, he dove in ravenously. I left the gate open for him to come out and run around once he was finished, and then I walked to the edge of the stonework pool. I put my bag on one lounge and towel on another, then removed my tank top and shorts. I looked around and decided that since the houses on both sides were empty, I could go topless without fear of being seen.

I had just sat down when Max came to me for some attention. He stood before me and nudged my hand to pat him, so I scratched his ears, ran my hand down his back a few times, then reached to undo my bikini top. He nudged me again, this time with a pathetic whine. I scratched his chest between his front legs, which caused him to cock his head at a funny angle, and one of his hind legs began to scratch the air.

"Did I find a tickle spot? Do you like that, Max?" I asked in a playful voice.

He just kept scratching as long as I scratched his chest. I finally stopped, untied the strings at my neck, and reached around to do the same to the tie at the back. Max stepped forward and licked my cheek as I did, so I sat up straight to avoid the next pass of his tongue. He just changed targets and licked my left breast and nipple. That made me jump. I've always loved to have a guy lick and suck my tits.

My last boyfriend could nearly make me cum doing just that. A warm sensation began to build in my pussy. Max licked me again, and I felt light-headed. 'Wow, this is good,' I thought as he continued to lap at my rock-hard nipple. I turned to give him access to my other breast, and he didn't miss a beat, giving it the same attention.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, feeling my bikini bottoms becoming wet.

I had broken up with the last guy I was dating roughly six months earlier and hadn't had any sex, other than masturbation, since then. To say I was horny would be a huge understatement, but what my mind considered next set off a three-alarm moral fire in my brain when I saw Max's bright red cock peeking out of its sheath.

"Holy shit! Look at the size of that thing!" I said out loud in total amazement.

I wasn't sure if I was causing that or if he was just a horny devil. I looked into his amber eyes as he stimulated my needy breasts. It felt so good and started a monumental war within me. My body wanted to give itself to this magnificent beast and let him do what he would to me while my logical

mind was screaming, 'What the fuck are you thinking?'

Max must have got the scent of my drenched pussy at that moment because he dropped his nose to my crotch and took a big taste with that amazing tongue. I shot straight up as I stood and sent the lounge skidding backward a foot or two. When the shuddering inside me came under control, I looked back at Max. My mind was made up, I was going to let Max fuck me, but I wasn't sure how.

Doggy style is my favorite position with guys, so it should be perfect with Max since he's a dog, and that's where they got the term from. I looked around and saw a floatation mat nearby. I brought it over to the lounge, set it down next to it, and Max got very excited. I dropped my bikini bottoms and stood there momentarily as a bit of doubt crossed my mind.

'Should I do this?' I wondered.

Then Max's tongue pushed into my wet valley and ran up to my throbbing clit, and all doubt vanished as my knees nearly buckled. I pushed him back and knelt on the inch-thick foam pad, my hands gripping the edges. My stomach was a flutter with anticipation, and my pussy was flowing like a river. Max wasted no time sticking his nose to have another taste. My arms turned to rubber, and I collapsed to my elbows, almost smashing my face into the concrete as his tongue snaked deep into my wet sex.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," a guttural groan burst from my lips.

I was close to a massive orgasm, but he stopped. I sat there panting, hoping he would finish the job, but he had other things in mind. Suddenly a tremendous weight was on my back, and powerful legs clamped around my waist. Max was making slow, stabbing thrusts seeking my drooling hole with his tapered cock. He missed with the first few attempts, spraying me with his pre cum but then he yanked me backward and shifted his stance. His thick hard cock plunged into me like a hot knife through butter.

I came so hard I saw stars. I couldn't cry out when that monstrous piece of meat was buried in my spasming pussy. Max's head came to rest on my shoulder, and he was hammering away at me as I'd never felt before. I fought to maintain balance with a huge dog on my back, fucking me like there was no tomorrow while having the most intense orgasm of my life. I had trouble breathing, and it felt like electricity was arching through my body, with all my nerves trying to communicate with my brain simultaneously.

"AHHHHHHH," I moaned as the jolts of pleasure exploded.

