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My wife and I had just finalized our divorce. We had been married for 25 years, which was really about 22 years too long. But you get comfortable with familiarity, and when she finally voiced the truth, that we had drifted apart and weren't really lovers anymore, I cried. Despite the divorce, I still love her, and I probably always will.

Now it was time to pick up the pieces, take stock of my life, and get used to living alone again, for the first time in forever. I doubted I'd ever marry again. So I found a modest little apartment in an out-of-the-way place, and set up shop. I made sure to find a place that allowed pets, because I thought I'd probably get a dog for company, down the road. My family always had at least one dog when I was growing up, and it always seemed to make a house more like a home. I figured it would be a larger breed... not one of my wife's dogs, those little mops-with-feet that she always preferred. This would be a "man's best friend" kind of dog, one you could horse around with, that would almost knock you over with excitement when you came home at the end of the day.

A few months had gone by, and I was starting to get used to my new routine, but the place still didn't really feel like "home". I decided it was time to start looking for that dog. While scanning through one Sunday's paper, I spotted an ad by a local breeder who had Canadian White Shepherd pups for sale. I called him to find out when I could come over to have a look, and he said that afternoon was just fine. So I shortly found myself looking at three adorable little puppies. There had been 5 in the litter, 3 females and 2 males. The males had already been sold, so the remaining three were all female. I guess I had just assumed I'd be getting a male, but these three were so lovable that I quickly got over any mild disappointment. One of them in particular seemed to take to me right away. "I'll take her," I told him, and half an hour later, I carried her into my home.

Canadian Shepherds are built like German Shepherds, only they're pure white and their coats are thicker. They also have gentler dispositions than their European cousins. I named mine "Stormtrack", or "Stormy" for short. Over the next year, she became the center of my life. I watched her grow by leaps and bounds, until she was a young adult, about 2 ft. tall at the shoulder. She was an easy dog to house-train, and I had quickly given her the run of the house. Extremely loving and gentle, she loved to play and cuddle with me, and she was happiest when she got to sleep on the bed next to me at night. This was an adjustment, as she grew to occupy a good half of the bed, but having been used to sharing the bed with my wife for so long, I got accustomed to it quickly enough. It was pleasant, hearing her soft snoring as I drifted off to sleep each night.

As Stormy came into heat for the first time, I considered what to do about it. I had no intentions of trying to breed her, and it would be a problem whenever I took her for a walk... I decided I'd probably get her spayed, once she'd passed through it this first time. I couldn't help but notice how wet and engorged her labia became, though — I had never had such a large female dog around the house before, and, frankly, it was interesting. Her swollen canine organ looked almost as large as a woman's pussy! This made me wonder how large the male's penis must be, which she was swelling to accomodate. I had never seen a canine penis that rivalled a human one in size, but Stormy's body seemed to be preparing for one. My curiosity finally got the best of me, and I lubricated a finger with some K-Y jelly, intending to see just how deep she was. As I gently inserted my finger into her, she got very still and held her tail up for me. Her vagina was tight, but my finger kept sliding in, further and further... as my knuckles bumped into her labia, I finally brushed against what must be her cervix. She was as deep as most *women*! Feeling her powerful heat enveloping my finger, I suddenly found myself with a hard-on. I pulled my finger out of her, abruptly ashamed of myself for no particular reason. "Sorry, girl, I was just curious," I muttered, half to myself. "We'll get you taken care of in a few weeks." I patted her on the head, then went to clean off my hand. The whole issue was off my mind by the time I rinsed off the soap.

That night, I had a dream about my ex-wife, from our passionate early years together. She was lying naked next to me, and we were about to make love. I reached down to her warm pussy and began to stroke her there, and she started to kiss me. I slipped my fingers into her moistness, letting the fire build gently between us, finding the opening into her welcoming body as her kisses got more feverish. Suddenly, I realized that she wasn't actually kissing me, she was... *licking* me? Startled by this, I awoke to find that Stormy was lapping my face. My hand was stroking a pussy, alright, but not my wife's! Stormy was stretched out next to me, laying with her hind feet in the air as I felt up her wet, canine labia!

At first, I was horrified at the situation. But Stormy actually seemed to be enjoying it, if her eager licking was any indication. And we did have the place all to ourselves... ah, hell, who was to know? If this brought her some pleasure, well, she brought plenty to me with her company. I resumed fondling her, and she lathered me up pretty well, indicating her approval. "You like this, girl?" I said, turning my head away for a moment. "You like it when Daddy touches you there? Yes..." Once again, I found myself with a hard-on, and sighed, knowing that I would have a date with my right hand in the very near future.

