

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part One

Ever since my first story, the true account of a love episode with my golden retriever Mike called "Letter from Don," appeared here earlier this year, I've received many queries from both men and women. Those that are sincere want to know more about what it's like to have a canine lover, a very sexual male dog in my life as well as periodically in my body. All I can give is one woman's feelings and point of view, not pretending to speak for anybody else or try to convert anybody to my lifestyle or way of thinking.

When I first began "adventuring" with male dogs, the experience was so new, at first sort of frightening but soon so raw and exciting that I became quite promiscuous, which I had never been with men. I seemed to crave and become addicted to the total passion that a lustful dog can put into intercourse. I'm afraid I coupled at times with some pretty ragged looking canines just because I was desperate for sex and they were easy to attract. That period didn't last very long; despite the condition of some of my partners, I never once experienced a "female problem" or vaginal infection. Most dogs, I learned, are vastly cleaner than most men in the parts that count. Today, though, I'm quite faithful to Mike — and occasionally Mr. Banter, a black Lab-shepherd mix owned by a friend. My eyes are always open, though. I love to visit kennels just to ogle the male dogs and fantasize a bit.

This happens because, sweet men, unless you are a woman who has been mated and tightly tied to a loving dog, feeling the intensity and passion of his thrusting haunches upon you and his hot surges and squirts deep in your belly, you cannot begin to know the feelings he engenders in you. Once this happens to a woman, never again can she view a male dog as just a pet or subservient beast. She knows what he can do, how wonderfully warm and totally female he can make her feel. She can never again condescend to a dog in word or action. Even a strange male dog can affect her with a sense of respect, almost awe, even when no sex is desired or anticipated from him.

And male dogs do respond to us as females, don't think they don't. For one thing, they can smell us and very quickly detect the state of our sexual readiness. Many times when visiting a kennel and being rather stirred by viewing some of the handsome males, I've noticed them become erect when I'm near (when they do, of course, I yearn to pleasure them with my mouth, at least, but seldom can on account of the damn fences). An intelligent male dog often seems to know more about a woman in certain ways than she knows about him. And if a woman puts forth only a little effort to accommodate his own particular sexual needs, he will reward her with hours of sexual bliss.

Here's another thing that may truly label me a freak. I'm convinced that dog semen carries rich mixtures of hormones that can vitally affect a woman's body chemistry. I can only judge from my own experience and appearance, of course. I'm 32 years old, was always decent looking with fairly nice hips and breasts — but since I started being a serious bitch with canines several years ago, my body seems to have really blossomed — and not just in my own opinion. I also hear it from many acquaintances (with very few of whom I share the facts of my sex life). My complexion has become much smoother — I'm often told I "glow" — and my body curves seem fuller and rounder. My bras are a size larger, but I've added only a very few pounds in the past 4 years. I feel wonderful and energetic (sex with Mike is a workout!). My intuitive feeling is that the lovely juices from his balls that he delivers so copiously into me somehow stimulate and react with my own biochemical system, resulting in production of more female hormones that act in and upon my body.. Even my breath sometimes seems to taste of his semen when we have been together. (Once in awhile a man who kisses me full on the mouth has remarked on an "odd, not unpleasant taste," as one guy put it. Mike's very subtle taste may linger for 24 hours or so after I've been with him. Not many guys would

want to kiss me again, I guess, if they knew the source of my occasional aroma.) I realize, however, that this opinion (of his physical effects on my body) may be slightly off the wall. But I'd adore to hear from any other woman out there who may be able to support this or comment about it from her own experience. This whole discussion on my part is mainly to emphasize that never has canine intercourse harmed me; indeed it has probably helped me in some pretty obvious ways.

When I come home from work in the evening, I always greet Mike on his level, drop to my hands and knees. We nose and lick and kiss (unless I've brought a guest home, in which case we just wrestle a bit). Sooner or later during this greeting, Mike lays a paw on my back. He knows never to mount me unless I'm totally nude and presenting my fanny to him, but this simple gesture of his conveys some heavy messages to both of us. It is his way of telling me — and anybody else who is there (even if they don't understand the message) — that I am his woman, that we are mates and lovers, and that he will always cherish and protect me. Whenever he does this, I feel my nipples rise and my heart melt, for I know he is remembering our times of intimacy together — the times when, tied together so closely by his swollen penis knot and held so tightly around my waist by his strong forelegs, I pant and sob and give myself totally, my vaginal walls clasping and caressing and kissing his hardness in me, my climaxes peaking again and again against his lunging maleness. Yes, that's what goes through our minds when he lays his paw on me, and we look at each other deeply if only for a moment, sharing our intimate knowledges of each other. An observer seeing this, of course, remains completely unaware (I hope!!!) of the significance behind the gesture, just thinks it a cute dog thing.

We have our petty jealousies. Seeing a man kiss me or even shake hands with me may evoke a growl from Mike, seldom more. But I don't provoke him unnecessarily; if I'm entertaining a man, I usher Mike outside. As for me and my jealousy, I thought the rules didn't apply. But last year, a friend wanted to breed his female retriever Mandy and asked if I'd loan Mike for stud service. In a weak moment I agreed — and when the day came and I took Mike over to Mandy's yard. I couldn't stay to watch them. I felt desolate, even bawled when I left them together. I hated that bitch Mandy, literally and quite irrationally. Jealousy? You bet. Ridiculous? Of course — but that's how it goes once you have a stake in total intimacy.

One question I've been asked by some internet readers — and one that I've often asked myself — is, can a woman really be "in love" with a canine sexual partner in the same romantic way that she would be in love with a man or another woman. I confess that I have real mixed and changing feelings on this question. During my workaday life when I'm away from Mike, my feelings for him include adoration, respect, friendly and caring and sexy thoughts — but romantic love? Not really. Yet on the other hand, during our most intimate moments when he ties me to him and our bodies become one wedded pulsing unit of passion, and the ecstasy of our union floods my being with such bliss — at such times he becomes my king, my total joy, my utter love. Whether he is dog or god could make no difference to me, we are simply gloriously one, and the gifts he transfers to me from his beautiful body are unspeakably precious. And when he is clasping me so tightly, I sometimes turn my head over my shoulder to see his marvelous head, and I croon to him softly and he licks my smiling lips and tear-wet cheeks. And when I do this I often feel inside me, where he is, another powerful welling, more hot spurts and squirts that lead invariably to belly tremors, then an all-out, panting and weeping, head-thrashing, leg-kicking, breast-strutting, absolutely total shuddering orgasm that surges in waves from my belly to toes to fingers to nipples to earlobes and back and forth in electric rushes of pure radiant energy. And I know then how wondrous and glorious a thing it is to be fully female. At such times I have yearned for the true joining of sperm and egg in my womb, which of course can never happen. But I know at least that his reproductive cells bathe mine in a wonderful dance that I feel in every fibre of my being. So am I "in love" with him? At times it seems very much like it, to be sure. The whole thing seems outlandish only when he is not in view.

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## Part Two

What is it like being tied to a dog by his penis knot during intercourse?

This is one of the most frequent questions I've been asked, especially by women, after my previous postings: "A Woman's View" and "Letter from Don".

Being tied is to me the highlight of my sexual relationship with my beautiful golden retriever and lover Mike. To me, this is the main event, the reason why, the source of sexual joy and passion both for me and, I'm sure, for him too. The knot itself, when swollen with dog lust, can be a rather intimidating piece of work, especially on a dog with large "equipment" (the size of dog provides only a roughly general index to the size of his erection, I've found — I was once tied very tightly by a beagle). How can that thing of tennis ball size or larger possibly go into me — and why would I want it there?

Well, to begin with, Mike's knot is usually not that big when he comes knocking at my gate (or, more accurately, comes barging in — Mike never needs a second invitation when I "present" to him — that is, lift my gorgeous fanny in front of him). His first thrust makes me gasp, its hotness and hardness always catching me by surprise even though I'm dripping wet with anticipation. His objective is to push that monster knot into me, and to help do it he provides plenty of slippery juice which, along with my own wetness, soon slides it in. Now I can feel the warmth of his big balls pressed close. Once lodged in my vagina, his knot grows. I can feel him swelling my labia, pushing against my clitoris, locking me tight as my entire body seems to clasp around him. Then, as his knot begins to pulse and I feel the heat from his first jets of semen spread deep in my belly, is when our lovemaking really begins. The feeling of pressure, both from his swollen knot and the increasing amounts of semen pressing into me make my belly begin to swell, often visibly — my "Mike pregnancy" I call it.

"God, he had such a load I thought it was going to come out my mouth," one woman wrote me. "You could see my stomach bulge, I swear, and when he finally pulled out there was cum all over the place. I am sure glad we did it in the garage."