I had one orgasm after another. They blended in such a way that I couldn't tell when one ended and the next began. I was beginning to believe it was possible to die from too much pleasure, gasping for air to stay conscious. Max tightened his grip around my waist and thrust forward violently. His massive knot was forced into my tight pussy and swelled even more. I bit my lower lip to keep from screaming, not from the temporary pain but from the tidal wave of pleasure that crashed over me. I couldn't believe how incredible it felt as my body quaked uncontrollably.

"OH FUCK!" I finally cried, unable to hold it in any longer.

I could feel the tight ball inside me swelling, along with the rest of his cock, and the hot liquid was squirting into my womb. Max's thrusts shortened and became erratic until his knot reached its full size. It was like a baseball had been stuffed inside me, but it was throbbing against my g-spot and sent me spiraling into a new realm of orgasmic pleasure. Now that we were firmly tied, he relaxed his grip on my waist and supported his weight. I could breathe easier at that point, even though I

was still cumming like crazy. Max then turned and stood with his furry backside pressed against my ass and pussy, pumping more of his seed deep into me.

"Oh, Max. Good boy! Mmmmmmmmm. Fill me with your cum. I'm your bitch now," I mumbled with tremors of a fleeting orgasm still rumbling through my spent body.

"Is that so?" a female voice suddenly said.

My eyes flew wide at another woman's voice, and I turned to see who it was. Helen Daniels stood five feet away, staring down at me. She had her high heels in one hand and her arms crossed under her breasts, wearing a very short sun dress. The fact she was holding her shoes is one reason why I didn't hear her coming, and that my whole world was currently revolving around my cock filled orgasming pussy didn't help. My face seemed on fire as I blushed ten shades of red in about a second.

"Mrs. Daniels? I didn't expect, err, I'm so sorry," I muttered.

There were no words to explain this. There was no way to get out of this. She caught me red-handed, naked as the day I was born, fucking her dog. What could I say?

Helen stared down at me with an unusual but stern look. I was sweating bullets over what she'd do. My first fear is she'd call the police on me for molesting her dog or maybe take a picture and post it on the web of me tied to Max. What if she told my parents? How would I possibly explain how I got into this position? Max decided, at that moment, to test the integrity of our union and gave a slight tug.

I guess it was the combination of adrenaline from being caught, the feeling of hot dog cum filling my womb, and the sudden rush of pleasure from Max's movement that ignited a powerful orgasm in me. I shuddered and trembled, gasping and groaning in front of her like a slut, but I just couldn't help it. The pleasure I was feeling was just so intense. I finally regained my composure, what little there was, and looked back toward Helen.

"That looked like a big one," Helen matter-of-factly stated as she sat on the lounge before me. Then she asked, "Did you enjoy it?"

I looked away in shame, unable to meet her gaze. I could still feel my pussy contracting on Max's throbbing cock as the remnants of my orgasm subsided. I tried to hold very still to avoid invoking another one while she watched, but Max could easily tug at me again then all bets were off.

"I asked you a question, young lady. Did you enjoy it?" Helen repeated firmly.

Without looking at her, I nodded.

"He's a master of making a woman orgasm," Helen said bluntly.

That made me look back at her again. She had a mischievous smile as she stared into my wide-open eyes. My mouth also gaped in shock, realizing her statement's meaning.

"Oh, don't look so surprised, my dear," Helen said. "Can't a woman like me enjoy what you're enjoying? After all, you know what you're doing is morally frowned upon by society, not to mention against the law. But doesn't that make it just that much more thrilling? Knowing you're being bad, but it feels so good, doesn't that add to the pleasure?"

She leaned forward, bringing her face nearer to mine and lowering her voice. "Admit it. It's the best sex you've ever had. I'll bet no man has ever made you cum as hard as you just did or as many times with his cock stuck in you." She sat up and said, "Speaking of cocks. I don't think a man can compare his cock to Max's. Eight thick inches in front of his knot plus another three inches if you include it. What man do you know could rival that?"