The next night, Stormy cuddled right up to me on the bed, licking my face and presenting her belly to me. "Well, she learns fast, I knew she was intelligent," I muttered to myself. Figuring I'd get it over with, I reached down and fondled her again. She seemed even more receptive the second time, almost pushing herself against my hand as I stimulated her. This time, knowing how she seemed to enjoy it, I slipped a finger on up into her vagina. She humped back at me hard, once, lapping me eagerly. "Must be nice to have someone willing to finger-fuck you, ya silly dog," I said. Again, I had this hard-on and no use for it, so after several minutes of letting Stormy have her fun, I decided to relieve my own urges. Using my hand, I quickly ejaculated onto my belly, then lay there catching my breath. Suddenly, a wet nose touched me, and Stormy began to *lick my penis!* She had startled me, and I had intended to make her stop, but the feel of her warm tongue on me turned out to be quite nice! She licked me all over, then found my cum and licked that up, too. She lapped all around my genitalia for a long time, and I found myself patting her on the head and talking to her. "Good girl, that's so nice, Daddy loves you, too." Finally, she decided I was cleaned up enough, and she shifted into a comfortable position and fell asleep next to me. I drifted off soon afterward, feeling her warmth against my side.

This became a pattern over the next couple of days. Stormy would present herself to me at bedtime, and I would pleasure her with a finger or two, my initial reservations giving way to my affection for my canine companion. It was a pleasant way to end the day for both of us, and nobody else needed to know. It didn't occur to me at first that I had begun to feel the need to jerk off every time, or that my orgasms were getting more powerful instead of less (as I might have expected). One night, though, as I was about to cum, I caught myself thinking not of some beautiful babe, but rather of the lithe, fur-covered body next to me. I had never considered what Stormy and I were doing as "having sex with an animal", so it startled me when this exact thought was what sent me over the edge, on that occasion. I must be some kind of pervert, I thought! After that, I decided I'd better stop our nightly fondling sessions. Stormy whined the next night, but I patted her on the head and scratched her back, and that seemed to satisfy her for the moment. I thought I was doing the right thing.

A morning or two later, though, I was having an unusually intense sexual dream, one of those you wake up from before you're really ready for it to end. Someone was taking my dick into her mouth, promising to give me the blow-job of my life. I awoke to find Stormy tenderly licking my rapidly-hardening penis! The combination of the remaining shreds of my dream with Stormy's hot, wet tongue sent me over the edge in seconds. I shot all the way up to my chin, spurt after spurt as she lapped my twitching dick with her big tongue. Finally, I had to push her away, too sensitized to take any more. She eagerly found where I had squirted on myself, cleaning me up with great care.

Overwhelmed by what had just happened, I stroked her fur lovingly. "Okay, I've missed you too, I admit it", I told her. To hell with what society thought was "taboo"... that had been the best "oral sex" I'd ever had! I decide I had been wrong to put the brakes on our "relationship". Stormy loved and trusted me, and who was I to say that we shouldn't take mutual pleasure in one another?

For the next few nights, we explored stimulating each other, both one at a time and mutually. We found that "69" position worked pretty well... I would cuddle up to Stormy with my head on her belly, fondling her and then slipping a finger or two into her vagina, her hips arching into me at least once or twice as I penetrated her. Meanwhile, she lapped me with her big tongue, tip-to-balls, over and over again. I found that each night, the experience grew more intense, as we got increasingly comfortable with each other this way. Stormy's vaginal muscles would contract around my fingers in ever-quickening spasms, in what I could only assume was her version of an orgasm, and this began to trigger my own climax, spurting my seed as we brought each other to our peaks. Sometimes, I wound up ejaculating almost directly into her mouth, as she lapped me. Far from being a turn-off for her, like with most women, Stormy seemed to enjoy this little "treat". I began to feel a real physical and emotional bond with my furry companion, as we got better at pleasuring each other.

On a lazy Saturday morning, I awoke to find Stormy sprawled against me, our bellies together, one of her legs over me and my arm over her. The warmth of her body against me had given me a hard-on, and I lazily rubbed it through her warm fur, stroking her back with my hand as she stirred. Stormy began licking my face just as lazily, and we lay like that for a bit. As I basked in the warmth of her fine companionship, her fur started exciting me more, and it became more like dry-humping. I found myself wishing that Stormy were a real woman, so we could make love. That's when it hit me: *we could!* She had a vagina, I had a penis. *Why hadn't I thought of it earlier?* Probably because I was still too hung-up on social taboos, I guess. But I had gotten used to giving and receiving pleasure with her, and in many ways it was better than being with a woman. Why not take the final step?

I needed to scoot Stormy toward the pillow a bit, bringing our organs within reach of each other. I knew she'd be tight, but I wasn't that much bigger than the two fingers she routinely accepted. I used some of my saliva to lubricate us both, then positioned the head of my dick at her entrance. I was well-familiarized with her anatomy by now, so I was ready for the angle of her vagina, different from a woman's. As I began to slip into her, I felt her powerful heat begin to envelope me. Her muscles were causing her to "wink", and each time she did, I slipped in a little further. Stormy groaned and whined at the same time as I entered her, humping hard against me a couple of times and then licking my face vigorously. Knowing she could handle my weight, I rolled on top of her, in a sort of "missionary" position. Her body accepted me more naturally than I ever expected, and within a few short minutes I had *penetrated her completely*, my balls coming to rest against her pussy-lips. *My God, this was good!* Her tightness and heat were like nothing I had ever experienced before. Her powerful muscles were squeezing me rhythmically, as if straining to milk me of the seed I longed to fill her with. In just a few short seconds, I did just that, spurting what seemed like *gallons* of semen into her furry body. I held onto her for dear life, my hips bucking against her as she spasmed around the cock pulsing deep inside her, unable to think of anything but how *good* this felt, better than any woman I had ever known. I dug my fingers deep into her pure white fur, both of us panting as we rode it out.