It's a blissful feeling in itself, entirely apart from my orgasms, this feeling of tightness and pressure against him, such a feeling of wholeness and oneness, simply a male and female being together in the closest possible way. This is when I often begin to sniff and cry because these moments seem so beautiful to me, his desire for me as he grips me in his strong forelegs so wonderfully tangible in my body — and my desire for him so evident as my vaginal walls contract and embrace and kiss and bathe his male bigness in my most intimate womanhood. All this I can feel, every trickle and squirt and spurt that he gives me, because his body heat is hotter than mine. He is doing his best to impregnate me with little golden retrievers, but since his sperm and my eggs are not on genetic speaking terms, I must be content with the glorious impregnation of his love.

And I feel myself, in every waking hour, pregnant by him in this manner. In my job I must travel frequently and be away from him often. And very often, when away, I yearn for him, literally ache for his body, the grip of his strong paws, his beating heart on my back as he clasps me, the thrust of his muscular haunches, his fur against my hips and thighs, the juicy slap of his body against mine — and the tie, the tie, the tie that binds us so closely. Am I in love, would you say?

And often, dining out or partying with an often very charming and sexy gentleman during these times away, I am thinking instead of him, my canine lover at home, thinking of his body, the feel of us moving together in sexual union, the sweetness and ecstasy of our connectedness — and wondering if he is fantasizing about me too. My party companion, of course, doesn't dream of what's going on in my head. And if he and I should by chance find ourselves later that night in a bed

together, even then I am yearning, longing, for Mike, my sexual master. Once a woman has experienced this kind of love, as I've said before — really experienced it to its literal fullness — there is no way she can just put it out of her mind or not desire it again. By its very nature, the sex between dog and woman has duration. Owing to the tie, it cannot be “wham bam thank you ma'am”. He is with her for some time, and for most of that time he is a very powerful and intense sexual performer. A lover who gives a woman five or six shuddering or shrieking climaxes in the space of half an hour or so is not apt to be forgotten. He is, on the contrary, apt to be yearned for in one's needy hours. So the tie, my friends, is dangerous — it may remove you from your own kind, to some extent; it will definitely enlarge your horizons (as well as your labia).

But I do understand how nervous a woman can be when first visualizing the act with a dog partner. That knot can look very intimidating, and it can feel pretty uncomfortable too until one relaxes and just surrenders sexually to him. We women are built to handle much larger than a knot in our nether regions, after all. One must reconcile to the idea that, during intercourse, one becomes wholly his. He insists upon it, demands to possess one entirely, and one will not coax or train him otherwise. Generations of strong hunting canines power this driving haunches seeking to plant his seed in one's body. If a woman can arrive at the attitude of complete submission, of joy in the fact that he considers her a worthy and desirable female to mate with, then — and only then — does the feeling begin to delight. Delight so overwhelming, sometimes, that she will find herself sobbing in ecstasy, striving for new exciting ways to please him with her body.

Jennie is one of my human friends, one who knows exactly what I'm talking about — for Jennie is also a fond lover of canine masculinity. I was the one who introduced her to this pleasure.

She was a very nubile 19 when that happened (now she's a nubile 21), blonde, real peach, baby fat in all the right places. We worked together in the same office. The way it happened was this. One time when I had to go away, I asked her to take care of Mike for me. She came over to my place and I started telling her all the stuff about what to feed him and when, when to take him for a walk, etc. etc. — and it was like speaking to a wall, albeit a very pink and precious one. She was totally focused instead on my love's big juicy penis, which had become erect almost the moment she stepped into the room (I later found out she was ovulating that day). She couldn't tear her eyes away from him. Finally, in exasperation at her inattentiveness to what I was saying, I blurted out, “So go ahead and kiss it.”

“Oh Nan, I couldn't do that,” she says. “Kiss that thing, are you kidding?”

“No, I'm not,” I said. And I licked his erection a few times just to put a glow in his eye. Ms. Peachy's eyes bugged wide. She swelled her perky bosoms and decided she'd, well, try it.

Once she had her lips on it, of course, she couldn't stop — “He's just yummy, Nan!” She coaxed him to serious orgasm, thick white jets of his semen all over her face, in her hair, down her shirt while I watched his big balls jump and pulse. I licked some of him off her face and drenched my panties in the process. I don't know what there is about him that inspires all this female lust — I guess his passion and obvious lust for us.

Now I'm a pretty jealous gal and normally don't like sharing the love of my life with another woman or even a female dog, for that matter. And I'm not normally bisexual — but Jennie does turn me on to some extent. A few days after my return from the aforementioned trip, I invited her over again. I knew something had happened between them because when she came in the door she took one look at Mike and started peeling her clothes. He grinned at me, the cur. Neither of them asked me anything, oh no, they didn't need me. She sticks her pink perky ass in the air, Mike rises nobly to the occasion and is atop and inside Ms. Peach in about 3 seconds. I marvel at the motions of his

muscular flanks and haunches as he drives into her — I don't get to see this with him and I unless I use a mirror — and it gets me very steamy. Jennie is moaning and whimpering, hanging onto a chair as he pushes — and I get sort of under them both and start fondling and kissing her rather lovely breasts. Also, from that angle, I can see Mike's penis pushing in and out of her, his body smacking wetly against her. I watch him push his knot into her. She's strutting her breasts at me — extremely pink-nippled now — so I know she's OK with that too. I know Mike is squirting in her like crazy right now — and sure enough, she starts oohing and aahing and swinging her head and butt all over the place and says, "Make him quit, make him quit," when that's the last thing in the world she wants. In fact she's trying to back into him — her slim little belly is developing a decided bulge with the pressure of his semen load in her. He finally jumps up on her calves, and then all hell busts loose. She comes and screams and comes and screams again. Mike, so nonchalant, licks her neck — this is what women do under him, he knows — they scream, so what! By this time I'm so wrecked myself I'm kissing her lips like there's no tomorrow and we're both in a total sobbing frenzy of lust — I had always thought I was the only female who ever went berserk like that. She's sucking my nipple like a little pink puppy and my orgasm shatters the night sky — I literally become the fireworks. Next thing I know, she's embracing me on the floor — Mike is off her — and she's gushing him out all over herself and me too, and he's tonguing our backsides like Mr. Mop, and it tickles and we're laughing so hard we pee. Oh my — adventures at Swan Manor, I guess! Anyhow, when she leaves, she's even pinker and bouncier than when she arrived, and I — the ancient 30-year-old — am wiped out. Yes, I was once Ms. Peach but have, um, ripened somewhat, as it were. Our dogs seem to keep our figures blossoming, however.

Jennie and I go for long walks sometimes, and we're always looking for handsome guy dogs to ogle. The best ones are usually on leashes, being taken for walks by people. Maybe these dogs can smell the state of our lascivious souls — or our panties or something — because many of the males seem to give us more than a passing glance. "Ooooh, I can feel his tongue on my clit!" Jennie will squeal when we get past, and we explode into gales of laughter, two crazy, dampish gals strutting their stuff for every big dog in sight. "Is he still looking at us?" one of us will ask. "He is? Oh my god, he is!" And on and on, silly stuff for grown women — but we love it!

About twice a year we go visit a big kennel some distance away, and we're like two kids in a candy store, giggling and ogling the shepherds, danes, labs, retrievers, and rotes. Sometimes we spot a delicious hunk only to discover that "he" is a female, who eyes us disdainfully. The males smell us coming, though — poor sex-starved guys — and some of them get pronounced erections when they check us out behind their fences. By the time we finish a walk-through, maybe smooch through the fence with a couple and wiggle our fannies at 'em (if nobody's looking), Jen and I are just streaming down our thighs (though lately we've taken precautions by bringing some maxipads!). Then it's a relatively silent trip home, both of us thinking about our beautiful dogs and aching for their powerful embraces, their warm bodies pressed tight against us. And later we'll talk for days about some of the dogs we saw at the kennel and daydream about being with them — not necessarily even to mate with them, just to be close and caring next to them. (Incidentally, men e-mailers ask me so often about where to meet women who are into canine relationships. Kennels are an excellent place to find us, guys.)

And we always get back to the tie. If it were not for the tie, the wonderful tie, I would probably have no interest in mating with dogs. The tie makes it all loving and sexy and complete. When Mike "dismounts" me, I know I have been lovingly, most thoroughly mated. I feel like a woman renewed. I feel satisfied and sweet and serene, even though my belly may do flipflops for awhile and I may drip him for several hours if I'm not careful. The tie, how I love it, how fulfilling it is to a woman, what a beautiful way of uniting two lovers together. If male dogs didn't exist, some woman would have to invent them. But they do, they do exist — and this woman, for one, is so happy that they do.