Helen let me absorb that, then continued. "If I had gotten the message from my two-timing husband yesterday afternoon, you might have caught me in the same position. However, my phone had died, so I didn't get it until late last night after I charged it, and even though I've been missing Max's beautiful cock with Henry around so much lately, I decided to wait until this morning to come home. Then I saw the note on the counter about you coming to care for Max."

"Your husband is cheating on you?" I asked, interrupting her story.

She gave me a queer look and said, "What did he tell you? He had to go to Vegas on business to meet a client or something?"

"It was Palm Springs. He said his partner was sick and had to meet a client," I replied sheepishly, "He said that—AHHHHHH!"

I was cut off by another orgasm that had crept up on me, which Max released by tugging again. And once again, I was in the throes of ecstasy in front of Helen. The violent rhythmic contractions drained my strength, and I just wanted to lie down, but with Max's knot firmly in place, that wasn't possible, or so I thought.

"You poor girl, you look exhausted. Let me show you what I do when Max and I are tied for a long time," she said as she stood beside Max and me.

Helen instructed me to have Max lie down and follow him down so I would be lying on my side on the mat. I did what she said, and Max lay down. I had another minor orgasm during the process, and all I wanted was to curl up and sleep, but Helen was right there watching. She was about to sit back on the lounge when she stopped and removed her sun dress.

Her body was incredibly toned. She looked like a sculpture of the 'perfect female form' standing before me. No expense was spared on cosmetic surgery, tanning salons, laser hair removal, and gym memberships, that's for sure. She was gorgeous. My pussy inadvertently reacted to seeing her naked and clenched Max's spitting member tightly, causing him to whimper. She sat on the lounge and spread her legs, and I could see her wet sex open like a bright pink flower. She was turned on by what she had witnessed and slowly circled her erect clit with a manicured finger.

"You two look so fucking hot! You're making me very horny. I hoped to come home and have fun with Max, but you beat me. Now I'll have to wait until you're done, and he's ready to go again. I'm surprised you didn't let him tongue you more. He's good at that," she said as a soft moan escaped her ruby-red lips.

"How long have you been watching me?" I asked, feeling my heart racing again.

"Ever since you sat down right here and Max came up to you for attention," she replied with a smile.

"Why didn't you say something earlier? Why did you wait until Max, err, you know."

"Why did I wait until you were tied? Because it turned me on to see another woman being fucked by Max. I've owned him since he was a pup. I raised him, showed him, studded him out, and even

trained him to fuck me, so he's never been with any other woman. When I saw your positive reaction to him licking your breast, and then you let him continue, I thought I'd let nature take its course."

I could feel Max's knot beginning to shrink, and although I was embarrassed being on display like I was, I didn't want the wonderful sensations to end. Max was getting restless too. He lifted his hind leg and began licking the union of our bodies, and when his tongue swept over my rigid clit I lost my mind. I was cumming again, lifting my leg to give him better access to my throbbing clit.

My convulsing pussy made Max whine as he continued to lick then his knot popped out of me along with his cock and what looked like a gallon of dog cum. I lay there trembling as he finished cleaning himself and got a drink of water. Helen helped me to the lounge with my towel on it, and I laid there for a moment with my legs spread wide and my feet on the ground, panting as dog cum oozed out of me.

Helen's warm hands moved up my thighs then her tongue pushed into my dripping pussy. I wanted to protest, but I didn't have the energy, and she was doing a wonderful job of cleaning the cum leaking from my sore pussy. Her long silky black hair draped over my right thigh as her hand caressed my left, purring softly while her tongue washed over my quivering flesh. It wasn't long before she brought me to orgasm once more.

"Oh yes, yes. YES! Mmmmmmmmmmm," I moaned, bucking my hips into her mouth.

It wasn't as violent as the orgasms I had earlier, but it was pleasant. I drifted back to earth to her soft kisses on my puffy outer lips. My eyes were closed, enjoying her gentle touch. I had experimented with women in high school and again in college, but I generally preferred men. Now it seemed I liked canines as well.