Finally spent, I collapsed onto Stormy, whose contractions were also slowing down. "Good, girl, sweet, beautiful girl," I muttered over and over, as she licked my face to communicate her own satisfaction. I stroked her face lovingly, wondering why I had fought this for as long as I did. *What an absolutely wonderful lover*, so eager to please and be pleased!

Rolling us back to the side, I gently pulled out of the delicious, virgin cunt Stormy had given to me.

She sat up to lick herself clean, and I watched her in a satisfied daze, my dick softening in my contentment. Then she moved over to start the job on me, and the attention from her warm, wet tongue quickly brought my hard-on back, full-force. I began playing with her again, repositioning so that I could reach her sex easily as she lapped at me. Soon, we were both worked into readiness again, her labia winking in arousal, my cock throbbing with tension. She rolled willingly to her back as I climbed back onto her, slipping my already-wet cock (from *her* saliva, this time) back into her well-lubricated cunt and plunging deep into her *again*. *God*, she was hot, and so exquisitely tight! The bucking of her hips was spasmodic, strongest when I first entered but repeating now and then as I thrust in and out... evidence that she was enjoying this as much as I was! Once more, I dug my fingers into her fur as we made love furiously, both of us panting with exertion, but neither of us caring.

We repeated this cycle several times — I lost track of the actual number. Each time I pulled out, Stormy would clean up her labia, then go to work on me, bringing me so close to the edge that the *only* choice was to *plunge back into her* and do it *again*. The morning passed in a haze of arousal and pleasure, like being caught in some kind of perverse fucking-machine and not having the will to turn it off. At one point, I had the presence of mind to pull out the K-Y to help lubricate our sensitive parts, although I had to reapply it each time after she licked me clean. We tried it different ways, such as the infamous “doggy-style” (with me kneeling behind her), lying on our sides in “spoon” position (while I stroked her belly and her nipples), and with her sitting in my lap (her weight drove me the deepest into her, that time). *Over and over* her muscular cunt *squeezed* me, *pulled me deeper*, *milked me for every drop of semen in my body*.

Finally, I found the strength to stop long enough for both of us to pee, and then I decided it would be smart for us to get something to eat, too. It was almost noon, and I suddenly realized I was starving! So I got us both something for brunch, after which we just cuddled up on the sofa together, with Stormy’s head resting in my lap. Sitting there in my bathrobe, I took stock of the situation. What had started out as a simple pet-and-owner relationship had obviously changed forever. I had bonded completely with my canine lover, now, and I don’t think either of us would be happy going back to “just being friends”. Stormy had seemed to enjoy our love-making as much as I did! No, this was the start of a new and wonderful relationship, and I never wanted it to end. As I scratched her head, she looked up at me with those big, beautiful eyes, as if to say she agreed with me.

We returned to our bed for more lovemaking that afternoon, and again that evening. We tried doing it with Stormy on top of me, as another variation, and it turned out to be slow and delicious that way. With my hands guiding her hips, she started learning to thrust them in time with me, increasing both of our pleasure, if mine was any indication. By the time we finally called it quits to get some sleep, I was getting pretty red and sore, as I’m sure she was, so I used some Vitamin E lotion on each of us, to help us heal. We should probably have taken a few days off, but I knew her estrus wouldn’t last too much longer, and I wanted us to have as much time together as possible, not knowing how receptive she’d be when not in heat. We dropped back to just one nightly session, trying not to overdo it. But each time we climbed into bed was like that first morning, coupling with each other over and over, my throbbing cock pumping deep into her hot canine cunt, pouring my seed into her until there was no more.

About 6 days later, Stormy started to come out of heat. Her labia began to shrink in size, and she no longer looked as pink and receptive. I decided to try having sex (carefully), to see how it would go, and I was pleased to find out that she was still interested, if a bit less able. I had to use a lot more lubricant, and I couldn’t go quite as deep, but she was still willing. We just had to settle for a gentler sort of lovemaking, when she wasn’t in estrus. And she was always willing to take care of me with her tongue! It was during this time that I first took her in my mouth, returning the favor, and she seemed to love it. Many a night, we gently pleased each other in true “69” position, our tongues

bringing us to wonderful, slow peaks. When she finally came back into heat (I'd be damned if I'd get her spayed, now!), we rediscovered the fevered blur of our first lovemaking, energetically humping each other into the wee hours of the morning. And when it subsided, we'd return to the gentle lovemaking that still satisfied us both.

That's how it began. I swore I'd never remarry, but I was wrong... Stormy came into my life and filled that void for me. She is 6, now, and no longer has the fiery energy of a puppy. But like a fine wine, our lovemaking has mellowed and improved with age. I know I'll have the heartache of seeing her age and die, but the joy of her companionship has been worth it. I hope Stormy lives a long, healthy life, though, because I don't know what I'll do without her.

The End