## Part Three

After reading my previous postings, so many e-mailers have asked me how I began having a love and sex life with dogs — how it all started — that I thought I'd write about that. I've already told a handful of inquiries some of the story, but now I'll detail it further.

I was 27 — about 4 years ago — when I first experienced being mated by a dog. I will never forget him, a big black Lab. Joe, my boyfriend at the time, and I had talked about doing this for some time. I had long been fantasizing about it but was still feeling rather leery of actually doing it. Finally I resolved to give it a go. Joe helped us. I played with Mr. B (that was the Lab's name) and let him sniff and lick me until I was very squishy indeed. Then I kneeled and spread my knees and, with Joe's help, Mr. B mounted my rear. I felt him inside me, very hot and rigid and juicy, and he just kept driving, knew absolutely what he was doing. I had to hang onto Joe or Mr. B would have pushed me clear across the room!

Then I felt this enormous knot sliding into me. It pulsed and swelled even bigger inside my vagina, sort of uncomfortable until I just relaxed. We were locked tight together, and every time I shifted my weight or moved my fanny, he'd grip me harder with his forelegs around my waist. Then I began to feel his ejaculations — oh my god, my belly started doing flip-flops and I felt my body clasp and sucking against his hot penis. I felt the heat of his forceful squirts radiating through my belly and down my thighs, thought my nipples would burst. I was panting and so excited, Joe was kissing my lips and I was kissing his penis too part of the time. Finally the pressure made my belly start spasming uncontrollably, Mr. B was still coming in me, and I absolutely lost it. Electric orgasms washed over me in waves from earlobes to toenails and I sobbed, Joe said I screamed. Mr. B wouldn't let me go. Joe was so excited he orgasmed all over my face, almost drowned me, so here I was crying, gasping for breath, blowing semen bubbles, such a total mess and so blind and blissed out I thought I would die.

Joe held me in his arms, tried to quiet my hysteria, I don't know for how long. Next thing I remember he was literally carrying me like a little girl to our bedroom and there made love to drenched Nan. What a wonderful, totally mind-blowing introduction to canine sex.

Next morning I had a super clean-up job to do — the bed, the floors, even the walls. After Mr. B let me go, it seems, I literally showered just about everything in sight — the knot doesn't let anything escape! — though Mr. B had already licked and cleaned up a lot of it. I felt sort of strange, almost shy around him that morning, after the way he had made me feel. I didn't think I could ever treat him again as just a pet — and I was right.

I've never had a regret about doing this. Mr. B that night made me feel so absolutely fulfilled as a woman it's hard to describe. This event was such an utter revelation to me — that a dog could not only have powerful sexual desires for a woman but could perform intercourse with her, resulting for her in feelings of immense pleasure and such deep, sweet satisfaction.

I immediately sought more information about what I had just experienced. I didn't find much; later there would be resources on the internet, but at the time such resources were scarce. Joe and I talked about it constantly, and he arranged further sessions between myself and Mr. B whenever possible (neither of us owned the dog). Oh, that wondrous dog, my first canine lover. He taught me so much about sex, about my own capabilities — and yes, about the extent of my lust. I could hardly wait for the occasions when I could strip for him, offer my body to him without reservation, feel the strong grip of his forelegs as he mounted me and tied me tightly to him, feel the hot rush of his

juices in my body, throughout every fiber and crevice, feel the pressure of my ecstasy mount until it spilled over the top and I kicked and thrashed and moaned and sobbed beneath him as orgasms shook and shuddered me. I felt my body clasping his big squirter in multiple interior seizures again and again, and he moaned and whimpered too with the exquisite pleasure my body gave him — which further compounded my own sexual elation. A dog! Mr. B!

Joe went wild too, watching us — and some of the nicest times between Joe and I occurred in bed after I had coupled with Mr. B. I would still be in a state of weeping euphoria, my belly doing flip-flops, my swollen labia dripping and occasionally erupting little squirts of Mr. B's semen, my nipples on fire — in short, a total mess of a female — and Joe would rub my belly, hold and rock me gently, crooning and kissing me softly, helping me wind down from the marvelous plateau (usually adding his own semen to me in the process!). Later, after Joe and I split up (for various reasons, none of them involving dogs), I really missed this lovely afterglow time.

Today I find that I can't maintain a relationship with a man if I feel I can't share with him this aspect of my life. I go strictly by intuition in this matter. I want to be able to share with him this joyous element of my existence. Some men will go along with it for awhile but become edgy and impatient when they discover that this isn't just a temporary "crazy" phase Nan is experiencing. No, as I keep emphasizing from the bottom of my heart: Once mated, really mated, to a canine partner, a woman can never be the same. Oh sure, she may forsake such relationships for various practical reasons of convenience, but — despite a load of possible guilt feelings — she will never forget the certain him who, though a dog, once made her feel more of a woman than any man ever did. She will dream and daydream about the event, even as she tells herself it is a sordid, sinful thing she did, an act she should despise and despise in herself for ever desiring. She may even physically ache for the feel of a dog's body, a deep, inner yearning she can neither ignore nor satisfy.

I know all this not only because I experienced such feelings at a low point in my life — but because I frequently hear from women who are still fighting this battle within themselves. Nobody knows the percentage of dog-owning women — especially single women — who often or periodically offer their bodies in sexual love to their canines — but I personally believe (to judge from my mail) that the figure is much higher than one would guess. Such a relationship must necessarily be guarded, must be one of the most intimate, closely held secrets of a woman's life. She cannot take chances on sharing it with even close friends, for fear of being labeled a pervert of some sort and of being ostracized. And she must make very careful preparations not to be disturbed or discovered by anyone during the actual event of intercourse with her dog. Yet even these constraints cannot deter her desires and needs as a woman, and she is willing to chance the dangers of discovery simply for the wondrous rewards of uniting, of ecstasy, of love. I feel such empathy for these women, though I personally know few of them. Even I myself, who have publicized details of my canine love life far and wide on the internet, am extremely reticent and careful around home. Most of my friends and acquaintances, as well as my own family, simply could not deal with such knowledge, and I take great pains to insure that they never will be confronted with it.

But back to the "story of my life." Mr. B soon disappeared from my life; his owner moved away, and I've never seen him again. Those first weeks without him I felt destitute and empty. I felt I desperately needed another dog. For a period of several weeks (my "promiscuous" period) I formed a real attachment to stray dogs. Something about their wild, usually unkempt appearance turned me on. I'd go roaming the streets at night, wearing a skirt but no panties so a dog could smell me approaching easier. I found several dogs this way, found to my delight that, once beyond the rather hasty preliminaries, they needed me as much as I needed them. Most of them were so wise — they knew just what to do and how to proceed. The only tricky thing was watching out for somebody discovering us, for we usually copulated on the ground behind a bush or parked car, and once the dog tied me, as he usually did, I couldn't get loose for awhile. Once a policeman did discover us —



fortunately the dog, a big rangy mutt, released me quickly — the cop thought I had been attacked by him and wanted me to go to the hospital, but I refused. After one of these stray-dog encounters, with my back and sides scratched up and dog juices running down my legs and filling my shoes, I'd squish home in a haze and a daze of happiness, a dirty wild child (almost 30 years of age!), my longings satisfied, my womb warm, my breasts tingling delightfully. Oh yes, and sometimes I'd be itching with fleas!

I haven't had a stray dog in a long time, but I can still drench my panties thinking of those days and some of those strange, furtive encounters. Today a person observing this clean, attractive, well-dressed woman, walking to work or having lunch in the cafeteria would hardly identify her as that street slut with filthy hands and knees who was so passionate for a dog she couldn't wait to hoist her bare fanny to any passing stray. I can hardly believe it myself.