"I was planning on spending the weekend with my girlfriends. Women I've known for years, decades in some cases, but none of them know my secret about Max and me," Helen said between kisses on my pussy. "I was always afraid to tell them, afraid of what they'd think of me, of what they'd say, but now you've experienced what I have.

"You know what it's like to give yourself to Max and the pleasure it brings. I think that's why I didn't confront you when I first saw you and Max together. I wanted someone to share my secret with who has experienced this kind of taboo sex and enjoyed it. I felt very alone until now."

I listened to her confession with my eyes still closed. She was right; there is a feeling of loneliness and isolation when engaged in something like bestiality. You can't tell just anyone that you have sex with dogs. Helen started to circle my clit again with the tip of her tongue when she roughly poked it into me. When she moaned, I opened my eyes.

Max was on her back, gripping her waist and trying to find her pussy with his probing penis. I watched in wonder at this beautiful older woman, face down between my legs, with her dog trying to fuck her. Helen arched her back slightly, and Max found what he sought. She let out a deep groan as Max started humping away then her lips latched onto my clit, sucking it into her mouth. I was on a new ride to heaven, but Helen couldn't maintain her concentration on me with Max fucking her, so to my disappointment, she released my throbbing clit.

"OH Fuck me, Max. Fuck momma, good! Oooooooo. Yes, that's a good boy. Shove that big hard cock into momma's pussy," Helen cried as I watched.

Helen held onto the lounge and thrust back into Max. Her frantic movements, combined with Max's, shook the lounge violently. I could see Helen staring at me as she moaned, her face contorting in

pleasure with Max's hammering stroke.

"Mmmmmmm. That's it, baby. Put your knot in me. Oh. Oh, YES. It's in me. It's in me. AHHHHHHHHHH," she cried as her orgasm took hold.

I felt my pussy tingling as I, too, began to cum. I had been fingering myself and didn't even realize it. I watched as Max laid his head on Helen's shoulder while filling her with his cum, and I knew what she was experiencing at that very moment exactly. The pulsating of his cock, the feel of hot cum shooting into her pussy, and the pressure of his swollen knot sealing her opening. These were all happening as her body was wracked with orgasmic tremors. At that moment, I felt a bond with Helen, a woman I hardly knew that was unique.

A bond only women who have experienced canine sex could know. I placed one hand on her cheek, and the other hand petted Max's head. I made two new friends, and that's how I first met Max and Helen.

Later, I sat in Helen's kitchen, watching her make us some sandwiches while she explained her current situation with her husband, Henry. She was still naked, as was I, but the feelings of embarrassment were gone for the most part. I was only half listening to her tale as I was still grappling with what had transpired in the last hour. First, I had sex with Max, her champion German shepherd, and enjoyed it. Then Helen came home and caught me still tied with Max. I could feel my heart race as I relived that moment.

Finally, after Max was done with me, Helen sucked his cum from my pussy while Max fucked her. Now my pussy was getting wet again as that image played in my mind's eye. I stared at Helen's firm ass and muscular legs as she stood at the sink. I could see a thin line of milky liquid descending her inner thigh, and I was transfixed.

"Sandy!"

Helen's voice snapped me out of my trance.

"What? Sorry I was daydreaming," I replied, tearing my gaze from her legs.

"I said did you want tomato on your sandwich? Are you alright? You look a little punchy," she said, looking over her shoulder at me.

"I'm OK...Yes, tomato is fine."

But I wasn't OK. I was in turmoil. The moral dilemma of having sex with an animal was gnawing at me. I didn't feel bad about fucking Max. I loved it, but everything I knew told me I should be disgusted. No one was being hurt, and Max seemed to enjoy having sex with Helen and me. And he was very good at it, but a normal person doesn't do this kind of thing. Am I a freak, a pervert? Will this make me a social outcast? Before I could continue my emotional rollercoaster of societal judgment, Helen set a plate with a turkey and avocado sandwich and a glass of wine in front of me.

"Eat up. You're going to need your strength!" Helen said with a devious smile.

