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Evan pounded his wife's pussy as Charlie, their 5 year old Husky watched, panting, tail wagging, as he waited patiently for his turn with Anissa. Evan's pale hand glided over her warm amber brown skin. He traced the curve of her ass and all the way up her spine to grab onto her coarse, coiled hair. God she was beautiful. He couldn't wait for the show. He loved watching her take Charlie's knot.

He pounded into her faster, needing her to come before their dog got to her. He had to remind her who's bitch she really was. Anissa moaned at his increase in tempo. He pulled her hair, arching her back, making her pussy squeeze him even tighter. He breathed through it. He wasn't coming inside her pussy. Not tonight.

He intended to make her clean his cock while she took their dog's big cock. She'd never had her husband and dog at the same time in any capacity, but Evan really wanted to come while he watched her. Usually he would set up the video camera, fuck her until he came, then he'd clean up and set up for Charlie.

Evan smacked Anissa's ass, hard as he pulled her hair just a fraction more, and plunged deep to hit the spot which instantly made her come. She screamed her release as he held her, trapped warming his cock as she convulsed wildly around it. Evan closed his eyes, breathing raggedly. He was just barely managing not to empty every thing he had into her. He swiped at the sweat dripping from his dirty blonde hair.

As her orgasm subsided, Evan pulled out. Anissa followed him with her eyes as he shuffled around on their bed, confused because she didn't feel him come. He smirked at her and kneeled in front of her with his sopping erection in her face.

"Mmm, you know I love to clean the taste of me off your cock." She smiled up at him sweetly before she licked up and down the sides of his thickness.

He groaned as he took her hair and helped her set a pace as she nearly took him whole. He leaned forward, smacking her ass three times in invitation to Charlie. Anissa moaned around his shaft as she realized why he hadn't come earlier. She'd always wanted to be spit roasted. She didn't think it would be by her husband and their dog. Charlie made a few passes, attempting to mount her.

After a few minutes without penetration, Evan whistled for Charlie as he pulled out of Anissa's throat. Charlie bounded over to Evan, his tail swishing in Anissa's face. Evan herded Charlie so his semi-erection was angled toward her. She opened obediently, taking one hand to stroke Charlie as she guided him into her warm, wet mouth.

Charlie yipped excitedly as she started to stroke and suck him to full length. She slurped and moaned around the growing red crayon. She stopped as soon as she felt his presperm dripping. Evan smacked Anissa's ass, again signaling Charlie. Charlie made another attempt, but missed. He sniffed her, circled her once, then made the attempt again.

"Ooohhh! Good boy, Char-" Evan cut her off with his cock. She spluttered at the surprise, but relaxed into a moan as he grabbed her coiled hair and thrust down her throat over and over and over. She loved the feel of his cock down her throat. He worked in time with Charlie's pounding.

Anissa must have really worked him up good because Charlie jack-hammered into her like she really was his bitch to breed. She felt dirty and it was thrilling. Charlie's red rocket filled and stretched her in a way Evan couldn't.

Evan let go of Anissa's hair. He pulled out, stroking his hard, pink cock.

"Does he feel good, baby?" She nodded her head, as her eyes closed, moaning in response. He smacked her with his cock, with little force behind it, prompting her to open her eyes.

"Who's bitch are you?" He thrust his cock back in her throat before she could answer. She moaned around him, the vibrations nearly setting him off.

After a minute of fucking her throat, he pulled out, expecting an answer.

"Yours!" She gasped. He bent over to kiss her. He pulled back, gauging her condition. She seemed winded and he didn't want to overwhelm her. She'd only taken Charlie a handful or so occasions and she wasn't taking his cock those times.

"I'm okay, babe. It- it's intense, but I love it." She tried to grab his cock to stroke, but needed both hands for balance as Charlie was really going to town on her. Her eyes widened as she looked up at Evan. He knew that look. Quickly, he shoved his cock back down her throat, pumping in and out of the warmth.

Anissa's moaning grew louder and louder around his cock. This time Evan couldn't stop the reverberation from making him spill his seed down her throat. Charlie's thrusting faltered. He thrust once, twice, three times, and abruptly came to a halt.

Evan leaned down, cupping Anissa's face in his hands. She sported a lazy smile. She was exhausted, but loved how used she felt. He exhaled in relief. They waited like that, Anissa softly moaning every once in a while at the fullness of Charlie knotting her. After about ten minutes Charlie's knot began to deflate. He dismounted and went to go pamper himself in a corner, knowing he was a good boy.

Evan slowly helped Anissa out of position, her limbs stiff from time and overuse. He picked her up and carried her to the bathroom and gingerly set her on the edge of the tub. She winced as the cold porcelain made contact with her heated skin. Evan smiled apologetically, turning to draw the bath.

He helped her sit down and lay out. He washed her hair and helped wash her back and shoulders. She liked to take care of the rest herself. Whatever she needed and wanted from him was all he ever wanted to do.

"Are you sure you're okay, babe?" Anissa turned her head, a placid smile on her face.

"I'm more than okay. You've only ever given me what I want. I'm just glad you're as into it as I am." He leaned down to nip her lip, soothing it with a lingering kiss. He pulled back, smirking.

"I wasn't entirely sure when you told me, but God you're so hot taking our dog." She laughed.

"And I love it when you're rough." She nipped toward him at the air, a few feet between them.

He snickered and bent down for his nip. He held her at the nape of her neck, stroking her dark wet curls. He kissed her deeply. As they broke apart for air he rested his forehead against hers, looking down into her eyes. Those big, beautiful, brown eyes.

"I love you."