Then one night I got turned around real quick — by a dog. He was a yellowish, evil-looking cur who was skulking around in an alley. I saw he was a male. As I approached him, he growled and looked as if he might attack. I went back into the alley, away from any likely intruder, and he followed. I turned my back to him and lifted my skirt, got down on hands and knees in the dirt and presented to him, wiggling my bottom at this terrible creature. He was about Airedale size, his fur matted and ragged, his eyes red-rimmed, his odor awful. He approached and I felt his nose and tongue on my backside, then wetly between my legs. I flipped my ass again and he mounted me. I felt his hot penis slide into me, felt his hindquarters pumping furiously as his forpaws scratched my sides and his hot breath panted hard above me. Groaning in pleasure, I opened to him. It felt blissfully familiar, and I ignored the hurt of his scratching (I don socks on my lovers today). My itching nipples seemed to burn holes through my t-shirt. "Tie me, oh tie me!" I begged aloud, but he just kept driving, grinding me into the dirt, shoving and pushing, scraping my skin, gripping me ever tighter in his filthy paws. Finally I felt a big ball of a knot nudging me, then it slipped into my vagina, and almost immediately a flood of heat surged through my body and I knew I had a bellyful of puppies. But then, when he was just beginning to make me happy — this awful dog! — the brute pulled out of me, nipped me hard on a buttock, and walked away. I couldn't believe it — never before had a male dog treated me that way. I stared after him, frustrated, weeping, so mad I was practically spitting, calling him every evil name I could think of while his hot semen streamed down my thighs and my body ached for relief. He disdained to even look around — he had taken me just long enough to shoot his balls off once, then bit me and left. I hated him, I loathed him, I wanted to beat him, stone him, [CENSOR] him. I sort of staggered home, where I showered off his and the alley filth and examined my wounds — bleeding paw scratches all over my back and sides and a bleeding booty where he'd bit me. "Okay, Nan," I told myself, "that's enough slumming." I went and got a tetanus shot and never went looking for skanky junkyard dogs again — even though I felt pretty desperate sometimes.

But that foul brute, it turned out, taught me an important lesson. He taught me respect, taught me to become much more sophisticated and systematic in my search for canine partners. Foreplay became important to me — fondling, kissing, tasting, playing, tussling, letting a dog identify me as a physically desirable partner. Whereas previously my main interest had been focused solely on a dog's penis and size of his knot, I began to look more at the whole animal, how friendly he was, how totally attractive he was as a dog and a male, how attracted he seemed to me. I developed a sensitivity somewhat similar to the normal antennae of heterosexual women toward men. Yes, a handsome male dog can cause my heart to flutter and my legs weaken — and often such a dog is completely aware of this. I know he is by the intensity of his stare at me — I just sense it, somehow — and the feeling is often confirmed as I see the beginnings of an erection swelling from his loins. I deserved that treatment I received from the alley dog — I had approached him without respect, with only my own needs in mind. He

disciplined me hard, taught me that even his scuzzy self was worthy of regard, that as a privileged

receptacle for the living seed of a noble race, I had better mind my manners and my attitudes. I have tried to do that ever since — the protocol of sex with a dog is always important — and have never regretted it.

One of the most important items in that protocol is his tongue, a versatile, marvelous sex organ in itself. Today the sight of a male dog's tongue can get me steamy and aroused — it's a lovely, pink, penislike organ that can by itself fulfill a woman's sexual needs by its licking, probing, caressing. For me, an important part of foreplay is kissing and French-kissing my dog. This may sound repulsive to some people, but I have learned to love it, love the intimacy of tasting, kissing, sucking his tongue. My golden retriever Mike has taught me to become even more of an oral, osculatory person than I was before. I love his mouth, his taste, and he loves my lips and mouth as well. Kissing Mike is a delightfully wet, erotic experience. Sometimes, seeing a strange male dog with tongue draping from his mouth, I feel almost shy and embarrassed because it seems so overtly and explicitly sexual a sight. I realize that's entirely my own reaction unshared by most people; it results from my own sexual interactions with dogs — but I can't help it. I know what a dog's tongue can do to me, the thrills of intense cunnilingus that can open me so wide for him.

After my promiscuous period, I'd go to kennels, borrow a dog for a few days just to see how well we adjusted together, coax him to mate me if he would, then try another, maybe six or more different ones in as many months. So I guess I was still being promiscuous — but more systematically, at least. Not all male dogs, I found, can be taught to desire a human female — and not all of those that can are able to take her the distance, as it were. But many can and, if given the chance, will. Like human males, male dogs come in all sorts and degrees of intelligence and ability. I've learned over time to spot a good prospect from a dismal one and am rarely wrong, though I'm no longer promiscuous.

I love looking at dog pictures too. Oh dog, I want to say, do you know what you have done to me, how dear you are to my body and soul, how beautiful a thing it is to be mated by and with you? I do not want to be a female dog for you, a bitch, but a bare, warm, human woman receiving your body into mine in an act of love so strong and sweet that it causes me to swoon. Thank you for your warmth next to me, your lovely fragrant kisses, the cascading sperm from your body in my belly. Thank you, oh thank you, my love. Thank you, Mr. B. Thank you, Mike. Thank you, all my sweet, irrepressible lovers who have known me and tied me to you. And yes, thank you, Mr. alley dog, wherever you are.

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## **Part Four**

Sometimes persons who have read my previous postings and know my lifestyle say to me: "Nan, you're a bright, shapely, attractive, and sensible woman. You could take your pick of any number of bright, eligible, even rich men to settle down with and have a stable, satisfying life. Why on earth have you chosen instead to become a sex partner to animals, namely dogs? Ugh, Nan. Why do you seek perverted play with a furred creature that cannot begin to give you the pleasure and rewards you deserve as a caring man could? Why have you chosen to waste your beauty, your potential for loving, on a creature that women were biologically not intended for? And then, to cap it off, to write about it and describe your perversion in detail! I just don't understand!"

Well, some people never will understand, no matter what I say, and that's okay. Universal approval is not a priority for me. And of course some people think I'm making up these stories, or that I'm really a dirty old man in disguise... That's okay too if they want to believe those things. All I can say to them is, try it out and see for yourself. But for those who — especially after having read my

previous postings ("A Woman's View," Charlie," etc.) — would genuinely like to know more about "where I'm coming from" as a woman, I'll try to clarify some of my feelings and perspectives.

I'm a hot-blooded girl, and the sight of an erect penis on man, boy, or beast — or even pictures of such — can give me tingles from head to toe. But I have never experienced such flat-out pure lust, such sexual frenzy, as when I am tied with a beautiful male dog who is mating me. To begin with, the very idea that my body and odors can put sexual feelings and impulses into this animal's mind is incredibly stimulating to me. That a male dog can find me sexually desirable — this furred, four-footed creature we have trained to be a pet and companion but seldom a lover — makes me flush and squirm with libido. Second, I have seldom experienced such a feeling of being utterly possessed, of being so protected and taken care of, as when a male dog mounts my body, clasps my waist with powerful forelegs, his penis hot and hard, wetting my thighs and vagina, thrusting between my labia with lovely squishes and smacks, our juices mingling. That lovely monster forging deep and wild in my vulva, the rhythmic push of his muscular haunches against my hips, his drive to get closer, closer to me, while I brace against him and prepare myself, emotionally and physically, to receive him fully into my body — oh, what bliss I have experienced from this intensity of both our needs. A woman needs this feeling of a male's intense need for her, and a male dog supplies an abundance of this feeling for her.

I have a theory about women and dogs. I don't know if it can ever be proven or verified, but it somehow feels right to me. I feel that there is something between a male dog and a woman that goes way back in time — that we have unique feelings and physical stirrings for each other. Ages ago, when men and women occupied caves and primitive shelters, men often left on lengthy hunting trips, leaving women to fend for themselves and their children. As protectors in the absence of men, they had dogs, wild, rangy, powerful animals. And maybe the dogs sometimes became more than protectors. During the long, cold, lonely nights, when a woman needed warmth, security, companionship — and yes, loving — maybe, just maybe, dogs became very important surrogates for the absent men. It could never be admitted in the community, of course. Well, it's just a theory. But where powerful needs exist, solutions follow, and sometimes such solutions simply lie at the doorstep. As I say, I love my dog's incessant desire for me. His desire to possess me inflames my own desire for him, and when he locks us together in the physical manifestation of that desire, it feels like a union meant to be. Can we be so sure that this bonding is so abnormal after all? How did the prehistoric domestication of dogs from wolves come about? A lonely woman in her cave or tent . . . a solitary ranger of a wolf smelling somehow familiar odors that stir his massive loins . . . is the scenario so fantastic indeed? We will never know, of course, except by the hints and intuitions experienced as we couple, male and female, in an ecstatic song of sex, an embrace that fills us both with joyous wonder, bringing us back together again and again.

Sometimes dogs still are our protectors, just as they once were. Sometimes when Mike, my golden retriever, has tied me and we're locked together and I feel him surging so strongly into me with every fiber of his strength, I feel so safe and secure — so warmly cherished and "taken care of" — wrapped in his strong forelegs. Maybe that's a crazy thing to feel, but there it is. I always feel so warm and rosy after Mike has mated me, it really brings out the glow. When I go walking in an area where I know the dogs can see me, I sometimes feel their eyes on me, their vision cruising over my hips as I walk, making me feel flushed and a little excited. In short, I think there's a whole complex of special feelings between women and dogs, intuitions and relationships that people don't yet understand.