She finished her tale about her marital situation, and to make a long story short if Henry divorces her before his parents die, he won't get a cent of their enormous estate. If he waits until they pass, he'll at least get to keep half of his multimillion-dollar inheritance. It seems they had taken a liking

to Helen from the start. So he pretends to be faithful, and she acts like she doesn't know about his infidelity. Either way, she stands to get a fortune.

After lunch, we moved out to the poolside with a fresh bottle of wine to lay out to improve our tans. I must have dozed off at some point because when I awoke, one of the pool shades protected me from the afternoon sun. Helen must have moved it before she went where? I looked around and didn't see her or Max lying in the shade near her lounge. It was then I heard a muffled voice coming from the pool house. I got up and quietly moved to one of the louvered windows.

Helen was reclined on a low couch, a pillow under her ass, and her legs drawn up to her chest. Her forearms were behind her knees, keeping her legs spread wide. Max stood before her, lapping away at her exposed, wet sex. Her moans and words of encouragement let me know she thoroughly enjoyed Max's attention. I watched her squeeze her breasts and pinch her rock-hard nipples as she praised her lover.

"Mmmmmm, good boy, Max. Lick momma's pussy. Oooooo. Yeah, get that wonderful tongue deep inside. Oh, that's it, right there. Yes. Yes. AHHHHHHH," she cried when orgasm took hold of her.

Max made her cum several times, and she praised him during the intervals, but what she would say next caught me off, guard.

"You need a better taste of Sandy's pussy. She's delicious. I want to get more of that pussy myself."

I was shocked. I didn't know what to think, but my body did. I could feel a tremor race through me. My fingers had found my aching clit. As shocking as they were, Helen's words struck a chord in me, and I wanted to let loose my building orgasm, but I resisted the temptation. I bit my lower lip and willed myself not to cum. I shuddered in silence but didn't slip over the edge.

Helen finally pushed Max away from her tender pussy and patted her flat stomach, trying to get him to mount her. Her feet went to the floor, and she kept talking to him softly until he complied with her wishes. Max's huge front paws came to rest on the seat cushion flanking Helen's big boobs. She brought her legs up along his furry sides and used her feet to coax him forward. I could see his thick red cock glistening as it protruded a couple of inches from its protective sheath.

My mouth began to water when I saw the clear liquid squirt from the tip in anticipation of fucking his mistress. The tip touched Helen's stiff clit, and she gasped. She rocked her hips up slightly, giving Max a better angle. I never thought it would be possible to do it missionary style with a dog, but once again, I was showing my ignorance. Helen had perfected her techniques with Max.

"OH GOD, baby. You're so big!" were her words as Max's cock slid inside her cunt.

Max's hips went from a slow probing motion to a blur as he drove into Helen's pussy. Her arms stroked the fur at his neck while her legs locked around his back. Helen must not have been satisfied with her earlier encounter when she was licking me clean from my first experience with Max. He did manage to tie with her then, but it only lasted a couple of minutes, unlike mine, which went well over a quarter-hour.

"Oooooooo. Baby. Ahhhhhhhhhh. YES! Fuck momma good. Mmmmmmm. Ah. Ah, yes. Ugh!"

When I heard her grunt, I knew Max had forced his swelling knot passed her tight entrance. Her body shook as she moaned in ecstasy. Max's thrusts subsided to the occasional sporadic push, and he would shift his stance from time to time. Helen was mumbling incoherently in a low voice, and I couldn't make out her words, but she was clearly in the grip of a powerful orgasm. I could see her

firm thighs quivering and brightly painted toes curling and flexing. She was in heaven.

Once Max was confident he would be tied to his mistress for a while, he became restless. Helen was coming down from her orgasm and noticed him shifting his stance more frequently. She kissed him on the muzzle, rubbed his ears, then released her legs and placed her feet back on the floor.

"Go on, baby, turn around," she said, pushing his head.

Max climbed off the couch and stood between Helen's spread legs with his ass pressed to her distended pussy lips, filling her with his hot seed. She groaned deeply, rubbing her breasts while Max's knot pressured her g-spot. I could tell she was building up to another monumental release. Her fingers rolled her rigid nipples, pinching them tightly. Her heels lifted until only her toes touched the slate floor. I could hear her breathing in raspy gasps, and her legs began shaking. She made a quiet whimper when the floodgates opened.

