

READBEAST

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It was the monthly casual poker night, the full moon was out, and everyone had come together for a night of conversation, companionship, and a bit of gambling between friends to pass the time. After enjoying a delightfully unhealthy meal of mince pie, peas, and mashed potato, Carl was eager to get the main event started. He made his way down the hall towards the games room, leaving the loud after-dinner conversations behind. 9 people were to be playing poker, so Carl knew it would take a while to get all the chips set up. He had headed off early to sort that out while the others continued their conversations.

Carl had to practically wade through dogs as he made his way to the games room. There were 7 or so dogs milling around (of course, there was a measurable quantity of canines at the house, it was just hard to keep track of them all); those within range were given brief head scratches and pats as he passed.

Entering the games room, Carl was greeted by much wagging, sniffing, and bouncing from the Rottweiler boy Milo. He very much liked to say hi with many licks to the the most interesting tasting parts of anyone new to the room. As all of the attendees of this poker night enjoyed the freedom of nudism, Milo was able to get his cold and wiggly nose into all sorts of places, eliciting all sorts of giggles from Carl.

"Hehe, hello there, Milo!" Carl grinned. "None of that now; I have a job to do. Come help me set up these chips!"

Carl made his way further into the room while Milo followed very closely behind, employing his favourite greeting tactic of shoving his nose as far up a person's crack as possible and licking frantically. The gusto with which the dog did this added speed to Carl's steps, propelling him towards the table and the boxes of poker chips and cards.

"You're a cheeky one, dog! Calm it down a bit there, buddy." Carl insisted.

Despite his protesting, Carl was unsurprised by this development. There were many a time that he had been subject to this, but he did pause a brief moment to enjoy that talented tongue before remembering what he was there to do. If he was being honest, he was starting to get quite turned on by this eager boy. Just as Carl grabbed the chip case, Milo, wound up by all the licking and greeting, decided it was a great time to jump his front legs up onto Carl's thighs. The dog has strong muscles under his shiny coat and his dew claws dug into Carl's exposed skin a little. "Hey!" He gave a sharp yelp of surprise and pain, turning around to push Milo gently back to the ground.

"Wow, you're really in a randy mood, aren't you boy?" Carl asked, rhetorically, as he sat down on a nearby seat to prevent that happening again.

Milo hadn't made anyone his bitch weeks and had become very single minded about the whole situation. He circled excitedly around the man, sniffing and licking his legs and exposed crotch. He knew what he wanted, and by the looks of Carl's growing cock, the feeling was mutual. To seal the deal, Milo pulled out the oldest trick in the book: he sat, he pawed, and he gave a long, puppy-dog eyed stare. The sight made Carl forget what he was there to do, forget that the others would be coming down to start playing cards soon.

"Oh okay," the man relented, a smile in his tone. "You're very seductive, you know, in your own mad way."

Milo jumped up and wagged madly as Carl got to his feet again, before jumping his front paws up at

Carl again in excitement. Catching the paws before he got more scratches, Carl let the dog back down to the ground again and hastily started moving off in the direction of the door to outside before it happened again. Milo was quick to get the hint, bounding in front of Carl to get out the door first. This situation had become somewhat of a habit for the two of them, and Milo knew exactly what was about to occur.

The moon provided a decent amount of light outside as the two made their way onto the lawn. As soon as Carl paused, Milo was back to trying to jump his paws up onto the man. Dropping down to his knees, Carl prevented the claws from immediately scraping down his legs, but also gave Milo better leverage to pull the man towards him, still digging in his dew claws a bit. Carl exclaimed at the pain of it, but knew better than to push the dog off himself which would only cause the scratches to go deeper. A moment later, Milo got fed up with attempt not working and dropped his front paws back to the ground. Carl quickly turned on his hands and knees towards the dog, engaging in what little foreplay he could with his four legged friend before the mutt tried to mount again. He savoured the anticipation of what was to come, bumping his head into the dog's side and fondling the panting dog's sheath and balls.

This only lasted a moment before Milo tried to both move around behind Carl and mount him in the same movement, resulting in one of the dog's legs being wrapped firmly around the man's thigh while the other was hooked over his midsection. Milo was trying to drag his bitch into position, already humping his sheath and cock in the direction of his goal. Carl tried to get himself into position, but the awkwardness of a side-mounted dog prevented that from working too well. Again, Milo hopped off for a moment before trying to mount his bitch once again. This time, with less frantic excitement, he managed to get both forepaws around the man's hips and pull his humping sheath and balls forward to Carl's raised rump.

It took only a couple of pumps before Milo's cock tip met a warm hole and he thrust forwards, spearing his goal. The lack of lube meant there was a little more friction than Carl might have liked, but by the second hump Milo's slick cock and pre had already coated his bitch's hole enough to let him force all of his hot dog meat inside. The dog's hips pumped like a jackhammer, and it was all Carl could do to keep himself from face-planting into the grass. He could feel the dog's cock and knot swelling with each hump, stretching his hole further and further. After maybe 20 more seconds of this, Milo suddenly slowed his humps before jumping down from his eager bitch, apparently unsatisfied with the scenario. Carl was unfazed, however; after many times in similar positions he knew that he needed to give Milo a bit of a helping hand to keep up that jackhammer pace. Milo took a moment to shove his nose up Carl's backside to lick some of his dripping pre up, which proved to excite the dog to mount once more.

This time, as Milo started to hump his cock inside him again, Carl reached back to grab the slick dog cock behind the knot, giving Milo the extra pleasure he needed to really start humping hard. Carl's fingers curled behind the dog's swelling knot, adding pressure back there as if he were already tied. Carl could now feel the knot passing into his body with each thrust, slamming past his ring with ease before popping it back out again each hump. This wouldn't last long as it grew larger as the powerful dog took what was his. The man's moans of pleasure mixed with the sounds of rough dog sex. With a particularly forceful thrust, Milo's swollen knot became lodged inside it's warm, human cock sleeve as he tied with his bitch. His humps became shorter, but no less forceful as he pumped his hot seed into the man, who had at some point lost the ability to hold himself up properly and was using his head to keep him from collapsing entirely.

"Oh my god, Milo," he moaned, the fullness of the dog's fist sized knot overwhelming his senses. Words turned to unintelligible groans as he lost himself to the pleasure of it.

Milo's humping was slowing as he blissed out, his cock stuck deep inside the warm hole beneath him. He continued to give short, intermittent thrusts but his eagerness from moments before was replaced with the panting of a very happy dog. Carl lifted his head from the grass to turn towards the dog, seeing his lover's tongue lolled out, blissfully panting. Milo moved his head down slightly to lick and kiss the man, who didn't seem to care where that tongue had just recently been.

"Mmmm, you're such a sweetheart," Carl panted, shuffling his position slightly as he prepared for the long tie.

Milo's panting body rested atop his, most of his weight being held up by the willing bitch beneath him. Both were so close in such an intimate way, enjoying the little clenches and thrusts as each was consumed by the pleasure of it all. Carl's cock was leaking pre onto the ground beneath, forgotten as he too blissed out.

"I hope nobody comes looking for me," as Carl remembered what he had been doing. Though, as his mind wandered, he couldn't help but want the exact opposite...