Getting back to the actual mating that occurs, the third and final phase — the most wondrous of all — begins as I feel Mike's knot rubbing hard against me, then feel it slide, so slippery and slick, between my labia, swell against my clitoris, sealing my vagina with his organ. I relax and let him tie me, hold me in the most sexual way possible. He ceases his driving against me, just pins me close,

his haunches trembling, tightening his legs about my waist. I sigh and lean back into his loins, feel his tongue wetly love-kissing my neck and back, his knot throbbing and pulsing deep between my legs. Then I feel sort of a hot tickling sensation inside, his first big ejaculations, hot rhythmic squirts jetting deep in my tummy. I hear myself moan, sensing so clearly the closeness of our bodies, our oneness, and I snuggle up into his embrace, push my buttocks further into the curve of his protective loins. He ejaculates several times, quits, then does it again, heating my belly, causing a delightful sense of pressure inside. He shifts his body on me, clutches me even tighter. This cycle repeats several times, and each time the pervading inner warmth and pressure heighten my excitement. Maybe the inner pressure or the pulsing of his knot stimulate my G-spot (if such exists) as well as my clitoris. My movements seem helpless and involuntary — head thrashing, sighing, breast and butt strutting, deep panting breaths — it just happens, I can't control it. The pressure keeps building in me, I want desperately to get away from it yet at the same time want it to fill me completely, the feelings of wondrous ecstatic bliss and frenzy just take over. I don't need to describe for women readers the waves of total sensation that surge through one, as if every pore is opened and drooling and yelling, the body sensitized into one shuddering, squealing nerve of nerves. I know that he, back there attached so tightly to my rear, feels me blast off ballistic, for I can feel my vulva walls spasm against his penis, I feel my labia in suction against his knot, and I feel his body shudder. Since I'm a real squirter when I climax, the feeling of sealed-in implosion I experience leaves me gasping. Oh heavens, what a divine experience. This is why I so often present myself sexually to my dog Mike — because far from abasing or humiliating me, the experience seems to enhance every fiber of my being, turns me into a Wonder Woman, makes me feel glorious! I'm so glad he keeps coming back to me for sex, I feel honored in a sense. Here's a powerful creature who could easily [CENSOR] me if he had a mind, yet he makes me his sex partner, his lover, and I do feel humbled though not humiliated by this.

I'm reminded of my dear friend Phyllis, an older woman (now 62) who lives in Arizona. Phyllis may look 62 in her face, but her wondrous body is that of a 30-year-old woman. Her heavy breasts stand erect, her slim belly and hip curves are a delight, her lovely rump would stop a bus. Phyllis has been making love with dogs — she owns a kennel — for at least 25 years. She has allowed me to watch her and her big English setter Jack several times, and twice we enjoyed our dogs side by side together. This lady is such a sexpot. All of her male dogs adore her, and she knows all of them (in the Biblical sense). I can see her now on all fours, she and Jack tied so tightly together, her face suffused with bliss, her brown nipples huge and hard on her swaying breasts, her body a lovely blushing rose held by Jack. Phyllis insists that she owes her state of lovely preservation mainly to the large quantities of dog semen she has taken over the years. "It brings out the female hormones, dear," she swears. Something does for sure; if my body looks as good when I hit 40 as hers does right now, I'll be delighted. Phyllis told me that she actually became pregnant by a dog once. I pooh-poohed the possibility of this happening. She didn't argue it, merely said that she had once spontaneously aborted two small masses of tissue that had fur — one even had a vestigial snout — and also apparently human skin. The doctors just chalked it up as anomalous tumors, she said, never knowing that she had had intercourse solely with dogs for the past years. "So never say it can't happen," she tells me — though it's certainly not a very likely occurrence, even she'd agree.

Phyllis and my canine lovers have taught me so much about gifting oneself sexually. It is such an intensely moving experience when I present the most intimate part of my body to a male dog that I know has been watching me and wants to mate me. Sometimes during the day while seated at my desk in the office where I work, I daydream about the lover at home waiting for me. I'm sure he thinks about me too when I'm away. I wiggle in my chair, smiling at the memory of finding golden retriever hairs tangled in my pubic hairs as I showered that morning. Who among my office coworkers would believe that the gal smiling to herself at the corner desk "has a relationship" with her dog. It's a secret I dare not reveal to any but a very few of my most intimate friends (and, of

course, to the many internet friends I've gained since I began writing these accounts).

Lots of guys write to tell me how much they would like to share with a woman her canine love life. But in my personal life, I've found very few guys who can deal with it on any long-term basis. Most of them seem utterly unable to comprehend that a woman's sexual affair with a dog may be more than just a temporary "stopgap" (as it were) until the right guy comes (as it were) along. For me, at least — and for several women I've known — the reverse tends to be more true: The man is the temp until new sparks fly between she and a canine he. One of my correspondents (a guy) suggested to me a possible explanation for this: "I have long believed that women can love a man unconditionally and without judgement. I don't know of any men who can do the same thing with women....A dog, however, can love unconditionally and without judgement too. I can easily see why a woman would prefer the company of a dog over a man." Well, I'm not sure I fully agree with these sweeping statements, but it's an interesting idea.

But I certainly don't want to label all guys the same. One guy I had a two-year relationship with did in fact prove the exception to my usual experience. Jack (I'll call him) was caring and gentle, seemed to sense my needs and feelings exactly on the occasions when Mike mated me. Jack would "stand guard" beside us when Mike tied me, making sure we weren't interrupted, answering the phone or the door, just taking care of the mundane things when Mike was taking care of me and I of him. And an hour later, maybe, when I was a wet mess, still trembling from my orgasms and kind of out of it, Jack would hold me nude in his arms, caressing my wet bubble-butt, gently massaging my back and belly and breasts, easing me back down to Earth. Often after sex with Mike I'll insert a tampon just to hold some of his semen in me awhile longer, and sometimes Jack would do this for me. Then later, lying atop Jack in bed, I'd remove the tampon just before he entered me, soaking us both with wonderful Mike. And soon I'd have a wondrous mixture of male sperm swimming in me, beautiful juices so dynamic yet soothing and lotion-like to a woman. Unfortunately Jack was a married guy (all the best men are, it seems), and we finally had to split.

Most women who own a large male dog do not, of course, do with him what I do with Mike (and occasionally other dogs as well). Yet surely the thought of it must sometimes occur to them, even if immediately rejected or repressed. I mean here's a creature so obviously male that it must make her shiver at times. And a male dog can smell a female, believe me, whether she be dog or woman. And react accordingly. Yet most women, of course, will never allow themselves to know the unique physical and emotional experience of being tied to a beautiful animal that can't get enough of her. Some women do fantasize about it, and I hear from many of them, women who will probably never bring themselves to actually "do it" with a dog. Yet the very fact that so many women think about it, turn it over in their minds, tells me that the appeal resides deep inside a woman's psyche, maybe is even part of the basic psychological-sexual complex that defines her as a woman — probably not all women, but at least some of us. Have you ever seen a woman "flirt" with a dog? I'm sure you have, though maybe you didn't register on it at the time. I've watched women, some of them very proper and conventional people, caress male dogs so sensually with their eyes. Some, no doubt, aren't even aware they're doing it — for this impulse/appeal/whatever it is seems to come from very deep unconscious sources.

But once a woman gets used to thinking of male dogs as possible sex partners, she starts behaving rather differently around them — and the dogs, believe me, sense and know it (again, possibly a confirmation of the age-old history previously mentioned). I pride myself to some extent on being able to spot a woman who is having ongoing sexual relations with a dog. It's in the way she looks at him, the way she walks and even sits when she is with him — a certain posture and bearing, more than just a butt-strut, that I can't easily describe but which really hits me in the eye when I see it — which, granted, isn't often...but often enough...you'd be surprised!. (Walking down the street with Mike and Jack, I'd tell Jack, "Don't let me butt-strut, o.k.?" And sometimes he'd say, "Hey, you're

butt-struttin', bubble-butt." I didn't want to exhibit myself as Mrs. Dog, though I probably exaggerated the whole thing. Anybody who wasn't keyed into it would hardly notice, of course.) But I think some women — not necessarily dog partners either — may unconsciously bend a little and "present" to a big male dog every time one looms on the horizon — I suspect myself of doing this at times. It's a devious instinct that I've only grown aware of by observing its manifestations in myself and — pretty frequently — in other women, young and old.

So yes, I know that male dogs were made for female dogs and vice versa. But sometimes it's hard for me not to believe that they were made for women as well. Because the most exquisite pleasures of my life have occurred within the strong forelegs of a canine lover clasp my waist, feeling his passion, so raw, so sweet. Looking at his lovely sensual mouth, his big clitoris caresser of a tongue, his enthusiastic tail on his muscular business end, all these thrill me from inside out, give me goosebumps. "Don't butt-strut, Nan." Hmm, easy for you to say.