"OH MY GOD!" she cried, frantically bucking her hips.

She was being washed away on a sea of pleasure. My breathing had also shortened, and I felt like I might join her in rapturous release even though I wasn't touching myself. The sight and sounds were erotic enough to draw me to the brink. I looked back at Helen when her moans died, and she looked right at me. I don't know why I felt embarrassed, but my cheeks got hot as I flushed red. I guess I felt she would be upset that I invaded her privacy, but the big smile on Helen's face told me just the opposite. She waved for me to join her.

I opened the French doors and entered behind her. Helen's long dark hair flowed over the back of the couch and almost touched the floor. I walked around until I stood near Max, who was panting and wagging his tail at my approach.

"I was wondering when you'd come in. Did you enjoy the show?" Helen asked with a mischievous grin.

She knew I was watching but didn't make a move to tell me because she liked being the object of my voyeurism. I smiled and nodded but didn't answer. My eyes were focused on her bulging vulva. I couldn't see what I looked like when tied to Max, but now I could get a pretty good idea of what it might have looked like seeing Helen like this. Her bright pink inner lips were flared out from the huge ball of dog flesh lodged inside her sex. Her clit stood out proudly from its hood and glistened from Max's saliva.

Max brought me back to the present when his broad wet tongue ran up the length of my dripping vagina. My knees wobbled, and my legs felt like they were made of rubber as he continued to lap at my abundant juices. I looked back at Helen, smiling like the cat who ate the canary. Again, I felt embarrassed.

"Pull up that chair and let Max work his magic," she said, motioning toward a nearby Adirondack.

I did as she asked and moved the chair in front of Max. I settled into the soft cushion and waited.

"Put your legs over the arms so Max can get at your pussy," Helen ordered as if a bit annoyed at my ignorance.

I leaned back and threw my legs over the chair's wooden arms, scooting my rear to the edge of the seat. Max took it from there, stabbing his hot tongue into my wet valley. In seconds I came. From what I witnessed, I was so turned on it didn't take much to push me over the precipice. I heard

Helen cry out as she joined me in orgasm. Max had moved forward to get better access to me, sending her on an orgasmic journey. We wailed and squirmed, writhing in pleasure, connected by a beautiful dog servicing us both. The sexual energy seemed to flow between us, with Max as the conduit.

Max kept us cumming for nearly half an hour. We alternated in our orgasms. Helen would cum from Max's throbbing knot and the fingering of her sensitive clit while I watched, then Max's tongue would touch off a new explosion within me, and she'd get a show. It was incredible. When Max finally pulled free of Helen, he cleaned himself, leaving us panting and sweaty, covered in his cum and saliva.

Helen finally stood and moved to my side, taking my hand and encouraging me to follow her.

"Let's go for a swim," she said, looking down at the trail of milky liquid leading back to the couch. "We both need to cool off and clean up."

We laughed as we walked hand in hand to the pool. We swam, talked, made out, or held each other for the rest of the afternoon. Helen asked me to stay the night with her, which I did. It was the most wonderful day and night of my life.

Our friendship grew over the years after I graduated college and moved away. I would visit my parents several times yearly, always making time to see Helen. She and Henry eventually divorced, but she got the house and enough in the settlement to never have to work again. Max passed away at age ten, and we both were very sad, but Helen managed to get one of his grandchildren, a beautiful male named Max Junior. She also has a Great Dane named Goliath, who lives up to his name. His cock is huge. The first time he bred me, we were tied for forty minutes. I came so much that I passed out at one point.

With my busy schedule and all the travel, I do for work, having a dog of my own wouldn't be right, so I'm limited to my visits with Helen to satisfy my canine needs. She is still my only serious bisexual partner, as I only date men occasionally and only when I'm truly hard up for cock. I'm working on getting transferred to my company's San Diego office, so I'll be closer to Helen, Goliath, and of course, Max Junior. I'm so glad that fateful day I first met Max and Helen. It changed my life.

The End.