But when he ties me to him in a knot-bond whose strength surges waves of electricity through me, flushing my face, erecting my nipples to absurd size, sensitizing every inch of my skin, I must ask: How can such bonding be wrong for a woman? From my scalp to my toenails, I awaken anew and know the honey taste of womanhood. And that, for me, is what it's all about.

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## **Part Five - Fit To Be Tied**

For a woman — at least for this woman — no more lustful, beautiful, or sexually fulfilling experience exists than being tied by a large male dog. By "tied," I mean the insertion of the dog's knot, the swollen area of his cock that swells even larger after insertion into the vagina. I have often written about this experience before (in "A Woman's View" series, etc.), but I'm never quite satisfied that I have described it the way it really is, the way I feel it and would like my readers to feel it. Being tied is such a wondrous way for a woman to be held, cherished, and totally possessed that I yearn to do justice to the experience, to explore and re-experience every nuance of the experience — yet I'm not sure that this is even possible by way of words.

When I was a very young girl and awakening to my first feelings of sexual longings and possibilities, I never dreamed in my wildest fantasies that the overwhelming, utterly transporting and transcendent event of sexual orgasm could be such a totally life-changing, body-blossoming — yes, and addictive — explosion of growth and sensory awareness. I'm not saying that a man (or another woman) cannot bring this about in a woman. For me, however, it did not happen in all its joyous fullness until, in my late twenties, I began mating with canines.

Perhaps to place such emphasis upon the wonderful climax, the orgasm that shakes a woman to her roots and causes her to cry out in helpless irrationality to this wolf-like mammal that has entered her body and clasps her tightly, is a false emphasis. More than the orgasm, as shaking and earth-shattering an experience as that can be, it is the experience of being tied to a dog, the locking of loins, the total oneness with this beautiful four-footed creature that the knot-tie symbolizes and makes possible. That's the most of paradise on Earth that a woman (at least this woman) can handle.

Even for me, the sight of a woman and a dog copulating is one of the most beautifully haunting visions I ever hope to see. I love to watch some of my woman friends doing it, and I love to see myself in mirror or photograph doing it. This sexual coming together of two unique individuals and species moves me so intensely that I invariably shed a tear. The happiness and pleasure they lavish on each other just overflows. For the women I know who have opened themselves (literally!) to this experience, there was never better, more abandoned sex than this — nor more feelings of sweetness

and emotional closeness than with a canine partner. So many women have told me, "Nan, this is the level of sensual, passionate, emotional experience I had sought all my life in sexual relationships, and now I at last I find that it is real, it is heaven." Others tell me, "I now know what a real and physical love relationship is all about." Yes, some have sneered at these women and myself for claiming such supposedly "perverted nonsense" as the truth. And to such people our "bestial" relationships may indeed look like something unholy and perverted. All I can say is, they haven't been tied as we have to the animal kingdom in a bond of utter love and lust, and so they cannot know whereof they speak. More than ever, I am convinced that male dogs and women have a special though often repressed affinity for each other, as I have written in a previous posting. I have seen too many women all but present themselves sexually and symbolically to male dogs to believe otherwise. Often a woman will not even be aware of her behaviors around a male dog — behaviors that shine most obviously to a woman who recognizes the feelings that lie behind such obvious "flirtings." And I think it's a lovely and wonderful and endearing tendency we share as women, this longing — repressed though it often is — to hold these fiercely beautiful predatory creatures, loving and subdued at last, in our bodies' clasp, surrendering our female hearts and bodies to the tie, the wondrous physical tie between us.

I can best illustrate these feelings, I guess, by describing a recent transcendent experience of sex that I had with Mike, my golden retriever and partner of some six years. As such, it wasn't that unusual an experience for us — yet its very "everydayness" surely gives some inkling of the truly boundary-shattering type of loving that has, for us, become almost conventional. In the many accounts I have read in *White Shadow* and other places of the dog-woman sexual experience (most of them, I realize, are probably fantasy), the author very quickly cuts to the climactic scene — but in real life, I find the foreplay experience between my dog and myself to be wondrously erotic.

Last Friday night I came home from work quite tired after an exhausting day and week. Mike greeted me as I entered the house, bathed my face in tongue greeting — and suddenly my fatigue vanished. It was just me and him — him eyeing me and tugging at my slacks, me caressing his fur, beginning to pant slightly, feeling my nipples rise, a sudden dampness between my legs. He knows my slightest movement, all my odors, what they all signify, and the language between us. He knows. His cock, oh his beautiful monster, is already half exposed, hanging out beneath his belly. I don't know how he makes me so hot, but he does. I'm stripping off my clothes and kissing him, sucking his tongue. He is dancing foot-to-foot, strutting, impatient to mate, wanting me with all his canine intensity. His desire for me fuels my own need; I love to be wanted like this. His big purple cock laced with dilated vessels — how can I possibly take it, I always wonder — drips juice as my scents season the air. He smells my ripe readiness, and on all fours I strut out my butt, can't help it when he's so close. I quickly glove his forelegs with socks to guard my back and sides from his passion on me, and he prances and licks and whines, knowing totally what this means and promises, his big thing bouncing under him, flicking penis juices on my hands. I lick off his "raindrops," then just briefly mouth the end of his now-very-hard cock and feel a lovely squirt of hot, so-slippery pre-cum against my tongue. I swallow it and smile at him.

Then I tease. I bitch-strut the room, thrusting my breasts and butt — it feels so good to do this, wantonly, openly, letting go all the repressions of the day and week, becoming woman in ways I don't dare to do in the dress-up world I inhabit day-in day-out. Mike is so steamed up that his beautiful muscular haunches are involuntarily thrusting in the air. I eye his lovely balls, they look so heavy and full. I dance around him, feeling hot and flushed, my nipples itching, my wetness beginning to stream down my thighs. I kneel. Mike circles me and paws my bottom in his lovely gesture of familiarity and matehood. He nuzzles my bottom, my vagina. I feel his little snorts of breath as he inhales the breath of my womanhood, kisses my labia with his tongue, sending ripples and shudders all the way to my scalp.



I wiggle my butt to break the spell — still teasing — turn around, and take his beautiful cock, long and slick, into my hands. I caress it lightly, so hot and rigid in my hands. An odor emanates from it, a very sexual musky odor that permeates my membranes, erects goosebumps on my face and neck and breasts, makes me moan. His pheromones, his hormones meeting mine. I lick the hard, hot length of it and again sip its trickling tip. If this is forbidden taste, I am a lost soul! I caress the length of his cock with my lips, and then make a wet, warm tube of my mouth, embracing his warm, trembling body in my arms. His wetness fills my mouth, overflows onto my chin and cheeks. His odor fills my nostrils, inflames me to my core, and I become conscious of a feeling of hollowness deep in my belly.

I can smell myself too, feel the sopping wetness between my legs, drenching my pubic hair, coating my upper thighs. I can't control my sighs and moans. I kiss his mouth, give him mine, and lick his wet tongue. Then his tongue is in my mouth, sliding, slick, moving inside my cheeks, tasting his own penis juices, spilling his saliva till it bubbles from my lips. It is time.

I turn on all fours and present to him, lifting my rear, spreading my knees. He mounts my back, and his haunches grind against my hips. A fountain of pre-cum erupts against my vagina and splatters on my thighs. He surges against me so strongly that my teeth shake. Very quickly (he no longer needs my hand guidance) his hot hardness is in me. My nipples look absurdly large, feel ready to burst; my breasts itch and tingle, feelings accentuated by the pressure of his forelegs against my sides.

Something feels electric in my very core. I shift my butt, and he grasps me tighter, his haunches slapping my rear. I feel his knot slide into me, wet sucking sounds, and then his dark-furred balls are pressing against my labia, his knot pulsing and swelling in my vagina. We are one organism now, tight clasped male and female, a dog and a woman doing their age-old creative dance together. He fountains my excitement and I feel my head thrashing, feel a drool of his saliva on the back of my neck, his furred chest weighing on me — and inside me, a sensation of surging, jetting heat, rousing little prickles and tickles and sudden hot flushes so deep inside.

I hear myself moaning, like sounds somehow outside myself, almost a frenzy of sounds. My pleasure is so intense it verges on pain. The pressure of his love clasp between my legs mounts. I shift against him again, and his response is to grasp me even tighter, and I feel another hot, internal surge so forceful that it makes me gasp. I feel big with him, so utterly carnal and ravished, yet feel that this is so "right," somehow, this big dog locked into my body and pouring his seed, literally erupting semen into my system, internally bathing me with his precious reproductive fluids. What I am feeling, I know, is the sexual happiness of a woman — call it ecstasy, bliss, what you will — but it feels so right, so beautiful that this is happening. I don't know what my lover makes of my moanings and head tossings beneath him, but he is surely used to them by now, and I want to convey to him somehow — yes, to this dog — the intense pleasure he is giving me. I want him to feel my body as a marvelous kiss of his own, a lovely caress and licking and fondling of the beautiful penis and knot I hold in me. I yearn, I ache to give him back an ounce of the pleasure he lavishes in me, and my hands move to my sides where I clasp his mittened paws and caress the strong forelegs embracing me. I reach an arm behind my shoulder, caressing his lovely head. Weeping, I whisper, whisper words of such intimacy, words that cannot here be revealed, words that surely few humans have ever uttered to an animal, at least in this day and age. But I am a woman, and he is my lover, and he has tied me to him.

This "revery" basking period sometimes lasts for — how can I say how long, time becomes the last thing on my mind. But it has a duration, and the sweetness of it is simply indescribable. It is the part of intercourse that joy between the sexes was meant to be, surely.

But sooner or later I feel the sensation of a large, sputtering fuse in me, scattering sparks and bits of hot metallic spray. I feel explosion imminent. I pant, inhaling huge gasps of air as my orgasm wells

up and begins. The heat of his organ, the sizzling sensation like lava squirting and shooting, overwhelm me, and I feel my entire “interior self” gathering, gathering, then seizing, seizing. I hear a scream — it’s me! — and I’m suddenly a mass of trembles and shudders and shocks and buzzes and vaginal farts and grabbing sensations. rising, rising — and then waves, seismic shocks, radial tsunamis, thundering breakers, rolling out in all directions from my center, raising my scalp, goosefleshing my toes, spasming my feet up and down against the floor, jerking me like a marionette within the still-tight clasp of his marvelous paws.

And so, climax. But there is more than that. More that is quieter, full of smiles and caresses and tongues and the warmth of our bodies pressed close, my nipple itch buried in his chest fur. We together, Mike and Nan. Separate beings, yes — but not always and not for too long apart.

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## **Part Six - Three Dog Night**

Every couple of months or so, two of my girlfriends and myself like to get together at my place with our dogs for a sort of free-for-all session. Some might call it an orgy or sex party, and I suppose it is, but the main idea is just to socialize in the nude and have some fun with our dogs. We’re not lesbians, but we’re not afraid of physical touching and intimacy either when it seems desirable and... just nice. Some readers may have seen my previous postings and so are somewhat familiar with Nan (that’s me) by now. But let me introduce the small cast of characters that attended our party two weeks ago Saturday.

I’ve mentioned my friend Jennie in a previous posting. She’s a pink, blond (sometimes) sexpot in her early twenties; I introduced her to dog sex over a year ago. She has a Boxer called Dodger and a German Shepherd she named Baxter (for mysterious Jenniesque reasons). She brought only Baxter to our party.

Lacey is a stunning black woman about 40, a more recent friend. I have never seen a woman with a more beautiful body (pronounced “booty,” she tells me). She and her big Rottweiler, Tag, have had a sexual relationship for several years. Both Lacey and Jen work in the same offices I do, which is where we met.

I’m Nan, as I said, and I’ve written often about my love life with dogs. (See my earlier accounts “Charlie” and “A Woman’s View” for more about my nefarious past.) I’m 32, brunette, nice face, good figure (Jen calls me “Ms. Bubblebutt”); current love of my life is my big golden retriever, Mike.

Lacey and Jen came over with Tag and Baxter about 3 PM. The first thing we do when we get together for sex is have a “love-in” with our monsters. We just neck and kiss and play with them, getting ourselves and them all hot and steamy. This is before we take off our clothes. Lacey played with Mike, Jen with Tag, and me with Baxter — we had decided on our partners for the evening — and none of us had previously had intercourse with the dogs we chose. The dogs know what’s coming, even before we undress for them, and we can’t resist tonguing and kissing their big bare dribbling you-know-whats. Ever had an erect dog in your mouth? Ever kissed a girl who has? It’s very hot and salty-wet, and they splash juice on our cheeks so we’re dripping even before we start!

Then we undress and sit in a circle on the floor embracing each other — this is all part of our “ritual.” Each of us touches and caresses our wet crotches and we rub each other with our wet hands. Lacey “anoints” my breasts with her juices, my nipples stand up hard feeling her warm fingers, and I caress Jen’s beautiful body with my wet fingers, and she does likewise to Lacey, then we change partners and do it again and again until we’re all gleamy and shiny and fragrant from

each other's vaginal juice — " a bunch of bare-naked wet jiggle tits," as Jen unceremoniously dubs us — and the dogs are about going berserk watching us and sticking noses and tongues in wherever they can.

Then it's time. We're so ready that we're panting, practically melting all over the floor. I take Tag and Baxter out of the room, so it's just Mike and Lacey, they're first. Lacey gets on hands and knees, she's whimpering a little. Jen and I, on either side of her lovely face, stroke her cheeks and arms and breasts as Mike noses into her crotch. She spreads her thighs more and lifts her behind, and my golden Mike climbs up on her black back, his muscular haunches driving against her, and she "ums" and "ohs!" as he pushes into her, wrapping his stockinged forelegs tightly around her waist.

I subdue a flare of jealousy as I watch them. Jen and I can feel the force of his thrusts as her body shoves against us. She sighs, deeply, as he pumps her beautiful rear, their bodies, blond on black, seem to flow together, and Lacey gives us an angelic smile as the force of Mike's love attack makes divine squishy sounds. Her hair ringlets dance.

Then she lets out a yip, his knot is in her, and they are tied. "Oh my dear sweet lord," she moans, moving her head side to side. I wonder what Mike is feeling right now. He is stationary atop her, his hindquarters locked against her, trembling slightly, tight-wired. His balls are tight pressed against her vagina, and he tightens his clasp around her waist. I know so well what she is feeling right now, the sensation of being so united, so well taken care of. She sighs, closes her eyes, and I know something so lovely is happening between the two of them.

Jen is sniffing tears herself, feeling the same way I'm feeling. Mike is drooling helplessly between L's shoulder blades, his saliva running down and dripping from her nipples. Jen moves beneath her, catching some of the saliva and kissing L's nipple. L moans and wiggles her hips, causing Mike to clench her even harder. "Oh Nan," she says, "he is so....wonderful!" She sobs as Jen and I caress her. "Hold my belly," she says, and I scoot alongside Mike and place my hand on her abdomen. I can feel movement in her body, Mike's hardness there, and some slight vibrations, and I know that Mike is ejaculating very hard into this lovely lady.

And then, suddenly Lacey goes ballistic, thrashing her head, crying out, and I feel rhythmic pulsing in her belly as her orgasm seizes and lavishes rippling waves of pleasure against his penis, and he and she moan together as one creature. And then she just bawls like a baby as orgasms sweep from one end of her shuddering body to the other. Oh reader, if you had been a fly on the wall here, you would have fallen off. Jen and I could hardly hold her, she was thrashing so, so ravished in ecstasy, but Mike didn't let up one bit, stayed stuck to her, loving the feeling her body was giving him inside. Jen was weeping too, her gorgeous breasts looked positively explosive, and I know I was crying, we couldn't help it. Oh my beautiful dog Mike, how I loved him, how I loved him/her, for they were absolutely one, and I know she was feeling this and that's what set her off so mightily.

It went on awhile, she had two or three more but less intense orgasms, then he dropped off her, and Jen and I sandwiched her, laying flat on the floor, just embracing her and loving her until she calmed down a bit. Right then I felt so loving and protective of her, like we were true sisters, I think because now we both shared a certain something inside us that we hadn't before, namely Mike's semen, he had not only tied us separately but also tied us together in a sense. Aren't we women peculiar creatures!

Oh my. We sat around for awhile in our robes and played some music after Lacey and Mike parted company. L laid down on the couch, squirming happily, while Jen and I served her tea and massaged her thighs and belly. Being a dog partner can be quite a workout for a girl, you know. L gave Mike a big kiss, then I took him out of the room and brought Tag in.

He went right for Jen, who had cuddled with him earlier. She pulled socks on his forelegs, then just sat back in her robe and sipped her tea, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from him, I noticed. Anybody who doesn't believe a dog and a woman can get it on should have witnessed those looks between them. I've seen her look at dogs in kennels like that. She can raise erections with her eyes, practically (she says the same about me). Tag's erection was enormous, almost bumped the floor, and his big balls made me shiver.

Jen moistened her hand with her tongue and stroked his penis. He splashed on her and she rubbed it on her face. Her face glowed. She slipped out of her robe and stretched and strutted her breasts, her nipples pink and hard as apple buds.

"Are you sure you don't mind?" she asked Lacey.

"Child, you just let that dog love you up and hush your mouth," says L from the couch.

Jen eases herself down on hands and knees, nosing and licking with Tag. Then he goes behind her and she slowly sways her lovely pink butt at him. She squeals as he tongues all over her backside, and she's panting now, pretty excited.

"Nan, hold my hands," she says, and I crouch in front of her, our palms pressed together, her face flushed. Tag mounts her and she squeals again as he enters her full force, pushing her so hard her breasts jiggle, and she braces her palms against mine.

"Oh my god," she breathes. Tag's big muscular forelegs enfold her. His wrapped paws press into her breasts from either side, and he rides her hard, causing her breath to come out in little puffs. This is one big dude of a dog. I wonder if Jennie's fat little labia can swallow his knot.

Lacey, who has been whimpering on the couch while watching all this, finally can't resist and she comes over in her robe, starts kissing Jen on her lips and massaging her jumping breasts.

"Hold me," says Jen, and I grip her hands tight while she spreads her legs out farther beneath his ramming haunches. She holds her breath, bites her lip, barely keeping her balance against his wild shoves, bracing herself against both Lacey and I as Tag tries with all his might to tie her to him.

Then he quits moving, and Jen moans like I've heard her moan so many times. Tag just clasps her tight, and I know my baby Jennie is tied to this enormous creature at last. Her eyes are half-closed, her gorgeous mouth half-open, her face so flushed and bright with sexual wantonness.

"Yesss," she whispers, "yesss!"

She gives a little jerk, then another, and I know Tag is doing his best to make her a mother, ejaculating big time in my pink baby girl. She smiles at me so sweetly and we kiss, long and lingering, still clasping hands, and she's giving little whimpers even as we kiss, and he's licking her neck and shoulders. Lacey is massaging both him and her.

Jen looses my hands and grabs his forepaws holding her so tightly, just holds onto them as she starts to rock and shudder beneath him, her entire body becoming a suction pump against him. She farts as she stretches and trembles — nobody laughs, we all do it in the heat of action with our dogs — then she lifts one of his paws and mouths it, sobbing, laughing, crooning. It is such a loving yet totally sexual gesture, sucking his toes.

There is nothing like seeing Jennie orgasm, she is in a world of her own. Now she's slapping her legs up and down on the floor, so overcome by what he is doing to her, she must flee him yet wants to

back into him still closer, how well I know the contradictory impulses surging through her at this moment. But she's not going anywhere, he has locked his woman in such a tight embrace that her only movements are what he allows, and he doesn't allow her much. And she is so happy she's nearly fainting.

Then, quicker than anything, Tag releases her and drops off her — he's done, and Jen is shuddering and trembling in my arms, the last tremors of about three orgasms in a row still washing over her. White semen spouts and farts from her labia — Lacey is down there kissing around and comes up with a white faceful (seeing L turned suddenly white is a shock!). Jennie lays back in my arms and crosses her legs — I know that feeling too, trying to keep the life juice inside you, it must be an instinctive thing for women. I rub her wet thighs, caress her still-jumpy tummy.

"Ladies," says Jen in a weak voice, "I feel like I have been fucked."

Then me. And Baxter. What a handsome dog he is. Straight and strong, so intelligent. I had not known him well before Saturday, but he seemed very friendly when we played together earlier in the day. I had seen him and Jen tied together before, seen how she raved about him, so I knew that he knew how to treat a woman. Also, Jen had told me that B enjoyed doing it missionary position, which seems uncomfortable to many dogs.

For a woman it can provide a feeling of blissful intimacy if Mr. Hotpaws knows what he's doing. The short version of my account today is that...Baxter knew. Exactly. What. He was doing! It was like he deliberately set out to satisfy me sexually. To get ahead of my story a little, sometime around my first orgasm with him I fell head over heels, and I'm still feeling pretty infatuated. "I knew it would happen!" Jennie crowed.

My only previous experience with Shepherds, I regret to say, had been with some not-very-nice guardians of some fenced areas several years ago, and they treated me pretty roughly. So I guess I was a little leery when Jen brought him into the room, even though we had played earlier, as I say. Yet, after watching her and Lacey with Tag and Mike, I was feeling very steamy.

Jen and Lacey were curled up together on the bed under a blanket. I still had Jen's juice all over me, dried off but still with an identifiable Jen smell, so B is licking me/her all over my body, tongues my nipples till I think they're going to squirt. I'm sitting upright on the floor against a cushion laying against the wall, and B puts both stockinged forepaws up on my shoulders, really necking with me but really letting me know who's in control too. He's big and heavy, deep chested, so muscular. We kissed. I explored his mouth with my tongue, and he thoroughly explored mine too, about the Frenchiest kissing you ever saw. Yucky? Don't say so, girl, 'til you've tried it!

So now he had me sighing and strutting at him — the girls on the bed are giggling up a storm. "Move the cushion down on the floor," said Jen. I did, laid down on it with my butt half hanging off one end so he could get at me. He moved up between my legs, and I felt his wet erection bump against my tummy as he licked my face. My hands went up to his sides, and I could feel his hard muscles. Slowly I spread my thighs for him and he came down on me.

At the same time I felt his hot cock enter my body, thrusting, felt the pound of his hips against me, so passionate, so possessive. Knowing that I can bring an adult male dog to this ultimate expression of sexuality — that his behavior shows that he finds me sexually irresistible — is always a huge turn-on for me — as Jen and Lacey tell me it is for them also. He's pushing his knot against my vagina, wetting me down with slippery slickness so his juice is dripping off my butt. I thrust up to meet him and together we slide him in all the way and it feels heavenly having him so tight in me.

"We're tied!" I announce to the world at large. His big forelegs are embracing me, half beneath my back, and he's laying on me like a man — a very furry, muscular man locked into my body. I'm embracing him in my arms and thighs, and I stretch and squirm against him, pancaking my breasts against his big chest, delighting in the feel of his coarse hair against my bare skin. I can feel his heart beat against my own chest, and up tight against my vagina I feel his hot balls pressed, and I feel them pulse, hard.

At the same time a wash of warmth suffuses my insides, and I hear myself cry out, and I'm holding his ears, and my mouth is all over his beautiful face. I vaguely hear J and L saying things over on the bed, but I'm so lost in the moment I don't know what they're saying. B is tucking himself tight to me between my legs, and his very hot semen pervades me in shooting sensations. I strut and scramble against him.

I know we are as close as dog and woman — as male and female — can ever be, and I am in a mode of total surrender. I am as trapped beneath him as any prisoner can ever be, yet it is so ecstatic a feeling — so beautiful — that I want it never to end. Jen later told me that I was weeping like a child, but all I was conscious of at the time was the overwhelming sensation of his presence upon me and in me, and a building feeling of pressure against him, like wriggling against an immovable object. He brought me to a slow, almost excruciating orgasm, so intense I felt my breasts would burst, and it felt like I climaxed directly against his penis, my entire body a suction pump against the enormity of that steaming, streaming ejaculator inside me.

Poor dog, I was thrashing beneath him so, couldn't get away even had I wanted to, yet couldn't stop alternately pushing him away and pulling him to me. I felt such overwhelming love for him as he filled me, filled me to overflowing except with him stuck in me I couldn't overflow and my belly began to distend — I knew it was happening because I could feel a lot more of his belly on top of me. I must have had one or two more climaxes.

The next thing I remember hearing was crooning voices. Lacey was leaning above me, caressing my face, and Jen was massaging my breasts and belly, both of which felt a little sore. "Where is he?" I asked, "is he all right?" I had Baxter hair all over my front and in my crotch too (only later Jen tells me he's starting to shed!).

"Baby, that mister is just fine," laughed Lacey, and then I saw him licking himself in the corner. I feasted my eyes on him for a spell, and then I guess I snoozed. When I awoke I was covered with a quilt, still on the cushion but laying on a big wet spot of my own making, no doubt. And his. I wiggled down into it.

Later, sitting around in each other's fragrant puddles, we gabbed girltalk and acted silly, we were all so beat. I hated to see them and their dogs leave — it was about 2 AM, and they both had things to do in the morning so couldn't stay over. I collapsed, didn't shower til next morning — I wanted the smells of love to linger on me awhile — and believe me, they did! We were all dripping dog in our panties next day too, so we had lots of reminders!

Sunday morning Jen and I went to church (well shielded by tampons) and giggled shamefully through the sermon, which dwelt on a scripture from Ecclesiastes: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." On and on it went; each reference to "living dogs" set us off, and when we finally got off those hard pews we each needed another tampon. Shame on us — laughing in church, tsk tsk.

*The End*